

THE WELL-TRAINED TRIBUNE

YOUR OFFICIAL WELL-TRAINED MIND ACADEMY NEWSPAPER



Rise and Shine - Diya Ruhela

LETTER FROM OUR FOUNDER

BY MARINA MATSON

Hello, WTMA! It is my great honor and privilege as founder and co-editor in chief to present to you the first ever Well-Trained Mind Academy student newspaper!

I hope you appreciate the work everybody put in to make this happen as much as I do - Dr. Collier organized the newspaper, Dr. Gentile mentored us and helped us to stay on track, our student staff members dedicated their time to the paper, and many of the students at WTMA submitted their work. These people allowed us to put this paper together.

My goal in starting this paper was to not only give the students of WTMA a platform to start publishing their work, but to promote creativity outside of the classroom. I hope that these works inspire you to pursue your creative hobbies in your free time. If you want your work featured in the next issue, email it to us at newspaper@wtmacademy.net

Welcome to the Well-Trained Tribune!

IN THIS ISSUE

Pet of the Month
Winner pg. 24

Fowler on Film pg. 4

Dune Book and Film
Reviews pg. 5

Comics Section pg. 19

Crossword pg. 23





"Sunflower Soul" (mixed media collage) - Natalie Stephens

THE FIRST STEP ON THE MOON

BY MARILYN PITNER

On May 25th, 1961, President John F. Kennedy met with Congress to announce that the US was sending men to space for moon exploration. Soon after the speech, engineers quickly got to work on Apollo 10, which would orbit the moon to determine safety. Without delay, it lifted off from the Kennedy Space Center in Florida on May 18, 1969. The mission was successful, and Apollo 10 returned to Earth in about eight days. When it landed, Apollo 11 took off. It was equipped with some features from the Kennedy Space Center.

The Saturn V had a three-stage system to help push Apollo 11 through the earth's atmosphere and was as big as a Navy Destroyer. To fuel the spacecraft, it was filled with almost a million gallons of kerosene, liquid oxygen, and liquid hydrogen. The rocket used was 100 times more powerful than Mercury boosters. It had 7.5 million pounds of thrust, which could catapult the Apollo 11 astronauts up to 25000 mph. The Saturn V worked perfectly - allowing the spacecraft to launch with success.

Astronauts Armstrong and Aldrin made one loop around the earth then, finally, proceeded to the moon. Once Apollo 11 was headed to the moon, the talented astronauts had to detach from the Saturn V boosters.

They made it out and speedily headed to the moon's orbit. Once inside, the astronauts circled around the moon, seeing what it looked like and where to land.

Landing was a feat in and of itself. From a distance, the moon looked like a golf ball thrown into the sky. It was beautiful at night, glowing like a pearl in a black sea. Armstrong made a perfect landing and stepped out onto the moon and said, "That's one small step for man, one large leap for mankind." The moon was like a ball of swiss cheese. It had craters everywhere and was covered in dust, dead volcanoes, and old lava flows. There were many different types of rocks, soils, and minerals. The astronauts were overjoyed. They placed an American Flag on the moon, along with the date and time. Soon, the astronauts left the moon and departed for earth. Finally, Armstrong and Aldrin were in Earth's atmosphere. The Columbia, Armstrong and Aldrin's command module, splashed down eight days after liftoff 900 miles from Hawaii; and the astronauts went straight into quarantine aboard the USS Hornet.

WISHING STONES

BY VIVIAN WIEMELT

i want to write what belongs to the land
 i want to dance with the song of the rain
 lion's mane, red like a robin's belly,
 face speckled
 with freckles
 i want to capture triple dimensions with
 an invention in two, paper and a flash
 but the image can call out memories
 of a younger age
 and wilder days
 i want to run with the beasts like we used to
 i want to hold the voice of the wind
 we can look to the sun and see
 sweet berries
 sundew cherries
 a lion roars his triumph to the night
 his truth, his voice grows tired and sinks low
 the elephant remembers where she walked the
 serengeti
 once bathed in gold
 a blaze of bold
 i'm choking on the shadows in the air
 stuck in the cement and my shoes won't move
 never once before have i felt
 as trapped
 i must adapt
 i want to write what belongs to the land
 i want to dance with the song of the rain
 i wish to return to these forgotten plains
 and leave behind
 the world's disdain



HERITAGE

BY DIYA RUHELA

From my father, I inherit
 The power of gentle
 The soft, comforting words
 That spread peace through the house
 I inherit his contagious laugh
 That carefree sound of pure joy
 How the corners of his eyes crinkle everytime he smiles
 From him I learnt that knowledge is power
 It will guide you through the hardest times
 And show you the way when you are lost

From my mother, I inherit
 The fierce love that she shares with us
 The aura of authority
 The ability to keep everyone together even in the hardest
 of times I inherit her unselfishness
 Putting others before herself
 From her I learnt the power of being honest
 How just one truth can earn someone's trust

From my sister, I inherit
 The ability to live life to its full extent
 The ability to find beauty in the smallest things
 I inherit the energy that she brings with her every
 morning, eager to start a new day Being filled with
 surprises, always keeping everyone on their toes She is the
 light that shines brighter than the sun

From my grandfather, I inherit
 The ability to look at a situation in different ways
 Finding the silver lining in everything
 I inherit the ability to coax smiles out of people despite
 their will
 The determination to be nice to everyone around me
 I inherit his sweet tooth
 Knowing that I shouldn't eat more
 And yet not being able to control myself

From my family, I have learnt the secrets of
 Pure happiness
 Beautiful
 Unconditional
 Love

THE DUALITY OF HOMESCHOOLING

BY LAUREN BARTON

As a lifelong homeschooler, I can tell you that homeschooling can be a double-edged sword. On one hand, you have what are, in my opinion, the pros of homeschooling: little to no social interaction, the ability to do your schoolwork anywhere you please, not having to wake up insanely early, not having to worry about peer pressure, bullying, or school shootings, the ability to take your time with studying, and seemingly, your own set of vocabulary words. I could go on. On the other hand, you have what are, also in my opinion, the cons of homeschooling: little to no social interaction, only learning what your parents can afford to teach you, maybe dealing with relatives looking down on you, or perhaps your parents have religious or political reasons for homeschooling you, which could, in turn, confine you to their beliefs. I could go on with the cons as well. These are some of the things nobody tells you; nearly everybody has already formed their own opinion of homeschooling and, therefore, may write biasedly about the act.

I am one of those biased people. However, even despite my bias, I have insight that I can share with you. These are my experiences and opinions and they may be valuable to you if you are thinking of homeschooling your children.

So, what should you know about homeschool life?

Perhaps the most important thing you should know about is the cost. It is very expensive to homeschool your children if you want to educate them well. Not only do you have to pay online schools like the Well-Trained Mind Academy nearly \$700 per class, but often you have to pay for textbooks and an internet connection. This can be very daunting for some parents, as they want their children to be properly educated but may lack the funds to do so.

I feel that it is also important to know that homeschooling requires a lot of research. What paperwork does your state require you to fill out? What curriculums does your state require? Which online schools are worth the time, effort, and money? Do you have the time and money to homeschool? These are just some of the important questions you should ask yourself when deciding if you want to homeschool or not.

But what about the million-dollar question: Is homeschooling a right fit for you and your kids? To answer that question accurately, you would have to answer it yourself. Homeschooling may be the right fit for you and your kids, or it may not. Only you and your children can figure that out.



Macrame - Mayzie Seward

"Is homeschooling a right fit for you and your kids? To answer that question accurately, you would have to answer it yourself."



FOWLER ON FILM



A HERO

BY RILEY FOWLER

At this point in his career, cinephiles have grown to have a certain set of expectations from films by Iranian writer/director Asghar Farhadi, the Cannes-favorite and Oscar-winning filmmaker behind *A Separation*, *The Salesman*, *Everybody Knows*, and *The Past*. Farhadi specializes in intricately drawn morality plays that rest on the dividing line between melodrama and neorealism, unafraid to get into the thorny side of human nature and the intricacies of society and relationships. *A Hero*, which premiered at Cannes last spring, tying with the Finnish film *Compartment No. 6* for the Grand Prix (Cannes's second-place prize), is Farhadi operating at the peak of his ability as both a writer and a director of actors.

A Hero concerns itself with the story of Rahim, a young man imprisoned for being unable to pay off his debts. After his fiancée discovers a great deal of money, enough to take a sizable dent out of the amount he is owed, Rahim is led into a moral quandary about whether or not to use the money that turns, ultimately, into a media frenzy around him.

As Rahim, Amir Jadidi combines hangdog charm with the raw desperation felt by a man who has been imprisoned for years, while Sahar Goldust, as Rahim's fiancée, hands in a touching first performance, grounding the emotional stakes of the film. The rest of the cast, filled out by both newcomers and Iranian character actors, all reflect the themes of Farhadi's morality play without ever seeming like mere devices.

Farhadi's touch with actors is light and graceful, never leading them into the melodrama that the material could be in the hands of a lesser artist. Additionally, while no one has ever confused him with a stylist, Farhadi's camera has taken the best lessons from that of the neorealists, unobtrusively capturing the naturalism of his performers and their surroundings. Though some of his films after *A Separation*, especially *A Salesman*, have made even his most devoted admirers question whether Farhadi might not be best suited to theater work. With *A Hero*, Farhadi deftly restores his reputation as perhaps the greatest dramatist of modern international cinema.

A Hero is available with a subscription to Amazon Prime.

The Top Film of 2021

WEST SIDE STORY (DIRECTED BY STEVEN SPIELBERG, AVAILABLE IN THEATERS)

While, initially, a remake of the classic 1961 film adaptation of the musical *West Side Story* by Steven Spielberg seemed like a questionable choice, Spielberg more than proved his detractors wrong with this, a defiantly old-fashioned, gorgeous triumph of old-fashioned filmmaking. Newcomer Rachel Zegler stuns as the Puerto Rican immigrant Maria, a young woman whose love story with a white boy, Tony (a decent enough Ansel Elgort), ignites a war between the Jets (a gang of disenchanted, destructive young white men) and the Sharks (a gang of Puerto Rican immigrants). In the supporting cast, Mike Faist, David Alvarez, Ariana DeBose, and Rita Moreno are all extraordinary, while the incredible choreography and gorgeous cinematography serves to enliven this old story for a new era.

Runners-Up

- | | |
|-------------------------------|--------------------------|
| 2. <i>Dune</i> | 7. <i>Passing</i> |
| 3. <i>tick, tick... BOOM!</i> | 8. <i>No Time to Die</i> |
| 4. <i>A Hero</i> | 9. <i>Old</i> |
| 5. <i>CODA</i> | 10. <i>King Richard</i> |
| 6. <i>The Rescue</i> | |

COLUMN CROSSOVER

FOWLER ON FILM & NICCOLO'S BOOKNOTES

DUNE

BY RILEY FOWLER

Frank Herbert's novel *Dune* has long been a sort of white whale for makers of science fiction films, with its vast sense of scope and influential story continuing to remain enticing - even over fifty years after its publication. David Lynch's 1984 adaptation, though having its own, strange virtues, hardly seemed definitive then or now; feeling both overstuffed and too short in its two-hour runtime. Fortunately, sci-fi fans' long-running dreams have finally been fulfilled in Denis Villeneuve's majestic and thoroughly modern adaptation of the first half of the book (a second film is to follow in 2023).

The story of Paul, the son of a nobleman whose family must take hold of the valuable desert planet Arrakis at the behest of a distant God-Emperor has seemed unweighty in other hands - but in Villeneuve's version of *Dune*, visual scale and storytelling unite to convey the sheer size of Herbert's novel with an emotional scale that largely works due to the work of Timothee Chalamet as Paul, Oscar Isaac and Rebecca Ferguson as his parents, Zendaya as the native of the desert that haunts his dreams,

and Josh Brolin and Jason Momoa as the leaders of family's soldiers. This all combines into a darkly psychedelic achievement whose story and images will likely remain as cultural touchstones for many years.

DUNE: DESERT SANDS AND DRY WINDS

BY NICCOLO GENTILE

Frank Herbert's *Dune* is a masterpiece of science-fiction literature. Herbert used a mixture of fantasy elements, philosophic tangents, stunted prose, and extreme attention to detail to craft one of the most unique and tantalizing sci-fi worlds ever made. Published in 1965, the novel follows a teenaged noble, Paul, on his trek through the danger-filled, sand swept planet of Arrakis. His treacherous path takes him on a plethora of exciting adventures, and his internal journey manages to remain just as—if not more—interesting as his external one, as he uncovers psychic powers and perplexing visions.

Despite this seemingly stereotypical protagonist, Herbert's study of ecology inspired him to characterize the planet the story is set on and its many inhabitants far more than most authors would dream of attempting. This forges a bond the reader builds with the planet and its civilizations that transforms over time. In fact, most of the moments that had me glued to my copy of the epic were those related to the broad mysteries the planet holds.

Just as *Dune* is the tale of a planet and its people, it is also a political intrigue. Interwoven webs of plots and schemes fill the pages of the book. The opening chapters see a myriad of these plans, some years, decades, or even centuries in the making, going into action, and each thread gradually unwinds over the course of the plot.

These differing elements mesh excellently to keep the reader rapt. Herbert's command of the written word and of pacing allows everything to feel natural and succinct, while also imbuing *Dune*'s pages with a peculiarly alien quality. Few sci-fi books have reached the heights of Herbert's magnum opus, and I look forward to the day when someone reaches them again.

NICCOLO'S BOOKNOTES

HUMANKIND: A HOPEFUL HISTORY

BY NICCOLO GENTILE

If there is one thing the past few years of this planet have cemented into the zeitgeist, it is that humanity is incessantly divided by a plethora of issues. The tentative, but hopeful, cooperation that began the 21st century has been eroded and, no matter who you ask, the future seems grim. *Humankind: A Hopeful History*, by Dutch historian Rutger Bregman, sets out to challenge this pessimistic view of the future of humanity by looking to its past.

Bregman introduces a wide variety of stories and studies that show humanity's better nature. Most people will already know a few, such as the Christmas Truce that brought a halt to fighting on the western front in 1914. However, many of the book's chapters delve into territory most people without a background in sociology have never heard of, and others refute some of the most well-known stories of humanity's monstrous and inhumane actions.

On the scientific end of his argument, Bregman points towards civilization as a corrupting force that turned human's natural instincts away from sociability and cooperation in favor of the ruthlessness and depravity we so often hear about. This flies in the face of millennia of philosophy and social science, but the idea harkens back to Jean-Jacques Rousseau, a French philosopher of the 18th century who put forth that the rigid structure of society shackled humanity. Additionally, in recent years there has been a surprising amount of data to substantiate this concept, and sociologists and anthropologists both seem to agree that society may not be a purely bettering force.

In a less data-driven, but no less striking chapter, Bregman compares the infamous example of *Lord of the Flies* to an actual example of something similar happening. The book follows a group of boys who wash up on an abandoned island and attempt to organize themselves, only for everything to fall apart and for them to revert to what the book posits is humanity's natural state: filthy, savage, and brutal. The real-life example starts in almost the same way, with a group of boys stranded on an abandoned island. Events turned for the better in real life, as the six teenage boys banded together and survived for fifteen months

without any outside aid. When they were finally found, they had managed to cooperate and live remarkably well in isolation.

All this evidence might be compelling to read, but where *Humankind* really shines is in bringing all these disparate narratives together. The thrust of the book is that when we view each other as fellow humans and understand humanity as caring and communal instead of selfish and violently individualistic, then we can live more fulfilling and safe lives. Ultimately, Bregman strikes at the core of the divisions in society, giving a captivating alternative view of the past and future all while backing it up with meticulously presented data.



MUSICAL MAYHEM

THE BEAUTIFUL YET UNDERAPPRECIATED INSTRUMENT

BY SOPHIA RABBIDEAU

Everyone knows what a piano is. The same can be said for guitars, drums, and violins. In a 2003 survey, it was found that 54% of households have at least one person who plays a musical instrument. However, the majority of people play instruments from a very narrow pool. The most common instrument played in America is the piano, followed by the guitar, and then the drums. What never shows up on these lists is the theremin.

Invented in 1920 by Leon Theremin, the theremin is the only instrument that is played without touching anything. Typically, the musician must press keys, pick strings, or press valves in order to make sounds. A thereminist must do no such thing. Instead, they hold their hands in what appears to be thin air. This “thin air” is actually an electromagnetic field generated by the instrument. As the thereminist makes extremely subtle hand movements, the instrument produces sound.

The body of the modern theremin is generally a thin rectangular shape with two antennae. The first of the two, referred to as the pitch

antennae, controls the note or pitch that is played and is perpendicular to the main body of the instrument. The second, known as the volume loop, controls articulations and the volume at which the note is played. This antenna is positioned at the side of theremin.

Over the past century, the theremin has gone in and out of popularity. Often, its difficulty to play and master has been its biggest critique. Most people simply don't have the patience to attempt to learn it. In addition, a lot of people just don't like the sound. They find it too strange, too otherworldly. Leon Theremin brought his creation to the United States in 1927, convinced that it would become the “modern” violin. Unfortunately for him, it wasn't as popular as he had thought it would be.

The public's opinions varied drastically, with the majority being unable to hear the beauty that Leon Theremin could. Many described its sound as something close to a wailing cat.

Although the theremin is more well known today, thanks to Hollywood's use of its unique sound in classic Sci-Fi films, the instrument remains a bizarre contraption mentioned once in physics class and forgotten the following year. But the next time you hear that ethereal music from the back of the movie theater, think fondly of Leon Theremin.

WRITING MUSIC AS A HOBBY

BY SOPHIA RABBIDEAU

In May of 2020, I began writing electronic music on my phone. Having absolutely no idea what I was doing, I combined sounds that shouldn't have gone together and called the cacophony: music. The truth was, I wasn't looking for validation or praise from anyone; I was creating the sort of insanity to which I like to listen. It brought me joy. I found something I loved to do. When my sister designed a cover for my album, *In the Clouds*, I was hooked.

I have since expanded to writing music on a computer using a keyboard, and have attempted to write everything from classical symphonies to strange collections of sounds. I have not limited myself to one genre, and because of this I believe that writing music as a hobby is liberating. You can create literally anything you can think of – whatever it is that makes you happy. This column will be a part of an upcoming series on writing music as a hobby; covering everything from which software to use to scoring music. I hope you will enjoy coming along for the ride.



THERE IS MORE TO HORSES

BY MARILYN PITNER

If you ride horses, take one day to get to know your horse. Where does he roll? What is his favorite grazing spot? When is naptime? What time of day does he play around? What is the best time of day to ride? Which pasture does he like best? There are so many things you can find out about your horse. I got into horses around age four at a horse camp I went to at Tuxbury Farms. I instantly fell in love. For my birthday, I received some riding lessons, which allowed me to be around them once a week. Since then, I have studied horses in my free time and have been riding any chance I have. Having spent all of that time with horses, I learned about all of their quirky personalities. Additionally, I learned horses are there for you. They always seem to know when you need them the most.

Did you know that horses have different personalities? They can be quiet or vocal just like we can be shy or very friendly. I just love it when my horse nickers to me as I come up to the pasture to see him. When a horse nickers to us, it is their way of saying, "Hi I missed you, do you have a treat for me?" Although some horses are scared out of their mind to get their feet wet in water, some adore swimming and will do anything to dive in. Other horses are completely food motivated; they love food and will do anything to get some. That's called "Highly Food Motivated." Younger horses are especially pumped full of energy at all times and love chasing, fighting, and playing with their pasture mates. Duck, who is my neighbor's horse, loves snuggles. If you rub him just right, he'll stick his long, slobbery tongue out of his mouth, tilt his head all the way to the side, and make a funny noise. Horses can also be sensitive to the saddle and will make sure you know it's an eighth inch out of place as soon as you get out of that barn, whether it's by bucking, or rearing, or hunching up their back-end.



Suspended Winter - Tatiana Walker

Fortunately, all horses are different, whether that's in color, personality, or breed.

Horses are actually very comforting. Sometimes I go to my horse for comfort when I am sad and in the blues, and most of the time he comforts me better than a person. A horse will put its neck around your shoulder when you're depressed, which is their version of a hug. They provide a strong neck to lean on when you're sad, and they understand. They forgive you easily when you're mad, or when you hit them with a crop, or when you get in their mouth when you're riding. When focus is needed, they give you their all, but they can also be as playful as a puppy. Also, horses can sense your nervousness, or any mood you're in, and they can respond to that. It makes me laugh when they beg and nicker at me or eat treats out of my hand with their soft muzzle. Unfortunately, not everyone has a horse, but there is probably a stable to visit on occasion. Horses are truly amazing animals whether you're riding them or seeking their comfort.

Sometimes, my horse has an attitude and can be stubborn, but most of the time he is so playful. Just like me! The best way to find the perfect horse for you is to match personalities. Your horse is always there for you and will do anything for you. If you fall off, your horse will stand right by you, gallop to get help, or gently try to help you back up with their muzzle. Don't get me wrong, I adore riding horses, but it would satisfy me if I could just watch them play in the pasture, roll in the dirt, simply brush them, or give them a bath. Interestingly, horses can actually change people. They changed me for the better and now they are a part of me that will never leave. When I am needing someone to comfort me, I run to my horse who will almost instantly make me feel better with his caring, sweet, playful, (and sometimes stubborn) personality.

CŒUR-DE LION

BY MARILYN PITNER

Cœur de lion means “Lionhearted” in French. When I think of lionhearted, the characteristics of boldness, passion, bravery, and loyalty come to mind. Richard I of England, who reigned from 1189 to 1199, was all of these and more to his army during the third crusade. In order to see the significance of Richard the Lionhearted, you need to know what chivalrous means; it is expressing respectable and manly qualities towards other men and especially women. Although Richard was raised in Normandy, he was crowned king of England. He was indifferent about England. In fact, out of the ten years he was king, he was only there one year and the other nine were spent in battle.

Richard adored the Holy City of Jerusalem and tried his best to win it back under Christian rule instead of the Islamic rule. He decided to attack the city of Jaffa, which was the Muslim stronghold. There, Richard leaped off his ship and into the sea into waist-level water. The enemy’s leader sent him a strong war horse to ride because of chivalry--a king should never be walking on foot in a battle. Out of generosity, Richard then sent the enemy a pair of falcons! Now that’s one chivalrous man! Richard boldly rode through the front lines of the battlefield without drawing his sword to fight. He did make a three-year-long peace treaty with Muslims so that the Christians could pass through freely.

Unfortunately, during another battle, Richard caught a horrid case of scurvy. The funny thing is, he fought from the hospital window by propping himself up on one arm and shooting his crossbow with the other! Later, Richard was taken captive, he was eventually traded for one-hundred pounds of silver. Richard was very brave, bold, and chivalrous. He acted like a lion in battle and deserves the title: Richard the Cœur de lion.

ELEPHANT LOVE SONG

BY VIVIAN WIEMELT

She bathes her eyes in the golden sky
She wonders if she has grown old and wise

The people tell her she is old and wise
Then they cut down her children before her eyes

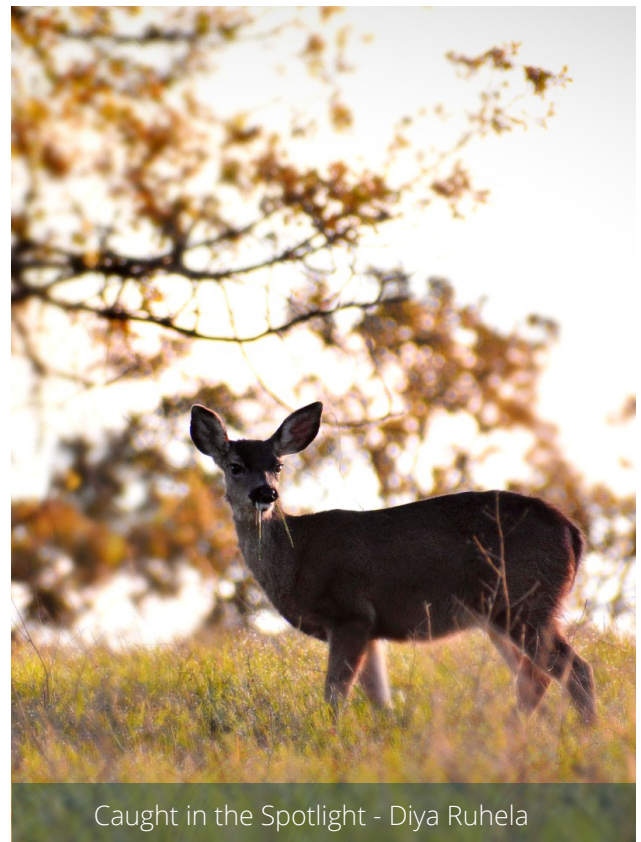
They steal her children after her throat cannot cry
It has creased from years of lullabies

Her face has creased from years of sun
Now her voice sings softly a love song

Her soft voice cracks in a mourning song
Though she is strong, the nights grow long

She is no longer strong as the night plods along
Now that all her children of sun are gone

Her children fade in the sinking sun
As she bathes her eyes in the golden sky.



Caught in the Spotlight - Diya Ruhela

THE PEACOCK AND THE RAVEN

BY NATALIE STEPHENS

Though the Raven was a sweet, fragile young bird, she was unable to escape the breathtaking elegance of the Peacock. The latter received continuous praise for his fanning array of colors, each melting into the next, this spectacle a constant display of his beauty. In contrast, the small Raven's ebony feathers seemed to be seeping with ink spilled only a moment prior, a harsh reminder of her vulgar appearance.

As the sun rose above the horizon each morning, the Peacock would boast of his greatness, acting carelessly towards the Raven, yearning to obtain his charm. A victim to his constant torment, the Raven endured much misery provided by the Peacock.

"What a pathetic display," spat the cruel Peacock. "I pity the miserable Raven that roams upon the ground, fouler than the soil that rests beneath her claws." Blinded by

shame, the Raven scurried aside, tears threatening to spill: if only she had any to spare.

Years elapsed as the adversaries grew apart from one another, immersed in the ventures of their lives, soon to become distant memories of their past. The Peacock, now quite frail and weary, traveling upon his average route abruptly stumbled upon a radiant Raven perched before him. Just as they greeted one another, recognition sparked within his eyes, recalling this very Raven from his past. The same recollection flooded the Raven, though the Peacock's presence didn't tint her mind as it once had.

Though her courage remained sparse, the Raven mustered all that she could within her veins, persistent on proceeding. Silence loomed between them, stretching the moments as if they were mesh,

taught, and pried until the very fibers were on the brink of collapse. Suddenly the Raven arose, regaining her valor in the face of a former foe. Her gentle voice filled the breeze, swiftly becoming certain of her strength as she spoke.

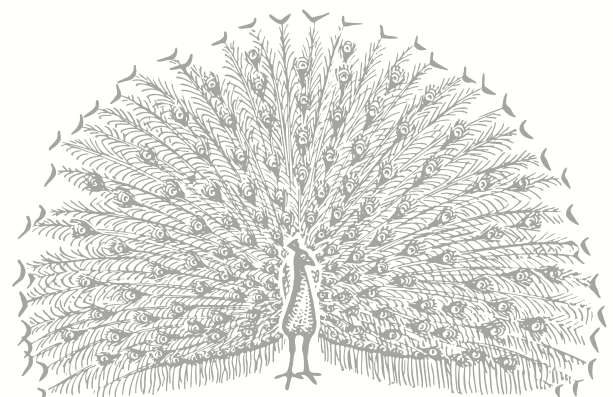
"No longer do I envy the one who is handsome," stated the Raven. "Your colors may be mesmerizing, but my skin is no more black and vile than your heart." Wounded by her harsh words, the Peacock attempted to intervene, yet the Raven continued forth.

"What a sorry display," she declared in a calm manner, recalling the mistreatment she endured in years passed. "I pity the miserable Peacock that exists simply through praise, much too broken to be fulfilled by his own pompous behavior." Though it was a difficult task to face, the unlikely pair ultimately realized a valuable lesson: beauty does not always extend beneath the surface, nor does bliss come from such deceiving appearances.



Blue Columbine- Natalie Stephens

"The Colorado blue columbine is a perennial beauty local to the Rocky Mountains. State flower and protected by law, this several-foot tall specimen is often admired in nature."



***"No longer do I
envy the one who
is handsome"***

MY GREATEST TRIUMPH?

BY SOPHIA RABBIDEAU

Backstage. My bandmates and I entered a modest room with a couch against one wall and those old-fashioned makeup mirrors with the incandescent bulbs that you only find in the basements of really old theaters. The room had two bathrooms, and carpeted floors with that old fashioned velvety look. We set our things down. Muffled by the walls, we could hear the band before us as they began to play. The room seemed to buzz with excitement. We practically bounced on our feet. It was the Battle of the Bands.

Don't Bee a Murderer had practiced for months. We had struggled through practices without our singer and then without our guitarists, but we had made it. I nervously ran a comb through my hair, trying to tease my pigtails to the sky. We carried on disjointed conversations, too excited to form proper sentences.

The door to our room opened, and one of the roadies waved us out. "You guys are on in just a minute."

We scrambled around, Josh and Norah grabbing their guitars. I picked up the sticks, neon green. I fumbled for a moment with my in-ears, inserting them and pulling the cord over my head. With the click track in my pocket and an extra set of sticks in my other hand, we were ready to go.

My heart thudded in my chest as we entered the room outside. Another band sat on the couch against the wall, whispering to each other while a roadie listened through a headset. As we lined up on the left wing of the stage, hidden amongst the cables and sound equipment, we could see the other band and feel the heavy vibrations.

Then we filed onto the stage, blinded by the bright lights. The crowd murmured, waiting. I clambered around the cymbals onto the drum riser just as my knees began to shake. I gripped my sticks in my hands, waiting. It felt like hours passed as the roadies brought a mic over and set it up beside the drum set. It felt like still more hours as Norah and Josh fumbled with the amps, making sure they were plugged in right.

And then Josh had the microphone. "Hey, y'all. We're 'Don't Bee a Murderer'."

My ears hummed, and my legs shook violently. My feet bumped up against the pedals, as I took deep, calming breaths. And then Josh finished the intro.

One.

Two.

"Three, four," I whispered.

The song, *She Sheila*, by the Producers began to fill the stage. My hands started moving as though they had a mind of their own, wrists flicking to keep the high-hat going at top speed. I took my foot off the high-hat pedal. The click track beeped incessantly in my ears, but all I could hear was my bandmates. I went for the first fill, pounding the toms. Grinning, I turned my head to the side and sang the harmonies, "Sheilaaaa."

We made it through the song and heard the crowd roaring its approval.

I adjusted the click track, raising my sticks for the second song.

One.

Two.

"Three, four!"

My left foot stomped on the high-hat pedal as the bass came in. Ryan started up. "Well good for you. I guess you moved on really easily!"

Good 4 u by Olivia Rodrigo filled the entire venue. On impulse, I tossed a stick in the air, flipping it and reaching out my hand to catch it. My fingers wrapped around it, feeling the solid weight of the wood. My face split into a full-on grin.

Josh announced our grand finale, the classic: Living on a Prayer – Bon Jovi.

The lights overhead flashed, changing



colors. I raised my sticks for the last time and clicked them together.

"One! Two! Three! FOUR!" I screamed.

This time my foot pounded the high-hat pedal, and I could no longer tell whether my legs shook or not. Red lights danced around my head, then blue. I threw my head back, thrashing my pigtails around like a maniac. My right hand bounced on the ride cymbal; then the high-hat; then the snare. I tilted my head and joined in on the chorus.

"Woahhhh we're halfway there!"

And as if in a single moment, all my concerns about singing in front of a crowd faded away. I could sing, and I didn't have to think about what my voice sounded like or worry whether I sounded like a screeching banshee, because I didn't.

I struck the crash, sending a cloud of wood splinters flying. I grinned at the final beat. But no one else seemed to share my enthusiasm. I glanced to the right at Josh, whose fingers slipped on the guitar. Lily took her hands off the keys, and the bass thudded. Ryan turned around, midway through a line, "halfway the--"

She cast me a curious glance. We came to a screeching, grinding halt. And then my brain realized. I had miscounted.

DRYLIGHT AQUARIUM

BY RACHEL BLAST

The Forest

The forest is dark,
Like night all the time,
The silence is harsh,
Like an unending rhyme,
And the trees tell a tale,
For better or for worse,
Of a myth that was true,
Watch out,
It's coming for you.

The moon shines bright,
A crescent glow,
But beneath the treetops,
A darkness they throw,
A shadow alive,
A victim afraid,
Whoever comes out,
Is never the same.



WHEN IM GONE

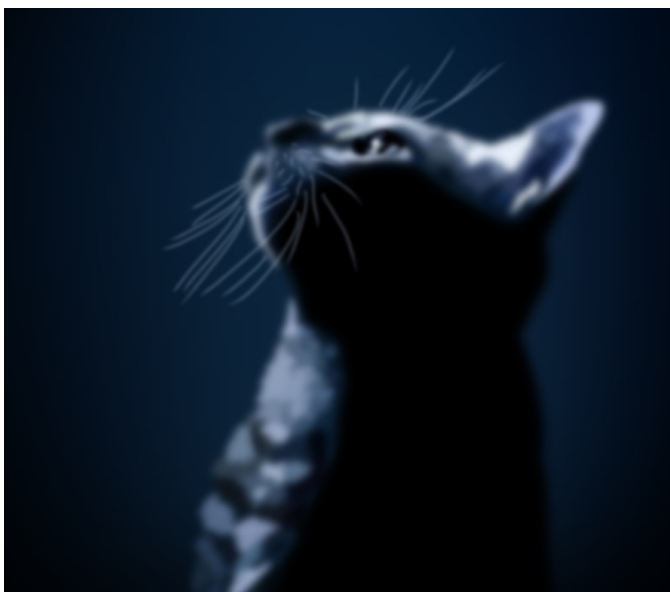
BY AVA SIEBELINK

when im gone- please dont forget me:
dont let life harden you
and make you forget all your happy memories.
cause girl, this world is rough
and relentless,
and can crush your very soul.
(if you arent careful)

when im gone- please move forward:
dont sob til youre hoarse
every time you see my pic.
dont haunt the past and forget to live
your life.
cause girl, this world will keep turning
though it feels unfair.
(if you arent careful)

when im gone- please keep the peace:
dont hurt others just cause
youre angry.
revenge wont do anything, just
make you feel emptier and emptier.
cause girl, our world says pain needs "justification"
and can suck you in the cycle
(if you arent careful)

i love you, so please, Please,
heed my words



Cat- Daphne Brandaw

QUENCHING THIRST

BY NATALIE STEPHENS

In the following composition, you will be taught the art of collecting water from within a forest. By following this step-by-step tutorial, you will find your survival skills and confidence in certain situations to be much improved. This will be especially beneficial for when you are in need of drinkable water yet lack proper sources for an extensive period of time. Once completed, you will have access to roughly a cup of fresh water.

Begin this sequence by preparing the environment and forest floor. Find a moist or soft patch of ground you are able to mold with ease. With a shovel or gardening tool, proceed to dig a hole roughly one foot deep by one foot wide. If you are unable to obtain access to such tools, you may also use your hands to dig. Be sure to remove any large rocks or debris that you may encounter during this process.

Next, collect all required materials as follows. Within the woods, search for any accessible greenery (such as leaves, grass, and/or ferns). Set aside each item to be used later on. Next, search for plastic waste or other littered substances that have a water-resistant coating (such as saran wrap, a ziplock bag, or reflective material). Also search for stones, one roughly the size of a golf ball, and four others to be used as weights. Lastly, you will need to acquire a small vessel that has the ability to contain liquids, such as a cup or bowl.

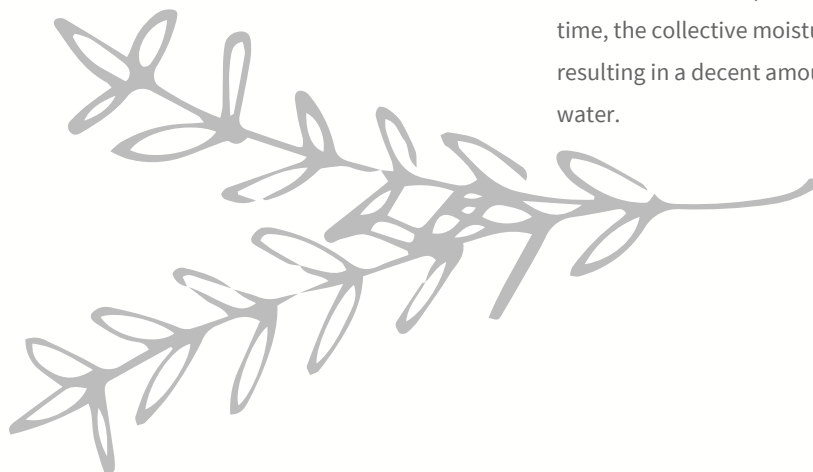
Once you have all your preparations in order, it is time to assemble the complete contraption. Begin by placing the greenery within the hole you previously dug. Proceed by placing your vessel atop the collected plants, directly in the center of the hole. Next, lay the plastic-coated sheet over the pit, and place

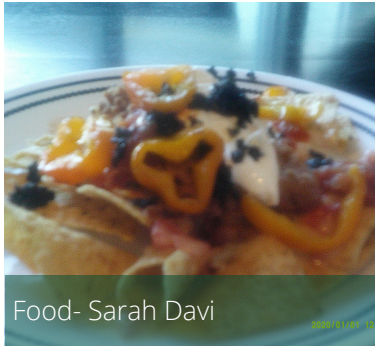


Watercolor Flower- Natalie Stephens

the larger stones on the outer edges of the perimeter to ensure its placement. Then, set the smaller stone in the center of the plastic-coated sheet, just above the vessel. Let it sit for 12-24 hours undisturbed, then return once the period has expired.

The product of this contraption is due to the water cycle and its effects. Once the moisture from the greenery evaporates, it rises into the atmosphere, causing the droplets to collect on the plastic-coated sheet. After collection, the droplets slowly drift towards the lowest point, created by the stone. Over time, the collective moisture drips into the vessel, resulting in a decent amount of clean, sustainable water.





Food- Sarah Davi

THE DANGERS OF SOCIAL MEDIA

BY KARYS COPPEDGE

Almost everyone knows that social media can be detrimental to your mind. But why? 84% of people aged eighteen and older use some form of social media. This shapes our world in a way we may not want.

Many experts have linked social media to depression, lower self esteem, and anxiety. On Instagram for example, teens may look at a picture of someone and become self-conscious about themselves. However, many pictures that are posted have gone through serious scrutinizing and have been picked to best represent the person. What you see is somebody who is “perfect”; this leads to thinking you are not good enough and comparing yourself to others. What you have to realize is that the number of likes that you get on a post or the rude comments you get on a picture you love of yourself doesn’t matter. It may sound cheesy, but what truly matters is what is on the inside.

Not all aspects of social media are bad. It can help you stay connected to friends and family that you may not hear from every day. It can also be a good way to encourage others by liking their photo and commenting on something sweet. Oftentimes social media is quickly labeled as terrible and bad for mental health. But our world is heading in the direction of more use of social media so we will need to adapt to not let it get out of control. If we let social media become something that we fear, we will never advance. Social media was never created to harm others, but somehow that is how society has used it.

Finally, it is important to not let social media take over your life. Spend time with loved ones and always encourage others to do the same.

CHESS

BY ISAAC EATON

I play Chess,
I play Chess,
In the day,
In the night.

I set up the pieces,
My opponent does the same, I move my knight,
My opponent thinks that’s lame.

I take his rook,
He takes mine,
I deliver check,
And say, “That’s fine.”

He blocks check with his pawn,
As the sun begins to dawn,
I move my queen down
And celebrate my win.

I move up the ranks,
Game after game,
And after one last match,
I had some fame.

After that I did not stop,
I played chess against the top.
I helped other people play the game
Until a new master came.



Food- Sarah Davi

REACHING THE TARGET

BY MARYAM ASHRAFI

Yumiko, 弓子. Meaning: Arrow child.

When an arrow is shot, it is in the air for the majority of the time. Only in the end does it reach its target.

Yumiko pulled her hoodie up as she fast-walked past the street's teenage bullies. She was only outside to get meat, bread, and frozen mangoes. Just those three things and back. No sweet talk or time trashing conversations. Three items and back home.

Light steps and small huffs approached, then a door slammed.

She had made it back into her rickety-dim apartment without talking to anyone, not even the cashier. He had learnt over time that attempting to start a conversation with her was a waste of his time. She was glad that he had gotten the hint.

Shutting off her thoughts, Yumiko put away her meager groceries, popped a few strawberries into her mouth, and then opened her laptop.

It is important that her laptop-life (as she liked to call it) be described in detail. After all, it was the only world where Yumiko felt normal. She started off by playing shockshell to warm up her fingers and eyes.

After a few minutes, she closed all of the tabs. Now the real deal would begin. She opened the document titled "RLLY IMPORTANT gotta finish SOON".

Before Yumiko starts, it would be wise to inform you that she could proudly boast 80 words per minute for 20 minutes consecutively.

However, that only happened when she knew what to write. But, unfortunately for Yumiko, she had to write a good story for an assignment. Problem was, she didn't have any.

So here she was, stuck, trying to find what she could write about that would satisfy her teachers, but at the same time actually be written by her.

So, she went and tried to look for ideas in the most logical way; looking at other people's ideas.

She had lots of time to work it out though, she told herself. Anytime more than one week was good.

She would take it nice and slow.

Ah, she had the perfect idea. She was addicted to reading good stories. They would keep her awake through the night and into the day so much so that she didn't even notice that she had four assignments due in the next fifty three minutes and she hadn't started on any of them yet. So she would start off by reading.

She brought her kindle up and read. She read, and she felt, and she experienced. She read stories through the perspective of side characters who the authors didn't mention a lot. She read from a critic's viewpoint, noting how the author's tone would fluctuate a little bit as if they had trouble thinking up ideas for their story.

A week passed, and Yumiko's eyes were haggard.

Then Yumiko suddenly sighed, breaking her reading trance. Ideas. She was reading this to get ideas but all she got was more character and situations in her head that she couldn't use. She knew the more she listened to other people's stories, the more it crowded out her own story – her own ideas – her own life.

So she went to video games next. But as she got caught up trying to spot that egg which kept blending into the map and unfairly shooting her when she was reloading, she realized again.

She wasn't getting any ideas.

She had expected it though. Deep down, she knew that she was procrastinating while using the excuse of "getting ideas". But really, she was stumped. She had no idea what to do, and all of her usual methods failed her.

Would this be it? Her one assignment that would break her scholarship which she had worked oh so hard to win.

Would this be it? Her one assignment that would break her scholarship which she had worked oh so hard to win.

No, Yumiko couldn't think like this. She had to stay on task and focus. That was how everything worked before and there was no reason for it to fail now.

And with her hardened resolve, she set out to tackle her demon of an assignment.

But even then,

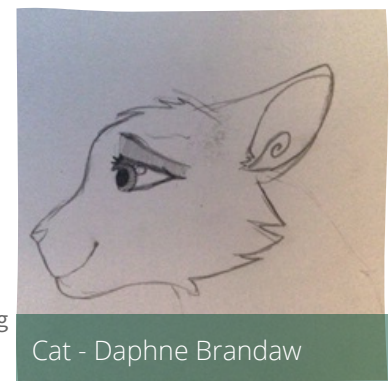
No ideas came to her.

So she kept

Working. Hoping. Thinking. She tried everything she could.

But in the end, she was Yumiko. Arrow Child. She would reach something. Even if it wasn't a target.

After all, an arrow can't stay suspended in the air forever, can it?



Cat - Daphne Brandaw

SHEPHERD'S PIE

BY CHLOÉ MUIR

The sun left its high perch in the sky and fell slowly down to Earth. As when a runner finishes with a burst of speed at the end of a race, the sun shone with its mightiest golden glory. The rays shone on the many snowy backs of a flock of sheep as they followed their master through the grassy hills. The Shepherd leaned on his old wooden stick and hiked up a path his own two feet had trampled. Like a deer path, the ground at his feet was packed without a strand of grass to be seen on that narrow walkway. The old man with the white-striped beard walked wearily to the gate of the enclosure. With a creak, the wooden gate opened and the hundred sheep ambled inside with his old, trusty dogs barking their commands. Once he had closed the rough gate, the Shepherd walked to his crumbling stone home covered in ivy that he had built many decades ago. On the step, he turned and examined with a wise and weary eye his life: the hills, his flock, and property. Next, he lay his trusty wooden stick on the side of the house, and, leaning on the side of the door, he turned the key and door handle.

Inside his dwelling, the Shepherd relied on the wall to find the cold fireplace. His tired knees bent to touch the dusty planks, and, then, he placed logs into the hearth and fumbled with the match for a few minutes before lighting the fire. With much trouble, the old wrinkled being stumbled up and went to the front door, which he pushed open. Grabbing his nice cane, he walked, in an almost falling manner, down the porch and to the road. The sky was now a grey-blue color, as it was every night, and the moon which had stood back all day long was finally showing its purity of color. After the old man had gone a ways down a street, his big nose now blushing red, he came to the inn. As he sat in his seat, the innkeeper bade him cheerfully a warm welcome as she placed his meal, which had been waiting for him as always, in front of him. The old man nodded his habitual response and picked up his spoon.



Bird - Santiago Lopez

A while ago, the old Shepherd's gums started hurting and his jaw became so weak that he had not been able to eat the crust of his pie. In a stuttering, rickety voice, he had asked, quite softly, the kind-hearted innkeeper if the cook would mind too terribly to make his pie without a crust. She had beamed and told him she would talk to the cook about it. About ten minutes later, the innkeeper had come to the Shepherd carrying a dish. In it, all you could see were golden mashed potatoes. Frowning slightly, the Shepherd had plunged his spoon in the mixture to find the original pie filling under the potatoes. He had taken a bite and happily continued eating, relishing the pain-free meal. He was so joyous in fact that he had even addressed a smile at the innkeeper who's face lit up so violently it looked like she might faint.

From then on, the Shepherd had eaten his fill of his customized pie every night, along with his regular glass of milk and chocolate pudding for dessert. Soon after, the townspeople started tasting and devouring the new type of pie which was named "Shepherd's Pie".

As the white specks of light were appearing in the dark sky, the old man walked out of the inn. He walked back the way he came, his ragged wool hat firmly on his head. In the freezing night air, all that resounded were his footsteps and the cane clapping on the cold sidewalk. Once he was inside his warm house, he pulled on his nightwear and washed his daywear. Next, he kissed his late wife's portrait and blew out the candle.

As the sun ascended the sky giving out its feeble waking light, the Shepherd did not complete his routine chores. He did not dress, have breakfast, feed the dogs, and take his flock out to the pastures. He did not continue the continuum that had been his life. For, unlike the sun, the old Shepherd did not rise again. As his dogs began to howl, the sun continued to slowly cross the sky.

CRISPR: GENE EDITING AND GENETIC DISORDERS

BY CLARE MCGLAUGHLIN

Modern medicine has helped treat many diseases. Vaccines and antibodies have eradicated or helped cure many illnesses. Sadly, many genetic disorders still do not have a proven cure. One technology that could help people with genetic disorders is CRISPR (clustered regularly interspaced short palindromic repeats). CRISPR is a gene-editing technology that allows doctors to edit people's DNA to fight or fix some genetic disorders. As I'm sure anyone can imagine, the possibilities of such a technology are enormous.

DNA, otherwise known as deoxyribonucleic acid, contains instructions for proteins which do many things for our bodies, including transportation, growth, and more. When an error occurs in DNA replication, diseases can occur. To edit DNA, CRISPR often uses the Cas9 protein, which serves as a sort of scissors for CRISPR. The Cas9 protein joins to guide RNA, otherwise known as ribonucleic acid, moves along DNA until it finds the DNA sequence it was looking for and binds to it. From there the DNA can be edited either through cutting, snipping out a part that might code for an incorrect or harmful protein, or replacing genes, which is far more difficult but still possible.*

In 2019, the University of California San Diego performed some tests on mice to edit DNA and change the inheritance pattern of traits using CRISPR. At first, this research only succeeded in female mice because of differences in the timing of meiosis, which is the reproductive part of cell division. Once the differences in meiosis were adjusted for, it worked for males and females. This shows that it may indeed be possible to prevent humans from passing down genetic disorders to their offspring, which would be a major step forward in medicine. In other tests, engineered virus-like particles, or eVLPs, were used to deliver CRISPR. These eVLPs had minimal side effects and appeared to be a more efficient and better way of delivering CRISPR. This method was used to restore vision to a mouse with genetic blindness.



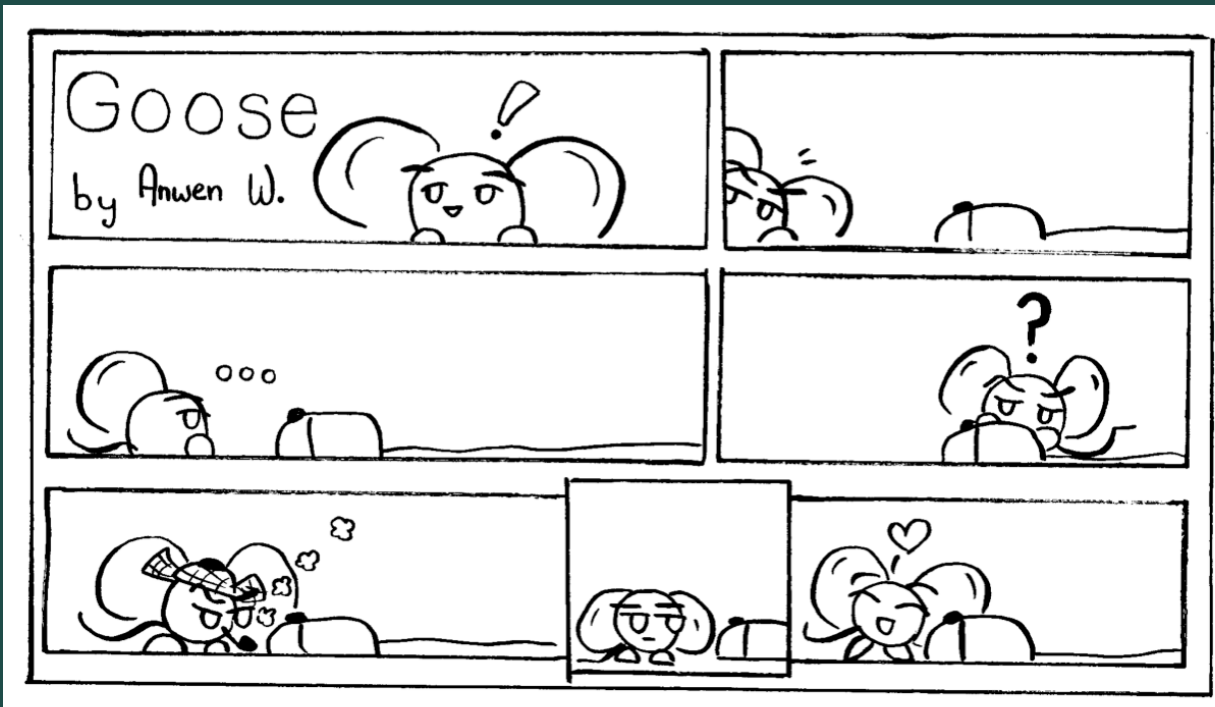
The Dog that Fights Fire - Ari Rapoport

CRISPR has also been tested on humans. Early trials have tried to cure hereditary blindness, cancer, sickle cell anemia, and beta-thalassemia. The methods for getting CRISPR to the DNA vary. Sometimes the cells are removed from the body, injected with CRISPR, and returned. In others, CRISPR is directly injected into the patient. In a test on people with hereditary transthyretin amyloidosis, an eventually fatal disease, those who were given a high dose had the manufacturing of the targeted protein decline by up to 96%. As with any new technology, society should be cautious about the adoption of CRISPR. It is possible for CRISPR to cut the wrong part of the DNA, though the technology is improving and doctors keep an eye out for any accidental cuts.

CRISPR is an interesting and exciting new technology. Hopefully, not too long into the future, everyone will have access to it and many genetic disorders will be cured. With the power to edit DNA and change virtually anything will come great responsibility and many ethical dilemmas. It will be interesting and exciting to see where this takes us.

**Works Cited located on final page of newspaper*

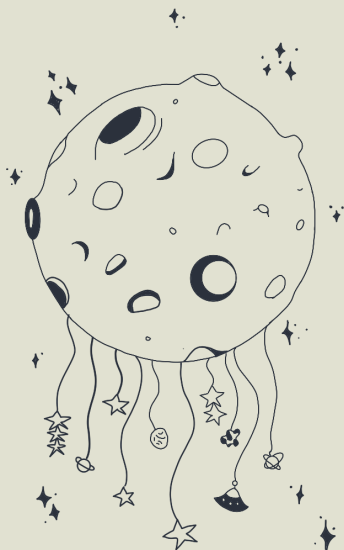




Comics by Anwen Winter



*"A Vessel, a Bloom,
and the Moon" -
Natalie Stephens*



*"Oh what beauty could
thrive in such rubble..."*

THE BEACH IS A BONEYARD

BY SOPHIA RABBIDEAU

The beach is a boneyard, a pile of corpses – the graveyard
of the sea.
Where brave things come to die, washed from the furious
Storm.
Footsteps linger in the sand – across the land covered in bones
Bones we call beautiful.
Gathering them in hand, piling them in pockets
bags, boxes, walls, floors – everywhere and anywhere to display them
Admire
Bones.
Corpses of the sea.

The beach is a boneyard – the graveyard of the sea
yet somehow, we call it beautiful.
Beautiful, not gruesome
Nor anything cold or dark, reeking of death
that which frightens us most – and we call it beauty
Footsteps over sand, stepping on bones which
crunch beneath the feet
As the tide rolls in, again,
The fury of the sea which never relents. Bringing in
wave; after wave

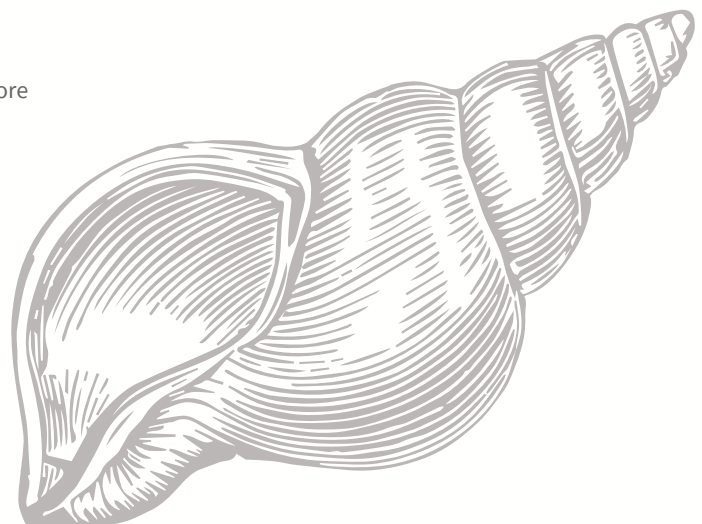
Each wave brings a new tombstone, then pulls it back in
Too attached to depart, to let go of what's lost
Hands reach down, scooping up what's caught – gathering in pockets
the bones of the sea.
Each one tells a story.

A story of a life.
A life that has been taken. The Ocean
never forgives – the ocean never forgets
a roaring force of every emotion left within this cold heart.
The bones,
The bones of the Sea

Cold water washing over feet, coarse sand rough beneath
And still the ocean crashes, crashes over
washing over again. Washing away the pain, the anger – and more
To bring in new bones – of which we know not the story
of life, and of death.
and hanging in the air is a sort of;
Serenity. A longing to forget
A longing to let go
A longing to see more, but not knowing why
Nor how. The explanation that makes no sense
And the bones they hold in their hands
the bones they place on their walls
the bones of a life now taken
the bones of the boneyard
the graveyard of the sea.



Doubt - Rana Dusseldorp



LOTUS

BY NATALIE STEPHENS

A lotus, adrift on a pond.
Rooted yet unanchored,
Stationary amid her ambivalent bonds.
A constant of solitude,
Surrounded yet
Transparent.
Ever distant,
As the distance
Of an inch
Seems like a mile.

Her external beauty acknowledged by
others Yet it remains mere recognition.
Internally she longs to escape her perfection
To shed her facade.

Pale rose in color, adorned by lovers.
If only she were truly a rose,
Brave enough to bare thorns
Or even a lily
Alike the ones she rests upon.
Individual as a whole
Seen as more than her external appearance.
As she is noticed for all
Of her features,
Yet she wishes
Instead
To be noticed
By all

Blooming upon
The muck
Beneath
The surface,
Grasping for
Stability;
The foulest
Aspects of her being Being
the only aspects That keep
her grounded. Struggling to
remain afloat, Maintain her
balance, Remain
Still,
Unbothered.
A symbol
Of perfection;
Purity to define her beauty,
Her dignity



Withers
As the lilies peer -
And pry -
And coax -
Yet,
Yet
She remains
Unable to escape
Her hell disguised as
Sanctuary,
Her torment perceived as
Love,
Her perfection,
Her
Pain
Observed with
Envy.

A lotus of loss,
And guilt
And shame.
If only she could
Break free of the chains
That tie to the depths
Of the waters she rests
Upon.
Undeserving
Of her depression,
Hidden
Between petals
Of perfection
That could never be enough.

Her tears abrim
With suppressed
Anguish,
Her tears which
Fill the pond.
Yet she glides above the grime,
Her status remains intact.

Too privileged to long for the
Privilege
Of the Lilies
Who mind their own
And blend,
A rich green of
Content;
Instead she is green with
Envy.
Relief as her petals
Finally fall,
As the expectations
Wither

With her beauty.
What a burden it was
Surrounded by
Misfortune.
Surely she must be above
The grime,
With time
Gathered beneath the surface.
Yet she wonders if anyone questions the burdens of
Perfection...

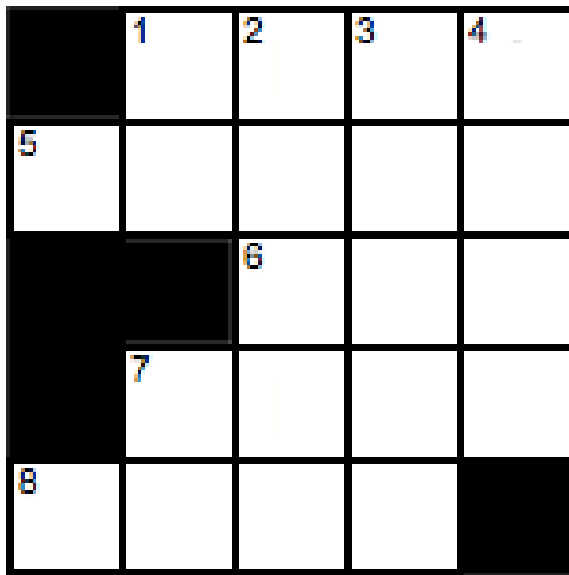
Tainted pink
By the red of
Blood
She has longed to
Draw,
Yet rather
It presents as an element
Of her beauty.
Ironic, such agony
Could be desired
In the heightened eyes of others.

As perfection and pain,
The two greatest foes,
Join hand in hand
Just to spite her.

A lotus of loss
As all of her love
Is gifted to those of less fortune;
Because how could perfection
Ever own less
Or ever disdain her affliction.



Lotus - Natalie Stephens



Puzzles and More! (to come)

Provided by Natalie Stephens

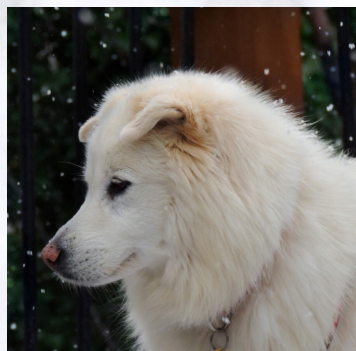
NUMBER:	ACROSS	DOWN
1	Retail establishment that sells a selection of prepared foods or edible goods	American state abbreviation for Delaware
2	-	Remnants of a fading fire
3	-	"With raw meat dangled as bait, the men ____ the lion inside a cage."
4	-	Common material mined in "Minecraft"
5	Primate endemic to the island of Madagascar	-
6	In informal term for brother / male friend (slang)	-
7	Person of the adolescent ages	Hyphenated farewell used twice in a row, commonly spoken by the British
8	Nickname for William Shakespeare, "The ____"	-

Pet of the Month

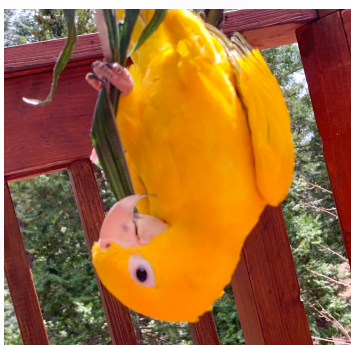


Thorin the 3 year old Standard Schnauzer enjoys barking at squirrels and playing tug-of-war. He would feel most alive in the city of Miami because there are many other dogs there. Congratulations Thorin!

Runners-up!



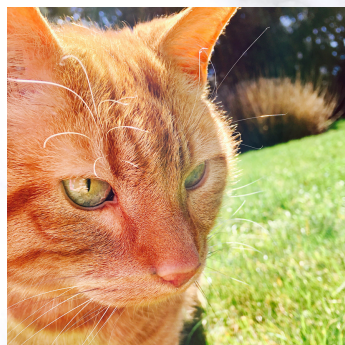
Lily, Dog



Ollie-Lou, Golden Conure



Buttercup, Chicken



Ronald Weasley, Cat

Didn't see your pet featured? Submit it for next month's issue when you receive the link in your inbox!

Upcoming Deadlines

**March 11: Submissions
for the March Issue due
and Pet of the Month
Entries**

**March 25: Top 5 Pet of
the Month Poll Closes**

March 30: Issue II!



**Answers
for
Crossword
coming in
March
Edition!**

***Email us with
your
comments,
questions,
suggestions,
and
submissions!
Our email is***

newspaper@wtmacademy.net

Meet Our Staff



Abigail Sayuk

Designer

Abigail is sixteen years old and lives in California with her parents, dog, and two brothers. She has been riding horses for ten years, but enjoys cross-stitching and baking during her down time. On the weekends she likes to go to Bible study and grab coffee with her mom. Abigail hopes to teach Spanish in the future.



Anwen Winter

Artist

Anwen Winter is sixteen years old and lives in Minnesota near the shore of Lake Superior. When they aren't daydreaming, they enjoy dancing ballet, playing the harp, drawing and reading comics, knitting hats, snowboarding, drinking iced oat milk, coffee, and being sarcastic. Anwen will probably pursue a career in biochemistry, but dreams of teaching modern dance, writing a graphic novel, and playing in an orchestra.



Bree Fowler

Designer & Editor

Bree Fowler is 15 years old. She lives in Ohio but is from Alabama. She enjoys sports like volleyball, track, and cross country. She has one brother who plays soccer and she loves to travel.



Clare McGlaughlin

Writer

Clare is a 14 year old highschool freshman from Pennsylvania. In her free time, she enjoys drawing, reading and video games.



Karys Coppedge

Designer

Karys is a 16 year old Sophomore with plans of majoring in Early Childhood Education. She is devoted to her dog with whom she spends the most time out of all of her friends. In her free time she enjoys cooking and baking, playing volleyball, and of course cuddling with her dog Max.



Lauren Barton

Editor & Writer

Lauren Barton is an aspiring journalist based in East Tennessee. Born in March 2005, her hobbies include painting, listening to indie and rock music, and watching documentaries about cults and religion. She has an affinity for stuffed animals, pretty journals, and her many unfinished projects.



Marina Matson

Editor in Chief

Marina Matson is 15 years old and lives in Wisconsin. She loves writing, playing the piano, and going on walks in her free time.



Miriam Erbaugh

Editor in Chief

Miriam is 17 and a high school senior from Indiana. In her free time she enjoys hiking, cooking, listening to music, and spending time with her friends and family. She loves Marvel movies, iced coffee, and her family's three goofy cats :).



Naomi Solomon

Editor

Naomi Solomon is a 17-year-old Junior who lives in New York. In her free time, she enjoys reading, painting, and coding.

Meet Our Staff



Natalie Stephens

Artist & Writer

Natalie Stephens is delighted to be a part of WTMA's Well Trained Tribune. She is 14 years of age, and currently lives amid the Rocky Mountains of Colorado. With a deep passion for theatre, songwriting, music, art, and more, she spends her hours enjoying countless interests and admiring the intricacies of life.



Niccolo Gentile

Column Writer

Niccolo is a junior in high school and lives in Las Vegas. He likes to read and write; enjoys hiking, biking, and swimming; and spends his free time cooking and with family and friends.



Rana Dusseldorp

Editor & Writer

Rana is a 15-year old student who lives in the Netherlands. When they're not writing poetry or editing submissions, they enjoy playing the harp, writing their own music on the ukulele, sketching absent-mindedly, cooking meals such as samosas and rajma, and watching animated shows. Rana hopes to pursue a degree in literature, but may be swayed by the ever-so-appealing ancient histories.



Riley Fowler

Column Writer

Riley Fowler is a 17-year-old senior living in Florida. When not watching and writing about movies, he enjoys reading and playing/listening to music.



Sophia Rabbideau

Column Writer & Designer

Sophia is a junior in high school and lives in Alabama. When she's not coaching the local swim team, she can be found practicing with her rock band or obsessing over Star Wars. In her free time, she enjoys playing the drums, ukulele, theremin, and writing fantasy novels.

We're not a little cult. Come join us! Register for next semester using the WTMA website just like for classes. Places are limited! Sign up soon and become a part of the elite :)

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