THE TIGER TIMES

THE OFFICIAL RISING SUN HIGH SCHOOL NEWSPAPER



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HOW TO MANAGE SPRING STRESS

BY JAYDEN BARHAM AND SOFIA SOLIS CASCANTE

During this time of the year it is common to feel overwhelmed with stress as school grades and events are rapidly approaching. Determining how to manage stress regarding these times can help increase grades and/or stabilize, calm nerves, and improve test-taking.

High levels of stress can disrupt your mental functions and in turn hinder your ability to think critically. The inability to comprehend questions and assignments due to stress can cause a drop in grades and cause even more stress. This can then lead to exhaustion and the feeling of being overwhelmed and burnt out. Burnout is

the state of extreme exhaustion, both physically and emotionally; here are a couple of things you can do to help with your stress:

- Managing your schedule and making sure to keep some time to yourself can help alleviate the feeling of stress. Using a planner can help organize your time and keep you in a routine allowing the brain to be less fatigued from decisions and reduce anxiety of uncertainty! Talking with your teacher to lay out a plan/rubric of assignments that need to be done can help you visualize the work and, in turn, aid in the organization process.



- Setting alarms for work not only keeps you in a routine but also allows you to spend a specific time on certain tasks while not overloading yourself with the same task for prolonged periods of time. If you have homework, you can take a break when you're out of school, work for an hour, take another break, and repeat the process until you've handled the work.



- An important thing to remember is not to get caught up in taking breaks. The longer the break, the less time you have to work, which leads to more work piling up. Being organized helps avoid work overload. Taking a healthy amount of breaks is different for everyone; it takes time, and it's better to start sooner rather than later, because the reality is that work won't cease, and it's only up to you to advocate for yourself and figure out what works best for you.

Don't be afraid to ask for help from your teachers and advocate for yourself, but remember that you have to put in the effort as well!
STAY ORGANIZED 👍



A Beginner's Guide to Spring Cleaning

By Lily Stanley



What is Spring Cleaning?

Spring cleaning is a deep clean, which can be seen as a tradition worldwide. There are many benefits to spring cleaning, whether it be letting go of old items to free up space or just resetting your mental and physical health. Although it may be overwhelming at first, the pros outweigh the cons heavily.

What is the Point of Spring Cleaning?

Spring cleaning helps everyone differently, whether it's one of the previously stated facts, or maybe you're moving in or out of a home. The way it benefits someone is solely up to what they want out of it.

How do I Start Spring Cleaning?

The amount you choose to clean is up to you, whether it's just some usual house chores with a few things added, or a huge deep clean. It varies from person to person. Make a list of stuff you want to get done and what you want to do with it. For example, getting rid of old clothes: are they ripped or did you just grow out of them? If they're ripped, throw them away or send them to textile recycling, but if they are in good condition, consider donating them to a charity to help those in need.

What are Some Common Things to Clean?

Many people use spring cleaning as a time to get all those "heavy" chores done at once. As the weather gets nicer, outside work becomes more important as well. A few things you could do would be: do all your laundry (bedding included!), clean the windows (inside and out!), deep clean all your appliances, trim hedges and trees, and lastly, sweep, vacuum, or mop depending on the surface.

How do I Stay Motivated When Cleaning?

Don't set your expectations to clean everything in one go; that's overly ambitious. Do it in intervals. Every person is different, so the amount of time you may need to recharge may not be the same as someone else. Twenty-minute cleaning sessions with a 10-minute break may be beneficial to keeping you motivated by giving your brain a chance to focus on something else. Listening to music, a podcast, movie, or show may also help. If you consider yourself to be extroverted or energized by other people, invite someone who's willing to help. There are many strategies to staying motivated, some things work better for certain people than they do others. You just need to find what works best for you.

Happy Spring Cleaning!





Where, Oh Where, Have the Fireflies Gone?

By Logan Blakeley

Many people remember the glowing bugs that fly around during the warmer months. Fireflies are a major part of the population's childhoods, watching the living lights flicker and glow on late nights is what most people remember about summers. Many people have noticed that in recent years, it seems as though every year, fewer and fewer fireflies are emerging in the warmer months. One in three species of North American fireflies are considered at risk of extinction. According to the *Xerces Society for Invertebrate Conservation*, this decline of fireflies is a direct result of habitat loss, light pollution, overuse of pesticides, and climate change. Development and urbanization destroy key environments required for the life cycle of fireflies. As more and more wetlands, forests, and marshes are destroyed for development, the firefly population loses potential grounds to reproduce. Their ability to reproduce is further impacted by light pollution.

Fireflies have a unique method of communicating, using species-specific patterns of flashes from their lower abdomen, which according to the *American Museum of Natural History*, is similar to morse code. During the summer, male fireflies will use the glowing light that emits from a part in their lower abdomen called the "Lantern" to flash a species-specific pattern to attract female fireflies, who in turn respond with a pattern of flashes. This process is how fireflies find their partners or "mates." But with the growing problem of light pollution, the flashes that the males are giving off are being drowned out by artificial lights. Female fireflies that are unable to see the flashes from the males are unable to find mates, which in turn makes reproduction difficult. The unique flashes that they produce are also essential for their ability to deter predators. The flashes essentially say to potential predators "Hey, you shouldn't eat me." But when their light is drowned out with artificial lights, predators such as bats, spiders, and frogs will not see these flashes and in turn are much more likely to attack.

As the name suggests, pesticides have the sole purpose of killing pests or insects. The use of pesticides destroy habitats, kill firefly larvae, and eliminate food sources like snails and slugs. Climate change causes increased droughts and rising sea levels, which directly affects the moist environments that fireflies need for survival. There are many ways that people can directly help the populations of fireflies grow, and the ways we can help are surprisingly simple: by turning off lights outside when not in use, reducing use of pesticides, or helping protect wetlands from development, we as a community can protect the many species of fireflies and preserve the memory of firefly filled summers for generations to come.

WEIRD WINDS

THINGS YOU DIDN'T KNOW WERE WIND INSTRUMENTS

BY BRODY RASH



F YOU DIDN'T KNOW, THEN HERE YOU ARE. THESE ARE A COUPLE OF THINGS THAT ARE ACTUALLY INSTRUMENTS OR CAN BE USED AS THEM. IF ONE OF THESE DOESN'T SURPRISE YOU, THEN THAT'S COOL.



1. ORGAN - AN ORGAN IS ACTUALLY JUST A BUNCH OF FLUTES THAT GET WIND PUT THROUGH THEM WHEN YOU PRESS THE KEYS.
2. BUGLE - LIKE A TRUMPET BUT WITH NO BUTTONS!
3. PICCOLO - JUST A SMALL FLUTE
4. BAGPIPES - VERY SCOTTISH
5. OCARINA - A FLUTE BUT SMALLER AND WIDER
6. SOUSAPHONE - A BIG TUBA
7. FRENCH HORN
8. BASSOON - ONE OF THE THREE DOUBLE-REEDED INSTRUMENTS
9. SOPRANO SAX
10. ACCORDIAN
11. HARMONICA
12. OBOE
13. WHISTLE
14. KAZOO - NOT MUCH TO EXPLAIN...
15. RUBBER CHICKEN - NO EXPLANATION, IT JUST IS.
16. DOG WHISTLE - IT IS, IT'S JUST A SOUND SO LOW WE CAN'T HEAR IT





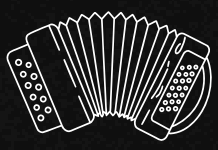




























THE STORY OF ORPHEUS & EURYDICE

By Keira Erbe

Orpheus was the son of Apollo and the muse Calliope. He was known as the most talented music player. This gift was often thought to be handed to him from his father. Upon his travels he met a shy and beautiful wood nymph named Eurydice. She was enchanted by his beautiful voice and his wonderful instrument playing. They both had fallen for each other quite quickly, love at first sight some may say. They soon decided to marry.

During the wedding, a man had been plotting to kill Orpheus and take Eurydice as his own; he was a shepherd by the name of Aristaeus. Aristaeus began to chase the couple through the woods. Orpheus grabbed Eurydice's hand, pulling her along, but suddenly she stopped and fell. Orpheus quickly kneeled before her, only to learn that she had stepped on a snake nest and was bitten. The life in her eyes was gone.

Orpheus was not the same joyful man; after this, he was a man succumbed to grief. He went to his father Apollo, pleading him to talk to Hades. Hades was the God of the Underworld, the only being that could allow Eurydice to walk the land of the living once again. So Apollo went. After that, Orpheus entered the underworld armed with weapons and his lyre. He stood before King Hades and Queen Persephone, then he began to play. The song was so moving that Persephone's heart had melted, even Cerberus the guardian of the Underworld was touched. Hades began to weep; he was so moved by the song that he stated that Orpheus can have her back, but he must exit the Underworld and not look to see if Eurydice is following him. Orpheus had great faith and perseverance in his heart as he began his journey. Every step he took made it harder not to look back. He had finally reached the land of the living and turned around to hug his wife, but he was only met with a glimpse of her before she was dragged back down. For she had not yet touched the land of the living. Desperate, Orpheus tried to get back into the Underworld but was denied entry.

Orpheus from then on traveled the world in a haze of grief and denied any other woman that tried to come near him. His songs were no longer joyful but solemn. A group of irate women, furious with his resentment towards them, decided to kill him. They then chopped him into pieces and threw his remains and lyre into a river. Muses then discovered his remains and gave him a proper burial. His soul then reached the Underworld where he was finally reunited with his beloved Eurydice.

History of 3 Foods You Might Enjoy!

By Gabby Cash, Amber Kennedy & Chloe Kline

Bread



Bread has been around for 30,000 years, first showing up in Egypt, being the first to develop leavened bread. Leavened bread means the bread has risen due to a leavening agent in the ingredients such as yeast, baking soda, or baking powder. Bread is one of the earliest heat-made foods in the world, being a staple all around the globe.

When wheat and barley were domesticated in the Fertile Crescent of Mesopotamia and near the Nile, cereal and bread became common foods. Leavened bread was also in prehistoric times, appearing in ancient Greece. Ancient people would use dough from a previous day as a sourdough starter, foam skimmed from beer, or a paste made of grapes to make the bread rise. In medieval Europe, stale bread was served as an absorbent plate underneath the food that would be eaten. This bread was called Trencher bread. Industrialization made bread-making easier, with the invention of mills. Bread has been ever-changing through the years, with each country having its own way to make it.

Chocolate



As most of us know, chocolate comes from cacao beans. Way before Europe began its love with chocolate, the Olmecs, Mayans, and Aztecs were very fascinated with the cacao beans. These ancient civilizations would use the beans as offerings to their gods and as a form of currency. Centuries before we even made chocolate, it was made into a drink, mixing with other ingredients to make many different flavored drinks, hot, cold, sweet, and savory.

During the great Georgian period, the cacao beans were very expensive, only being available to few people. In the 17th century, the Spanish believed these chocolate drinks were super healthy and beneficial and could balance out potential sickness. In the 18th century, they started to believe a plain chocolate drink could make you live longer. At one point they believed one ounce of chocolate drink had as much nourishment as a pound of beef . In the late 17th and early 18th centuries, men in coffee houses would drink these chocolaty drinks if they could afford it, and women could enjoy it in the comfort of their own home if they had the money. However, there is also a dark side to chocolate: thousands of people of color were shipped to the Caribbean and the U.S in trade for cacao beans and cotton which would be shipped to Europe and processed to make more chocolate.

In the 18th and 19th centuries, chocolate became less of a luxury item and more of a day-to-day thing like it is now. Before the chocolate bar was created there were chocolate desserts like biscuits, wine, and pudding. The cacao beans were ground by hand since the Mayans era, but in the late 18th century they got steam-powered machines to ground them. In 1828 a Dutch chemist named Coenraad Johannes Van Houten found a way to make chocolate into a powder, making it easier to add to milk and water, thereby making it more accessible to more people. The first chocolate bar was made in the mid-19th century by J.S Fry and son. They mixed cocoa powder, sugar, and cocoa butter to make a paste. Then he put it in a mold and made the first-ever chocolate bar. In the late 19th century, J.S. Fry and Son was the biggest chocolate company out there, supplying chocolate to the royal navy. But soon enough, Fry and Sons started to use starch to make cheaper fake chocolate. People found out and bought from Cadbury's, a “pure” chocolate company. Now chocolate has grown to new flavors and textures, becoming a household staple. It might not be currency anymore, but it sure is good.

Cheese



Cheese has many different places it originates from, two of the most prominent being Italy and France. It is unknown who first invented cheese; the earliest direct evidence of cheesemaking has been found in excavated clay sieves (holed pottery) dated to be over seven thousand years old. To preserve milk, cheese-making may have begun by the pressing and salting of curdled milk. In early cheese making, the stomachs of animals would be used to curdle the milk, because this gave better texture to the curds compared to other storage methods at the time. Hard salted cheese is likely to have accompanied dairying from the outset as it is the only form in which milk can be kept in a hot climate. Cheese produced in Europe, where climates are cooler than in the Middle East, required less salt for preservation; the cheese became a suitable environment for useful microbes and molds, giving aged cheeses their pronounced and interesting flavors. Archaeological evidence for making cheese in Egypt goes back about 5,000 years. In 2018, archeologists from Cairo University and the University of Catania reported the discovery of the oldest known cheese from Egypt. Discovered in the Saqqara necropolis, it is around 3,200 years old. Earlier remains identified as cheese were found in the funeral meal in an Egyptian tomb dating around 2900 B.C., and visual evidence of Egyptian cheesemaking was found in Egyptian tomb murals made in approximately 2000 B.C.

Sick: Parts 5 & 6

By Ragan Baker

Please enjoy Parts 5 & 6 of the original, on-going psychological thriller, Sick. Click HERE to read Parts 1 & 2 and HERE to read Parts 3 & 4 in our previous issues. Be sure to check out the conclusion of the story in our next issue!

Part 5

I wake up to the sound of beeping in my ears. Am I still at Berryview? Did They finally get me and this is heaven? I would hope that heaven is bright and beautiful, full of angels and loved ones. I hope it doesn't smell like death and decay. I don't want to hear this beeping. I want to be at peace, but I feel on edge.

I open my eyes and look around the room. I'm at a hospital, not the infirmary. Did They hurt me worse than I had originally thought? Why couldn't I just be at Berryview? How bad am I?

I sit up in the hospital bed and a rush of pain shoots through my head like a rocket. I touch my forehead, and there is a bandage covering most of it, as well as around my skull. Is that where They had cut me open?

Dr. Bryar walks into the room and lets out a sigh of relief. She was worried about me? How long have I been out for? It must have been a long time because she wouldn't be acting like this if it was just a few hours ago.

"W-What…" my voice trails off.

"You hit your head pretty hard on the floor…and the windowsill," she says.

The floor and windowsill? What is she talking about? That's not how things went down. This doesn't make any sense. Why is she lying? She was RIGHT THERE.

"No, it's not from that. They got to me, and cut my head open. What are you talking about?"

"Gerard, that's not what happened. I know it's what you perceived to have gone on, but that's not the truth. You were running through the halls, and when you fell you smacked your head into the floor. When you tried to get up, you ran into one of the windowsills. That's how you cut your head open."

She's not making any sense. No I didn't. They were all around me. They cut me open, and stole everything from me.

"You're wrong!" I yell, clenching my fists.

"Please calm down," Dr. Bryar says.

She walks toward the bed and rests her hand on the mattress. There is something different about her. She seems to be at ease. Had I caused her stress? Am I the reason why she wasn't with the others at Berryview today?

"I-I don't understand. They were right there," I say.

"I know that's what you believe. It's not your fault, but you need to listen to me. I am trying to help you. That's all I want to do."

I know I'm not crazy. She may believe that she's right, but she's just wrong. There is no way it can be true. I could feel their breath, hear their footsteps and voices. I know they are real. They must disguise themselves when others are around so I look insane. That has to be the reason.

"I know you don't believe me, but there has to be a reason why you don't see them. They must hide themselves from you. That has to be it," I plead.

"I'm going to let you rest some more. Your brain needs a break," she says.

Dr. Bryar walks towards the doorway of my room and gives me one last look before she leaves. Where is she going? Why didn't she take my thoughts into consideration? It's a completely logical explanation. Now I have to sit here all by myself.

I spent a while in the hospital. Nurses would come in and out to check on me. They gave me my medication for the pain in my head. Most of the time it feels like my head will explode. What I suspect to be morphine only alleviates the pain slightly. It's better than having no medication at all, I guess.

I have no clue of my time in this room. How long has it really been? Days? A week? I wish the clock that I have in here actually worked. It's stuck at 10:47. I've been sleeping most of my stay. The blinds in my room are shut tight. So, my perception of the time of day is nonexistent.

Dr. Bryar hasn't shown back up to my room in a while. Bert tells me that she's here and lurking, but I never get to see her. Although I have Bert, I miss Tod. He helps time pass at Berryview. I don't have to sit in silence and wonder when I'll be free at last.

I always say that I don't need anyone. For the most part I don't, but Tod is different. He may be off his rocker, but other than that he's normal. I look like an eye sore to the people around me because I always keep myself company. I am the "weird" one to them.

Now the only thing that is watching me are the musty smelling nurses in this prison cell of a hospital room. The beeping of the monitors is enough to make a person go insane. It is as if they are mocking me with their constant beeps. Letting me know that I am stuck here for the time being.

I am alone, I am never taken seriously and I can't trust anyone else with my thoughts and feelings. If God were to smite me right now I wouldn't be surprised. It's just how my life seems to be going. I am in a constant cycle each and every day. At least I got a little bit of a change in scenery. Not that I'm not bored out of my mind. I got to break the cycle. I got out of that place even if I got banged up in the process.

Part 6

It has been an eternity since I've gotten to see anyone at Berryview, but today I get to go back. I get to live the same life I have been dealing with for so long. Hopefully I'll see Tod. He is the only good thing about going back. I wonder if he is the same as when I left. Will he still trust me when I get back? I would like to say yes, but the last time he saw me I was screaming through the halls.

Will he be scared of me? That's the last thing I want. No one likes me there, and I don't like them. It's like when two people know they like each other so it ends up being completely awkward and they can't even look at each other. I don't want that. I don't want him to think I'm dangerous to be around. It's not my fault that They follow me.

Dr. Bryar opens the door to my room and smiles. She seems to be very chipper today. I don't know why. She's taking me back to the dark and doomed place I have to call home. At least I don't have to deal with her being a grouch. She's even more annoying than usual when she is in a bad mood. I bet she thinks the same thing about me, but will never say it.

"Are you ready to go?" she asks me.

"As ready as I'll ever be, I guess," I answer.

When she escorts me out of the hospital there is a car waiting out front for the both of us. Dr. Bryar opens the door and helps me into the vehicle. From what I could see on the outside, whoever's car this is, they blacked out all of the windows. Why would they do that? Is it for safety reasons? The last time I checked it's illegal to have that sort of thing. Am I wrong?

"Why are all the windows blacked out?" I ask.

"Oh, it's just for safety reasons," Dr. Bryar says.

That still doesn't make sense to me. If it's for safety then why doesn't everyone do it?

"I still don't understand," I say.

"We just want to make sure that you are safe. Anyway, how are you feeling today?" She changes the subject.

What is she trying to keep me safe from? I'm not some important politician or celebrity. I'm just a regular kid. Maybe I can do some digging when I get back to Berryview.

"I'm feeling alright. I still have a little bit of a headache."

We finally got back to Berryview. The car ride felt like forever, especially when neither of us would speak. She is usually the talkative type. She'd always want to discuss how I felt about my situation, or why I thought I was at the institution in the first place.

I get out of the car and see two orderlies walking toward me. I've never seen them before. Maybe I've been gone longer than I thought. They both smile, but it's very creepy. I know they're trying to be nice, but it's not working for them. They are weirding me out more than making me feel welcome.

I take a moment to look around outside because I don't really know what the building looks like from the outside since no one is allowed out front. The building is bigger than I realized. I end my gaze and walk ahead of the men. They follow close behind me. I don't know why, but this makes me feel important. They have to follow me in, make sure I'm safe.

As I walk through the doors I am met with a few other orderlies, ones I actually recognize, but they don't acknowledge me. I'm honestly not surprised. They see me all the time so why would they care? The men open the door and I walk into the hall where everything went wrong. A memory of that night flashes through my mind. They are hard to describe, but it was a complete darkness. I felt a weight over me like when you get a bad grade on a test and don't want to tell your parents. I didn't want to face Them. I wanted to run and hide like a coward.

I see a few patients I recognize, but don't know their names. Some of them make eye contact with me, others turn away. Am I still the topic of discussion? I was hoping everyone would have forgotten by now. I don't want to be looked at like a freak. I want to be respected, not made fun of.

We continue to walk down the hall and I spot him. Tod. He just walked into his room. I want to see him. I want to know that I'm not hated by him. I put him in danger, but maybe he will understand. Maybe I could get him to know that I don't want Them to follow me, but no matter what I do they are always going to find me.

"Tod!" I yell.

Tod's head peeks out of his doorway. He gives me a smile, but I can tell that it's not sincere. He's nervous. Of course he is. I can't blame him for that.

"Hey, Gerard. How are you feeling?" he asks me, pointing to the bandage on my head.

"Oh, this? It's just covering up the big gash on my head. I should be able to get it off here soon. How are you?" I ask, relaxing a little bit.

"I'm…alright I guess. It's been weird without you," he says.

"How long have I been gone?" I ask, inching closer to him.

Tod sits there for a minute. It looks like he's thinking hard about the answer. Why was it so hard to answer my question? Have I been gone for a long time?

"You've been gone for two weeks, Gerard," he sighs.

Two weeks? How has it been that long? I can tell that Tod is upset. Has me not being here been hard on him? I didn't know I had that sort of effect on someone.

"I'm so sorry, Tod. It wasn't my fault. I hope you understand that. I didn't want to leave you. I wanted to stay, so badly," I say.

"I–" Tod begins.

A hand rests on my shoulder. I look and see Dr. Bryar standing there with a slight smile on her face. I don't know why, but it feels warm this time. I believe in her sincerity.

"Why don't we leave Tod to his alone time? There are people here that really want to see you," she says, her smile widening.

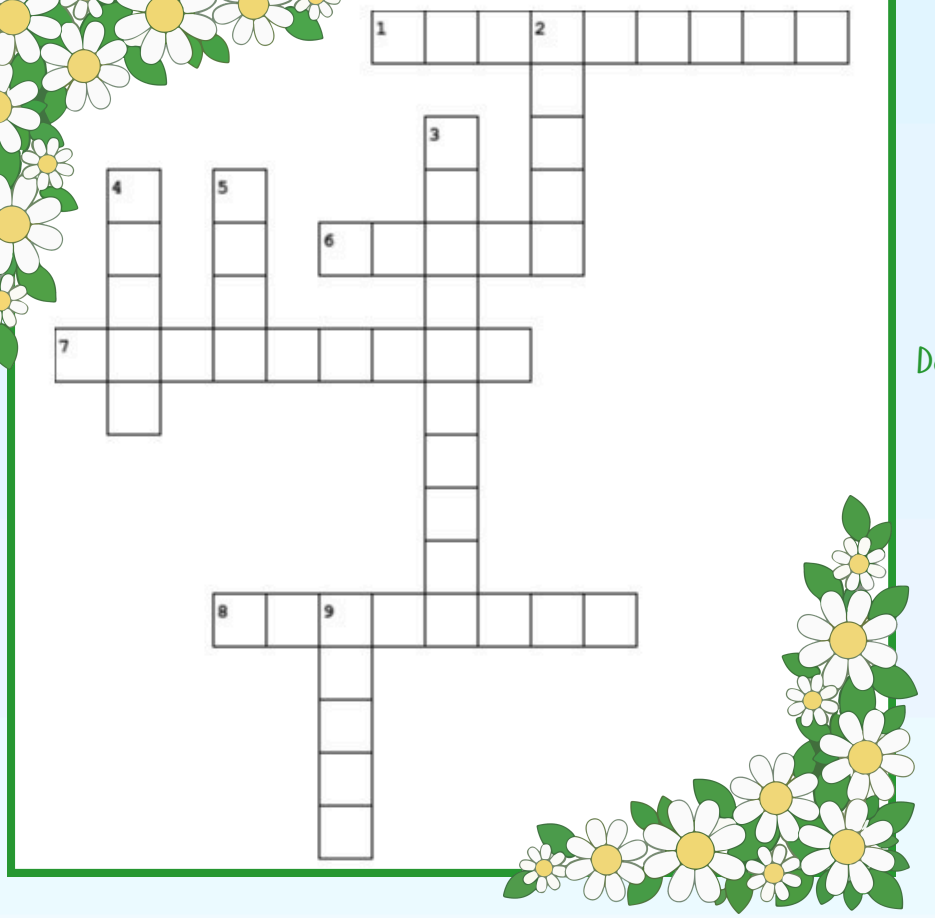
Who are the "people" she is talking about? Is she going to be taking me to my doom? Am I about to walk into some sort of trap? I don't want to die. I thought I could start trusting her. Who is she taking me to? I don't want to go. I just got back.

Dr. Bryar leads me through the hall and into the cafeteria. I didn't realize that visiting hours happens during our free time. So, a few of the other patients are talking to friends and family. That's when I spot them. In the back of the cafeteria. My father and brother waving at me.

Solving Something with Sevel

Puzzles Created by Ella Shortall and Severin Abbey

Puzzle 1: Flowers



Across

1. Flowers that are the king of the jungle
6. Flower with a painted face
7. Name of character featured in Peter Pan
8. Aloha flower

Down

2. Name of character in the Great Gatsby
3. Flowers that follow the sun
4. Flower you might use to kiss
5. Flower of romance
9. Maryland state flower_____-Eyed Susan (Maryland state flower

Puzzle 2: Fun in the Sun

Find words that fit the theme in this word search and uncover the spanagram, the main theme of the puzzle hidden somewhere in the grid.

H	O	F	S	H	I
I	K	U	I	N	P
B	I	T	G	L	A
I	N	G	S	I	N
K	E	A	E	D	T
S	U	C	T	S	C
N	T	I	V	I	I
B	E	I	E	C	N
A	T	H	S	I	P

Puzzle 3: Sporty Connections

Find groups of four words that share a common thread to make four total word groups.

Track	Swimming	Lacrosse	Bocce
Football	Softball	Basketball	Volleyball
Wrestling	Cheer	Tennis	Field Hockey
Baseball	Bowling	Soccer	Cross Country