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SVM News - April Issue

By Matthew Fu, Ren Cai, Arjun Vanam



Achoo. Allergies.

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Introduction

Hey everyone! Your favorite (hopefully?) newspaper is back with another issue! I hope everyone is enjoying spring just fine, with minimal (or, preferably, none) allergies. Anyways, same old thing, newsfeed, snoopy, but...something new? Keep reading to find out!

Updates

- Unit 48 is now over. However, Matthew has launched a whole new series. Ladies and Gentlemen, roll out the red carpet for...SPN CREW!
 - We felt the need to explain that “SPN” means supernatural.
- Other than that, same old, but with new interesting articles!

Newsfeed

2025 NFL Draft

The 2025 NFL Draft, held at the iconic Lambeau Field in Green Bay, Wisconsin, was a spectacle of talent, strategy, and surprises. Over a span of three days, teams made 257 selections, shaping the future of the league.

The Tennessee Titans kicked off the draft by selecting quarterback Cam Ward from Miami. Following closely, the Jacksonville Jaguars secured Travis Hunter, an extremely talented cornerback and wide receiver from Colorado, showcasing both offense and defense.

While some teams made bold moves, others faced criticism. The Dallas Cowboys, for instance, were questioned for not addressing their receiver depth, leaving fans and analysts puzzled.

The draft also highlighted the evolving dynamics of the league, with teams balancing immediate needs against long-term potential. As rookies prepare to

make a debut in their teams, the 2025 NFL Draft will undoubtedly be remembered as a pivotal moment in shaping the league's future.



Can A Dumber Phone Cure “Brain Rot”?

Modern smartphone use has caused many people to struggle with “brain rot”, a term used to describe the inability to think deeply due to scrolling too much and other online distractions. In response, some tech products like the Ai Pin and some “dumb” phones have emerged, aiming to reduce stress. The latest example is the Light Phone III, which costs \$600, created by the Brooklyn-based startup, Light. The device was made with the goal to provide essential but basic functions—calls, texts, photos, maps, music, and podcasts—while avoiding “brain rotting” apps and features such as web browsing and social media.

Light’s CEO, Kaiwei Tang, says that the phone’s simplicity is a way to promote mindfulness and creativity. One person tried to test this concept by replacing

their iPhone with the Light Phone for a week. To kick off the “experiment”, his experience was nostalgic and refreshing, offering multiple moments of mindfulness. However, the dependency on smartphones became obvious. Some challenges were commuting, gym access, and running errands. He was unable to use a virtual transit pass stored on a mobile wallet, he didn’t have access to a web browser, which he used to generate entrance barcodes for the gym, etc.

Many people have complained that this phone struggles to meet the needs of most people’s daily routines, while the device might serve as a secondary leisure phone.



Trump Administration Deports Law-Abiding Immigrant

Kilmar Abrego Garcia, A man who was sent to a prison in El Salvador for absolutely no reason. Garcia was a perfectly legal man, but the Trump administration wrongly deported him. Garcia's wife was expecting a baby soon, and a few months before the baby was born, their father was taken away. Garcia was also moved to another prison due to him becoming traumatized by the prison in El Salvador.

Even if Garcia gets back to his family, he will be a very different man. Even all of the Supreme Court Judges agreed that Garcia should be brought back to America. But Trump, being the man he is, ignored the Supreme Court and still has not brought the man back. He has also stated that he has the power to bring Garcia back, but he just doesn't. This is a display of racism, power abuse, and ignorance being shown by our president. Hopefully, Trump will be an example for other presidents of something that they should not become.



Literature

A new series has arisen! Unit 48, step aside for SPN Crew! Throughout this, you will see that we can't simply abandon Unit 48. Get ready for the stories to meet!

SPN Crew: Strands Forest

*Events of this file take place at around the same time as Clyde and Isaac were stranded, a bit later.

Part 1: BW LO, Cruz

"All passengers, please stow all belongings in the overhanging compartment or under your seat, we are about to land," said the voice on the intercom. Cruz opened his eyes slowly as a person tapped him. "Mm? Whaaa..." he mumbled. "Very professional, sir!" joked Albert. "Eh? Oh, shut up, Danwel," Cruz shot back. The two of them chuckled. "Torrez, you cannot be sleeping on the job," Albert said. Cruz bumped his shoulder with a fist. "Hey, job doesn't start until we land," he replied. At that moment, a roaring filled their ears, and the plane thumped as it hit solid ground. "I guess the job started," Albert chuckled.

They had some trouble finding Amber. She had been up front in the plane, and was standing at the baggage claim, hands on hips, with all their luggage. "Jeez...Nakamura, not everyone's a walking clock," Cruz said, grinning. Amber shrugged. "Where's Hank?" she asked in return. "Off getting a car. Probably gonna make the dealer get him a Stryker or something," Albert said. Amber rolled her eyes. "Come on, boys. We got work to do," she said.

They came out to the garage, where Hank was waiting. He was a roundish sort of man, with a serious face and twinkling eyes. "The dude that dealt us this said that a trooper dropped these by," he said, hoisting four snipers. "Man, we're fighting huge deer men or something. Why do we need snipers? Just grab the rifle, and boom. Done," Cruz said. "Their only weak spot is their eyes," Albert explained. Cruz made a mooing shape with his mouth to show his understanding. Hank patted two Honda minivans that were pulled over. "That'll be our ride," he grunted. They loaded up, and headed away. Strands Forest was a creepy place, especially in the winter. Snow came up to their thighs. Cruz went with Hank to shovel it away. Eventually, they stopped as they reached a clump of trees, with a clearing beside it. "Looks suitable," Albert remarked. Amber shrugged. "I don't know...these tracks look like hooves, but too big for deer. If we're gonna camp here, I think we gotta keep the rifles at the ready," she said. The crew couldn't argue about that.

Cruz went out hunting with Hank. They trudged through the snow until they reached another clearing. Hank dug his shovel into the snow to wait for prey, and the tip of it came up, black with soot. Cruz frowned. "Soot in the snow? Keep digging, man," he said. Hank shrugged, working silently. What they uncovered was close to a rabbit, singed and burnt. This was probably leftover from a campfire gone wrong, Cruz decided. "Eh. Just a burnt rabbit. Nothin' to worry 'bout," Hank grunted.

"You're late!" Amber barked, hours later, when Cruz returned, lugging the deer between him and Hank. "To what? Dinner? There wouldn't even be any unless we returned," Cruz returned cheerfully. For once, Amber was at a loss for words. Albert beat her to it, being serious for once. "Come on, let's clean that beast up," he said. Hank obligingly dropped the deer, letting it thump into the snow. Amber shoveled it

away. Albert got out the knives. "We'll eat like the noble class of cavemen," he chuckled.

The ribs sizzled over the campfire as Cruz turned them over idly. His mouth watered at the prospect of Amber's cooking. "Dinner is served," he called out. Three hungry soldiers burst out of the tents. Cruz shrieked and dove away.

That night, they crouched, stomachs full, against some rocks, waiting for their adversaries to come. That was when Cruz heard the groaning noise. It came from the clumps of trees. He gestured to Amber to follow silently. Rifles raised, they plodded along. There, nestled in the trees, prone in the snow...was a man. Blood had dried on his lips and chin. Cruz turned him over. He was an African American man, wearing a badge with the number 48 on it. Under that were a few medals and a name plaque. They dragged the frozen man into the campsite, and tossed him onto the fire. He melted in an instant. Quickly, Cruz lugged him out. The man was unconscious. "'Sac'? What kind of name is 'Sac'?" Hank said, looking over Cruz's shoulder. Albert said something intelligible. Cruz brushed over the name tag with a finger. Faded letters spelling "ISAAC". "I think his name is Isaac," he mumbled. Albert repeated his sentence, with a hint of urgency. "We got company!" he said, squirming in his little nest. Cruz, Amber, and Hank dove for the nearest cover...just as a horrifying beast lumbered in. It had massive arms and hands, smallish legs, and a wide body. Its head was that of a deer. Fur covered its arms, legs, and face. Cruz cocked his sniper. The sound drew the beast's attention long enough for Albert to shoot its eye. It lowed, then disintegrated. More snuffling was heard. No way they could handle what sounded like a dozen. "Let's go! Take the tents!" Cruz ordered. He looked at the unconscious man named Isaac, and, with a sudden impulse, slung him like a sack of carrots over his shoulder. They ran as fast as they could for the edge of the forest, through the trails.

At last, they saw the white of the minivans shining through the dark, and dove towards it. As they drove away, they could see that the beasts kept to the comforts of their dark, shrouded forest. A groan from the trunk signified that the man had woken up. "Who are you, soldier?" Cruz asked softly, peering over his seat. The man blinked "I'm...Isaac. Sergeant from Unit 48," he murmured.

Part 2: BW LO, Amber

As I drove, I heard Albert interrogating Isaac in the back. "How cold are you?" he was saying. "I feel like I just slept inside a glacier," Isaac murmured. "Any weird symptoms?" Albert asked. Isaac shuddered. "I can't stop shivering...I got a migraine...my throat feels like it's on fire, but the rest of me is freezing," he responded. "Amber, let me change our route. There's a hospital a few blocks down from the house we rented," Albert said. I nodded. As much as I wanted to get the mission going, I knew that Isaac came first. Maybe he'd have some intel for us. "Text Hank. He's with Albert in the other minivan," I instructed. A whoosh was heard in the backseat as the message was sent.

The hospital was on the shabby side. The spacing proved to be an issue, as Isaac had to camp in the trunk for a bit longer after a tired-looking nurse informed Hank that there was no space whatsoever. Albert had the guy undress, and scanned his body for any wounds. Thankfully, besides being half frozen, there were none. This would be the first night out here we slept rough.

By rough, I mean a cushioned minivan.

The next morning, I woke up to Albert tapping me. My entire body was sore, and my joints were stiff. I felt frozen. I looked down. Frost covered my jacket. "How's Isaac?" I whispered. "I think he's got

hypothermia. He's talking slowly, his teeth are chattering, and he falls asleep mid-sentence. Oh, and a concussion. I bet days in the snow, along with a nice frosty minivan took a lot out of him," Albert replied. I grunted. "Any luck with rooming?" I asked. Albert nodded. "We got lucky. Cruz's up there with Hank and Isaac right now. The nurse found an open space," he replied. I nodded, relieved that Isaac would be in good hands.

That day, Isaac had a visitor. We were up in his room, when a round-faced man entered, looking solemn. "Hey Isaac. How are you holding up, soldier?" the man asked. "Eh...been through worse. If Warren can get both legs chewed off, I can survive this. What's been going on, Clyde?" Isaac said. Clyde shrugged. "Been going over the facts back at Unit 48. We think that you can't get these guys without snipers, of which we have none," he said glumly. Isaac chuckled, body shaking a bit. He gestured to Hank, Cruz, Albert, and me. "You got some right here," he replied. Clyde eyed us. "Newbies?" he asked. "Five years," Hank grunted. Clyde nodded approvingly. "We picked up some snipers. We could go in, mow a few of them down," Albert said. Clyde nodded. "That would be the thing to do," he responded. "Well, that's settled. Hank, load the minivans. We're going back in," I say.

The snow soaked through my boots, melting into a cold puddle that was absorbed by my socks. I shoveled the snow with Albert. Cruz and Hank were out hunting, again. At last, we made a foxhole. Albert went into the woods with his hacksaw, while I stayed back alone and went to work on the next hole. It was eerie, working alone. The only sounds were my breathing and the crunching of snow. I was getting worried that the rest of them were all lost. This place wasn't just called Strands Forest as a joke. However, to my relief, Albert returned, with a few branches each as long and wide as my arm. He stabbed them into the periphery, pointing outwards. At that moment, the bushes rustled, and Cruz and Hank returned, a rabbit in each of their hands.

Albert whistled. "Lemme skin that. Hank, go get some branches. Cruz, sharpen them into stakes," he ordered. The two both did a mock salute, Cruz picking up a knife. I kept digging, panting a bit now. That snow was tightly packed. Albert cleaned away at the rabbits. "Hey, Nakamura, do me a favor?" he asks. I shrugged. "Ask away," I returned. "Just dig another hole right here. I'm gonna make a fire," Albert said. I sighed, but began digging. I knew that if I didn't, we're not getting food. I hastily dug up a hole, and returned to the nest I was working on.

That night, we had a meal of bland cooked rabbit. I finished the foxholes, and everyone was waiting behind the spikes. Cruz was whistling a jaunty tune. Hank was fiddling with his cigarette. Albert was twisting his nose in some goofy way. I stared out into the night, hearing the deer men calling to each other—faint, but still there. We each had a foxhole, dotted at each quarter of the circular clearing we had. The stakes provided nice fortifications. A **BANG** was heard. I whirled around, just in time to see Hank reeling a bit from his sniper recoiling...and a pair of orange eyes dimming out in the distance. The sounds of the beasts increased in volume, and I could make out much more orange eyes. I looked through the crosshairs, and lined up my shot perfectly. A pair of eyes were extinguished. Then another. And another. Albert, Hank, and Cruz were doing the same. I shot a clear path through the beasts. Swinging my sniper around, I saw that Danwel, on the other hand, did not have such luck. Some of the creatures on his end were flanking me. I swiveled my gun around, and aimed again. The ones that poured over to my sector were dust.

With a sudden thought, I pulled my gun on a sharp 90, to check the other side. A flash was seen through the crosshair. I saw Hank mowing them down. However, some of the bolder ones decided I was the weak link (They'll regret that!), instead of Albert, and were lumbering over to me. I cursed, and began pulling the trigger. Then, disaster!

Just as I was scaring the last trio away, the gun jammed. I thumped it desperately. They, deciding I was once again the weakling, surged forward gleefully. I glared at them, aimed with my Glock19, and began firing rapidly, trying as much as I could to aim. I had used up a whole round, and desperately reloaded. The deer men were only eight meters away now. My cartridge slipped, and fell into the snow. I picked it up, loading it and pulling the trigger blindly. The shot, of course, missed. Two meters before those things got me. Still, I aimed carefully, mentally berating myself, and shot down the last one. That taken care of, I ditched the Glock, and set to work on my sniper.

A few seconds later, I had the gun up and running. I took some time to check on my friends. Albert and Cruz had taken care of their beasts. Hank, apparently, was facing the tougher beasts. There were four left on him. I had just a squad of five that got here while I was un-jamming the sniper. Quickly, they were mowed down. "Behind you, Nakamura!" Cruz roared. I looked around...just as a bony, large pair of hands grabbed me around my waist. I struggled and kicked, regretting leaving my Glock in the snow. Suddenly, two shots rang out. One caught my kicking foot squarely. I screamed, as it cut through my boot, my sock, then into my foot. I could see the snow below me tinted red. The next bullet turned the deer man into dust. I fell to the snow, gasping. The cold snow stung at my foot. Albert ran up to me. He, being the medic of this group, would be best at these situations. Ripping my boot and sock off, he rummaged through his pockets until he found a roll of bandages, and, with perfect skill, took the bullet out, and wrapped the bandages around my bleeding foot. I gasped and grunted a little with the pain as the bullet was removed. Hank picked up my bloody articles of clothing, along with the Glock. Cruz wrapped my arm around his shoulder. We walked through the woods, following the shoveled trail we made. "It looked like that thing would eat me!" I said, still recovering from my last adrenaline

rush. "Chill, Nakamura. You can't be eaten by these things. They're just clearing out their territory, flushing out any intruders. If they could eat human meat, we wouldn't know Isaac existed," Cruz said. No more was said after that. We loaded up the minivans. Albert took the wheel, due to my new inability to step on the pedals. We hit the hospital, and the nurses reserved a bed next to Isaac's for me. They fussed over me, treating the wound, and placing water at my bedside. "So...you got any intel?" Isaac asked. Hank beat me to it, which surprised all of us, given that the Tank ain't much a talker. "Yeah. snipers aren't that effective, but they do the job. We need more soldiers," he said gruffly. Isaac nodded. "In that case, I'll have Clyde send in our very best. I warn you, though, we'll have to minimize running. One of the guys lost both his legs," he replied. I sit up in my bed, interested. "What's his name?" I ask. Isaac's face sort of just sets, as if saying that name gives him a sense of pride. Clearly, this guy's a hero. "His name is Warren Murphy," Isaac murmured.

Part 3: SSG Warren

Warren pulled his suitcase along the walkway, Lydia in tow. His metal legs clanked loudly. He walked up to the metal detector, nervous. The guard eyed him suspiciously. Warren put his carry-on luggage in a bin, and strode through the metal detector. The light overhead flashed red. The guard grunted, grabbing his handheld metal detector, and began patting Warren down. "Could you lift a pant leg for me?" the man asked politely. Warren sighed, lifting it, revealing his metal legs. "Oh my Lord-" the guard exclaimed.

The plane roared as it took to the skies. "How many guys do we have?" Lydia asked. "Four. Five, if you count Clyde, but he's camping next to Isaac's bed," Warren grunted. Lydia sighed. "Aren't we a bit...understaffed?" she asked. "I hear there's some guy called Hank.

Been in the job for five years," Warren replied. Lydia nodded, quiet, and began to scroll through the plane seat screen for a movie.

Warren carried his suitcase along the sidewalk. A white Honda Odyssey was pulled over at the pickup point. At the wheel sat a man, roundish, with stubble along his chin. He appeared to be in his mid-forties, and also gave one the impression that he hadn't slept in a week and was quite irate about it. "Get in. Much to do," he grunted. "Cheerful fellow, I see," Warren said, grinning. Hank growled, saying no more.

Lydia and Warren stepped out of the car, and were promptly slapped in the face by an icy wind. The Canadian military had supplied the snipers, and they were piled in Hank's trunk. Warren and Lydia unloaded, and were about to bring out the shovels, when Hank tapped Warren, grunting, and pointed at a trail, already shoveled away. "Oh, thank you, Hank," Warren said. He and Lydia walked along the path. Their surroundings were quiet, save for the occasional call of a bird, and the crunching of snow under their feet. At last, they reached a clearing, where a woman was shoveling away in the snow. Another man, who was Hispanic, was whittling branches, to form spikes. They both looked up from their tasks as Warren and Lydia came into the clearing, with Hank in tow. "Hey," Lydia said, chuckling nervously at the quiet pair. "I'm Cruz Torrez. Names, please?" the Hispanic man said. "Warren Murphy, and that's Lydia Anderson," Warren replied. The woman on the far side with the shovel eyed them. "I'm Amber Nakamura. So, new forces? We could use an extra pair of hands. Grab a pair of shovels, and dig yourself a foxhole. The others already did theirs," she instructed. Warren and Lydia nodded, setting to work. Warren quickly found that prosthetic legs were bad for this situation. They fell off at least five times while he waded through the deep snow. At last, he found an empty spot, reattached his leg, and thrust the shovel into the ground.

Warren was just finishing his foxhole, piling all the snow a bit away from it, when he saw a figure coming towards them. "Don't shoot. That's Albert with our dinner," Cruz warned. Warren lowered his raised sniper. The man, presumably Albert, had a snow goose slung over his shoulder. "No big game today, gang. Unfortunate, given the two new mouths to feed," Albert said, smiling at the newcomers. Warren nodded a greeting, before returning to shoveling. It was grueling work. His ears stung with the cold. However, the feeling lessened as a fire was lit behind him, and the goose was gutted and strung up above the flames. At last, hands numb with the cold, ears frozen red, Warren heaved himself out of the foxhole. He'd dug a pit that would keep anything above his navel at ground level. That way, he could snipe at the deer men with ease. He walked towards his pile of luggage, grabbed his sniper, gently tossing it into the hole. A **BANG** echoed through clearing. Warren dove to the ground. Nothing happened. He looked at his sniper. Smoke was coming out of the barrel. "Whichever clown loaded this thing for us...they're gonna have a nice interaction with my Glock," he growled.

The dinner of a snow goose, washed down with miso soup and mushrooms, was quite a nice one. Warren sat back, content, as the people in the campsite began to chat. Lydia, Amber, and the boys were all in an animated conversation about what it was like at SPN Crew, and what similarities it bore with Unit 48. Warren smiled, and hopped in the conversation.

The sun had just dipped below the mountains. Warren sat in his foxhole, sniper in his lap. The clearing was silent, a contrast to the warm atmosphere just after dinner. The remains of the goose were thrown onto the ashes, in hopes that the smell would bait the deer men. "I hate to do this...it's genocide," Warren said. Lydia shrugged, and sighed. "We have to. Otherwise the hospitals are gonna explode,"

she replied. "But...this seems impossible. How are we gonna shoot down half a herd?" Warren continued. Lydia grinned. "That's why these guys came first," she gestured to the figures of Hank, Albert, Cruz, and Amber. Warren smiled. Lydia returned the expression, but it soon faded when Hank let out the first shot. "They're coming in hot!" he roared. Warren looked through the crosshair of his sniper. He could see dim little dots of orange light, moving, approaching him. He shot, reloaded, and shot again, with ease. This was something he'd practiced when he had just gotten to Unit 48 as a private, but had stayed with him through the years. Every time, he anticipated the step that the deer man took, which lowered the eye to where the bullet would strike. Within a minute, he finished the first wave. Snow swirled around him. Still the monsters poured out of the treeline and charged. Warren's hands were once again going numb. The biting wind was turning his fingers pale. Still he pulled the trigger, reloading again and again. His movements grew choppy as the sniper's mount began to freeze over. Soon, he began missing more and more. The beasts crept forward still, bellowing their aggression, eyes flaming with hate. Warren squinted through the snow down his crosshair. Suddenly, the aim line went black, and the sniper was torn from his cold hands, the mount slamming into his face. Warren reeled back, pain exploding across his cheek and eye. He looked, dazed, to see a huge deer man breaking his gun. He scrambled on his hands and knees towards the campsite. At last, his hands closed on the Glock. Warren shouted in surprise as he was wrenched from his position by a huge hand, but remembered just in time to free his hands of the iron grip. The deer man roared in his face, covering the sergeant in spittle. Warren held his nerve, swinging his arm out to the side, and taking a blind shot at the deer. His mind was running around wildly in his skull. He narrowed his eyes, pulling the trigger again, and hitting **GOLD**! The deer man turned to dust, and Warren fell onto his prosthetic legs, breathing heavily. He looked around, trying to find a way to help. At the moment, all he had was a Glock, and four more

magazines for it. He waded through the snow, and found his luggage, covered in a white blanket. He could hear the chaos of the ensuing battle. The others were yelling at each other, the deer men roaring, guns exploding. Warren looked around. The deer men were going down by the second. Heart pounding, he joined Albert's foxhole. He seemed to be struggling a bit. "Let me," Warren said gruffly. Alert obliged. Warren began shooting once again, though without the same gusto as before. Pressing the crosshair up to his eye hurt from the last time he got poked by the deer man. However, he strained through the pain, and at some point, it was noticed that the forest was silent. No more calling of those beasts. The only sound was the snipers, still shooting, shooting into the empty forest. Warren stood up. "I think we just wiped them," he said slowly.

Epilogue

Albert, Cruz, Hank, and Amber all sat together in one desk, devouring the news. The Headman, Connor Rudd, sat on the other side of the desk, tapping his fingers, waiting for them to finish reading. The park rangers had come back, checked the whole park, and confirmed that there were no more deer men left in that park, or indeed the whole world, as that was the only place they existed. With heavy hearts, the newborn monsters had to be put down. Amber had made it out of the hospital after she recovered from her bullet wound. "Well done, all of you," Connor praised them as they finished reading the article. "We couldn't have done it without the extra firepower from Unit 48, sir," Albert said. "Yes, yes...Unit 48. They're legends these days, you know," Connor said. "Could we please get a briefing on the performance, sir?" Amber wanted to know. "Patience, Nakamura. You all did good. No lives were lost, to say the least. You all did more than I could expect from two extras and a crew of four, given the limited supplies and firepower," Connor said, a glint in his eye. "Now...Mister Albert Danwel. I know that this was your first ever mission, a test.

Now, I congratulate you. Given your outsized performance, as well as the fact that you used little to no help to get the job done, I would say that with another few weeks of constant practice, you will be ready to become Lo. Oh, and don't let that name make you feel bad," Connor said, smiling. The young Albert beamed. "Thank you, sir," he said. "Don't thank me, get out. As for the rest of you, help this lad with his training," Connor ordered mock-seriously. Hank, Cruz, and Amber shepherded a beaming Albert out of the office. Headman Connor smiled slightly behind their backs. Danwel would for sure grow to be a fine soldier one of these days, eclipsing others on his level.

Credits:

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