



The Tusker Tribune

NEWSPAPER CLUB



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SOMERS MIDDLE SCHOOL NEWSPAPER

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Fall 2021



**Daylight Savings
Time ends This Sun-
day morning at 2 AM.
Turn Your Clocks
Back one Hour**

Staying Safe During Thanksgiving!



**By Anya Khurana
Tusker Tribune Staff**

Hi everyone! Guess what? Thanksgiving is almost here! Exciting, right?

In less than a month, we'll be traveling so that we can eat turkey and stuffing with family and friends! But the real question is, how do we stay safe while celebrating Thanksgiving? Especially with Covid still around, it's much harder to stay safe so we all

have to be extra careful during the holidays.

So, what can you do to stay safe? Well, first of all, it's recommended by the CDC to wear a mask when inside. This includes in the airport, on the airplane, and even if you're



just at a friend's house!

Also, sanitize your hands frequently! You never know what germs could be on the things that you touch.

Lastly, try to social distance as much as possible especially in places where it is extremely crowded.

Most importantly, don't forget to have fun and celebrate!

Transylvania is Real!



**By Lucas Ziegler
Tusker Tribune Staff**

Did you know that Transylvania is a real place?

As a matter of fact, it's real. Transylvania is a historical region located in central Romania, the only Latin country in Eastern Europe, which was conquered by the Romans, thus the name Romania. Bordered to the East by the Carpathian Mountains, Transylvania means "the land beyond the forest". It feels wild and undiscovered. It's best known as the mysterious land of vampires and werewolves.



In Transylvania lays Bran Castle, a mysterious and historical place full of thrillers and adventure. This is the former residence of Vlad Tepes or Vlad the Impaler. He was a ruler in the medieval times who became famous for impaling the Ottoman Turks. The

Turks were trying to occupy his land.

I visited Bran Castle this summer and I noticed many of the ancient, creative inventions there, like the little cannon that were sitting on the windows. The castle is strategically situated on a steep rock in a defensive position acting as a fortress.

Later in the 1800s, Vlad Tepes became the main character developed by a British author as the infamous and world renowned, Dracula. The author made Vlad into Dracula as his family name was Dracul which in Romanian language means the Devil.

It was thought that he was evil because he was impaling his enemies. This made him popular within his people as being a blood thirsty vampire.

Within the depths of Bran Castle, you come across a torture chamber full of torture devices ranging from teeth pullers, the rack and iron maiden.

Many dark horror writers go there to take inspiration for their books. With Halloween having just passed, this would be the perfect place to get scared, explore the historical fearfulness, and immerse yourself in the darkness of a fantasy world of vampires, where Dracula is on everyone's mind.

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A NANOWRIMO Excerpt



**By Adobea Akosua-Wiredu
Tusker Tribune Staff**

I insert my keys and start the engine, frustrated.

Ugh. What's the point of waiting for the car to heat in April? Literally, summer's around the corner.

While waiting, I block Adrian and Jane from all my socials and my contacts. No need to interact with them anymore. The more I think about it, the more brain cells I start to lose. How do you just betray your best friend/girlfriend like that? I debate on whether I should go to school or not, but I don't want to seem like I'm the weak one.

As soon as I bring my hands to the steering wheel, I froze as I saw a metal item break into my car's window. My legs are stuck in their position and my heart is pounding out of my body.

"What the heck," I yell. Out of nowhere, a guy clunks my head against the other window, and I yelp in pain. Oh, my goodness.

"Push her to the ground," I hear another voice say, lowly.

I try to grab ahold of my phone, but I feel a rope tighten my arms rapidly. I wince in pain as the blood throbs in my head.

"Let me go," I scream to whoever is doing this.

"Somebody help me," I yell out.



Just then I feel a rough hand slap me across my face and I realize my lip's busted.
"Help."

A piece of tape was then slapped over my mouth and made the rest of my words muffled.

I see a middle-aged lady then put a huge burlap sack over me, I can't breathe and as I try to make out a few more muffled words, I sense that I'm sweating abnormally.

"Get in the back seat and make sure she's sealed in the trunk with no way out," a female voice threatens.

Am I really getting kidnapped and abused to death right now? Is this it?

Two hours later, after struggling to get the tape of my mouth so I can talk, I use my tongue to push out the strength of the tape. My arms are sore and there are blood streaks all over my face. My heart is beating as fast as my fingers are shaking from my back. I turn my position inside the sack to feel less tight.

I feel as if my cheeks are swelling but I can't feel it because my arms are still tied around my back. *God, if you're there, please help me because I really need it.*

"She's still there?" the female voice asks.

To be continued

Aaron Raven Avon



**By Nova Laubis
Tusker Tribune Staff**

Chapter One—the character is speaking

I must, survive... I, must survive... I must survive, is the only thought running through my mind as it feels like and might just be pounds of sweat, slowly dripping down my whole body.

My breathing won't slow down as I am desperately trying to make it. I don't know where I am, or what is happening, as I am desperately trying to survive the night.

HHOOWWWLLLLLLL!!! is the last thing I hear mixed with the swishing of the trees, as I suddenly feel a sharp pain in my arm before all goes blurry.

I wake up in an unknown building. I hear whispers that don't belong to me nor anyone else I know, then I look around and the pieces click. I see bars all around me. I am in jail. Yes. Now I am positive as I see the police officer starts to notice me waking up.

He says in his police officer voice, "Well,

son, what were you doin' lying in shredded shorts unconscious, in the woods? I mean," he says, keeping his flat tone the same, "I always get a bunch of prank calls, stolen cars, reports of buildings being damaged or damaged buildings, and stuff, especially on the night of a full moon, but this, now this is new. What's your name, son?"

****Silence****

"Can you hear, boy?"

"Yes, my name is Aaron. Aaron Raven Avon."

The officer continues. "We wanted to make sure you were okay, but we also wanted to make sure you weren't some sicko. And since we didn't know anything about you, we brought you in. We just want to run two tests on you, then you're free to go."

"I don't understand why, being as I am healthy, I feel fine, and I promise you I'm not a sicko," I say. "Besides officer whatever your name is, haven't you heard of school, 'cause I kind of have it today being as it's a Tuesday and I'm not known for always being late."

The police officer grunts. "You can call me Fred, and I suppose you're right."

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Aaron Raven Avon

Continued from Page 2

The narrator is speaking

Aaron gets out of the cell and gets driven home by the police officer, but it's not like he must worry about getting in trouble, since his mom's been dead since was 8 and his dad was on a business trip.

Aaron gets out of the car and walks up the steps to his home, to get ready for school.

Meet Aaron, the school bad boy almost all the girls ((and even one or two of the guys)) are crazy for. But I mean could you blame them?... With his deep blue eyes, pitch black hair, muscular body, and slightly pale complexion?

Speaking of Aaron, here he comes now walking through the hall to first period.



Chapter 2

No matter how many times he walks through the high school hallways, it's like the instant he steps through the school entrance, time stops for a second. It goes quiet and then come the stares.

Then some teacher would start to walk the hallway, and all would be normal...almost. Some would still try to steal a few glances at him. Aaron was used to this routine by now. Everyone just knew not to mess with him, for if you got on his bad side, his deep blue eyes seemed murderous, like a furious red, no need to even try to stare him down.

Some loved him, others hated him; in the end he didn't care. He was popular, he was smart, he knew when to keep his mouth shut and well, he could be a model. He didn't see the point in school, but figured he should still go, and did pretty much whatever he wanted, not caring about anything else. He was once manipulated and vowed that would never happen again. Only the very few who he trusts, who cared to get to know him when he was younger, know he has a caring, very protective heart. He is strong, mature and well, I could go on and on and on, but my point is

that he is not a jerk, but he is not a cuddly teddy bear to the stranger's point of view. Like I said you have to get to know the guy and get him to trust you to see his full self.

The character is speaking

Third period flies by in the blink of an eye. Before I know it, I have a free period, and I rush off to work. Five minutes later, I arrive at Bo Bo's café parking lot, I walk inside the café, and get to work. I realized I never checked my arm from the strange night last night.

So I rolled up my sleeve and looked down to see what appeared to be a bite mark. I couldn't understand, as I still couldn't quite remember the memories of last night. I didn't think much of it and got back to work. Only 10 minutes later, a mysterious person in a dark hood, who I thought was a customer, walked up to me and says, "You're coming with me."

I snicker. "Haha, sureeee buddy, I would like to see you try! As you can see, I am a little busy. You gonna get something or not? 'Cause in 20 minutes, I have to get back to class, soooo yeah."

The stranger quickly pinned me against the wall.

"You got some moves. You wanna fight okay, let's go!" I say. I quickly slide out of the stranger's grasp and trip them, only to have them bounce back up a second later and almost uppercut me, which I barely manage to dodge.

Then I feel some weird, newfound power that I've never felt before from within me and manage to give the stranger a solid blow to the chin.

As if the stranger knew or realized what I felt, they said, "It's too late." and they seemed to vanish into thin air right before my eyes, but I guess they just moved fast because they showed up behind my back only a second later and injected something inside me with a syringe.

Almost instantly, my knees buckled and I fell to the ground, my vision going blurry, and the last image I see is the stranger in the dark hood hovering over me, rubbing their jaw, and whispering to me, "You fight good."

Aaron Raven Avon Chapter 3 to be continued

Transylvania

From Page 1

Whether you're in a Dracula themed restaurant or a Bran Castle themed hotel, bring your garlic and a cross, as it's the perfect place for a Halloween themed trip, any time, any season. Vampire tourism never runs dry in Transylvania.

Really, in the end, Romania and its many wonders are great places to visit anytime during the year! With its rich history, the many natural wonders, castles and vampire themed thrillers, Transylvania deserves a visit because you only live once...or you may live forever!



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Service Club Honors Veteran's Day



**By James Gallivan
Tusker Tribune Staff**

As Veteran's Day approaches, we should all take some time to reflect on those who have served for our country, and have sacrificed so many things.

For example, on Tuesday, at the Service Club, run by Mr. Drebycz and Ms. Soares, Veteran's Day was honored with many activities related to veterans and active-duty personnel.



The club did things such as making cards for active military personnel, and thanking them for their service. Those cards were also accompanied by some colored drawings of things like fighter jets, Coast Guard boats, and our troops.

The Service Club also had members donate some extra Halloween candy they had, to go to the Ronald McDonald House in Valhalla, where they



will be given out to families of sick children.

Links to the United for the Troops website and the Ronald McDonald House will be located below.

The Service Club wishes everyone a happy Veteran's Day!

United for the Troops:

<https://unitedforthetroops.org/>

The Ronald McDonald House:

<https://www.rmhc.org/>

SOMERS MIDDLE SCHOOL

ROCKESTRA CLUB

ALL INSTRUMENTS ARE WELCOME!

TUES. NOV. 9TH
FIRST REHEARSAL - ROOM 108

PLEASE EMAIL MS. CHAN
TO JOIN OUR SCHOOLGY GROUP IF YOU'D LIKE TO JOIN OUR CLUB
(MCHAN@SOMERSSCHOOLS.ORG)

WE JAM EVERY TUESDAY AFTER-SCHOOL!

Service Club Stocks Food Pantry



**By Mr. Drebycz
Special to the Tusker Tribune**

The Service Club at SMS collected non-perishable food items during the month of October for The Saint Luke's Food Pantry in Somers to help restock their shelves.

The students collected coffee, tea, beans, soup, canned vegetables, and so much more! The students then volunteered to help re-stock the shelves at St. Luke.

We look forward to continuing our partnership with St. Luke!

Thank you for helping us help others!

