



The Tusker Tribune

NEWSPAPER CLUB



TUSKER TRIBUNE

SOMERS MIDDLE SCHOOL NEWSPAPER

Issue Number 14

<https://www.somersschools.org/Page/11489>

Winter 2022

MLB Lockout Disappoints Fans



By Thomas Mauro
Tusker Tribune Staff

Unfortunately for Major League

Baseball fans, right now the MLB is in a lockout. The CEO of the MLB, Rob Manfred, had half the games played with juiced balls and half not. A "juiced ball" means it goes farther when it is hit. While Manfred told the owners of all the teams about this, the players were left unaware.

Before I go on, I'd like to identify what a lockout is. The dictionary defines it as "the exclusion of employees by their employer from their place of work until certain

terms are agreed to." The players are obviously angry about this. And there is no trust in the league anymore.

There are a few ways for there to be a 2022 season, though.

- 1) Manfred resigns.
- 2) Manfred is fired.
- 3) There is an agreement between the players and the owners.

Lockouts have happened in sports before. A majority of them have been in the MLB. These occurred in 1972, in 1981 and in 1994-95.

In my opinion the odds of an MLB season are about 50-

50 right now but let's all hope for opening day in April.



RUN, PRAY, SURVIVE: A NaNoWriMo Excerpt



By Anya Khurana
Tusker Tribune Staff

Chapter 1: DEATH AND FRIENDSHIP

This world is a curious place. People come and go at all times, sometimes expected, sometime unexpected. Sometimes happy, sometimes sad. Sometimes clear, but sometimes confusing. Through my eyes, this world is a gift that people take for granted. No one understands how lucky they are to just be able to live in our wonderful world. To be able to laugh and talk to your friends and family. To be able to feel the sun shining down on your face on a warm summer day. To feel happiness and sadness and anger and confusion.

But of course, you never miss anything until you don't have it anymore. It's when it is taken away from you then you realize how much you wanted it. How much you needed it. Another curious thing about this world is friendship. The word friendship is different and unique for each person.

For some, it means family. For some, it just means being there for each other. But the one

thing about friendship that is the same for everyone is the fact that everyone treasures it. That everyone holds it close, scared that one day it might slip out of their grasp. That it might fade away and never come back.

But what people don't realize is that friendship and loss go hand in hand. If you gain friendship, you're bound to suffer from loss. The only thing that changes from person to person is how long they may suffer. For some people, it may be years and years. For some minutes, maybe even seconds.

I consider myself to be lucky. I didn't suffer for too long. But if I could do it over, I would choose to end my suffering a different way.

Which is why I ask everyone to be prepared for the worst but hope for the best. You might think that today will be normal and boring, but everything can change faster than you can snap your fingers. That's what happened to me. And change will hit you like a brick wall. It'll stop your breath and squeeze your chest. It'll bring tears to your eyes and it'll bite and rip and strain your heart.



Continued on Page 2

NaNoWriMo

From Page 1

But that's how life works. You must be prepared to face the fact that people, especially friends, will one day leave this world and sometimes you may go with them.

Chapter 2: THE SCREAM

So that brings me to my story. That one day in my life where everything changed with absolutely no warning at all. It gave me no time to prepare and who knows, maybe if I did have time to prepare, I would have dealt with it differently and maybe things would be okay, but now we'll never know.

It all started on May 26th. It was a warm summer day, and the sun was shining and I could hear the birds chattering. Yawning, and stretching, I got out of bed and dressed in a cute outfit for school. It was any normal day. It felt like any normal day. But of course, God had other plans in store.

"Aria, over here," my best friend Sarah waved her outreached arm at me from her seat in tech class. I gladly skipped over to her; grateful I had a friend in tech class because I'm sort of an introvert. Making friends isn't my thing.

"So," Sarah explained as I sat down on the scratchy stool, "I was thinking about my parents, and I think I may have found a way for me to convince them to let me apply to college as a fashion major instead of a law major."

"Wow, you really were up all-night thinking," I said, while shifting my position on the stool to try and make it more comfortable.

"So basically, all I must do is explain to them how fashion will help me more in the future than law because, let's be honest—who wants to defend people against criminals? That just screams boring. It's way more fun to design sparkling dresses that celebrities wear on red carpets," Sarah tossed her glossy brunette hair over her shoulder, her green eyes sparkling with excitement. Sarah was stunning. Her eyes were green forests and her hair was soft as silk.

I laughed at how Sarah thought that would convince her parents to get off her back and to stop breathing down her neck. Her parents were madly obsessed with Sarah going to law school, just like they did. "I mean, you can try I guess."

"Oh, come on. This idea is going to work. And as soon as that's done, I'm going to be set for a life of happiness. My parents' permission is all I need!" Sarah squealed with excitement.

I chuckled and turned back to my work. We were tasked with building an entire city on this nerdy website that was meant for 3-D printing and stuff. I hated it. It was so boring that I could hear

the building screaming, "Stop building me! Stop building me!" I constantly wished for it to be over. To end. I just never imagined it would end like this.

"Hey, what color should I make my hotel? I kind of want like a dark academia themed hotel but I also kind of want a cottage core aesthetic, too. What do you think?" Sarah questioned, her face scrunching with concentration. Sarah was one of the only people who liked tech, probably because she could design things which gave her the perfect practice for when she designed her own clothes.

"Ummmm," I thought about what would fit Sarah's city, "dark academia would work better. You can make that part of the city like the dark and mysterious part." I suggested.

"Hm....good idea," Sarah voiced her approval.

"I'm full of them," I complimented myself while Sarah rolled her eyes at me.

"Okay class," Our teacher's voice droned through the classroom, "as you are already aware, your cities are due this Thursday, so I strongly advise that you put in some time working on your cities outside of class. Unless you are more than ninety percent finished, you won't have enough class time to finish, so if you want a good grade, you need to be work."

Our teacher stopped speaking and tilted his head like he had heard something but wasn't sure what it was. At first, I thought our teacher was just hearing things, until I heard it too. A noisy bang that permeated the school.

"Aria, do you hear that too?" Sarah asked me, her face furrowed in confusion.

"Yeah, I do," I hesitantly said, becoming confused as well.

"What is it? Maybe something heavy falling down the stairs?" Sarah suggested, trying

to be optimistic.

"Maybe," I replied, not really believing that it was something heavy that had fallen down the stairs. If it was, it wouldn't have been repeated so many times, right?

After this, everything went to chaos faster than any brain could ever process. First came the announcement which blared over the loudspeaker so that everyone, everywhere, could hear what the school had to say: "We are going into lockdown. This is not a drill. We are going into lockdown. This is not a drill. We are going into lockdown. This is not a drill."

After hearing this announcement, no one moved, too shocked, too stunned, to act. It was what came after the announcement that made everyone snap out of their trance and into action. The piercing scream.

"AHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!!!"

To be continued



Being Sent Away Against My Will—a NaNoWriMo Excerpt



By Akosua Adobebe-Wiredu
Tusker Tribune Staff

TUSKER TRIBUNE

“What?” Mom”, I say in a stern voice. she asks dramatically.

I roll my eyes as if she doesn't know what I'm about to ask her about.

“You really just hate me, huh? So much that you decide to send me to England. Like, dang okay.”

Mom laughs sarcastically. “I'm sick of you. England will teach you some manners. Well, I hope it does because I'm not taking you anymore. Go cry about it.”

I could never imagine what it's like to have a mom who actually cares and doesn't treat me like crap. “I hate you so much,” I mumble.

Mom raises her eyebrows in abhorrence and tugs me towards her, so my eyes are at her shoulder level. “What did you say, little girl?”

“I didn't say anything”, I reply in irritation.

“That's what I thought.”

I pull myself away from her and plug in my earbuds into my ears from my phone and blast rock music to lose hold of my reality. When I get



to my room, I plop on my bed, infuriated at everything in the world, especially my mom. I throw my phone at the wall and start sobbing.

My phone hits the wall so hard that it forms a hole in my wall and my phone's screen cracks into pieces. *Why does my life have to be like this?!?*

I undo the tie from my hair and start pulling it stressfully. I see myself hyperventilating and check myself out in the mirror. Mascara streaks, tears, frizzed up hair, and a stained shirt in the rear view of the mirror.

Imperfections, as my mom calls them. I clutch my blanket to me closely and use it to wipe off my

teary face. I hear a knock and assume it's Tom knowing that my mom would never care to knock. I see Tom standing at the side of the opened door.

“You alright? I heard a lot of commotion in here.”

I wipe off some of the tears reappearing and I shake my head yes.

“K, then. I'm gonna go hang out with the football guys so I'll see you later.” And just like that, he leaves. He obviously knows I'm not okay as I keep sniffing but doesn't care to genuinely ask.

The Death of the DVD



By Lucas Ziegler
Tusker Tribune Staff

When was the last time you actually used your DVD player? You might remember watching old movies on DVD or you have entire stacks of them that have been sitting around for years.

My parents talk about renting or buying from Blockbuster, which I don't remember. You can still see them for sale in Target or Walmart, some cheaper than others. But why did people stop buying them?

One reason is that computers have larger storage space. Larger, cheaper, and faster storage space allow more room for movies.

Another reason is cheaper prices. If you don't want to pay \$20 for movies, you can just go online and pay a lower price for a digital copy. Unfortunately, a lot of people pirate movies, which means that people go on web-



sites like The Pirate Bay, where they can get basically any movie or game for free (though illegally).

With the high-speed internet, which is cheap, people can afford to quickly download or stream movies and TV shows. So streaming is now the big thing because how many times are you really going to watch the same movie?

If you pay a streaming service fee for a month, it's still cheaper than buying one DVD and you get access to a massive collection of media. And then there is convenience. Rather than go all the way to a store and actually leave your house to buy the movie you want, you get to just download it from the comfort of your home.

Whenever you glance at the pile of old DVDs sitting in the corner that you may have not used in a long time, you know now why you may never touch them again.



Reporters/Contributors

Akosua Adobebe-Wiredu
Anya Khourana
Thomas Mauro
Lucas Ziegler

The Tusker Tribune is the online Somers Middle School Student Newspaper. It is published weekly (except during school vacations) 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

DPap-
pas@somersschools.org.

Website:
<https://www.somersschools.org>

/Page/11489