

# THE WELL-TRAINED TRIBUNE

YOUR OFFICIAL WELL-TRAINED MIND ACADEMY NEWSPAPER



Horse - Ekaterina Quinn

## LETTER FROM THE EDITORS

BY MIRIAM ERBAUGH

I never saw myself ending up involved in a project like this, but my family and friends would tell you they are not at all surprised. From my love for all things stationery, to my obsessively organized (and color-coded) Google Drive, to the newspaper I self-published for a while in 3rd grade - working on the Well-Trained Tribune has combined so many things I enjoy. This paper has become a passion of mine.

Over the last couple months, I have watched our team build this paper from the ground up; and I am so proud of what we've created. I am beyond grateful for all of the hard work all of our staff members have put into this - attending weekly meetings, working overtime to get things finished by deadlines, and even continuing work over Spring Break so that we could reach our goal of monthly issues. We have so many ideas we are just starting to implement and exciting things yet to come!

Sincerely,  
Miriam Erbaugh  
Co-Editor in Chief WTT

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# OUR DEDICATED DELIGHTFUL DYNAMIC DEAN: DR. COLLIER

BY MORGAN DAVIS

Lives characterized by achievement and fulfillment are hard to document in one article, making Dr. Collier one of the most difficult. Dr. Collier, Dean of the Well-Trained Mind Academy (WTMA), is a bright and accomplished woman. Mom of two children, Will (4) and Zofia (1); wife to educator Jeff; and proud caretaker of Guy, a Jack Russell/Pug mix; Collier's achievements go beyond her already prodigious resume. A Long Island native, Collier attended New York University (NYU) for both her Bachelor's degree and Masters of Arts before uprooting and moving to Williamsburg, where she obtained a PhD in American Studies from the College of William and Mary. Collier worked several jobs throughout her education, landing a fellowship in teaching and several positions at prestigious universities. Reflecting on her path thus far, she said: "Being a woman in society and being the daughter of people that worked so hard and had nothing growing up, I really have felt like – my whole life – that I have had something to prove."

Collier cited her parents as a source of inspiration and motivation. Immigrants to the United States from Europe, her parents opened a successful restaurant on Long Island and never failed to emphasize the importance of education to Collier and her sister. This focus on education propelled Collier to take every opportunity she could to learn, achieve degrees, and be accomplished. In fact, Collier admitted that the mere pursuit of education was what drove her towards many of her degrees and eventually her career in teaching and educating others. "I've always gone above and beyond ... I've always done the next thing ... " she stated. While working towards her PhD, she spent her days multitasking between

teaching, working several jobs, and earning her own degree – exemplifying her resilience and motivation. Yet she says these trials did not prepare her at all for her next challenge: motherhood.

Having Will and Zofia, her two toddlers, seems to have been one of the defining experiences of her life. "There is nothing that humbles a person like a baby," she half-joked. "It was so intense," she added later on. "I was such a fool before I had kids," she reflected. Yet,



Dr. Collier and her family

despite her modest exterior, Collier has juggled raising her wonderful children (one of whom was born during the pandemic); taking care of her adorable pup; heading the ship at WTMA; and still finding time (albeit, a small amount) for walking and reading, two of her passions. Her expectations may have been high, but she seems to have a great deal of success.

Collier's dedication does not end with her family: her passion for all things WTMA, love of the students, and overall joy of learning was clear throughout our conversation. Lighting up about WTMA's classes and curriculum, she

stated: "I really nerd out about the classes we offer, because I think they're just so cool and such great opportunities for the students." She then excitedly hinted, "We are looking to add some mythology and folklore classes for next year, and I think they will be both super interesting and really fun." Her enthusiasm does not stop with academics. When asked what she thinks the best part of WTMA is, she responded that it is the fact that the academy "can help support so many different kinds of educational journeys," for homeschoolers internationally. It's evident that Collier cares about the students at WTMA deeply. One of the things she is working towards is building a vibrant WTMA community, despite students being distributed across the globe. Along those lines, she pointed out the Student Showcase on the Well-Trained Mind website and the WTMA Facebook page, both of which display student accomplishments and try to promote a sense of connectedness for the students, along with the academy blog. She hopes the Student Showcase can be a place where students share things that they are proud of with the Well-Trained Mind community. Dr. Collier concluded by saying, "I'm so incredibly proud of our students ... all caps, big letters, confetti ... so, so, so proud."

The academy is lucky to have such a devoted and brilliant dean, whose passion and commitment extends far beyond her working life. "The effort, patience, and grace it takes to raise a child is unbelievable," she said. And Dr. Collier has dedicated her life not only to raising her own children, but also to helping guide other parents and students on their journeys.



Bubblegum Bliss (Mixed Media Collage) - Natalie Stephens

## SIDEWAYS

BY AVA SIEBELINK

Your antics are turning me Sideways. Once, you held me close and upright, our hearts and dreams all aligned. Then something shifted in the balance. You messed with us, with the life and statue we'd built. While I continued dutifully playing my part, you knocked the pedestal over and dragged me down with you. You oriented yourself at right angles with me, peering through the protective screen like you want to know just how much can be got from this world. Where once we stood eye-to-eye, now I cannot see your face. Where once we stood heart-to-heart, now I don't know your ambitions and priorities. Where once we stood upright; me, you, and us have all gone sideways.



## THAT CHILD.

BY SOPHIA RABBIDEAU

wish i could be that child  
longing to grow up.  
always saying "when I get older"  
in a world full of "someday's"

wish i could be that child  
who thinks their childhood's too long and eats cake that's  
much too sweet while drawing with cracked crayons, fingers  
stained from berries  
too many friends to count.

wish i could be that child  
wondering about the world  
thinking it'd be easy to belong-  
that i could do anything.  
*knowing* i could.

wish i could be that child  
gazing at the stars at night  
drawing pictures in the clouds  
and dancing in the rain.



Starry World - Travis Barrett



## *ICELANDIC ICONS*

BY NATALIE STEPHENS

Despite their miniature stature and resemblance to the American or European pony, these Icelandic creatures are officially referred to as horses. Their origins date to the ninth century, with Norse settlers initially introducing their kind. The breed itself is prevalent throughout Icelandic literature and historical records, a significant aspect in molding their rich culture. The harsh conditions and climate of Iceland eliminated countless other species throughout time, but these horses have evolved to survive. Additionally, in support of banishing disease, local law forbids the importation of horses into the country, as well as the refusal of return once the breed has been exported.

The weight of these native mammals can range between 730 lb to 840 lb, with a height of roughly 52" to 56". Due to the frigid temperatures of their climate, the breed has developed insulation through a double coat. Their coat can range between an array of colors including: brown, black, grey, and anywhere in between. Altogether, in the Icelandic language, there are over one hundred separate titles for the colors these horses may bear. It is theorized that their classification as a horse was given due to their curious temperament and bright personality, or possibly their bone-structure and strength. Despite their well-proportioned upper-half, they are often recognized by their comically short legs; another similarity they share with ponies. Their primary iconic feature includes their gait, a distinct form of movement as they are the only breed capable of performing five gaits. This form is often preferable for riding, as three of their legs remain in contact with the ground, creating a stable and even pace. These lovable creatures often adore any and all attention, awaiting some local Icelandic love.

*Photos by Natalie Stephens*

# THE CAFÉ CAT

BY ELLIE JENKINS

Porchlight Coffee sat at the end of a busy street, with an alley on one side and a grocer on the other. Because of its name, it had a porch on the front with plants and fairy lights that hung around the entrance. It was often busy, with people coming in and out throughout the day.

It was owned by Adeline Ledger, a 21-year-old workaholic with no social life and a love for all things tea. The girl had taken over the café when she was only 19, and her friends had slowly drifted away from her as she spent more and more time there.

As lonely as she was, Adeline tried to ignore it by working full time at the café, pouring her heart and soul into it. That's why she was there so early in the morning unlocking the doors to her café.

However, her task was interrupted by the sound of something meowing in the alley next to her.

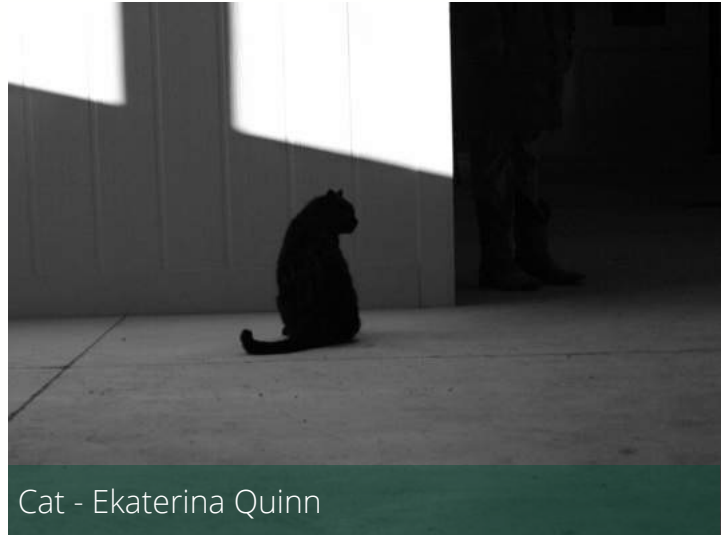
Adeline raised an eyebrow, turning from the door and stepping off the porch steps to examine the alleyway next to her. At first, she saw nothing and was already beginning to turn away - but the meow sounded again, closer this time. Adeline's eyes widened as she saw a small, dark figure emerge from the shadows.

It was, to Adeline's surprise, a cat. The cat was small and brown, with thin and dark stripes tracing her fur. She was thin, thinner than any cat should be, but didn't have any visible complications about her. She looked like a regular street cat.

Adeline tensed at the sight, unsure how to react. The cat paused at this, stopping as she sat down a few feet from her, tilting its head as if to ask a question to her. Adeline glanced around, looking for anyone nearby who could be its owner.

She saw no one, and slowly, Adeline turned back to the cat.

It wasn't her job to take care of cats, she told herself, trying to ignore the pleading look on its face. She had a café to take care of.



Cat - Ekaterina Quinn

And so, she turned away, heading back inside her café. However, once she got inside, she heard meowing again. Whipping around, she saw the tabby was sitting by the door frame, a pleased smile on its face. To Adeline's dismay, the cat had found its way in.

Upon further examination, Adeline discovered that the cat had no tag, leaving her with no way to locate its owner. Though, at this point, the girl doubted it had one. Adeline tried to shoo it out the door, but the cat refused to move. Exasperated, Adeline placed the feline in a chair near the window, hoping that the owner would pass by and discover their cat.

However, day after day and week after week, no one came.

"Your cat is beautiful." People would say in passing, and Adeline would have to awkwardly explain it wasn't hers.

Because of this, the cat became somewhat of a mascot for the café, adored by all who entered. It even got a name, Txakolina, given by a frequenter of the Porchlight Cafe. Txakolina was content to sit in the sunlight all day, eagerly accepting all pats and treats from the customers.

After many of these interactions, Adeline adopted it.

Then, she wasn't so lonely anymore.



# MUSICAL MAYHEM

## WRITING MUSIC: PART 2

BY SOPHIA RABBIDEAU

My music writing journey began with GarageBand Mobile. Within the app, I used loops to create my first songs. Loops are segments of pre-recorded sounds, melodies, and effects, that can be spliced together to create an entire song. Like most music writing software, GarageBand provides a variety of these loops with everything from tribal drumbeats to otherworldly synths. Over the course of only a few weeks I used these to create nearly twelve songs. While they certainly wouldn't win any Grammys, I was delighted.

While having a musical background is very helpful in writing music, it is not absolutely necessary. However, I would recommend picking up an instrument and learning the basics, including time signatures and keys. If you really want to write music, I suggest two things: one, find an instrument, and two, learn how to play it. If you do not have a Mac computer or iPhone there are alternatives to GarageBand, such as Audiotool and Soundation.

## FIVE SONGS TO LISTEN TO RIGHT NOW

BY SOPHIA RABBIDEAU

I have selected five songs I enjoy listening to. I tried to provide a variety of different genres so they have almost nothing in common. Hopefully you feel the urge to stop reading this boring article right now and go listen to them. Perhaps you'll really enjoy one of them. Happy listening!

*Lamentis - 1, 2077* - Natalie Holt

*Don't Assume What You Don't Know* - Grace VanderWaal

*Motion* - Colony House

*Alles was Zählt* - Namika

*The Projectionist* - Sleeping At Last



*Send in your favorite song of ANY genre for the next edition! (several will be featured)*

## UPCOMING

Spotify Top Ten Analysis

My Own Top Ten

The Ukulele: A Brief History





Washington Monument - Sarah Beth Syfrett



A Boston Summer- Naomi Solomon



Fuwairat Beach Shore in Qatar - Maryam Ashafi

## *MR. PI*

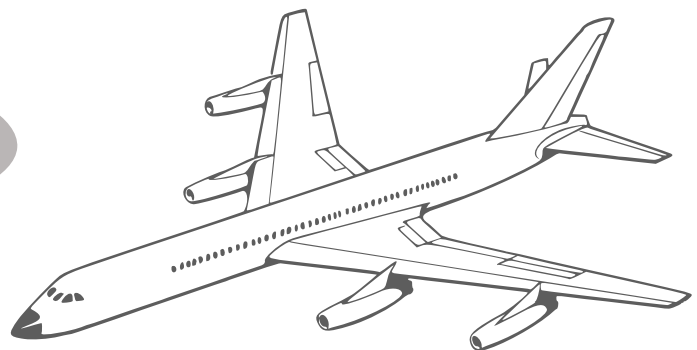
BY LUCIA CARE

Mr. Pi had a missing eye  
 Yet he could still cry,  
 When he didn't get his peach pie  
 O, he would die without pie

Mr. Pi was a pilot, With a plane number 3.14  
 His flights would take off at 3:14  
 He would land at 3:14  
 But his circumference was a different theme

Mr. Pi's radius was 4 cm,  
 The diameter then being 8,  
 And we don't talk about the circumference  
 That will complicate

Mr. Pi is a crazy guy  
 Do you remember that missing eye?  
 If you ever fly with Mr. Pi  
 Be prepared for a big, big cry!



# MATH

BY ABIGAIL ROOT

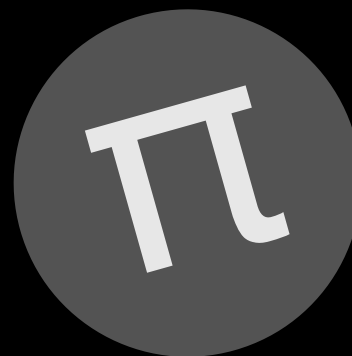
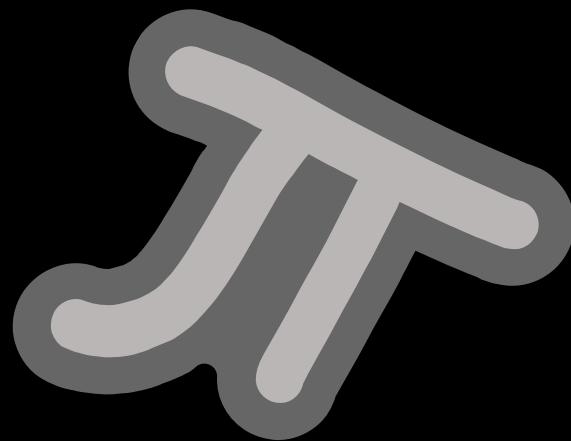
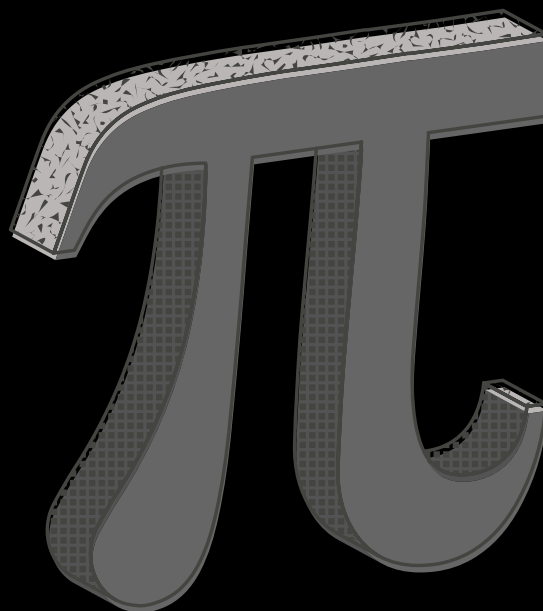
It is the month of pi! National Pi Day is on March 14 (to honor 3.14...). There are many enthralling facts about pi, and we use it in places you would not expect! Pi, though irrational, is extremely useful. I think of pi like how I think of food and water for humans: mathematicians could not survive without it!

Pi is the ratio of the circumference of a circle to its diameter. Basically, pi equals the circumference divided by the diameter. The symbol for pi,  $\pi$ , was not devised until 1706. William Jones, a British mathematician, used this symbol for pi. However, it only became popular after Leonhard Euler, a well-known Swiss mathematician, decided to use it.

In ancient times, mathematicians had quite an interesting way to calculate pi. They would continuously add sides to a polygon so its area kept becoming similar to a circle. Archimedes, a famous Greek inventor and mathematician, created a polygon with 96 sides; but that was not close to what a mathematician in China used. A Chinese mathematician used a polygon with over 3,000 sides to arrive at 3.14159! However, this mathematician was not even near the 25,000 sides another mathematician devised! Though this method seems faulty and filled with vast potential for error, it was (if done correctly) extremely accurate and a great way to calculate pi. Especially because they did not have the modern technology and computers we have to compute pi. So what has been done with pi now that we have advanced in technology? In 2021, an astonishing record was been set for pi. It was calculated, by Swiss researchers, to 62.8 trillion digits! They accomplished this feat by working their computers for 108 days. They beat the previous record of 50 trillion decimal places 3.5 times as quickly!

There is a more interesting and unexpected fact about pi: there is a whole language in pi. In "Pi-lish," the number of letters corresponds to each digit of pi! For example, the first word would have three letters, the second word has one letter, and so on. Michael Keith, a software engineer, found it so intriguing he decided to write an entire book called *Not a Wake* in "Pi-lish."

It is a mystery to many that a number so irrational can help us in so many aspects of math. Aside from just simple algebra, pi is used in physics, astronomy, GPS systems, mapping, architecture, and many more things. Pi, though mysterious, is one of the most beautiful contrivances in not just mathematics, but the entire world around us.





Ruins of Reini (Oil Pastel on Cardboard) - Sophia Rabbideau



## *SCARRED HEART*

BY NATALIE STEPHENS

Bone may wither yet words imprint scars on the heart  
 As age has carved its life into cheekbones  
 A simple statement can revive the very first moment  
 Eyes still alight with hope  
 Untampered by the words that were to come  
 Unscathed by the blade of paragraphs  
 Pale skin intact, glowing, at acquaintance

Now those eyes seep with pain  
 Polluted by such words,  
 Clarity  
 Is lost  
 Now gashes seep with agony, pierced by such steel  
 Now the same flesh is riddled with wounds  
 If only the stitches could mend the cracks caused  
 If only the bandages could occupy the void - the vacancy of the heart

Though perhaps  
 One may find  
 Beauty  
 Within a  
 Scarred  
 Heart  
 Such as ours

## *WINDOWS TO MIRRORS*

BY AVA SIEBELINK

My decade-long friendship ended last Saturday. To all appearances, we were still the model of what friendship could, would, and should be. For who can resist applying that term to two girls who spend the school day glued to each other, talking nineteen to the dozen about anything and everything? But to each other, our words were different. Polite and Calm and Amicable dancing a jig on the crusty surface, but inhabited by Bitterness and Mistrust beneath it. "Friendship," it should be called with big quotation marks. A façade, a challenge almost to the opponent. A challenge to keep on interacting in a seemingly friendly manner that contradicts our true, intimate behavior or the past. As if we consider this playacting a more suitable punishment for betrayal than total estrangement. And yet it is in a way a form of estrangement, an emotional distancing where two stars can no longer see eye to eye. The windows we used to look through into each other have become mirrors. Mirrors that reflect our own fears and broken trust, and leave us guessing at the chasm that lies beyond.

# NICCOLO'S BOOKNOTES

## *A STUDY IN MYTH*

BY NICCOLO GENTILE

Joseph Campbell is a name many of the parents reading this might have heard of. The work for which he is most famous is his interview with the journalist Bill Moyers, *The Power of Myth*, which was broadcast on PBS and published in a book shortly after Campbell's death in 1988. Campbell's lesser-known but great contribution to his field of comparative mythology is the 1949 book *The Hero with a Thousand Faces*.

The main thrust of the book is that the titular 'hero,' meaning the archetype of heroes in human storytelling, derives from the same base instincts and elements that are immutable parts of human civilization. Campbell goes on to argue that all human stories can be traced back to what he refers to as the Monomyth, which is today called the Hero's Journey.

Through many examples from ancient myths and from oral tales of his studies of Native American culture, Campbell builds a compelling case. However, this is a concept has become mainstream in literary analysis, so while the book is an excellent primer on the topic, the real draw for a modern reader is his investigation of the human psyche.

Campbell drew upon the psychoanalysis from his time to try to figure out why human stories were so consistent across distant lands and cultures. In his work, he concludes that the hidden link between these peoples is their journey through life, something he finds to be similar around the world.



*The Hero with a Thousand Faces* is a surprisingly good read today, and it holds up to modern expectations very well. Its conclusion is particularly relevant, as Campbell ponders the decline in spirituality in the West, an element of society that he seems to have mixed opinions about.

This book is worth reading for its inquiries into the human imagination and for its evocative and extensive examples of myth and story. Nothing else that I have read captures so well what makes humans human.



# COLUMN CROSSOVER

## *FOWLER ON FILM & NICCOLO'S BOOKNOTES*

### *DEATH ON THE NILE*

BY RILEY FOWLER

Despite many peoples' best efforts, Agatha Christie is likely not the best author for cinematic adaptation. Her cozy mysteries often play poorly on the big screen, with her books' lack of atmosphere and brain teaser-ish nature usually stifling despite the efforts of usually top-notch British actors. This was more than illustrated in Kenneth Branagh's 2017 staid adaptation of her most famous book, *Murder on the Orient Express*. However, Branagh, once more directing and starring as Christie's Belgian sleuth Hercule Poirot, has managed to improve on his previous work with *Death on the Nile*, this time enlivening the material with a bitter, sun-kissed edge.

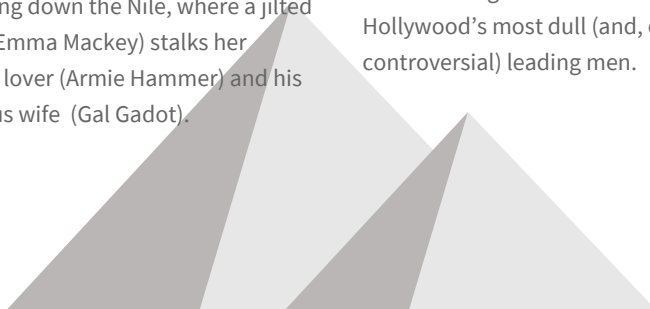
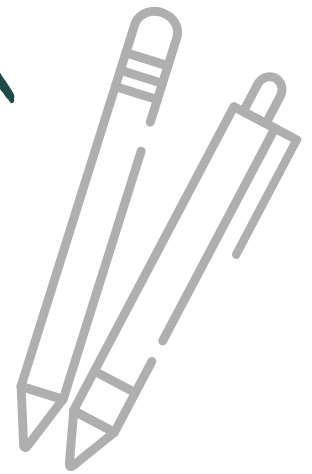
A murder mystery that takes nearly an hour to get to the actual murder, *Death on the Nile* is initially allowed an unusual amount of time to introduce its cast of characters and their convoluted relationships with one another. Since a full plot explanation is beyond the scope of this piece, suffice it to say that it surrounds Poirot following a group of interconnected wealthy people and their respective entourages vacationing on a boat sailing down the Nile, where a jilted woman (Emma Mackey) stalks her erstwhile lover (Armie Hammer) and his glamorous wife (Gal Gadot).

Despite its complications, the plot moves with an easy flow, especially in the first half, where Branagh and screenwriter and Michael Green develop the broad strokes of their characters with ease. Branagh shoots his Egyptian locales with a gorgeous yellow sheen, making it one of the more lustrously filmed mid-to-high budget films of the last few years, complementing the passion of his characters well. Meanwhile, Mackey sells every bit of her character's obsession and sensuality, especially in an early dance scene with Hammer.

The film is not without its flaws, however. An unintentionally funny scene at the very beginning gives us the dark, gritty World War I origin of Poirot's mustache in an astonishingly misconceived bit of hilarity. Furthermore, the script counterintuitively slows down greatly once it gets to the actual murder. As the focal point of the film, Gadot continues her string of terrible performances, even though some bizarre line readings make her performance at least watchable. Hammer fails to ever be interesting, consolidating his status as one of Hollywood's most dull (and, of late, controversial) leading men.

Despite these flaws, *Death on the Nile* proves itself to be a largely engaging entertainment, creating an almost-pulpy atmosphere of sultry tension, surrounded by dark blues music courtesy of an initially out-of-place character that gives the film's intertwining subplots of love, lust, and murder a melodic counterpoint.

While by no means as ambitious as Branagh's previous adaptations of Shakespeare (*Hamlet*, *Henry V*, *As You Like It*, etc.) and films based on his childhood (*Belfast*), *Death on the Nile* is substantially better than both, with Branagh perhaps finding a better calling as an enthusiastic creator of enjoyable middlebrow diversions.

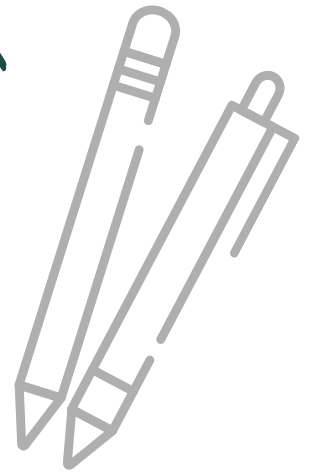


# COLUMN CROSSOVER

## continued!



### *FOWLER ON FILM & NICCOLO'S BOOKNOTES*



## *DEATH ON THE NILE*

BY NICCOLO GENTILE

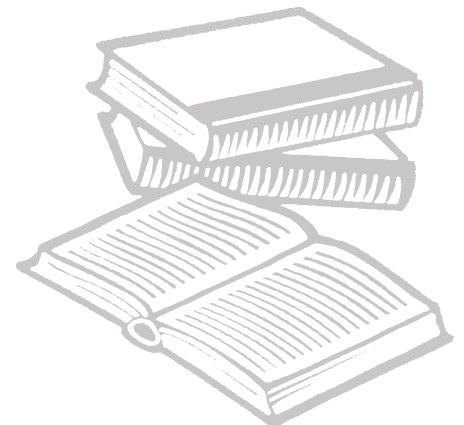
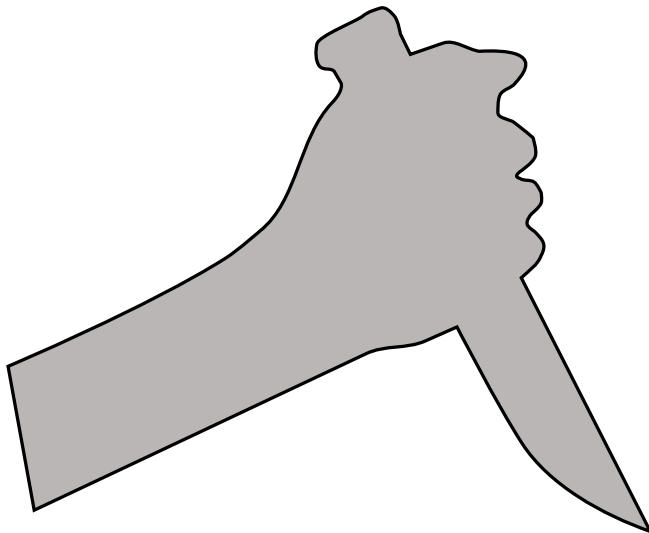
Agatha Christie is renowned for her extensive and genre-defining catalogue of mystery books. Her series are separated by their main characters, and Christie's best-known protagonist is the intrepid Belgian Hercule Poirot. He has solved many a mystery over the years, but the most well known of these investigations are *Murder on the Orient Express* and the concern of this review, *Death on the Nile*.

In this book, Poirot stumbles across a complex and interwoven plot taking place on a steamship sailing down the Nile. Along the way, the winding path of Poirot's inquiry uncovers fake lovers and insurance fraud, tied together through happenstance into a massive web of confusion. The detective unravels all of this, figures out who is involved in conspiracy and who is simply in the wrong place at the wrong time, and ties it up neatly by the end of the novel.

The real draw of Christie's works is following along with her protagonists and attempting (and mostly failing) to understand what is happening before they do. In this regard, *Death on the Nile* does not disappoint. Separating the wheat from the chaff, the important clues from the disparate happenings intended to obscure the truth is what any good detective story entails, and this story revels in its twists and reveals.

The prose and structure of the book flow exceedingly well, creating a fast-paced thriller that accentuates moments of action and discovery. In addition, its wide yet focused cast of characters and exotic setting make for a unique murder-solving experience.

While *Death on the Nile* is no literary masterpiece, there is a reason it got a film adaptation nearly a century after its publishing, and anyone interested in the origins of the modern mystery thriller should do themselves the service of reading this book.



# FOWLER ON FILM

ALL RATINGS OUT OF FIVE STARS

## THE BATMAN

BY RILEY FOWLER

(Directed by Matt Reeves, PG-13)

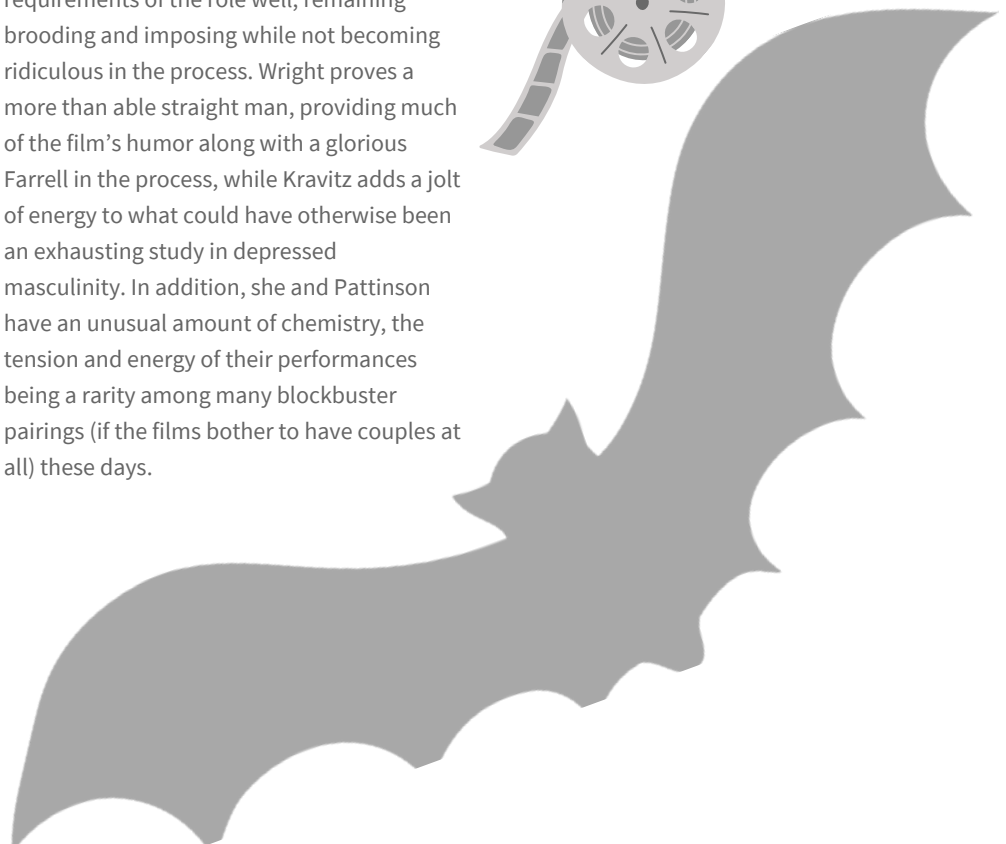
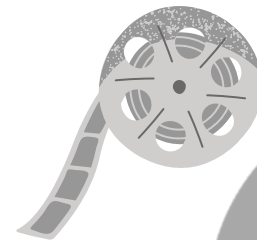
It's almost a little surprising, in the wake of having at most a gap of six years between each Spider-Man film and a rate of around three Marvel Cinematic Universe movies a year, to realize that there has not been a solo Batman movie in ten years. Of course, we have hardly suffered from lack of the caped crusader, who has made appearances in the dreadful *Batman vs. Superman: Dawn of Justice* and *Justice League* (part of DC's failed attempt to launch a Marvel style universe), but the idea of a solo, self-contained superhero movie almost seems quaint now in the wake of Marvel's numbing, world-shattering stakes and overlapping characters stretched over some 20 films and multiple tv series.

In that way, Matt Reeves's *The Batman*, a fully independent reboot of the character (now played by Robert Pattinson), almost feels refreshing, despite being yet another redo of internationally known intellectual property. As a director, while Reeves lacks the personal vision that allowed Tim Burton, Joel Schumacher, and Christopher Nolan to each bring something different to Gotham, he is able to remix elements from the previous films and the comic books into something that feels, if not necessarily new, at least different enough to not feel like a collection of

unwanted spare parts. In its story, *The Batman* feels closest to its comic books roots, focusing on Batman's pursuit of a serial killer, the Riddler (Paul Dano), a villain for the digital age plotting to unveil the corruption in Gotham City through a series of brutal murders. In his efforts to foil this threat, Batman encounters allies such as police officer Jim Gordon (Jeffrey Wright) and Selina Kyle (Zoe Kravitz), and foes such as Carmine Falcone (a spectacularly hammy John Turturro) and the Penguin (an unrecognizable and hilarious Colin Farrell). The plot lacks the complexity of the dizzying noirs it was clearly influenced by, but it does manage to be consistently propulsive and genuinely involved in its detective story.

Pattinson himself is less interesting here than he has been in auteur indie work such as James Gray's *The Lost City of Z* and the Safdie Brothers' *Good Time*, but he meets the requirements of the role well, remaining brooding and imposing while not becoming ridiculous in the process. Wright proves a more than able straight man, providing much of the film's humor along with a glorious Farrell in the process, while Kravitz adds a jolt of energy to what could have otherwise been an exhausting study in depressed masculinity. In addition, she and Pattinson have an unusual amount of chemistry, the tension and energy of their performances being a rarity among many blockbuster pairings (if the films bother to have couples at all) these days.

The technical elements of the film are impeccable, with Greg Fraser's cinematography serving as a cinematic study in the use of color in darkness, while Michael Giacchino hands in his best score in over a decade. While the film falters near the climax and a sequel setup towards the end is one of the more embarrassing tack-ons in recent superhero movies, *The Batman* ultimately proves itself to be something of a modest triumph: a propulsive, enjoyable blockbuster that does not drag itself down with the weight of its surrounding "universe".



# FOWLER ON FILM

ALL RATINGS OUT OF FIVE STARS

## UNCHARTED

BY RILEY FOWLER

(Directed by Ruben Fleischer, PG-13)

“Bleak” has perhaps become an overused word with reference to modern Hollywood’s perpetual cycle of turning comic books, old films, video games, and other pieces of “intellectual property” into either deeply mediocre or actively terrible movies. It is, however, a correct adjective for 2022’s *Uncharted*, the deeply underwhelming final product of a fourteen-year attempt to film an adaptation of the popular PlayStation games of the same name. Starring Tom Holland, fresh from conquering the world with the latest installment of *Spider-Man*, and a here-for-the-paycheck Mark Wahlberg, *Uncharted* is ultimately a soulless corporate cash grab that serves as a reminder of the grim state of modern blockbuster filmmaking.

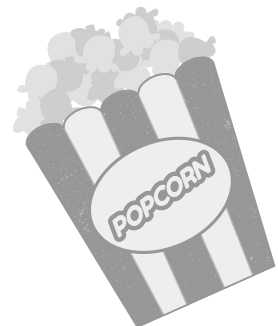
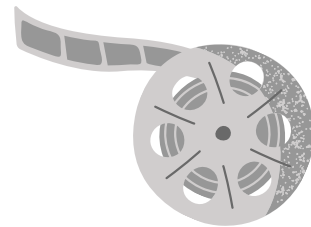
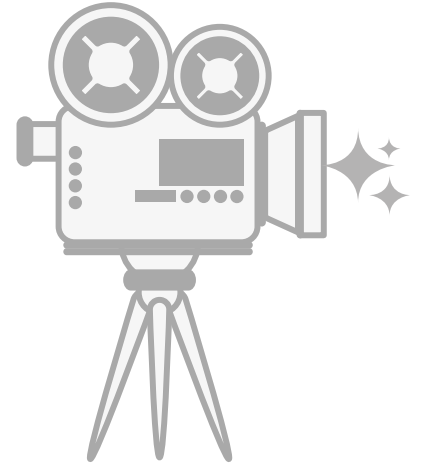
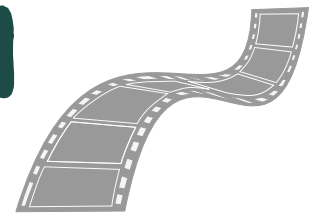
The screenplay, by Rafe Judkins, Art Marcum, and Matt Holloway (with story credits given to Judkins, Jon Hanley Rosenberg, and Mark D. Walker) bears all the marks of a script rewritten enough times by enough people to remove any sense of personal styling or originality, instead perfunctorily hopping from exotic locale to exotic locale while Holland’s adventurer Nathan Drake and Wahlberg’s Sullivan, sometimes accompanied by a fellow treasure-hunter played by Sophia Ali, engage in unnecessary action with little unexpected development, character or plot-wise, in pursuit of lost gold supposedly found on the journeys of Ferdinand Magellan. There is also exposition involving an ancient secret society and the schemings of an ancient Spanish family led by Antonio Banderas involved somewhere, but close attention to this plot will only inevitably yield frustration.

Unfortunately, in addition to lacking a solid



sense of story, *Uncharted* also lacks the sense of atmosphere that the best adventure films, from the earliest Old Hollywood pictures to, in more recent history, Indiana Jones and the 1999 remake of *The Mummy* had. Despite shooting on location, all the places visited by the characters seem bland and boring, and Holland, Wahlberg, and Ali prove a most uninvolved trio. Wahlberg is engaging in a classic example of laziness in service of a no-doubt excellent paycheck, but Holland seems to be torn between two performances, neither of which are terribly convincing. Half the time, he seems to genuinely be trying for the flinty sort of adventurer that usually populates this sort of film, which unfortunately seems ridiculous coming from the distinctly boyish Holland, but often falls back on the “gee-whiz” naivete that has brought him so much success as *Spider-Man*. One does have to admire his bravura physical performance in the action scenes, but that does not make up for his and the script’s failure to actually be convincing as either an adult or a rough-and-tumble adventurer nor does it excuse his utter lack of chemistry with Ali (who is, to be fair, bringing very little to the table either).

Ruben Fleischer, among the most boring directors of studio projects in the present day, does not enliven the film at all, likely contributing to the shoddy acting, the lack of atmosphere, and the generally bland look of the film (bizarrely enough shot by Chung-hoon Chung, whose work with Korean director Park Chan-wook won much acclaim, but whose English language films, perhaps excluding the pointless flash of certain scenes in the otherwise drab *Last Night in Soho* has largely proved disappointments). Ultimately, *Uncharted* hardly succeeds in living up to its name, being instead of a flavorless grouping of well-worn tropes that have been exhaustively traversed in other, better films.



# SUNLIGHT

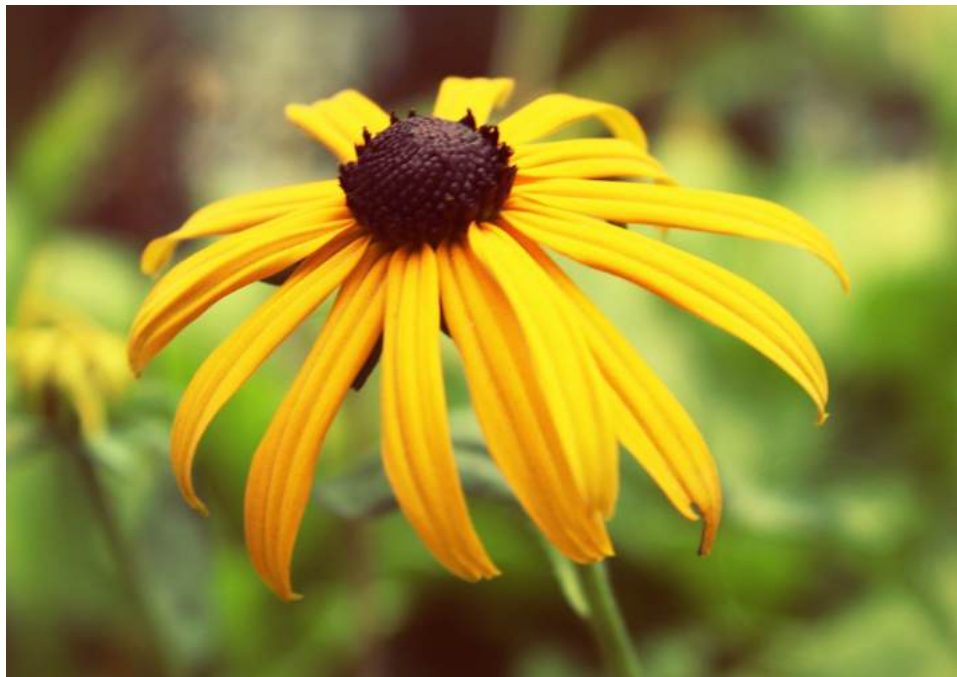
BY NATALIE STEPHENS

Daisy and tulips  
Drift on the breeze  
The scent of a song  
Voicing a memory

Two lingering smiles  
Two lingering souls  
Somehow the sunlight  
Patches their holes

And so the pair  
Both wish to stay  
But instead they might  
Just float away...

*Photos by Natalie Stephens*



# POEM

BY FRIDA CORONA

Bloody hands and  
Whispered tears.  
There's something funny going on.  
The fall of rain across your pale cheeks,  
I know I must be moving on.

Shapes that blur to squiggly lines  
All I do is cry, and cry  
And wish I didn't have to say good-by just yet.  
Not yet.

Frogs that ribbit and hop away  
The icy birds with steel gazes  
Their bulging eyes and sharper beaks.  
As my own blood just bleeds -- it bleeds!

And as I run from my harsh past  
I want to find what I have lost  
But there's so much to fear  
Now that you're not here  
What I once loved is gone.

Glowing orbs that throb & lust  
Beating hearts that stop & start Wishing for someone to love,  
but for them, oh!-- there are none

I'm that orb  
Alone and afraid  
Wishing that someone else could make me  
Into who I want to be  
But that sort of luck is not for me

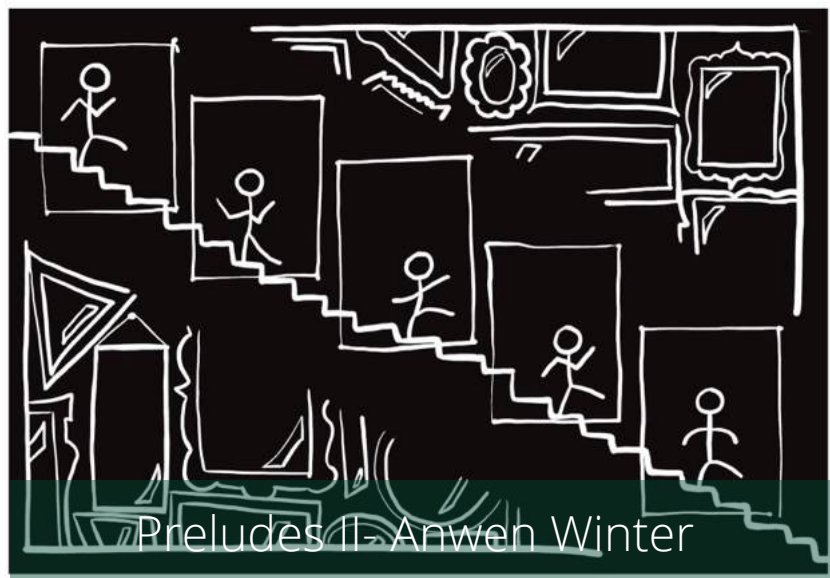
Wishing stars refuse to grant  
Fright'ning ghosts that have to haunt  
When you sleep, you know they'll come  
Until the night has come and gone.

Pieces of this broken glass  
The kind that pierces thickest skin  
The masks that cover your scarred form  
The ones that you might hide in.

Icy hands on window panes  
Silent voices shout your name  
Wanting something more than love.  
What they want is life.

Life that threatened,  
Life that gave,  
Life that Heaven and Hell doth made  
Life that still remains unafraid  
Even now  
Especially now

I am so lonely  
I'm so afraid  
To face the creatures  
I have made  
So I keep running on and on  
I'll never finish what I started.



Preludes II - Anwen Winter

# BROKEN PROMISE

BY AVA SIEBELINK

Daddy said  
he'd take me out  
for ice cream  
next Tuesday.

I thought  
that possibly it was  
for real  
(this time).

So I waited:  
Saturday,  
Sunday,  
then Monday evening.

But on Tuesday morning,  
he didn't come;  
no red car pulled up  
at the curb.

*I'm sorry,*  
he said blankly  
the following morning;  
*I forgot.*

*Yes, maybe you forgot,*  
I challenged  
inside my head;  
*But I won't.*



# THE BLANKET

BY AVA SIEBELINK

When darkness above closes in  
and doors shut tight against it,  
I turn to you.

I wrap myself in your warm thick folds,  
never minding the threads that dangle from the corners  
like loose hairs.

Your colors may be faded  
and your texture softened by age,  
but in that your beauty increases tenfold.

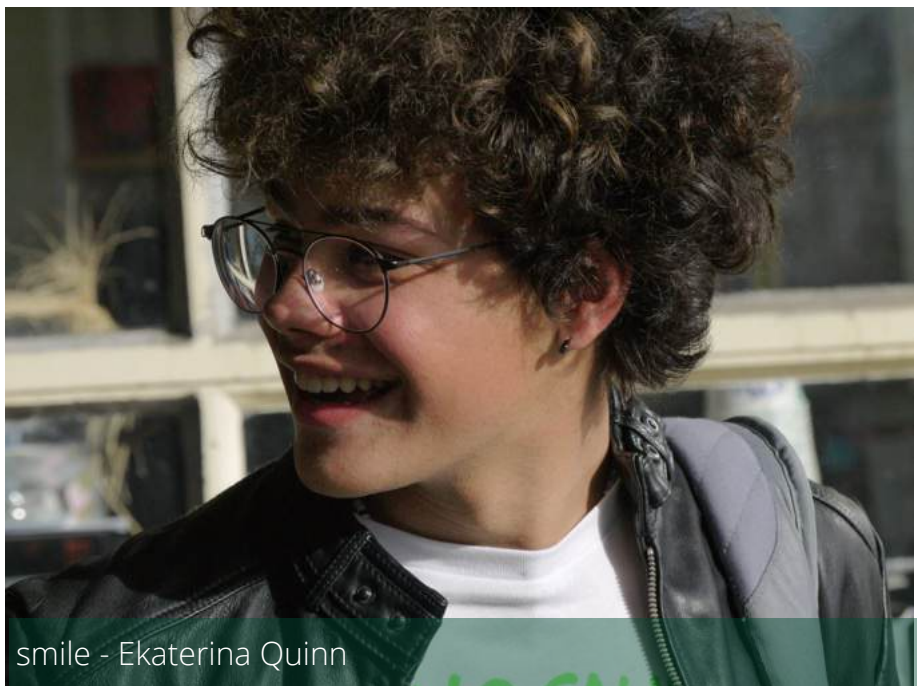
And while I can't claim you as a refuge or savior,  
you remind me of things that are important.

In your folds, the memories of vanished people live on.

In your folds, I can expect to find consistency, warmth, and love.

In your folds, I am comforted from the harshness of life.

In your folds, I can drift off to sleep;  
not blinded to the darkness outside,  
but with conscious of the light.



smile - Ekaterina Quinn



# *A SHORT HISTORY OF DOUGHNUTS*

BY LAUREN BARTON

To my fellow Rhetoric II classmates reading this, they might view this article as an inside joke. However, aside from the fact that I promised my classmates a doughnut-based article, I thought that this would be an interesting topic to dive into.

What makes a doughnut (or “donut” if you prefer), and where did they originate from?

A typical doughnut is made from sugar, water, yeast, flour, salt, butter, eggs, vanilla extract, and vegetable oil -- it’s basically just fried dough. According to Delish, it can take 2 hours and 15 minutes to make a grand total of 16 doughnuts, which may be a valuable way to spend your time if you’re a doughnut freak like my sister, who insisted upon marrying a Dunkin’ Donuts employee for free food when she was younger.

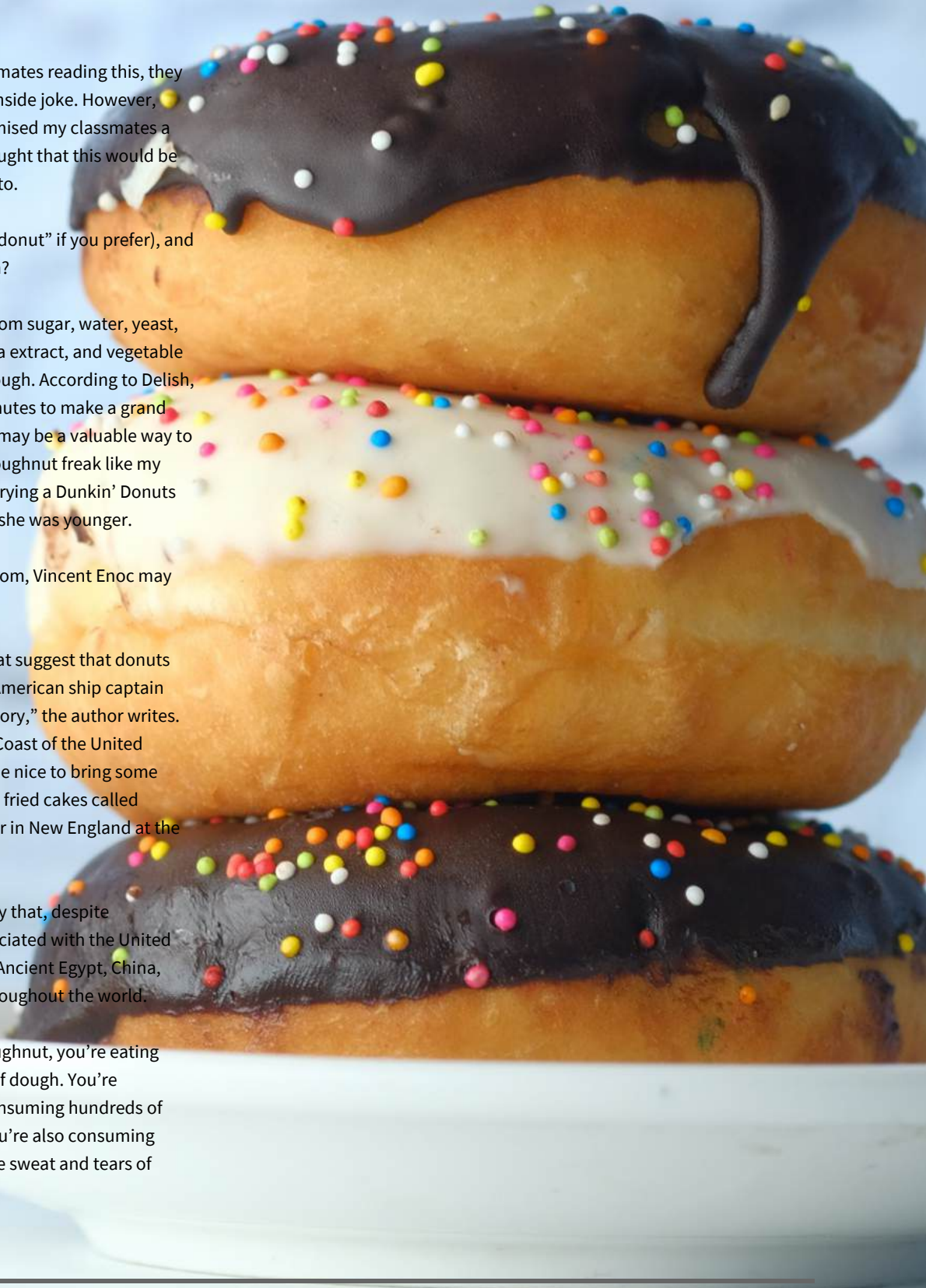
As to where they originated from, Vincent Enoc may have an idea.

“...There are some records that suggest that donuts were invented in 1847 by an American ship captain named Hanson Crockett Gregory,” the author writes. “He was on a trip to the East Coast of the United States and thought it would be nice to bring some treats. He was inspired by the fried cakes called ‘downuts’ which were popular in New England at the time.”

The article then goes on to say that, despite doughnuts being mainly associated with the United States, they also have ties to Ancient Egypt, China, and many other countries throughout the world.

Whenever you’re eating a doughnut, you’re eating more than just a sugary ball of dough. You’re consuming culture. You’re consuming hundreds of years worth of history. But you’re also consuming thousands of calories (and the sweat and tears of doughnut-makers).

*See references on last page.*



# FASCINATING FUNGI

BY CLARE MCGLAUGHLIN

When you think of an interesting and cool creature perhaps dinosaurs, great whales, and tarantulus come to mind. However, people rarely think of fungi which are fascinating despite the fact that many people underappreciate them.

Fungi are eukaryotic heterotrophs meaning they don't make their own food through photosynthesis, despite their plant-like appearance, instead, they consume food. However, they don't consume food like many animals do, instead, they break down food outside of their bodies and then ingest the nutrients. They digest and then ingest. This is both fascinating and freaky, considering we are used to the concept of ingestion before digestion. Fungi grow hyphae, which are chains of cells and form mycelium. Fungi can eventually form a fruiting body that is made up of hyphae and which is the structure that often comes to mind when we think of fungi.

One of the most recognizable types of fungi is the mushroom. According to Britannica, mycelium can shoot out hyphae forming a circle from which mushrooms grow out in what is known as a "fairy ring." These fairy rings are normally 6 ft but can get up to 1,200 ft. Mushrooms are usually symbolized by a red toadstool with white dots, amanita muscaria, or, according to Britannica, more commonly known as fly agaric after their use as fly poison. Despite the pretty appearance of these fungi, they are not safe to eat and often cause hallucinogenic effects, though they are rarely fatal. Furthermore, they can be detoxified and eaten (this should only be attempted by a professional).

Another less-known type of mushroom is the Lactarius Indigo or the Indigo Milk Cap. This is a beautiful, sometimes poisonous mushroom that, according to the Missouri Department of Conservation, grows in oak and pine woods. These fungi often live in a symbiotic relationship with trees, meaning they help the trees by covering the roots and thereby allowing them to absorb more water and nutrients. In return, the fungi get some of the nutrients. These mushrooms have a unique blue color and are recognizable by the blue substance they emit when cut. Some of these mushrooms in the Lactarius family are not edible, but the Lactarius Indigo is.

An additional interesting type of fungi is tremellales or jelly fungi. According to Utah State University they are rubbery and seaweed-like. Some of them can be eaten and used in soups. They come in a variety of shades, including white, orange, brown, and pink. Some

of them look (as one might suspect) like distorted jelly. Others curl about to form almost flower-petal like shapes. All in all, the next time you go outside, maybe try to look around and pay attention to the tragically ignored fungi kingdom. Though don't try to eat anything without an expert!



Oil painting of a Flower-Adalee Baird

# I TAKE YOUR NAME

BY CAROLINE DIEHL

“You may now kiss the bride,” the reverend announced with a smile on his face. I turned to Jason –now my husband– and leaned to where he was sitting up in the bed. He kissed me, and the other guests in the room cheered and clapped. Jason whispered words softly, only to me, and my smile grew brighter as my happiness, despite everything, overflowed.

I stood up from the chair I had been sitting in during the ceremony. “Thank you all for coming,” I said to the few guests that could fit in the bedroom, “There are some refreshments in the kitchen, but *my husband*,” I couldn’t hold back my grin as I said those two words together at last, “needs his rest.”

“I will take care of them, Charlotte,” my mother said, coming to my side and kissing me on the cheek, “Congratulations.”

“Thank you, mother,” I hugged her, and she led the other guests out.

I helped Jason lay down again, but before he fell asleep, he said, “You didn’t have to do that.”

“Do what?” I asked as I sat down in the chair I had become so accustomed to, which was now the one I had been married in.

“Marry me. Like this. This isn’t the wedding...” he paused as he coughed, “This isn’t the wedding little girls dream of.”

“I know, but I wanted to. And anyway... we talked about this beforehand.”

“I know, I just... feel bad. You shouldn’t...” he coughed again, “Have to go through this. And if I do die... what was the point?”

“Don’t say that!” I said sharply, “I love you, Jason Barnhum, and if you do happen to succumb to this illness, if God decides your time on this earth is done, I will proudly carry your name.”

He blinked, and tears came to his eyes, “You’re amazing, Charlotte. Thank you.”

I smiled, feeling my own eyes fill with tears, then I took his hand and prayed with him as I let them flow. I’m not sure what I said, but I felt as if a burden was lifted afterwards. Even Jason, when I opened my eyes, looked more at peace.

“Now rest,” I said, “I love you.”

“I love you too, Mrs. Charlotte Barnhum,” he said with a smile as he fell asleep.

Two days later, Jason passed away. I had been married to him for a total of three days, but I didn’t regret my decision to marry him while he was on his deathbed. I was proud to take his name, in life or in death, and though “till death do we part” came much sooner than I would have liked, I knew that my Jason was safe in heaven and that God was with me through any trials that came next.

—  
*Author’s Note:*

I didn’t come up with this sad scene on my own. Recently, I was looking at some historical newspapers for a class, and I found a brief story titled “Clerk Takes Bride On His Deathbed” in an afternoon edition of *The Washington Times* from February, 1918. It’s really sad, but also amazing to see that they were still so insistent on marriage. I think that’s what stuck out to me, so after I completed my actual assignment, I ended up writing this brief scene to show that. Thanks for reading, and I hope you enjoyed it!



Balance-Karys Coppedge

# GLOVES

BY ADELEE BAIRD

It was cold. The type of cold that settles into your bones. That makes you shiver no matter how many coats you put on or blankets you wrap around yourself. My breath came out in short white puffs, fading away only to be replaced by the next breath.

I rubbed my palms together, trying to warm them up. I sat on the bench, waiting for the bus to arrive. I wiggled my fingers, and pulled my beanie lower. I was still cold. I'd forgotten gloves, so my fingers were the coldest, the tips turning a slightly strange color. It was a bit alarming.

"You forgot your gloves."

I opened my mouth to tell the kid that, *No, I didn't, obviously, I'm just keeping them in my pocket.* But it fell off my lips as I realized the kid wasn't someone I knew. Well, I knew who he was, but I didn't know him personally. He was a transfer student, I forgot where he came from, I'd stopped paying attention about halfway through the introduction.

I couldn't remember what his name was either, something with a K, or was it an M? "I'm Milo." Ah, an M then.

"Kassie," I said, nodding at him and continuing to rub my hands together.

"I've seen you around the school." Well, that wasn't creepy or anything.

"Yeah...I go there," I said slowly, unsure how you respond when someone says they've been watching you.

The kid, Milo, began to pull his gloves off. Slowly and precisely, one finger at a time. I watched him, scrunching my eyebrows up. Then he handed them to me, smiling tentatively. I opened my mouth to refuse, but he seemed to read my mind and answered first. "My coat sleeves are super long, and I have big pockets. Use my gloves."

I stared at him, then I pulled the gloves on. They were warm, the outside was some type of leather, while the inside was downy fluff. It tickled my skin, but it was nice and warm. "Thanks."

"No problem," He smiled again. He had a nice smile, perfect, with straight, pearly white teeth.

We waited in silence as the bus arrived. We both climbed on board, I was going to sit with my friends, but when I saw Milo sit alone, I sat next to him.

"Can I sit here?"

He nodded, smiling again. He smiled a lot, like, a lot, I wasn't sure if I liked it. I sat down, putting my hands in my lap. I still wore his gloves, they were nice gloves. "Do you want your gloves back now?" I asked.

He shook his head, "I have another pair at home, keep them."

I stared at him, he stared back. Neither of us blinked.

Finally, I looked away. He won. I don't know what he won, but he won.

When the bus pulled up to the school we stood up, Milo spoke first. "See you at lunch?"

This time I was the one who smiled, "Yeah, see you at lunch."



Travel Fantasy - Sheridan Stewart

# PHOTOGRAPHY



Capitol of Reflection- Sarah Beth Syfrett



Sealine Beach Shore in Qatar- Maryam Ashrafi



Sunset from the backyard- Maryam Ashrafi



Bonfire at Scout Camp- Maryam Ashrafi

# FLOWER PHOTOS



Purple Pansy- Clare McGlaughlin



Tiger Eyes- Clare McGlaughlin



Pinky Pansy- Clare McGlaughlin

# MEDUSA

BY FRIDA CORONA WERNER

Beautiful.  
He called me beautiful, at first.  
It was a wrong thing that we did, going  
Behind her back, behind  
Wisdom's all-seeing eye, but  
He called me beautiful.  
And I believed him.

I never thought I was  
Much to look upon.  
Sea-green eyes and sunlit hair.  
Smiling roses for lips, he called them  
Beautiful.  
I was ne'er beautiful.

In the dead of night he crept into the temple,  
Her temple,  
whilst I was on the watch.  
Abandoning my post for  
Unrequited love— how stupid was I!  
Ignoring the warnings of  
Sage Athena,  
Minerva; she who watches and waits,  
Then strikes!— like a python.

We loved for many months, the  
Sea and I, in  
Countless nights of  
Sheltered myst.

I was ignorant in my blissful stupor,  
“Naïve little Medusa,” said sisters Euryale and Sthenno, “you are  
Too oblivious to the  
Revenge of the sea.”  
And in turn the revenge of the owl.

Then she changed me.  
My hair turned to the python that fears no man—  
that strikes! when the time is at hand.  
My papyrus skin turned emerald green, my eyes?  
two embers in the grass.  
And wings like a bat's grew from my shoulders,  
boar turns jutted from my curling upper lip.  
Accursed was I to live forever— haunting men with my  
Stone-cold stare.

Poseidon, Earth-Shaker, fled from my tears,  
And I slunk away to hide underground,  
Sheltered by kindred sisters who suffered  
Such similar fates by her hand.  
Never again. To forget what they did—  
The gods have no mercy!—no mercy for me!

All but Minerva, sage Athena;  
she had saved a last kindness for my soul, and  
Employed sir Perseus to dispatch of me, Medusa, she that is  
Pregnant with  
Child impure.  
One shield shining with might, one  
Cut he fell too deep!—  
He took my life, Perseus who wed Andromeda,  
whilst I was heavy with a babe.  
Pegasus and Chrysaor brought up alone, but  
He couldn't care. The Wise couldn't care.  
And yet I am alive, immortal.  
Underneath the cloak of Athena,  
I am still here.  
Invincible for yet another day.



Sylvie (Graphite on paper) - Sophia Rabbideau



Antelope Canyon Photo - Natalie Stephens

## *A WOMAN'S LAMENT*

BY SHERIDAN STEWART

If I was Cinderella,  
I wouldn't wait for a fella'  
Or a fairy to come fix my problems,  
I'd be strong if I was young Ella.  
If I was Snow White,  
I wouldn't have taken that bite,  
And when the old woman offered me that apple, I wouldn't have been so polite.  
If I was Ariel, under the sea,  
I would have listened to my heart's plea,  
Instead of striking a deal with the witch of the water, I'd have swam to see  
if the suitor was for me.  
If I was Rapunzel, up in a tower,  
I wouldn't just sit there and cower,  
And my hair would be to my shoulders,  
Independence would be my superpower.  
If I was a princess,  
I would change lots of things,  
I wouldn't want my story to end,  
With being saved by a man.



Blue Dawn - Travis Barker



# DO YOU REMEMBER

BY RANA SARAN

do you remember when  
the tides echoed the moon  
the planets followed their stars  
the gravity of us was not far apart?

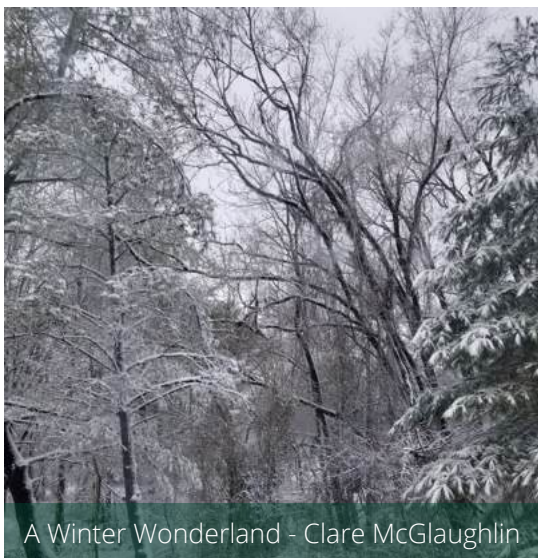
do you remember when  
the clouds littered the sky  
the wind whispered as it passed us by  
the air we breathed was the same?

do you remember when  
the sprouts tore out of the ground  
the seeds grew into trees  
the growth we shared was something we could perceive?

do you remember when  
everything was natural  
everything was right  
you were not torn from me?

do you remember when  
no oceans divided us  
no unshared time broke us apart  
when there was you and i and you and i?

do you remember?



A Winter Wonderland - Clare McGlaughlin

# CATCHING SMOKE

BY SOPHIA RABBIDEAU

Fleeting flashes of light –  
gone. A book snatched out of my hands.  
gone. A day marked off a calendar.  
the story already fading, blurry faces slipping  
Leaving me behind to wonder –  
what it all means

Two young girls playing the piano,  
arguing over nothing, laughing at the little things –  
Oblivious.  
Innocent.  
Pictures flash before my eyes,  
a movie they failed to stitch together  
or perhaps they did, only it's in a foreign language.

a girl writing a poem about birds –  
birds on the beach.  
an orange cat running –  
a skein of purple yarn in her mouth.  
A boy laughing –  
A cardboard castle –

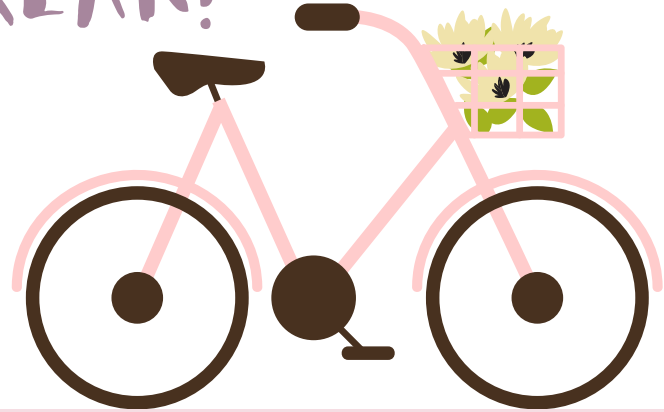
It's all so fragile. Too fragile  
for this false reality.

It's all too fleeting, it's all too short.  
Draw the rubbish out of the piles and make myself a throne.  
A throne built of bones  
A crown atop my head of discarded, unwanted things  
all that the past has made me.  
So, I can pretend I'm something I'm not.  
A queen, a conqueror, a courageous defiant –  
anything but a scared little girl.

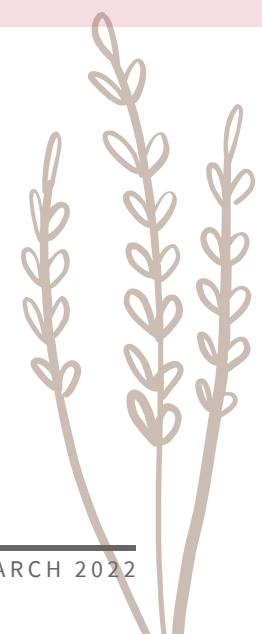
And I'll make you a crown as well  
and we'll sit here, side by side –  
too imaginary to be real  
Wondering who we were.  
Wondering who we are.



# SPRING BREAK!



Submit a short article for April's edition about what you did over the Well-Trained Mind's Spring Break for a chance to be featured in the "Spring Break" section! Make sure to put "Spring Break" in the title. We won't be able to fit everything, but if you don't see yours in April it might show up in the next edition!





Answers to  
February's  
Crossword!  
(Provided by Natalie  
Stephens)

Puzzles and More!  
(to come)

HA  
HA

What did one hat say to the other hat?

"You stay here, I'll go on a head"

Why can't you explain puns to a kleptomaniac?

They will take everything literally

What does Charles Dickens always keep on his spice  
rack?

The best of thymes and the worst of thymes

Submit your best joke to be potentially featured in the April Issue!

# Pet of the Month



**SPORK THE THREE YEAR OLD NIGERIAN DWARF GOAT ENJOYS CAUSING MISCHIEF AROUND HIS FARM AND WOULD BINGE WATCH THE SHOW "MY KITCHEN RULES," AS HE IS A FAN OF FINE CUISINE. CONGRATULATIONS SPORK!**

## Runners-up!



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

## Upcoming Deadlines

**April 6: Submissions for the April Issue and Pet of the Month Entries due**

**April 13: Top 5 Pet of the Month Poll Closes**

**April 25: Issue III!**

**April 29: Submissions due for the May Issue**



## Special Submissions

### Spring Break Favorite Song

### Best Joke

Make sure to put what you're submitting it for in the title!

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

***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 :)

# REFERENCES

ENOC, VINCENT. "HISTORY OF DOUGHNUTS: FROM ANCIENT CULTURE TO MODERN CRAVINGS." VINCENT ENOC, NOVEMBER 21, 2021, [HTTPS://VINCENTENOC.COM/THE-HISTORY-OF-DOUGHNUTS/](https://vincentenoc.com/the-history-of-doughnuts/).

