

THE WELL-TRAINED TRIBUNE

YOUR OFFICIAL WELL-TRAINED MIND ACADEMY NEWSPAPER



Abyss (Mixed Media Collage) - Natalie Stephens

A BITTERSWEET GOODBYE

BY MARINA MATSON

It has been truly a wonderful and humbling experience creating and leading the Well-Trained Tribune. I have been so fortunate to meet so many talented and dedicated people, my team members. I hope the next team will continue my dream for the newspaper - a place to foster creativity, growth, and inspire others to pursue publishing and writing. While it is sad to leave this team and paper, I know it is set up for success and I find joy in the knowledge of the abilities of the next two Co-Editor in Chiefs.

Signing off,
Marina Matson

THE END OF AN ERA

BY MIRIAM ERBAUGH

In a little over a week, I'll be graduating. I'm just a few finals away from my four years of high school and three years at WTMA being over. As I think about my high school experience, I am proud of my involvement with the Well-Trained Tribune. Getting this paper off the ground and running smoothly took a lot of work, but it has been a really fulfilling experience. I'm extremely proud of the fact that we started from scratch and still came out with three issues this semester. I'm so grateful for all of our team members and the work they have put in. You guys all rock! Thank you for all of your contributions - especially Sophia, Karys, and Naomi for leading teams and Marina for being my Co-Editor in Chief. Because of the paper, I got to spend this last semester creating something really cool, and developing new friendships and skills along the way. It's been an honor being your Co-Editor in Chief - I'm excited to watch and see what this paper grows to be!

That's all for now!
Miriam Erbaugh

IN THIS ISSUE

Scholarship Resources pg. 2

Good Study Habits pg. 3

Spring Song Suggestions! pg. 7

Word Search pg. 18

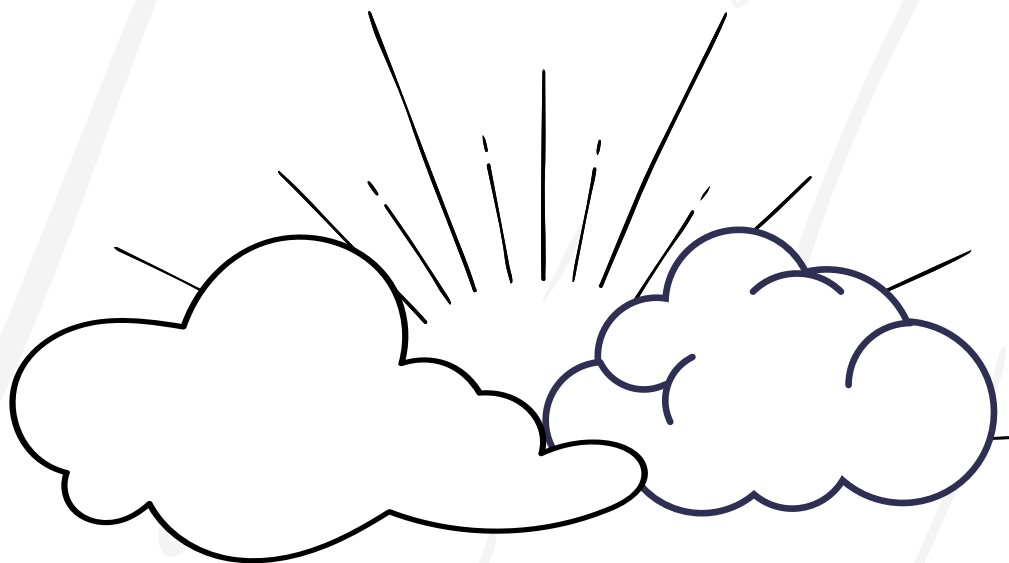
Pet of the Month pg. 19

FARE THEE WELL

BY M.E.B.

Fare thee well, my heart is weary
The sunshine fades, the clouds remain
And all around seems dark and dreary.
Until I see thee once again.

Yet I would never mar thy gladness,
A fond farewell, and happy be;
Forgive thy little friend her sadness,
As all the world is fair to thee.



SCHOLARSHIP RESOURCES

BY LAUREN BARTON

I'm going to be a senior later this year. I've already taken the ACT, looked into the colleges I wish to attend, and spent time figuring out how exactly I'm going to pay for another four years of education when the price could sink me into 10+ years of debt. I can't *wait* to graduate.

But doom and gloom aside, the future shouldn't be something that we're afraid of. We should be hopeful that we have the opportunity to grow, experience new things, and gain a degree that we can be proud of. No student should dread the future because of financial security.

This is why scholarships are so important.

To provide a simple definition of the term "scholarship," I looked to Wikipedia, which describes a scholarship as an "award of financial aid for a student to further develop their education." There are federal scholarships, state scholarships, private scholarships, and more. With these scholarships, you don't have to pay any money back, which means you won't go into even more debt as you would with a student loan.

There are many ways for you to receive scholarships, but here are a few of my favorite resources:

Bold.org

Bold.org is a website where high school and college students can find scholarships for free.

Scholarships from Bold.org are often exclusive to the website, so you may find some that pertain to the website and the website's donors. (Also there's less competition, you can find scholarships that are tailored to you, and they aren't dependent on your ACT/SAT scores!)

Scholarships.com

This website has pulled scholarships from all over the web and recommends them to you based on your profile. It can be helpful for finding scholarships that you are eligible for.

@carle100

Instagram user @carle100 is a self-proclaimed scholarship guru who shares how she's won \$90,000 in scholarships through her social media. She has also written a book called *The Scholarship Algorithm* which has 4.3 out of 5 reviews on Instagram.

Regardless of if you use the resources I've listed, you should always do your own research to see which resources are best for you.

WHAT RAIN CANNOT

BY MARINA MATSON

love cannot end a country
it cannot change the seasons
but what love cannot
small droplets,
flying from behind the clouds,
can.

rain can end a country
it can start a drought
but what rain cannot
small sparks,
emerging from our hearts,
can.

love can start a friendship
it can grow a tree
but what love cannot,
large droplets,
storming from behind the clouds,
can.

rain cannot save a person
it cannot start a family
but what rain cannot,
a small power in our hearts
can.



5 GOOD STUDY HABITS

BY SOPHIA RABBIDEAU

As we draw nearer to exams week, the pressure to study grows, but we often do not heed the call. I will offer five good study habits to set for yourself. None of them are new, but all are extremely useful. Unfortunately, the hardest part will be to put them into action.

1. Stay focused. Find a quiet spot and try to sit up straight. This will ensure you're not zoning out. Mute your phone or even remove it from the room. If you're listening to music, make sure it is not distracting you. Oftentimes, I find myself bopping my head to the tunes and realize I'm just staring at my text book, and not absorbing anything.

2. Study ahead and DON'T PROCRASTINATE. There's no way around it. You must begin studying early. Maybe you've pulled through a test after cramming the night before but remember how miserable it made you feel? Did you actually learn anything?

3. Be consistent. Even if you're only studying for 15 minutes a day, do this at least five days a week. Repetition helps with memorization. It has been scientifically proven.

4. Stay organized. This one is my nemesis. I tend to find myself buried beneath piles of books and papers. Don't do this! Make yourself a checklist of what you need to review.

5. Take breaks. Take real breaks. Set a timer and work for twenty minutes. Then take a five-minute break. Make sure you aren't spending half of your studying time pretending to work.

You can't beat around the bush on studying for exams. There really is no easy way. You must put in the work yourself. Good luck!



Rainy Days by Karys Coppedge

CAMPING UNDER THE STARS

BY: ELLIE JENKINS

You set up your tent as it gets dark,
it's been a while since you disembarked
on your journey into the great pine-filled woods
that let in the rays of the setting sun.

Not before long, the forest gets dark
as the crickets begin to sing.
A slight cold breeze blows at your face
as you huddle near the fire.

You collect some water from the brook nearby
your hands nearly freezing off.
You try to start up your gas cooker
but the wind keeps stopping the blaze.

Eventually you realize that you forgot to
use the wind shield,
and after that you happily eat your dinner
of mac and cheese with liver.

After, you sit near the campfire,
roasting delicious smores.
The cold breeze continues to blow
as you put the food a safe distance away.

Your feet crunch on leaves and sticks
and you almost fall into the creek on your way
back.
Your socks get soaked.
You rekindle the fire.

Climbing into your tent, you turn on your
flashlight
and wring out your wet socks.
Putting on your pajamas and warm fuzzy socks,
you settle into your sleeping bag.

The sky is littered with a thousand stars
all sizes and colors.

The sparks from the fire drift lazily up
leaving a smokey haze in the sky:

The wind is still blowing hard,
leaving a chill in the air
but the fire keeps you warm.

You end up staying out there a long time
gazing at the sky.
But eventually, you head back to your tent
climb into bed, closing your eyes.

You wake up with a start.
You can hear the birds outside.
Pulling on a sweater,
you open the flap and put on shoes.

Last night's fire has died leaving dark charcoal remains.
However, you quickly relight it.
You fill up your pot with cold water from the creek
and turn on the stove, leaving the water to boil.

When it finishes, you have oatmeal for breakfast
as you huddle close to the fire.
This morning's chill hangs in the air like a
blanket hugging the sky.

You haul yourself up and clean the pot
and the bowl you used.
Then, you start to pack up your tent.
Shoving this all in your backpack
and barely finding room,
you start to head up the trail.

The birds are chirping.
The air around you is humid and chilly.
The brook is gurgling happily.
Casting one last longing glance at your camp
you continue your trek,
hoping you'll come back soon to camp under the stars.

MUSICAL MAYHEM

BY SOPHIA RABBIDEAU

THE UKULELE: A BRIEF HISTORY

When you hear a ukulele playing, the first image that comes to mind is often a Hawaiian native strumming a tiny instrument at a luau. There is a reason the ukulele is the most popular instrument in Hawaii as well as a cultural icon.

In 1879, Portuguese immigrants to Hawaii brought a variety of different instruments to the islands. Among these was the braguinha, which had four strings and a small body. The local Hawaiians were enthralled by the beauty of the music and began calling the instrument a “ukulele.” Ukulele meant “jumping flea,” which was likely chosen because of the way the musician’s fingers seemed to jump over the fretboard.

The Hawaiian King, Kalākaua, loved the ukulele so much that he and his sister Lili’uokalani strove to imbed it in Hawaiian culture. They added its music to traditional dances and began having songwriting competitions. Although the ukulele began in Portugal, Hawaii is where it found its home.

The ukulele is made in a similar manner to a guitar. The body is constructed from pieces of wood that are glued together. The soundhole in the body allows for the sound to be amplified, while the neck houses the fretboard. The tuning pegs are located on the headstock, where the strings are attached. The pegs can be turned to tighten or loosen the strings, either raising the pitch or lowering it.

There are many different types of ukuleles. The first and most common type is the soprano. The soprano is the smallest ukulele and produces the “classic” sound. The concert ukulele is a step larger than the soprano, followed by the tenor ukulele. The baritone ukulele is even larger than the tenor and tends to sound more like a guitar, due to its alternate tuning of D G-B-E as opposed to the standard G-C-E-A.

In addition, there are hybrid ukuleles. The banjolele is a cross between a banjo and a ukulele. Unlike a standard banjo, this instrument is ukulele-sized and has only four strings. The guitarlele is a cross between a guitar and a ukulele and has the size of a ukulele, but the six strings of a guitar. There are even electric-acoustic and solid body electric ukes.

Although the ukulele is generally associated with traditional luau music, Somewhere Over the Rainbow, and the Christmas song, Mele Kalikimaka, it has expanded to fill other genres. Today, many Indie artists play the ukulele and incorporate a more modern feel to the instrument. While some music is difficult to play on it due to the smaller fretboard and limited strings, the ukulele is still very versatile and has a beautiful tone.



FAVORITE SONGS!

PEARL O'BLÉNIS'S FAVORITE SONG!

WE ARE THE FUTURE - THE TWITS

MARINA MATSON'S FAVORITE SONG

TIME TO SAY GOODBYE -ANDREA BOCELLI

ABIGAIL SAYUK'S FAVORITE SONG

WELCOME TO WONDERLAND - ANSON SEABRA

MUSICAL MAYHEM

BY SOPHIA RABBIDEAU

SPRING SONGS!

SUBMITTED BY FRIDA CORONA WERNER

EARL GREY - WESTBOUND SITUATION

GRIFFIN - WESTBOUND SITUATION

BEAUTIFUL - FLOWER BY INDIA ARIE

WORTHY - INDIA ARIE

INTERESTED - INDIA ARIE

I CHOOSE - INDIA ARIE

THERE'S HOPE - INDIA ARIE

WINGS OF FORGIVENESS-INDIA ARIE

FOLLOW THE SUN - INDIA ARIE

YELLOW - INDIA ARIE

*Need help getting in
the "spring" mood?
These Songs Should
help!*





blue - Miriam Erbaugh



Liza Good-Girl - Kathleen Mackenzie

A NOTE NOT SPOKEN

BY NAOMI SOLOMON

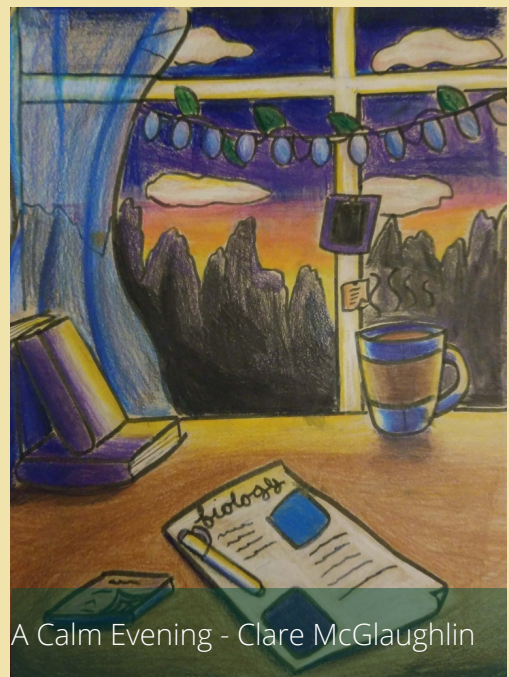
Every harmony in tune, fluently floating out the room.
Where has that note dispersed to?
Some have taken flight, closer to home.
How affectionate those notes seem to be.

Where has that note dispersed to?
Alas, how shall we find them?
It dictates that we shall find them within ourselves.
How affectionate those notes seem to be.

Alas, how shall we find them?
We shall know the moment they enter.
How affectionate those notes seem to be.
Ever growing within ourselves.

We shall know the moment they enter.
For we will, once more, regain our previous vigor.
Ever growing within ourselves,
A light will spread, unlike any before.

--We will regain our vigor.
At last, the act will close.
A light will spread, unlike any before. At long last.



A Calm Evening - Clare McGlaughlin

SECRETS ARE MEANT TO BE WHISPERED

BY RANA SARAN

can i tell you a secret?
something rooted deep inside me
would you keep it?
something i always wanted to be

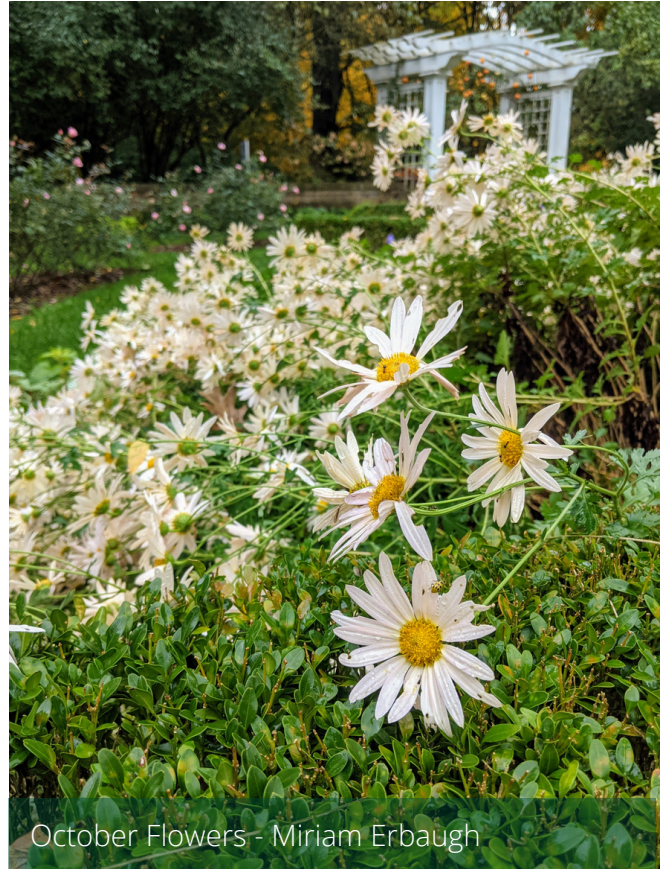
i wished to be a poet
and a madman and a lover all in one
i wished to be a moat
and a bridge and a wall keeping someone from someone

i wished to be the stars
and the moon and the sun
i wished to be mars
and venus and neptune, every single one

i wished to be the memory
and the forgetting of everything i've done
i wished to be the pleasantries
and the darkness that erases all fun

i wished to be the earthquake
and the reckoning and the run
i wished to be the mistake
and the maiden undone

i wished to be everything
except torn from you.
i wished to be nothing
unless it was with you.



October Flowers - Miriam Erbaugh

*"i wished to be
the memory
and the
forgetting of
everything i've
done"*

KIDNEY STONES

BY MARINA MATSON

My Grandma, an engineer and Russian native, was the most hardworking, persistent, driven, and goal-oriented person that I have ever met. She was the first female engineer in a big factory in Russia. She designed blueprints for an airline railroad in the Republic of Georgia and many apartment building designs. I knew her as someone who always had a saying or quote for every situation. One of my favorites was this: “в нормальных семьях по наследству передают драгоценные камни, а в нашей - только почечные.” Or, “In normal families, precious stones are passed down, but in ours - only kidney stones.”

Because people usually develop kidney stones between 35 to 40 years of age, I haven't quite received my inheritance yet. But, is it possible that I truly inherited nothing from her besides the right genes to house kidney stones?

To get through blockades in life takes resilience, and that is something that I have inherited from my grandmother. To be presented with an obstacle, work through it, and still not lose passion and joy for life is hard. But reminding myself of how my grandmother pushed through her struggles motivates me to continue. One day, after making the necessary revisions on an apartment design, a two-by-four was dropped on her head from the top of a twenty-story building, causing severe brain damage. But still, she defied her doctor's predictions, got back on her feet in two months, and returned to work in three.

Even though such a physically and mentally traumatizing event has never happened to me, it would be false to say that my various paths of life have been without blockades. For eight years I played tennis. Of course, since I started when I was 5, it was just for fun. But by nine, I decided I wanted tennis to be more than a hobby, so I worked harder than I had previously, and eventually, I was ready for my first tournament. The thrill of calling “out!” and the feeling of the fresh ball against my strings sent adrenaline and dopamine to my brain. I emerged from that event with a trophy: first place in the consolation bracket! I knew I wanted to try again, try to get an award in the main bracket. I started competing and, therefore, practicing more and more until, eventually, I had collegiate-level dreams. And, according to my coaches at the time, those dreams were completely within reach.

However, like my grandmother, when my game started to reach new levels, disaster struck. Although, my disaster didn't identify as a two-by-four. It goes by a different name; snapping hip syndrome. Like the Joker, snapping hip syndrome has an evil best friend - hypermobility syndrome. My doctor said that if I continued to play tennis, I would be in a wheelchair before I was legally allowed to vote. I felt lost. I didn't know who I was. “Who am I without tennis?” I asked myself.

Then, like my grandmother, I started healing. Not only physically, but also mentally. I realized I had made tennis my identity, and without that, I felt empty. So I decided to change that. I pursued many new activities to rediscover who I am. Through that process, I tried to use my inherited strength, determination, and drive from my grandmother to power through the hard times when I missed the feeling of my racket striking a moving ball. But I found new feelings that drive me; the clickity-clack of my keyboard as I conjure stories and books, and smooth swish of the bottom of my heels as I waltz across the floor, and above all, the electric buzzing in my brain as I finish a book in the early hours of the morning.



Late Winter Walk - Miriam Erbaugh

FOWLER ON FILM

BY RILEY FOWLER

MORBIUS



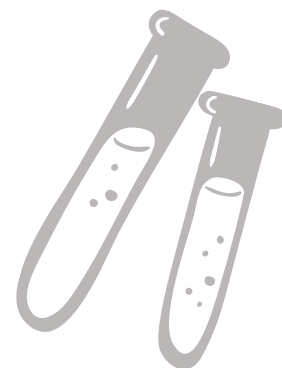
Morbius (Directed by Daniel Espinosa, PG-13)

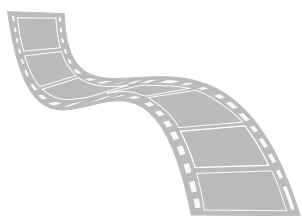
What is there to say about *Morbius*? It's bad, certainly, but that should be no surprise. It's fairly apparent that for Jared Leto's vampire superhero vehicle that is meant to, through a complicated process involving shared rights, connect to the *Venom* movies directly but the *Spider-Man* movies only indirectly and also designed to be a setup for still more Spider-adjacent movies like the announced *Kraven the Hunter* and *Madame Web*, quality is not really the point. Everything in the blessedly short hour and forty-four-minute runtime is simply designed as filler to keep one's rear in the seat for the sequel/spinoff baiting post-credits scenes, this movie's *raison d'être*.

The plot, in as much as it could be said to exist, focuses on Dr. Michael Morbius (Leto), a genius doctor with a rare blood disease that is slowly poisoning him. In his search to find a cure, he undergoes a procedure that cures him and turns him into a vampire. Along the way, he attempts to prevent his best friend (Matt Smith), who shares his disease, from getting the same treatment, with Morbius finding his vampiric powers and the continual desire to drink blood a bitter curse.

Morbius fails on a level of basic competency. Even the lesser entries in other Marvel films generally remain mildly involving, but Morbius exchanges breezy, insubstantial entertainment for depressing boredom. Espinosa's direction is often appalling, while the editing is shockingly bad. The script is, of course, dreadful, but that's to be expected from the scribes of *Dracula Untold*, *The Last Witch Hunter*, and *Gods of Egypt*. Even the CGI is poor, ranging from simply sloppy to laughable.

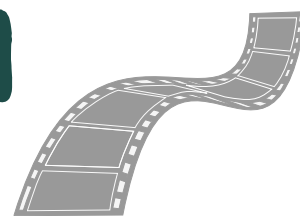
Leto himself is truly boring in the leading role, but there is some mild humor in the film's putting an actor who has never shown human emotion in his entire career in one of the rare romantic subplots that still occur in recent superhero films. Matt Smith at least understands the kind of picture that he is in, and hams it up accordingly, but even he is not enough to lend even a spark of light to the proceedings. *Morbius* is simply a disgrace to all involved and a remarkably dark reminder of the state of the current intellectual-property-obsessed cinema landscape.





FOWLER ON FILM

BY RILEY FOWLER



THE LOST CITY

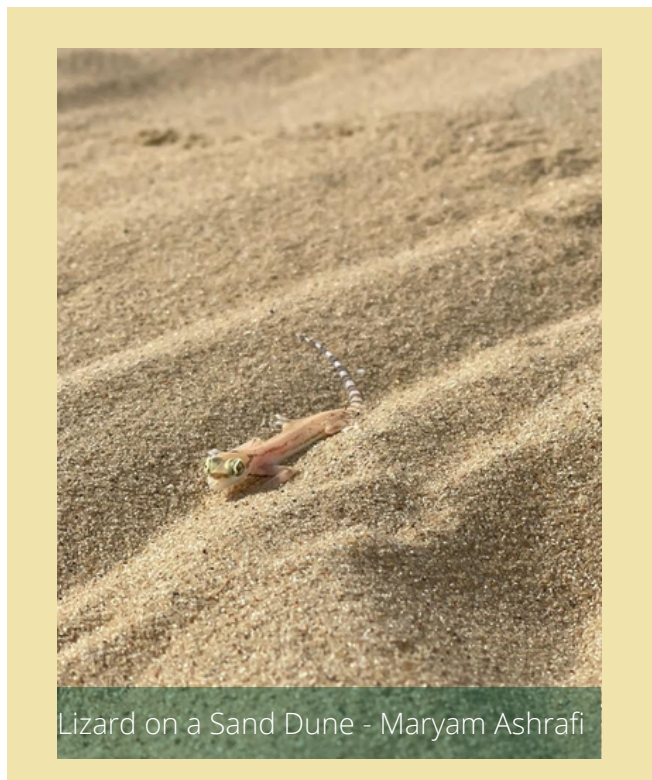


The Lost City (Directed by Aaron and Adam Nee, PG-13)

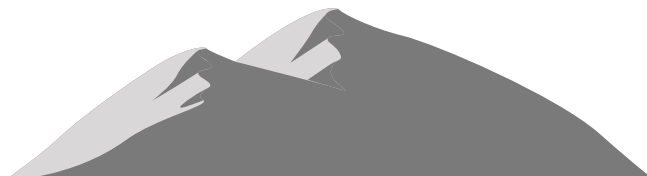
The studio comedy is often lamented as something that has been lost in the wake of the rise of intellectual property mega-franchises and, in many ways, that is undoubtedly true. Slick, polished comedies led by mega-stars have been produced less and less since the late aughts, coinciding with diminishing box office returns for these movies. In this way, *The Lost City*, an adventure-themed romantic comedy starring Sandra Bullock and Channing Tatum, feels like a throwback to these films that were crowded to the point of exhaustion roughly fifteen years ago.

In *The Lost City*, Bullock plays a jaded romance author who is, in a complicated turn of events, kidnapped by an eccentric (an exquisitely funny turn by former *Harry Potter* star Daniel Radcliffe) who thinks that the ancient lost cities in her novels are real places containing vast wealth that only Bullock's novelist can take him to. She then must be rescued by her male cover model (Tatum), who has some help along the way from an actually competent mercenary played by Brad Pitt.

It's all pretty flimsy stuff barely borne up by the film's 112-minute running time, but the film largely avoids overstaying its welcome. Bullock's gift for physical comedy remains solid, while Tatum parodies the ideal of the hyper-masculine movie star with glee. Radcliffe steals each of his scenes, while Pitt is a welcome presence in the roughly 10 minutes of the movie that he is in. The Nee brothers' direction is generally unremarkable, but these studio comedies were never really carried by auteurist touches anyway. *The Lost City* is hardly a masterpiece, but the comedy is generally light and breezy enough to justify it as fairly pleasant entertainment.



Lizard on a Sand Dune - Maryam Ashrafi



TIME

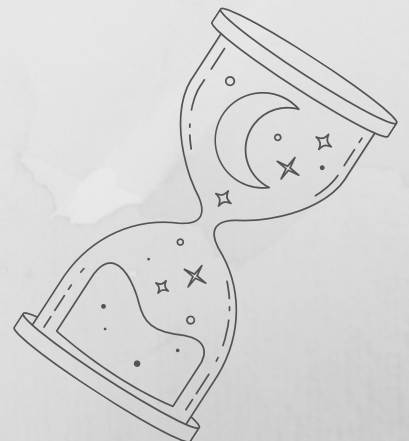
BY NATALIE STEPHENS

How strange Time is...
It takes and it gives,
It breaks and it mends.
A concept even I cannot grasp:
For it is whole and yet splinted,
Caring and yet cruel.

As I recall a single lamppost, on the corner of a street,
Crowded with souls, weeping with grief.
A photo of a girl, not even five or six,
Merely just a child, with so much life to live.
But instead the people stand in black,
Staring at a girl that lacks.
Not in sight, nor ever to be seen.
For she was cheated by time...
And all her loved ones, awaiting her return,
Will spend all their given time wishing it was instead hers.

Each day they live without, they'll long for her time to be restored,
Yet that day will never come.
Though wounds may heal with years, even time cannot heal wounds such as theirs.
Not days, nor months, nor years, or more
Could ever restore
The loss.

Time. It does not discriminate nor hold prejudice. It is not tender nor fond. It is simply a statement, a fact. An end to all whether it be now or in the evening.
I used to fear it, and maybe still, but it is plainly a part of us all. A part of everything that was and will be. A part of everything that is.



ICE SWAN

BY FRIDA CORONA WERNER

I sneak outside, pulling the hood of my navy sweatshirt tight over my dark, untamed curls. It's almost midnight on Christmas Eve, and time is of the essence. I hurry towards Terriman's, a shut-down nightclub which acts as my Christmas hideout every year, snow crunching underneath my boots, and slip inside.

"Alex. Psst, Alex!"

A girl pops out from behind the counter and I jump in surprise. "Hey, Tóni. Got'cha this time," she says, laughing.

I roll my eyes, but I'm smiling. "Haha, very funny. We need to get to work. You ready?"

"Well, duh," she says. "Why else would I be here at work? I need my beauty sleep, but this'll be spectacular."

I take off my coat, smiling, and bring out my notebook. "This is what I want to make for Mamí," I say, pointing to my drawing of a swan. That's when the door creaks.

I look over at... Félix?

"Sorry, Lex, I couldn't find Tóni's book," says Félix, who hasn't noticed me. I look over at a guilty-faced Alex.

"Félix," I say stonily. The memories of last month's hurt bubble up, still tender even after all this time.

He looks up, startled. "Antônio! What are you doing here?"

I narrow my eyes. "I could ask the same of you. Alex, what's he doing here?"

"Yeah, Alex, what's he doing here?"

"I thought we could work together. You both wanted to do the swan sculpture."

I growl. "You wanted to do the same sculpture as me? You were going to copy me?"

"I think you mean that you were going to copy me."

Alex says, "Guys! Can we just do it together? It's almost four in the morning."

"Fine," we spit.

We work until morning. When we finish, Mami and Papi are outside my house.

"Oh! Where have you been?" Mamí wraps us all in her warm embrace. "We were so worried!"

Félix beams. "Felíz Navidad, Graciella. Come with us."

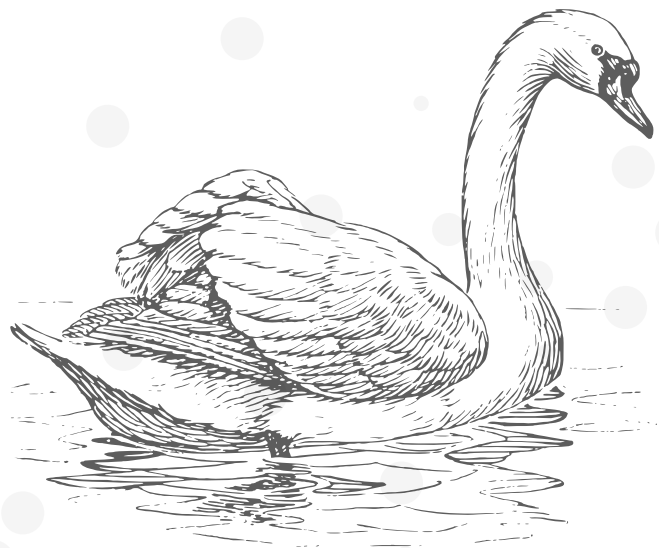
Bennett Park. Sitting on the pond is a life-sized ice swan. The light shines just right so that its wings sparkle in the morning light.

Mamí gasps. "Beautiful. Did you do this?" she asks, turning to me.

I look over at Félix, hesitating. He's looking at the ground, scuffing his shoe on the dirty, gum-spattered, Bronx city street. I want to take the credit so badly. But it isn't true.

"No," I say finally, pulling him forward on a whim. "We did." I sling my arm around him and Alex. His eyes widen in surprise for a second, but then he relaxes. I let out an involuntary breath.

"Wonderful!" Mamí smiles, and I can see the relief in her eyes. "Now let's get you two inside. It's so cold! I'll make some hot chocolate."



HOW TO EFFECTIVELY CRAM



BY CLARE MCGLAUGHLIN

So it's finals week and you've barely studied. Your head feels hot, you're so filled with dread that the ability for coherent and rational planning has fled from your brain with utmost speed. What do you do? Frantically rip through your hap-hazard notes, mumbling them again and again while skipping words, even lines, well into the early hours of the morning? This tactic will do you more harm than good. Let's look at how to make the cramming process as effective and painless as possible.

Before we start it should be emphasized that cramming is not ideal. It won't truly teach you information. It won't store things in your long-term memory, and it is painful. The best method is to slowly space out your repetition over weeks, but sometimes life just doesn't work out like that.

Step 1: Making a Plan

You want to avoid haphazardly skimming your notes at all costs. It won't help you remember anything, it won't direct you to important topics, it will just stress you out. This is not the time for a detailed plan, but set apart an hour or so to jot down a quick list of what you need to do.

- 1) Jot down the exam(s) you need to cram for.
- 2) Rank each exam by how urgent it is (due date, level of topics already mastered, percent of final grade, current class grade).
- 3) Write down the main topics for each exam as well as how well you know them.

Step 2: Studying

Okay. Now it's time to study, sounds simple right? It's not as easy as it sounds but the most important thing once you have your plan is just to get going. Here are some tips.

Tips for the Actual Studying:

- Set timers, burnout is the last thing you need.
- If you can't start or are feeling overwhelmed, set a timer for 2-5 minutes and just try to get something done. You'll feel calmer. Alternatively try to accomplish one task, such as "review the steps in photosynthesis" or "practice graphing 5 linear equations".
- If your teachers have given review resources/practice problems, use them.

- Watch explanatory videos if you are lost.
- For more term-based classes, make a quick Quizlet (or find one someone else made) with 20-40 of the terms you need the most help with. Then repeat the quizlet for an hour or so, study something else, and come back to it.
- For math classes, do practice problems.
- For classes where you have an untimed project/paper just get started. Anything is better than nothing.

As a general rule, prioritize closed-book exams over open-book exams in terms of studying. Exceptions might arise if you are in an AoPS math course offered through WTMA or other open-book but challenging exams.

Step 3: How to Take Care of Yourself

This is going to be a busy week full of studying but you still need to take care of yourself. It isn't wasting time, it will actually help you perform better on your exams.

Tips:

- Don't pull all-nighters. It won't help you learn anything because it will damage your brain's ability to retain information.
- Get enough sleep before the day you will take your exam(s). It's tempting to spend all night cramming but you won't do your best while tired.
- If you really need to skip a few hours of sleep for a few nights, it might be best to schedule all your exams for 2-3 days and make sure to get enough sleep those nights.
- Make sure to take breaks, never go more than two hours without a break of at least ten minutes.
- Don't try to survive this week on chips, eat nutritious food.

WHY DOESN'T AMERICA USE THE METRIC SYSTEM?

BY CLARE MCGLAUGHLIN

If you live in any of the three countries still using the imperial system or something based on it, the United States of America, Myanmar, and Liberia, you probably know how it works. Twelve inches in a foot, three feet in a yard, 5,280 feet, sixteen ounces in a pound, etc. However, you also likely have also encountered the metric system, which is the standard in most of the world, and even the two countries mentioned before, Myanmar and Liberia, are on their way to using it. If you have ever had to perform scientific experiments for school, chances are you had to convert imperial units into the metric system, which can be a pain. This begs the question: why doesn't America also use the metric system?

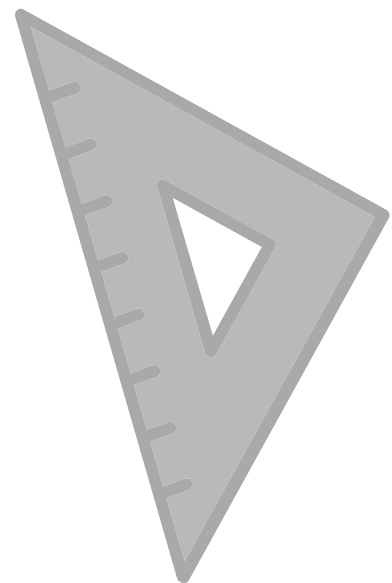
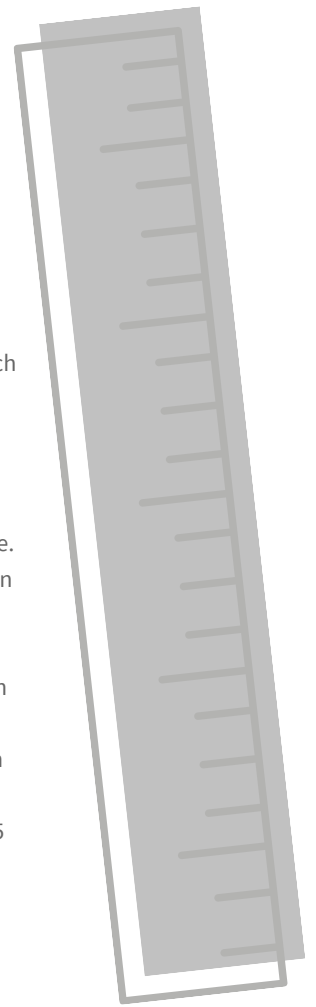
To answer this, it can be helpful to know how both systems came into existence. Currently, the U.S. uses the customary system which is derived from the imperial system. According to Britannica, imperial units or the British imperial system are units of measurements and weights used in Great Britain from 1824 until 1965, from which the U.S. system is adopted. However, there are some discrepancies in the measurements of things. For instance, the U.S. bushel is around 3% smaller than the British imperial bushel. The British Imperial system uses stones, which are fourteen pounds, while the U.S. does not. The short ton in the U.S. is also 240 pounds less than the long ton in the British imperial system.

The metric system was developed in the middle of the French Revolution in 1790, according to the US Metric Association. The metric system works in base ten, meaning you can get to larger or smaller units by dividing or multiplying by ten.

Therefore, it is much easier to mentally convert centimeters to meters than inches to feet. The French Academy of Science originally developed it. It was called a "metre," coming from the Greek word, *metron*, which means "a measure." Once all of the units were finalized, the metric system was far from uncontroversial, with Napoleon once banning its use. At last, the French government officially adopted it in 1795. The use of the metric system became compulsory in 1840, and it began to be adopted by other countries and nations. Part of why it caught on was that technology was rapidly growing, and the metric system is great for scientific work. In 1875, an international agreement, the Convention of the Metre, helped define the measurements. By 1900, 25 years after this, 35 nations officially used the metric system.

Considering the metric system is far easier to work with mentally and scientifically, and most of the world uses it, meaning it helps trade with other countries, one must wonder why the U.S. doesn't. The United States already has elements of the metric system, many cars are made using the metric system and it is taught in school; our rulers have both inches and centimeters on them. The main factor in why we haven't switched to the metric system is that it would cost a lot of money and take a lot of time. According to Britannica, companies didn't want to switch during the Industrial Revolution and afterward because it would mean replacing machinery that had already been fitted to the metric system. Furthermore, it would take time for American citizens to get used to it, and according to *Time*, they don't want to go through the effort of changing. Maybe someday America will finally switch to the metric system, seeing as it has already become integral in the scientific community.

**References located on the last page*



NICCOLO'S BOOKNOTES

BY NICCOLO GENTILE

A NEW MYTH

Homer's epics are undeniably some of the all-time masterpieces of literature, but while some modern sayings and ideas are derived from these works of ages long past, they have mostly fallen to the wayside, overtaken by their progeny from later ages. However, in recent years, author Madeline Miller has been single-handedly bringing Greek mythology back into literary fashion. Her 2018 bestseller *Circe*, a book following the character of the same name from Homer's second epic, *The Odyssey*, is an excellent modern twist on an ancient classic.

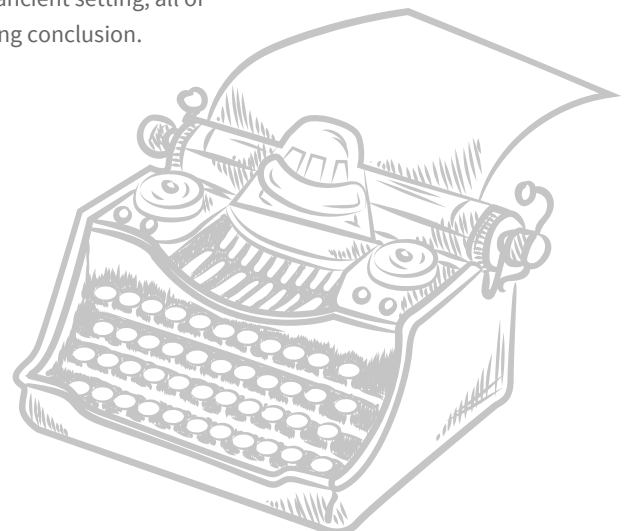
Circe—the character—is the daughter of the Sun Titan Helios and the naiad Perse and is raised at her father's feet in his grand underground palace. She is the epitome of the teen loner, having been shunned by much of her family at a young age, and so when the time comes for her to find her own position in the world of gods and monsters, she seeks to forge her own life's path.

The book follows this path, as she quickly falls in love with a mortal and creates the monster Scylla using newly discovered magical powers. This results in her banishment on the island of Aiaia by Zeus himself, where most of the novel takes place.

The most masterfully-written element that Miller pioneered is how *Circe's* plot is interwoven with a number of other myths and stories from the Ancient Greeks. From Jason and the Golden Fleece to the Minotaur, Miller shows an intriguing and fresh side of these tales, creating deep and compelling characters out of their simple and often one-dimensional origins.

Although the novel is expertly assembled from scraps and slices of other stories, it also has its own identity. Many of the themes in *Circe* are surprisingly poignant, and Miller uses the setting of mythology to examine its hypocrisies and elements that are taken for granted, most notably the mortality of humans and immortality of gods. While never reaching the critical analysis of some novels, the book holds more depth than might meet the eye.

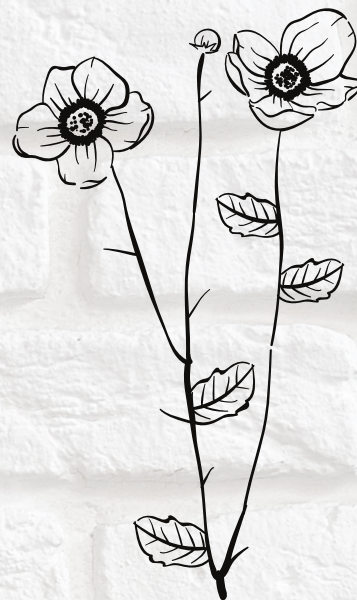
Even if it is not a saga on the level of its inspiration, *Circe* excels in creating a unique page-turner. Miller's knowledge of her source material shines, and her flowing prose makes every description worth savoring. However, what is most interesting is the clash of its modern themes with the ancient setting, all of which resolve in a satisfying conclusion.



Gallery



TIE Incoming - Jules Miller



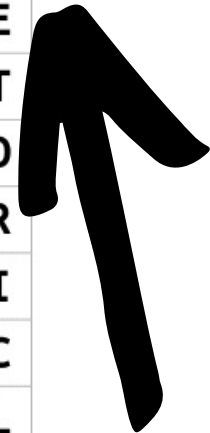
Spidey Jules Miller

Word Search!

Answers on the reference page!

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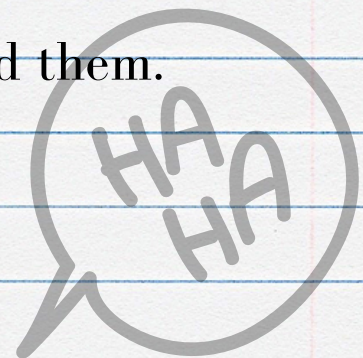
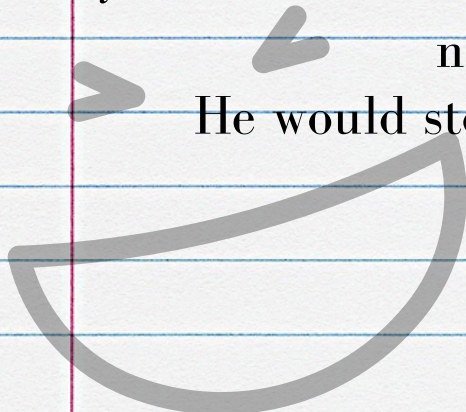
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and Jokes!

Did you hear about the Mathematician who was afraid of
negative numbers?

He would stop at nothing to avoid them.



Pet of the Month



Maggie is a 9 week old kitten who enjoys playing and being the center of attention! If she went to college she would major in performing arts because she loves the spotlight! Congratulations Maggie!

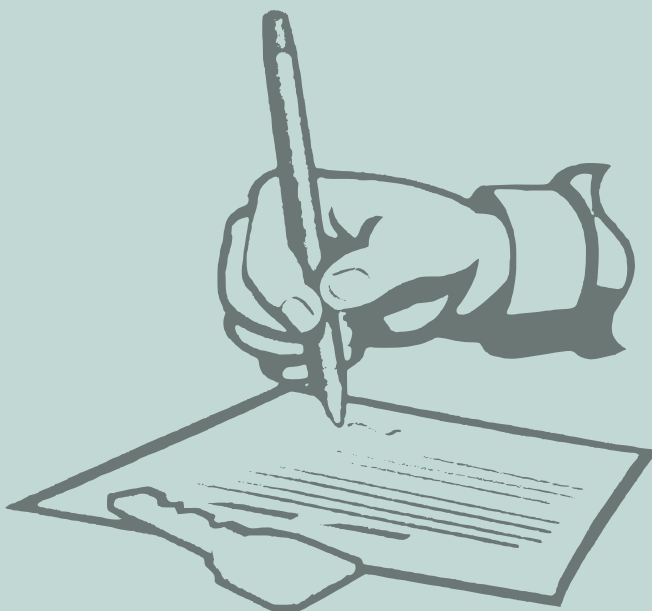
Runners-Up!



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

No Upcoming
Deadlines!

**We will see you next
year!**



Submissions
will re-open
in the Fall
Semester

***Email us with
your
comments and
suggestions!
Our email is
newspaper@wtmacademy.net***

Meet Our Staff



Abigail Sayuk

Layout Team

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 & Editor

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

Layout Team

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

Layout Team

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 18 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 junior living in Florida. When not watching and writing about movies, he enjoys reading and playing/listening to music.



Sophia Rabbideau

Column Writer & Layout Team

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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