

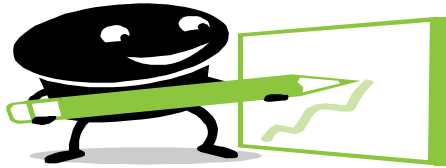
The Tiger Times

Issue 17: March, 2014

Picture Contests Of WINchester! INVITATION BY THE ACTION NEWS TEAM

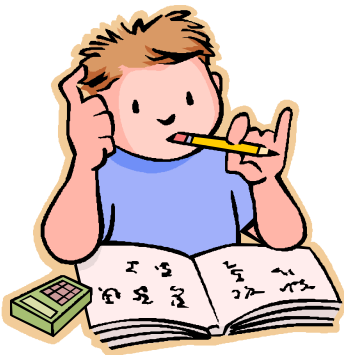
THEME: 'WHERE THE WILD THINGS ARE' ILLUSTRATION MUST DEPICT YOUR OWN ILLUSTRATION OF WHERE THE WILD THINGS ARE.

THE TOP THREE DRAWINGS WILL BE DECIDED BY THE ACTION NEWS TEAM. A REMINDER THAT ALL PICTURES SHOULD BE IN BLACK AND WHITE SO IT CAN BE ACCURATELY COPIED INTO THE NEXT NEWSPAPER! SUBMIT YOUR PICTURE TO THE OFFICE BY MARCH, 28TH



**SUPERIORLY YOURS,
THE ACTION NEWSERS
(WE KNOW NEWSER SOUNDS LIKE LOSERS,
BUT HONESTLY, WE'RE NOT!)**

Study Hall in School by Richard Durkee



I think that study hall should be optional for students. This could really benefit any school because it would allow students more time to complete homework and study for tests. When students take more time to study for tests, they are more likely to get good grades and understand what they are studying. A student that gets better grades is more likely to do better on tests and has a better chance of doing better in school. Study hall is also very helpful to students because they have less work to do when they get home. Getting homework done can be difficult with after-school activities taking up time.

I don't think that study hall should be mandatory, because some students feel like they don't need the time to finish homework. By not making it mandatory, you could include other activities that students could do during that time. If a student isn't assigned homework before it is study hall time, then they might not have anything to do, so they could do another activity. Students could read during the study hall time, and that could be a good break during the day. They are still getting work done because we often have to read for language arts class.

Some people say that it would be hard to fit a study hall into the day, but it is possible because lots of other schools have them. Some people also say that students without work to do would talk a lot during study hall time. I think you could fix that by supervising the study hall and by offering activities to the kids who have nothing to do. I think that study halls should be an optional choice for students because it will give them extra time to study for tests, complete homework, and do other educational activities when all of their work is finished.

A Tale from the French and Indian War

The War Drums By: Richard Durkee and Jacob Snowden

I could hear the pounding of the war drums in my ears as I marched towards Fort Duquesne. It was early morning, and the sun was in our eyes. My brother, Richard Beckett, marched easily beside me. I struggled to keep up; I tripped often and had trouble keeping pace with the other men.

I loved my brother more than anyone else. When he told me he wanted to join the militia, I told him that I would too. I couldn't bear to lose him, and that was why I was so scared when we finally arrived at Fort Duquesne.

General Braddock had told us not to be afraid in battle. That's not an easy task when your life is at stake. I think I was more afraid to lose my brother than myself.

Our company consisted of about 1,750 British regulars and 450 troops from their local militia. We got there at about 9:00 AM after four long nights of marching through the wilderness. Our drums were still beating. The English army thought that it was polite to warn the enemy before they came charging into battle. Obviously, The French and Native Americans didn't agree. They hid behind trees and surprised us.

Gun smoke was everywhere; it was very hard to see. In a matter of minutes, dead bodies and wounded soldiers lie scattered about. It was difficult to aim with our inaccurate muskets. Most of our bullets hit trees.

As the battle commenced I saw one of my comrades fall. I ran to him and stopped his bleeding with a bandage, then dragged him out of harm's way. I learned later that I had saved the poor man's life.

Around the battlefield I saw more Englishmen falling than French and Indians. We were losing. As I was shooting I saw General Braddock get shot. The other soldiers saw it too. We were given orders to flee, and young George Washington led us away.

As the battle transpired, I had not forgotten about my brother. I was constantly checking if he was still alive and breathing. He had lived through the battle of Fort Duquesne, and so had I.

When the battle ended, William Pitt became in charge of the government, which allowed us more money for food, weapons, and better generals. We were planning on attacking Quebec. We had won plenty of small battles since the Fort Duquesne.



There was only one problem with attacking Quebec: there was no easy way to cross the St. Lawrence River. Our new general, James Wolfe, surrounded the city of Quebec, which was on a cliff. He told us to search for a way across. A few days later, I found the path to the cliffs. It was very lucky, but I became famous for a while.

The battle of Quebec was very short. The French woke up to find us on the Plains of Abraham, right outside their city. They shot at us too early. We enclosed them and made them surrender within fifteen minutes. It was a victorious and glorified night.

I could hear the pounding of the war drums in my ears as I marched from Quebec, my brother safe at my side.

THE END

What's Your Story?

The Son of Vor: Part FOUR

By C.T.Hill

After training and training, I still could not transport three feet. However, the trainers were all optimists throughout my failures. When I was called to the main dungeon one day, I was not pleased or excited. I looked and saw the head operator sitting at a large desk inside the room.



“I know that you are the son of Vor,” he muttered.

I raised my eyebrow and sat down.

He sneered at me: “It was easy to determine. I mean you saw all that blood, did you not? In the presence of a demi-gods, I tend to bleed as all mortals do. You, however, are the son of Vor because you are not merely a demi-god. I suspect you have wondered at the fullness of your god-like powers. It is essential that you work with me. I had great plans for all the children here. I would also like to inform you that your father is in our custody.”

I was shocked. My father as mighty as he was surely could not be easily contained.

The operator continued: “I would also like to confess that the only reason that you all are in our fortress is because.....well, let me show you.” He grabbed me by the scruff of the neck and dragged me into a back room. I looked in and saw a dragon that was coiled up in a large jungle of rusty chains. He was asleep, therefore the leader whispered. “This is my beast. I will unleash it on the world, and the world will end. All prophecies in The Great Calendar of Quarthe foretold this. All of you will assist this thing with your skills, guiding me to victory. You all will then teleport to Asgard, giving me a great reputation to the gods.”



It sounded like a bit of a foolish and risky plan. Plus there was not a lot of thinking going on while planning. After a long moment of silence amongst us, I asked, “When does this take place?”

He laughed: “Tomorrow.”

To Be Continued.....



The Key to Success: A Math Story

By Richard Durkee

Ricardo fumbled a million things in his hands.

"Cleaning the basement is hard," he quietly complained. But he didn't mind working in the old Maclane Mansion, even if Mrs. Maclane was a little batty.

Ricardo was about to continue cleaning when something shiny caught his eye.

"A ring of keys," he said. Ricardo scrutinized the keys one by one. They were painted gold. He noticed that each one had a number on it, ranging from one through eighteen. There was also a tag on the ring that said, "Upper West Wing Keys."

"I'll see what Mrs. Maclane has to say about this," Ricardo thought, and he went in search of the old lady who owned the mansion.

He found her in the library, enjoying a book. "Mrs. Maclane, look what I found in the basement! It's a ring of keys!"

"Wow! Those are nice," she said examining them. "My grandfather told me about these, but he never told me where to find them. Apparently they unlock those rooms on the top floor on the west side of this very mansion. He even named that wing SUCCESS, but I don't know why."

"Can I go up there to see if they work?" Ricardo asked.

"Well, there are 18 rooms up there; one for each key, but they are all empty!" Of course, one of the rooms contains some sort of box I think. Although we've never been able to figure out which one, and for whatever reason, I was told the keys don't seem to work as they should."

"May I please look anyway?" Ricardo asked politely.

"Of course, but you won't find much. But if you do find anything, I'll let you keep it! After all, you've been so kind to help me clean this place!"

Ricardo eagerly ran upstairs. He tried the first door with the first key. It didn't fit.

"This is going to be harder than I thought," Ricardo groaned.

He tried the second key on the first door, without any luck. Ricardo was starting to lose hope. But he tried the third key, anyway, and Click!

"Yes!" Ricardo yelled. Ricardo opened the door, but found nothing inside. "I wonder. . . if the third key works on the first door, maybe there's a pattern," Ricardo reasoned.

After fiddling around with the keys for a while, he discovered that every three keys went in order from least to greatest with the doors. For example, doors 1, 2, and 3 open with keys 3, 2, and 1. Ricardo made a chart showing which keys went with which door.

"That means that door number 18 will open with key number 16," Ricardo said as he tried it. Once again the door made a satisfying click.

Ricardo checked every room. When he got to the seventeenth room, he was surprised to find a vault inside.



CONTINUED ON PAGE 6

HERE'S A THOUGHT!

Seatbelt Safety by Richard Durkee

40,000 deaths from car accidents happen each year. In the United States, car accidents are the number one reason for death for people ages 5-34. Half of these could be prevented by wearing a seatbelt. Seatbelts are the best way to save people during a car accident. A seatbelt must be worn properly to be effective. If you just wear the part that goes around your shoulders, then you could still easily slip out of your seatbelt. If you just wear the part that goes around your waist, then your head isn't protected from flying forward. If your car collides with something, the impact you feel is equivalent to falling three stories. There is not a single good reason to not wear a safety belt, so consider what I've told you, and then click in your seatbelt every time you get into a car. Seatbelts save lives; isn't your life worth it?



Life of Pi: A Review By: Richard Durkee



Pi and his family were going to Canada, taking all of the animals from their zoo back to India with them. They went on a large boat across the Pacific Ocean. One night, their boat sinks and Pi is left on a lifeboat with only himself, a zebra, a hyena, an orangutan, and a Bengal tiger. Within a week, the tiger eats every one of them but Pi. They have to learn to deal with each other and Pi has to feed fish to the tiger and keep his distance on a homemade raft. I really enjoyed connecting with Pi and getting stressed out every time something terrible happened to him. If you liked *My Side of the Mountain* or *Hatchet*, you will really like this book. I would give this book a nine out of ten because I really enjoyed reading about Pi's clever solutions to the problems that kept arising. One example of this is when Pi had to tame the Bengal tiger. He had experience with animals from when he helped out at the zoo. Pi's ingenious plan was to rock the boat whenever the tiger went into Pi's area. The Bengal tiger would get terribly seasick. The tiger eventually learned to stay away from Pi's area of the boat. I think you would enjoy *Life of Pi* because it teaches you a lot survival, perseverance, and human nature.

Further Ruminations of Chocolate and Its Role in Society

by Cocoa Tree Hill



Chocolate. Most of us, know it and love it, unless, of course, you are deathly allergic. But what is this treat we call chocolate? Is it just a mere suck up gift for Valentine's Day, or, perhaps, a decoy for an accidental prank? (I'm assuming you know what this 'accident' is referring to. Otherwise.....well, ask Mr.

Durr.). However, chocolate is a large portion of America's intake and culture.

Take Easter, for example. Chocolate is a large part of the tradition. Chocolate pies, chocolate eggs, everything like that. Also, many winters have been exposed to the tradition of 'hot cocoa', in which melted chocolate it seems is in a toasty warm mug that you drink.

America has known many candies with the chocolate trade, such as *Twix*, *Hershey*, and of course, *Snickers*. Which of these three is your favorite? Submit your answer to Mr. P, Dude Durkee, or myself and we'll publish the number of likes for each kid in fifth to eighth grade!

The Key to Success: A Math Story (*Conti.*)

“Whoa,” Ricardo said, looking perplexed. “If only I knew the vault combination.”

Door	Key
1	3
2	2
3	1
4	6
5	5
6	4
7	9
8	8
9	7
10	12
11	11
12	10
13	15
14	14
15	13
16	18
17	17
18	16

There were 6 digits in the combination, which you could put in from zero through nine. Ricardo went back into the other rooms for hidden hints. When he went back to the first room, he noticed something he hadn’t before. Above each doorway on the inside of the room there was a number. In the first room there was a nine.

Ricardo checked the second room, but he didn’t find a number. He realized that there must be another pattern, like the keys. He checked the third room, and didn’t find anything there either.

“I bet there is a number in every third room, starting at room number one. That would make sense because that would give me six numbers to complete the combination,” Ricardo muttered to himself.

Sure enough, when he opened the fourth room, there was another number. Ricardo went to all of the rooms and found out the combination.

Ricardo ran to the vault room and put in 922403. Click! Ricardo opened the vault.

“Wool!” Ricardo yelled. The vault was full of money.

At the same time, Mrs. Maclane had become curious and was coming up the stairs.

“Oh, my,” she exclaimed, when she saw him standing in front of the opened vault.

Ricardo explained how he found the money.

“That’s wonderful!” Mrs. Maclane remarked. “And I did promise you could keep anything you find, so you may have all the money! Besides, I have plenty of money in all the other vaults here!”

Ricardo gave the money to his parents, and for years they lived off the money and never had to worry about money again—after all, Ricardo had truly found the keys to success.



ACTION NEWS

is ON **TUESDAYS** : 3:15 to 5:00 in the upstairs computer lab!