



Alexander the Great's Lasting Legacy on World History



**By Ava Schmidberger
Tusker Tribune Staff**

Alexander III of Macedon (Greek: Ἀλέξανδρος Alexandros; 20/21 July 356 BC – 10/11 June 323 BC), commonly known as Alexander the Great, was a king of the ancient Greek kingdom of Macedon. He succeeded his father, Philip II, to the throne in 336 BC at the age of 20, and spent most of his ruling years conducting a military campaign throughout Western Asia and Northeastern Africa.

By the age of thirty, he had created one of the largest empires in history, stretching from Greece to north-western India. He was undefeated in battle and is



considered to be one of history's greatest and most successful military commanders.

During his youth, Alexander was tutored by Aristotle until the age of 16. His father, Philip, was assassinated in 336 BC at the wedding of Cleopatra of Macedon, Alexander's sister, and Alexander then took the throne of the Kingdom of Macedon.

His military achievements and enduring, unprecedented success in battle made him the measure against which many later military leaders would compare themselves. Military academies throughout the world still teach his tactics.

(Information from Ducksters and Google)

A Diary from the Dust Bowl



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

I was struggling to hold back my tears as Kristina and Harold were packing their jalopies. This is it. One single black blizzard had ruined us forever. My dear sweet John was dead forever. Harold still felt sort of ill from the soil in the corner of his eyes.

Although I'm not faithful, I'm hoping the people in California will support us and be welcoming as we move there.

Three days before—I was cutting carrots up for the family and John was on his way back from work. Suddenly, Harold was pointing outside of the house shouting, "Mommy, Mommy, look! It's a big black cloud!" He went outside to further show me, but I had seen it from inside the house. Suddenly, a big whoosh blocked my sight of Harold.

"Harold, Harold! Where are you?" I panicked. I suddenly forgot Kristina was taking a nap and I went upstairs quickly to tighten the windows and lock her door and her crib. I dashed down the stairs and wore a coat as I searched for Harold outside. I went back inside because the dust storm intensified and I could barely see. I prayed a quick few prayers and hoped John had found Harold in the storm.



A few days later, I and Kristina found Harold in the last hospital standing with Dr. Jake taking care of him and John in a coma. As I stood nearby John in the hospital room, I thought to myself, *what do I do?* A few seconds later John started throwing up soil from his mouth and eyes. It was a terrifying sight that I could never erase from my head. I knew that was the end and that John was dead. Forever.

I rushed back to Harold's hospital room and thanked God he was still alive. Extremely ill but still living. Dr. Jake had made sure Kristina was fed and was watching some TV. After all, she was only 3. I excused myself and went to the bathroom. I looked at myself in the dusty mirror stained from the storm and I bawled my eyes out from what my life has turned into.

Months later—Kristina and Harold are playing with Jacob and his sister as I sit on our porch in California. There is still much to do as we start off fresh with no crops, no money, and no materials at all. There has been rain in California so I will not worry about something troublesome as that happening again. The Kennedys are truly delightful and has provided us with home but we still have much to obtain ourselves. I'll never see the face of Oklahoma anymore as it is forever ruined.



Prevention Specialist Ms. Casey is starting a Youth 2 Youth Club, open to any SMS student. Stop by room 302 or send an e-mail to acasey@somersschools.org if you'd like more information on it.

NEWSPAPER CLUB
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Editor's Note: Chapters 1-4 of this story were featured in the February 11, 2022 issue of the Tusker Tribune: <https://www.somersschools.org/cms/lib/NY01913963/Centricity/Domain/1265/2-11-22%20Tusker%20Tribune.pdf>. Featured here is Chapter 5.



**By Nova Laubis
Tusker Tribune Staff**

Chapter 5

We each sat down on firm wooden chairs, in a chilly dim lit room. Tobias speaks. "Well Aaron, there really is no easy way to explain this, so you can ask away and I guess I will answer whatever I can answer."

"Hmph, then how 'bout you start talking, because I have enough questions. I don't know where to start, although I have a feeling, I have already started to piece some of the pieces together."

"Boy, I'd watch your tongue if I were you. I'm not afraid to draw blood. *Grunts* Let's start there, what do you think you know?"

"Let's see, I get the feeling, why I'm here goes way back, but I'm pretty sure the event that happened last night in the woods has something to do with this."

"That would be correct. You know what? Let me tell you part of it and then you can ask questions to piece together the other part of it."

"Fair enough."

"So, basically, you are in the hideout of werewolves, half breeds of humans and werewolf mixes as well as mixes of vampires and werewolves, and a few other breeds and creatures that you will learn in time."

"Oh, and I am the leader and I am the one who took you, both of which are for VERY good reasons because, as you may already know or have suspected, you are not human."

"Then I take it you know what I am?"

"Do you think I would have brought you here if I didn't?" Irritation in both our eyes, my jaw slightly flexing as I am trying to hold my tongue, my teeth slightly grinding as he sits there with a smirk, relaxing casually, which pisses me off even more.

"Hmm.... Interesting," he says.

In a blink, I am in front of him, practically growling and we both stare at each other, and I see his eyes flash amber and my eyes flash red as we both stand up practically growling in each other's faces. It's a race for dominance. It starts with growling, then slight pushing and shoving, till our minds finally become civil once more.

"Yep, definitely some alpha in you."

"Well, I wouldn't know now, would I ?!" I bark out. "I want answers. Meanwhile, you just keep observing me like this is a game!"

"Everything in life is a game."

I know what he means, and for a moment we both have a doorway to the other's soul, just for a moment, but it's there. We give each other a quick knowing look.

Then he smirks. "Guess we've both been through some tough s***, huh?"

Then we both sit down and try this again.

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7th Grade Social!!!



*Photos by Ms.
Casey*



**By Eve Clark
Tusker Tribune
Staff**

The 7th grade social was a bundle of fun! It included dancing, games, ice cream and so much more. A big thanks to the PTA for giving us this wonderful afternoon of laughter and excitement!

Aaron

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"Aaron, you are here for a few reasons, and the truth is, I'm not sure how much to tell you except most of your life, you were probably living in lies."

"Okayyyy?" I say, wanting him to continue.

"Well, for starters, you are adopted. Your biological mother really did die when you were

eight, but she didn't die as you were told and you've never actually seen her since you were 2, and it's a long story with your biological father, so the man who adopted you, adopted you by himself and isn't your biological father. Which leads me to one of the reasons you're here...because you have no one to guide you. You will get to know yourself, train, and much more here, and in time you will know everything there is to know."