

The Tiger Tribune

Letter From The Editor: Welcome to the January issue of the *Tiger Tribune*! This month brings to us the start of the new year, with a whole lot more to do, and a whole lot more to be grateful for. This month's articles discuss various topics, from polyglots to fictitious plots. Our writers have also researched a lot about what January has to offer, as you may see in some of the articles about this month.

As always, we look forward to new ideas, creative writing, and more writers, so do think about joining the *Tiger Tribune* and making change with your writing! We wish you all a happy month and look forward to more writing escapades with you all! Enjoy this issue!

Sincerely,
Sana Basheer
Editor-in-Chief
The Tiger Tribune

January Survey/ Staff Question

By Amir Chermat

How would you define a "normal" life? What would your ideal life be like?

Emily Moy	Umm....not being in the coronavirus stuck at home and being at school. It is similar right now to my life, but after this is over (will it be?) then maybe it will be more different.
Melody Moy	Not being in quarantine. Now that I'm in quarantine, maybe it doesn't match my ideal life as much anymore.
Abdallah Khan	There is no such thing as a normal life, since the term "normal" is relative and varies per individual. In other words, it's not possible to standardize life, since it's completely unique. With that said, my definition of a normal life is a life that is lived through benefiting oneself with good without causing others harm. And, when that life reaches its end, the person that has lived such a life can look back to it on their deathbed with satisfaction that they lived the best life they could have ever lived. This is my definition for a "normal" life as well as my perception of an ideal life.
Mohammad Khan	A normal life would be without coronavirus, and with much more parties. :). And yes, it does match my ideal life.
Omar	A normal life for an adult would be going to work and then do whatever you want to after coming back home. For a child it would be doing your school work and going out for sports. Since I do exactly that, I would say I have a normal life.
Sahar Farooq	"Normal" life, in my opinion, is the standard, typical life that most people have, which mainly consists of everyday routines that almost everyone in society has. I like to think of myself not exactly as "abnormal", but more towards the "unique" side only because I try to keep myself away from many of society's norms. "Normal"

	life does not at all match my ideal life because I strive to be different from everyone else in society, and it is my differences that define me and make me who I am.
Amir	If we were to go by the logic that humans are animals, a normal life would be one in which we accomplish nothing but eat and reproduce. This absolutely does not match my ideal life, because I believe that for one reason or another humans are different from common animals and have the potential to be greater.

National Thank You Month

by Emily Moy

Thank you! We say this all the time to people, and I am saying it again: Thank you so much! Thank you for reading this article, thank you for reading the whole of the Tiger Tribune, thank you to all of the wonderful writers, thank you to our Managers, thank you to the ES's, thank you for our parents/guardians....The list could go on, and on, and on.

I'm sure you have a lot to be thankful about. I'm sure you say thank you a lot, too. If you don't say it too often, say it to everybody! Why? Because everybody has made an impact on somebody's life. Even you, walking by, maybe offering a smile, have made a small encouraging impact. And all of those tiny impacts make one big difference, even if you can't really see it.

So saying thank you to somebody, like the cashier at the gross grocery store, or the garbage man, will really brighten up their day! I really hope you do that, because so many people need that in their lives. More than you can imagine! Especially in these coronavirus times, and in the depressing winter. So say thank you, today!

Polyglots

By Husna Basheer

Have you ever heard of a polyglot? Polyglots are people who have learned more than just two or three languages. Polyglots can speak fluently in multiple languages and can understand and communicate with others in them. Nowadays, there are very few polyglots and most of them are not known.

Learning new languages is complicated and some require months or years of practice. Polyglots have to learn grammar and pronunciation if they want to learn how to speak a new language. If they also want to learn how to read and write, they have to learn the alphabet and the letters or characters in the language. They also have to constantly practice the other languages they learned so they don't forget them. Even though it is very time consuming, there are some people who kept practicing and learned many new languages.

The youngest polyglot in the world is Timothy Doner. Timothy learned and mastered over 15 languages by the age of 16. He used flashcards and made lists to help him learn different vocabulary and practiced by speaking to people in the languages he learned. He also would post videos of himself practicing his languages on his youtube channel, Polyglot Pal. Now, Timothy is 25 years old and can speak over 20 languages! Becoming a polyglot sounds very hard, but if you keep practicing and trying, you can

become one!

Source: <http://brainprick.com/timothy-doner-the-worlds-youngest-polyglot/>

National Soup Month

By: Anaya Cambridge

For the month of January, there aren't any national holidays going on other than on New Year's Day. As the weather cools down and the change from autumn to winter approaches, it's a necessity to have a warm bowl of soup as we welcome the seasons change. National Soup Month takes place in January, and in my opinion, this is the best month to have soup regularly since January is arguably the coldest month here in California. Other than it being completely dark outside by 4:00 p.m. and completely messing up my productivity level, being able to take a break from homework to make a variety of delicious soups for the family is rather fun and interesting. Did you know there are five soup groups and specifications? There is: Broth, Consommé, Puree, Velouté, Cream, Bisque, and Chowder. Now I'm sure you are familiar with a few of these types of soups such as Broth, Cream, and Chowder. But did you know that the seasonal soup Autumn Squash Soup is a Puree soup? That one is one of my family's favorites at Panera. There are many more soups out there and there are plenty of recipes available online, I know "Campbell's Kitchen" has plenty of recipes available. I hope you all get a chance to make your own homemade soups for this oddly very cold California winter.

"NATIONAL SOUP MONTH - January." National Day Calendar, 12 May 2020, nationaldaycalendar.com/national-soup-month-january/.

"Celebrate National Soup Month." Campbell's Kitchen, 2 Jan. 2020, www.campbells.com/kitchen/recipe-collections/celebrate-national-soup-month/.

The Discovery of DNA

By Lucas Jorrick

Many scientists around the world pitched in to discover DNA. It was discovered over many years with the help of many scientists. Its discovery was near one-hundred years long. During that hundred year long wait, many scientists did work that was groundbreaking for the world.

It all started in 1869 when a physiological chemist named Friedrich Miescher discovered what he called Nuclein inside of a white blood cell. He first figured it out when he was looking for the many different proteins within the cell. He was going to wash out any of the leukocytes to get to the proteins. He then realized that what he was looking at had a very different chemical compound than a protein.



Years later in 1919, a scientist named Phoebus Levene published a paper about the Nucleic Acids. His research helped the years of discovering DNA. He figured out that DNA is made up of sugars, phosphate groups and then four nitrogen-containing bases called Adenine, Thymine, Guanine, and Cytosine. In the years of his career, no scientist knew how the DNA was arranged in someone's body. He figured out how the sugars and phosphate groups were put together into the DNA.

After that in 1953, people named James Watson and Francis Crick figured out what the DNA looked like. They used X-rays to look at the structure. They figured out it was like a two-sided ladder. It also had an alternate name for it called a double helix. It had bases which were in the middle of the DNA that continued up for how long the DNA went.

The years of finding DNA was an exciting century. It had many other scientists who weren't even mentioned. They all helped the discovery. The many scientists around the world did good work to further mankind's knowledge.

Sources:

Pray, L. A. (2008). Discovery of DNA Structure and Function: Watson and Crick. Retrieved 2008, from <https://www.nature.com/scitable/topicpage/discovery-of-dna-structure-and-function-watson-397/>

ScienceFusion: Student Edition Interactive Worktext Module A Module A: Cells and Heredity 2017 1st Edition by Houghton Mifflin Harcourt

I Couldn't Think of a Title

By Abdallah Khan

Hey kids, did you know that if you're short of time when writing an essay, much like myself as of now, you can get an AI (Artificial Intelligence) bot to write it for you?

It's true! Technology has been evolving throughout the past few decades, and now in 2020, internet bots are able to generate stories that are actually pretty hilarious to read. They are often very incoherent, but always worth a laugh. So, without further ado, let me present a story that an AI wrote for me based on a prompt I gave it, which is the first sentence below in the bold font. The story had some gaps in the middle, so I had to edit it somewhat. But anyways, enjoy this extremely low-effort article.

Disclaimer: Please ignore the part where I said "essay" and don't use these bots on homework assignments, as that would be cheating.

It was a bright, and sunny night. John and Matt looked at the sky, and nearly went blind from the sheer brilliance of the light from above. Even though their vision had become impaired by the vast amount of photons, they could tell that what they were looking at was not a plane. In fact, it looked like an enormous star. It was moving fast. Like, really fast. When they were turning away from it, Matt felt a slight deceleration, and John heard what sounded like an explosion. The whole house rattled.

"Is that gunfire?" asked Matt. "We should check it out," said John. He scooped them both into the basement, the sub-basement. Matt didn't know why his socks and he were down there, but they were. Matt thought they might have gotten some of their stuff together, but that wasn't the case. They just were. John had him search through the trash bins. Matt shook his head. John was such a worrywart. Their simple plan was simple. Take everything they could find and the RV would be gone. Well, without John. John grabbed Matt's arm and tugged him to a corner. Matt looked up and saw the gun.

John smiled. It was his. Matt almost smiled, but he didn't want John to get the idea that it was funny to play with guns. It was just like the gun shop, the night Matt found it and now, here he was with it. He shook his head, trying to repress the traumatic memories of the past.

John pushed him towards the door, already telling Matt that he shouldn't be stealing, that it was too dangerous, that they were going to be the ones who were going to be in trouble when they got caught. He grabbed Matt's hand and brought him to the police car, the gun still in his hand. The police car ride was uncomfortable, it was uncomfortable and hot and quiet, like that moment when you fall asleep with a pillow on your face.

"Look, Matt. All I want you to do is just try and get home. We'll get you a bunch of painkillers and we'll call for an ambulance. Your neck is really hurting. I've given you my card. I'm right up the road if you need anything."

"I don't think I can move my neck," Matt whispered. He was right. "Alright, but it's not easy. I can probably get you home," said the officer who used to be John. I don't want to go home. I don't want to die," Matt continued, as if it had never crossed his mind that maybe he wouldn't. Please, can you just drop me off out here? I'll walk from here. I'm sorry," he pleaded with the officer. "I really don't see what difference it makes where you're dropped off. It's not like you're going to go to jail. We'll get a warrant for your arrest if you don't show up for court tomorrow. I'm not turning you loose until I talk to the captain. And then I want you to tell him exactly what you told me," the officer replied angrily. Matt thought about what he should do. He thought and thought and thought, until his head exploded. Then he suddenly realized. He wanted to sleep.

So, he slept. The officer was angry, but there was nothing he could do. His hands were tied, after all. After what seemed like an eternity of milliseconds, Matt woke up with a freshly regrown head, and yawned. The yawn was massive. So massive, the officer was blown miles away, and the entire city's cows screamed with fearful jealousy. Matt laughed with a twinkle in his eyes and a sneer on his lips. "Here's Johnny!". Then, with a pleased look at the destruction he had dealt to the city with nothing but his own two feet, he cast the flaming straw from his lips, and tossed it into the sewer.

"I ain't got time to bleed," he remarked coolly as he strolled off into the illuminating darkness of yesterday's night.

Claws Part 3, Chapter 1

by Mohammed Khan

Two years later....

Splash! Haze fell into a small puddle nearby and a group of nearby tigers sneered at her. Haze stood back and shook her fur. A tiger came to her, a big tiger with muscles but small claws.

"Don't worry Haze, they are just mad because they aren't allowed to come hunting. "

"Thanks, Jack."

She was grateful that he was her brother. He always helped her out when she was in trouble.

"It's almost time to go hunting. Go dry your fur and come to the left side of camp. We will go from there."

Haze dried off inside her den and went off to meet her brother at the left side. The camp was a round grassy hollow, surrounded by trees which grew as umbrellas to protect them from the rain. If there was lots of rain, they had their own dens, which were completely covered except for the entrance which had leaves as a curtain. The leader (Strong) had the biggest den, even though he was only one tiger. Every time a tiger caught some food they had to give half of the whole kill to him. He was almost always inside his den, and he barely cared about his own clan. Many times Jack and Haze thought about causing a revolution, but most of the tigers liked Strong's ways and would have been shocked at the idea. Once Jack had tried to sneak behind Strong to kill him, but then his personal bodyguard tigers suddenly appeared out of nowhere and began watching him with suspicion in their eyes, and he quickly acted like he was merely looking in awe at his enormous size (Strong had gained weight and was extremely obese now). The guards weren't too bright, so they assumed it was a compliment and let him go. But Strong surely must have suspected something, because the day after, Strong made him clean up the whole clan ground by scratching dirt over the old one as a punishment. And on top of that he didn't let Jack sleep the whole night, because he made him the next one for the watch. He made sure he didn't sleep a single second for he was watching him the whole night. Jack remembered that memory with a shudder.

"Hey Jack, you okay?"

Jack got startled and replied, "Er... Yeah. Let's go hunting now." He hoped that hunting would take his mind off the matters of the camp for a while. He walked out through the front entrance of the camp and suddenly started running as soon as he was out of sight of the guards.

Haze scrambled forward to catch up with Jack, and she said, "Jack! Where are you going?"

Jack didn't reply, just kept running. He finally stopped after some time.

Haze asked him, "Where are we?"

Jack panted and said, "The edge of our camp. It's rarely ever checked, and even if someone does come, they won't see us." Jack went forward to a wall of trees and squeezed between them. Haze did the same. The next thing Haze saw she was so surprised she lost all of her breath. They were in a cave, and it was filled with tigers. Haze saw that there was a huge rock on the end of the cave. On top of it was a tiger, not any normal tiger, a huge one. Its muscles were huge, and it was sharpening its claws on the rock. Haze noticed that the claws were huge, much bigger than Strong's. As the tiger sharpened its claws on the rock, Haze saw that the rock had huge scratches on them. Haze was still staring at the tiger when suddenly it gave a terrifying roar, so loud that Haze's ears still rang with the roar even after it was done.

The tiger said, "Tigers of ArrowTip! The time has come that we select a deputy for our camp."

Many of the tigers sat upright at those words. Many of them got excited and unsheathed and sheathed their claws.

“But before we get to that, I would like to introduce two guests from another camp. They will introduce themselves now.”

Jack nodded at Haze and she walked toward Jack. Her legs were trembling so hard, she was surprised how she was even standing. They walked toward the rock and Jack leaped on it, next to the big tiger. Haze leaped too but missed the top by an inch. She quickly grabbed it with her claws and hoisted herself up.

Jack said, “My name is Jack. I am originally from your clan. I was taken away however, by the cruel leader of Camp Dusk. His name is Strong.”

Many tigers laughed when they heard what Camp Dusk’s leader’s name was.

Jack, encouraged by this, continued, “Strong’s ways are cruel. He orders that whatever prey caught by any tiger must be halved with him. That way half of the clan is starved. One of our tigers has even died of starvation, and Strong still didn’t even give him food then. That tiger was my friend.”

Jack’s throat choked for a second, but he continued. “We must do something to Dusk. But it won’t be easy. Strong has 15 bodyguards. They are all experienced and are strong. They all take shifts. There are always 10 bodyguards guarding his den. His den is a big one. There are 3 paths inside his den. One of them will lead to the camp wall, which is all thorns. They can use it as a trap. The other one leads to the river. It is the longest and it is easy to get lost in. The last one is Strong’s actual den. It has a long path, but it is not as long as the river one. Its walls have thorns on them. At the start it has thorns too. At the entrance he has 5 guards. In the path he has 2 guards. At the end where he stays he has 3. He always keeps them trained, and he feeds them fat deer at times when the whole camp is starving. But, even with his camp starving, they still serve him. They have gotten used to being skinny, and they practice skills with Strong every day.”

Jack paused for a moment, seeing the reaction of the tigers. They were all listening. He continued, “He has 30 well-trained tigers. There are 10 tigers that are too old to fight and just sit in the den and starve. There are 8 cubs. He trains them well each day. Strong sends a patrol of 10 tigers each day all around the camp to see if anyone has been intruding. And that’s all his tigers. His camp is huge. There are trees, moss, rocks, and thick grass everywhere. They make good hiding spots. And I guess that’s all that you need to know about him and his camp. You may introduce yourself and choose the deputy.”

The big tiger had been listening to Jack the whole time. Now he spoke.

“Jack has told us everything that we needed. From this day we will practice for a battle. Now, my name is Saber. I am the leader of ArrowTip. Today, we are choosing our deputy. He must be strong, wise, and kind. With that being said, I am choosing,”

Saber paused for a moment, scanning all the tigers. “Jack.”

To be continued...

National Volunteer Blood Donor Month

By Amir Chermat

According to the American Red Cross, a person will need blood in the U.S. every two seconds. Donating blood is a lifesaving process, and the month of January is used to bring awareness to it. Unlike many of the other things that doctors use to help their patients, blood cannot be synthesized. The only way for patients in need to receive this vital resource is through kind donors. So long as you are at least sixteen years old and one-hundred and ten pounds, you can register with the American Red Cross to become a blood donor. Although people with the blood type O are the most valued, as their blood can be used with anyone, any donated blood is much appreciated. The Red Cross states that one donation can save up to three lives. For more information on donating blood as a student, see the following links.

<https://www.redcrossblood.org/content/dam/redcrossblood/controlled-documents/rapidpass/Student-Guide-Blood-Donation.pdf>

Blood Needs & Blood Supply. (n.d.). Retrieved November 30, 2020, from <https://www.redcrossblood.org/donate-blood/how-to-donate/how-blood-donations-help/blood-needs-blood-supply.html>

Picture from the Oregon Dairy

<https://www.oregondairy.com/event/community-blood-drive-friday-may-5>

Wintry Air

By Melody Moy

Through the frosty
Wintry air
Came a chill so fair
Have you been there?
Everywhere there is
Chilly
frosty
wintry
air. Empty trees
wind blowing
Rain plowing
in the
Chilly
Frosty
wintry air.



happy new year

Rain

By Melody Moy

Rain is
Pouring
My heart is
soaring
Rain
Hail
can come over our land
Hail
Do not bail
feel like we could sail in this rain
Do not fail
And get a pail
Rain
Rain was pelting
tearing at the door
I was inside
Reading
Wondering is it there anymore?
Thunder-crash.
Lightning!
Then came the hail. The storm prevailed.

Extracurriculars and More

Interested in joining us or other, similar, clubs?
Check out these club flyers to find out how you could be part of something extraordinary!



2021

The Letterbox

Now, readers like you are able to contribute suggestions, fun facts, jokes and comments for improvement to our newsletter! All you have to do is email your contribution to tiger_tribune@cwcharter.org with your name and grade level and check here next time our newsletter comes out!

This is ideal for those of you who don't necessarily want to or have time to commit to becoming staff writers; however, if you *would* like to become one of our regular staff writers, please email us at tiger_tribune@cwcharter.org with your name, age, and grade level. We look forward to working with you!

