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Letter from your Young, Caucasian, Catholic, Tall, Curly-Haired Editor

The "Language Police," a great American institution created to censor textbooks, have taken the ridiculous and absurd to a new level. Schoolchildren may no longer look at pictures of the founding fathers because old people are offensive if they look weak, disabled, or handicapped. The stereotype of the "successful minority," such as a reference to an Oriental person being smart, talented, or competitive, supposedly provokes jealousy in non-Asians. Thanksgiving is a hot topic for censors: fat children might become depressed with all the talk about turkey and pumpkin pie. In addition, historical facts should be ignored for the sake of pleasing everyone: for example, Mao Zedong can be praised for modernizing China, but don't mention his tyrannical rule that killed millions of people! A depiction of a house next to the sea engenders distaste because "students who live inland can't grasp the concept of a large body of water." And forget about the word "God," he or she is too religious.

Boyish figure, busboy, blind, birth defect, biddy; best man for the job, babe, bookworm, and barbarian. What the heck?

Sorry to everyone I have offended (in other words, those of you who are male, earn minimum wage, wear glasses, have a birthmark, are old, talented, young, smart, uncivilized, or do not believe in the underworld). I would like to apologize ahead of time for all of the insulting, slanderous, and politically incorrect contents in this edition of the Eclectic. In defense, I and my fellow editors are neither ageist, racist, sexist, rich, poor, fat, minorities (well, one of us is), nor do we live by the ocean, oops, I mean water. Since we do not want to blatantly offend any of the our readers, we have "censored" this edition of the Eclectic for anything that might make you think the ESA community is not happy, healthy, mediocre, homogenous, and young.

Tributes to Nicholas Joseph Falterman:

Goodbye

This past weekend, a tragedy happened in the town of New Iberia. One of my old classmates, Nicholas Joseph Falterman, passed away. It was an accident, but he got stabbed in the heart. He died only after a couple of minutes. In the time between his stabbing and his death, he ran down the stairs and fell into his dad's arms. He died sitting there in his house, in the arms of his father. This must have been extremely tragic for his father, but the worst part is, his brother was the one who killed him.

I have heard many different stories about how his death happened. The only thing I know for sure is that he died. The most common story is that Nick and his older brother were upstairs, in their father's home. The only thing I've heard is that they were fighting over a remote control or something and somehow, a knife went into Nick's heart. I've heard many different ways that this could have happened. It could be that Nick tripped and fell on the knife, or even that his brother took the knife and stabbed him in a moment of rage. Either way, his brother will have to live for the rest of his life with the fear that he killed his little brother.

I first found out about this incident while I was in Meredith Bryant's church. Hilary Jackson, another former classmate of ours, walked in and said, "Did you hear about Nick getting stabbed?" I was very confused and I had to sit through the entire church service before I could find out exactly what happened. When church was over, Hilary told me the same story that I've just told you. It came as such a shock that I couldn't even believe it at first. I could not think that someone who used to be in my class, and was my friend, could be dead. I mean, I've had family members pass away before, but never a friend. I did not know what to think.

Today was Nick's wake and a little service. Mostly, everyone who was in our little Epiphany Day School class went. When we got there, there was a line of people all the way out of the door. When we finally got inside, we all went up to look at the open coffin. That was such a sad
moment. He did not look anything like himself. His hair was wiry and I could tell that the color was painted on his skin. I couldn't take it. Sophie just burst into tears. The tears wouldn't come for me; it was too much of a shock. We sat through the service and prayed for Nick and his family. After, we all went back up to say goodbye. When we were going up to look at him again, his mother and sister went up. It was the saddest moment ever to have to watch his mom break down like that and just cry. At the same time, his sister was rubbing her fingers through his hair and holding his hands. That's when my tears came! To have to look at his family and to think how much they must be hurting inside made me cry, especially when I saw his brother, the one who killed him, standing there. He must have been the saddest person in there.

On Saturday, a bunch of people in New Iberia lost a family member or friend. Nick was a football player and had many friends. This event was tragic for everyone. I hope that many people pray for him and his family to help get them through this tough time.

★Cami Munson

For Nick

Tonight I did something very difficult. I said goodbye to a friend, Nicholas Faltermann. Nick and I have known each other for a very long time. For reasons not understood, a tragic accident took his life this past weekend.

I have known Nick since Pre-K3 at Epiphany Day School. We were, from the beginning, partners in crime. I remember one day in particular neither of us could take a nap. We found ourselves sent to the Headmistress's office in hopes that this would entice us to sleep. This, of course, did not make us sleepy, but it did scare us. Thus, our friendship began.

As time went on, we became more respectable and joined the Boy Scouts. Ms. Leeza, Nick's mom, started our little group and was den mother. Ms. Leeza taught Nick and me how to tie knots. This respectability seemed to have vanished by his ninth birthday party. Again, we partners in crime started our foolishness. During an outrageous party, we played a laser tag game that ended in total warfare. No side won this battle to the death. We gave up and went inside and watched T.V. for about two hours. We noticed that another friend, Zach, let his guard down and he paid for this mistake. We smothered him by putting gel and glue in his hair.

Nick's life was tragically cut short, but I am very fortunate to have so many wonderful memories about him. I do not understand why God allows tragic accidents to happen. This whole weekend has made me feel horrible, but I know he is in a better place and will be missed by all.

★Trey Brown

Tragedy

During my weekend things were pretty normal... until Sunday. On Sunday morning, my annoying cat awakened me. I walked into the kitchen and my mom told me that my old friend with whom I grew up was killed by his brother. Nick was always big and messy. He once went to brush his teeth in the bathroom and came out with his shirt soaking wet. But he was a nice guy. We lost touch when he left for Catholic High and the rest of the class went to ESA. He and his older brother were fighting over the remote control. His brother took a knife and stabbed him in the heart. Nick walked down the stairs and told his dad, a doctor, that he had been wounded.

Then as I looked out the window, the neighbors' house was on fire. As the fire trucks raced to put out the twenty-foot flames, I saw that the firemen were kids or midgets. They were all about four feet tall. Luckily, the family was at church, which was ironic in that, while praying for all their great possessions, God took one of their greatest. It ended up that they had paint thinner, a boat motor, and many other flammable objects under their staircase. It burned a hole straight through the house. No one knows the cause, but they think that it was most likely an electrical fire.

Then, another horrible thing happened: I had to go to school for another long, boring week.

Today I had to go to basketball practice; it was horrible. We had to lift weights for thirty minutes, then jump up and off boxes, and then run a half-mile. I was exhausted when I got home and I had to take a shower and get ready for Nick's wake. When I got there, hundreds of people wanted to sign the guest book and see the open casket. I found it wrong to open the casket because it reminds everybody that he died when they should try to forget.

★Ted Lejeune

The Bloody Weekend

This weekend I participated in a tennis tournament in Lafayette. This tournament was not very serious, so I decided to play in the sixteen-year-old division. In my first match on Saturday morning, I played this guy that I had barely lost to last time, so I was determined to beat him. He beat me seven to five in
the first set. I was so mad that I punched the strings of my racket: I will show you my knuckles if you want to see the damage I inflicted on myself. My anger destroyed my positive attitude and I ended up losing the second set also. In the middle of the second set, the guy hit a really hard serve and it hit the frame of my racket and cracked it. I was really mad because my racket is discontinued, and I cannot buy anymore like it. I thought to myself, “What a match.” I stayed at the park for a while to watch this girl that I like and after she was finished I left to go back to the Berry.

When I got back home I found out that a terrible thing happened to my friend. My uncle called and said that my friend from elementary school that I grew up with was stabbed in the heart by his older brother around three o’clock Saturday. They were fighting over the remote control and the brother picked up a knife and threw it at him. My friend’s name was Nick Falterman, one of my best friends when we were little. This made me realize that life is short, so make it count.

I woke up the next morning ready to play tennis with a new outlook on life and on my approach to the game. I was one match away from the finals and I was not going to let that stop me. I played a guy who was pretty good but I knew I could beat him. Many of my friends and teammates were cheering me on. Slowly but surely I won.

My next match, the final one, was at one thirty and I was playing a guy I have played twice already. I beat him both times and was going to beat him again. We started playing and after a few games he broke out in hives with an allergic reaction. He decided to play some games and wait for his mom to bring him some medicine. His mom came back and he took a fifteen-minute medical break. He was not feeling too well and his hives were getting worse. Then all of a sudden he just fell back on the bench and passed out. Everyone was screaming and then all of a sudden he just sat back up. This was the freakiest thing I had ever seen. It was a terrible weekend with my good friend dying and then thinking that this kid was dying too. I could not move. I did not know what to do. His dad rushed him inside and my mom called 911. They came instantly and put him on a breathing machine. I was very scared. However, the guy was fine and I won the consolation by default. I wanted to give him the trophy, but he would not take it.

I was very happy that everything turned out well. I guess this was a sign from God telling me that I could die at any moment, at any time. So for now I look at life differently and try to stay positive in everything I do. I will live my life to the fullest.

Drew Alain

Articles:

What Lies Beneath
Lizzie Simon

Dangling diamonds, hanging pearls.
Laughing eyes above two reddened lips.
Slender white arms end in dainty, gloved hands
Inside a manly grasp.
But for all these baubles, displays of splendor,
Beneath the colored mask upon her face
There lies but an empty, hollow space.

LOVE
Brody LeBlanc

Someone someone fallen in love.
Being teased getting cheeseed.
Run run to love’s own sanctuary.
Find a spot nice and cozy,
And don’t try to walk away.
Stick it out and find a way,
To live and love another day.

A Kingdom
Eric Wong

The Fertile Crescent,
where a sapling orchard,
a forest of sequoias lie,
Adjacent.
And gracious swans glide, serenely
Under noble elephant feet
And wispy horses’ tails flap
In Synchronicity.
‘tis the place where dwelled little boys
who dreamt of ferocious wolves
and dryads prance to the stirrings
Of Primavera.

Where Zephyr breathes gently
his calming breath, reside
the sugarplum faeries,
and faggots,¹
blown, that wail in mourning
Ecstasy.
And cuckoos,
in the high woods
sing with
mellow timbre,
though their voices echo
with the anxious uncertainty of
The New World.

The Boreal Plateau,
shelters horned beasties
who spit underfoot
and wear on their bodies
Brazen Bells.
Barbarians bellow,
in their constant warring,
their victorious fanfares and menacing battle cries full of Pomp.

In the northernmost mounts,
reside wild brutes.
Hunters pierced with fossilized bones
dance to savage and complex

¹Faggot: bassoon

Rhythms.
The rain and hail bear hard on the sparse and jagged cliffs, but briefly suspend for the celestial beauty of the ethereal, prismatic Aurora.

Over all, a monarch reigns and arouses and mutes them all with the flick of a wrist.

A Song
By
Caroline Goodell

Have you ever felt so safe it scared you?
Or been afraid of losing that comfort and not knowing what to do?
Has anyone ever told you they loved you and it scared you to death?
Has one person ever made you speechless or short of breath?
Have you ever been held so tenderly you felt all your problems disappear?
And now that their presence is gone all you want is for that person to be near.

Chorus:
Have you ever felt regret to this extent before
You isolated yourself from him because you were afraid of love but now all you

Want is more
And even though he probably doesn’t feel the same way
Hopefully we will remain “just friends” for another day

Has something you thought was for the better end up for the worse?
Have incoherent feelings acted upon too soon become your lifelong curse?
Do you still wonder what he thinks of you now?
Do you think constantly about the “what ifs” or the why and how?
Do you ever still have hopes things will work out in the end?
Are you afraid that these feelings will lose others as your friend?

Chorus:
Have you ever felt regret to this extent before
You isolated yourself from him because you were afraid of love but now all you
Want is more
And even though he probably doesn’t feel the same way
Hopefully we remain “just friends” for another day

Has one person ever made you look forward to a new day?
Even if the one before was full of pain and dismay?
Has anyone ever called you crazy and you know it true?
You pushed away the only person to ever understand you

Aggressive Inline

About four months ago, a local roller hockey rink folded, leaving a giant metal building vacant. A rich guy decided to invest in it, and built an indoor skate park he called Skate Spot. It soon became a great hangout place and brought in huge sums of money. Its grand opening was right before school got out, so they knew they were guaranteed success for their first three months.

TIDBIT: SNIFFING AROUND A SEWER MAN-HOLE LEADS TO AWFUL THINGS...
I was sad to see Meltdown, the previous roller hockey rink, close down. I had played there for eight years of my life. I was born to play hockey. But I knew Meltdown couldn't stay in business forever. They were losing money fast. The teams were getting smaller and there were fewer of them. It finally shut down. At least it was replaced with the next best thing. I had learned to skate at Camp Ozark, where they had a little outdoor skate park. When I came back home, there was nowhere to skate except a place called "Buck Nutty's." It was a broken down skate park with no air conditioning in the middle of a ghetto in Lafayette. I was afraid of getting shot there so I didn't go too much. Then I heard Meltdown was no more, and a skate park was built instead. I was a little skeptical that anything would amount to Meltdown, but I went to check it out anyway.

Skate Spot was humongous. The building seemed so much bigger once they had taken the rink walls out. The ramps looked really intimidating. I had never gone down ramps so big. I came back back a couple days later with my hockey skates. They were the only skates I had at the time. I started out in the mini-ramp section first. I picked up where I had left off a year before, dropping in on ramps and getting a little air doing grabs on the funboxes. Pretty soon I was getting a whole lot of air and was dropping in on a lot more ramps. I had a blister the size of an egg on my ankle, and figured I needed new skates. I went to the near-by Academy and bought some fifty-dollar aggressive in-lines (skates with grind plates). I was soon grinding, which is sliding down a rail with the edge of your skate. I was doing 360's and getting tons of air. That's where I am right now. I figure I need some new skates, now that I have gotten so much better. As a matter of fact, I'm going to Skate Spot on the Monday I turn this article in. I hope I don't break anything.

Because Of You
Peter Craig

take a breath
and hold on
cause you might get
what's been coming
chorus
of all the things of said and done
I've regretted every one
But you, yeah you
I wanted more
Than I could ask
No satisfaction
If I get you at last

So where do we go from here
My soles are wearing thin
And my mouth is getting dry
All because of you x2

My Liberation
anonymous

A broken promise
A shattered dream
In pieces on the floor
You gave me this
Wrapped in shiny paper
With a bow on top
You pushed me down
I stayed right there
You told me no
I obeyed
I was your slave
Your little toy
I just needed to be saved
A tortured heart
A wounded spirit
No strength left to move on
You gave me this
Wrapped in shiny paper
With a bow on top
No one has come to set me free
So I've made up my mind
I won't be told who I should be
Or how to live my life
I'll be myself
The real true me
Not anybody else
A torn life
A tattered friendship
There's no way it can heal

by the riders of Big Shirley

On the outside bus #34 looks like every other bus, big and yellow. However, unlike all the other busses #34 has character. It has been around for an unknown number of years, at least 11. Several years ago the riders of this bus christened it Big Shirley, and to this day it is the only bus to have its name written on the side. Big Shirley has survived several bus drivers, many who only lasted a week, the Trant Brothers, a few wrecks, and an engine fire. The students who ride Big Shirley are proud of their bus even though it had a large hole in the floor, no A/C, no heater, and absolutely no shock absorbers.

Today we learned that it is to be parked, permanently, and despite all of our efforts it will never return to bless this school and the brave children who rode to school in her. It would be a shame to let a vehicle that has fought so valiantly against time and the establishment be forgotten. On this day we remember Big Shirley and the brave bus driver that got her where she needed to go.
You gave me this
Wrapped in shiny paper
With a bow on top
It's over now
I don't need you
Just give up
While you can
My liberation
Is complete
Without a helping hand
A strengthened mind
A settled score
A gift from me to you
On this piece of paper
I give you my soul
Wrapped in shiny paper
With a bow on top

An Actor's Race
September 3, 2003

In the state of California there is a recall election and at the moment the two leading candidates are Arnold Schwarzenegger and Cruz Bustamante. The people of California had decided that Governor Davis was not fulfilling his duties as governor. So the Californian people are voting for recall. Until recently, the race has been about talking to and meeting the people of California. Now the debates have begun and I have a strong opinion about how Arnold Schwarzenegger is running his campaign.

I personally believe that Schwarzenegger is ducking from answering real political questions by not participating in California's first debate. I say this because, as an actor, he does not have any real experience in the world of politics. I personally don't think he would be able handle the responsibility as Governor of the state of California. I think that even though he says he is going to participate in the debate on September 24, he might think of a reason not to.

On Hannity and Colmes Wednesday night they talked to a member of the Republican Party who is informed of Schwarzenegger's campaign decisions. He said that as a result of Schwarzenegger's being the leading runner, it is okay for him to miss the first debate. He also said that he is allowed to miss the debate because as a leading runner, Schwarzenegger has to make decisions about what he should participate in, and what he shouldn't. I partially disagree with what this man said. I do understand that leading runners in campaigns need to make strategic decisions that could affect their race, but I do not think that it was a good decision when Arnold Schwarzenegger decided not to participate in the first debate. This made many people, including myself, think more and more that Schwarzenegger is ducking from having to answer real political questions about how he would govern the state.

I don't know what will happen when the next debate is held on September 24, but until then I will stick to my opinion. If with some random excuse, Arnold Schwarzenegger does not participate in the next debate, then it will be obvious to all people that he is in fact ducking from real political questions. This would show that he is not a good political candidate for the position of Governor of the state of California.

“Orlando Bloom,” by Taylor delaHoussaye

Lobotomy
Madeleine Brumley

Rip the sutures
Peel back the skin
Drill through my bones
Drain me of blood
Slice the vessels
Pry my lids open
Find nothing
Shut the eyes
Bandage the arteries
Pour in some water
Fill in the holes
Pull the skin taut
Stitch me back

Article by a Proud
Jeanerettian

No longer can Jeanerette be looked down upon and called a no good two-horse town. Some people go as far to call Jeanerette a village saying its not good enough to be called a town. Well that all changed last week when it was
learned that Jeanerette was getting a Subway, as in the eating establishment. So now Jeanerette has a Sonic on one end of town and soon to have a Subway on the other end. Also do not forget about our three fully functional stoplights. Jeanerette is moving on up in society, so all those other towns, Watch Out! because soon Jeanerette will be the Lafayette of Louisiana.

**Cameron Simmons**

**A “Fowl” Eating Experience**

Most parents tell their kids that you should never do anything halfway. Over the summer, I found out why. I ate at Wendy's with my parents and ordered the 99¢ Chicken Nuggets. I bit into one, but instead of being warm and deliciously crispy, it was cold and slimy. Because I have very little common sense, I swallowed the food anyway. I looked at the uneaten half of the piece of chicken, and I discovered that it was raw. That's right, I just ate uncooked poultry. My dad was able to talk to the manager while I suppressed a gag reflex. The manager eventually refunded our money, gave us fresh chicken nuggets and free frosties. I didn't get sick, and I learned that everything should be done as thoroughly as possibly. Well, I really didn't learn anything, but I liked the frosty.

**Scott Broussard**

**Find the time**

If you find the time to write, and send me birthday cards, then I don’t see the need to fight, Let's don our leotards!

We'll dance for fun and Growing Pains, For Mr. Alan Thicke We'll dance because we're both strange people and you really make me sick

I'm sorry Mr. Mason Jar I didn't mean to snap I didn't mean to be so crude I'll give myself a slap

Come back to me my little jar and we will have some fun and celebrate just what you are when the stuffing has begun

**Alex Langlinais**

**RC Cola and Moon Pies!**

In today's life, some people think that the world has gone mad. But if you ask me, the only people who are mad are the ones that have never had RC Cola and moon pies. Let's begin with the history of RC cola. It launched off in 1905. It originated in Columbus, GA (RC stands for “Royal Crown”). RC Cola became an extremely popular soft drink that embodied the spirit of America. Claude A. Hatcher was the brilliant hero who founded this wonderful beverage. But in the year of Mourning, 1933, the great Hatcher passed away. His soft drink has impacted so many of us that the world shall never forget him for it.

Along with RC came the famous Moon Pie. RC wouldn't be the same without the small moon-sized pastry. The history of the moon pie's invention is an interesting one. A man from a factory visited a coal mine to poll the workers on what they liked to eat while mining. They said that they would like a snack that was solid and filling. The man asked them how big it should be. Just as he asked, the moon came out and one of the miners held his hands out and said, “the size of the moon from here.” When the visitor returned to the factory, he saw some of the workers dipping graham crackers into marshmallow, an action that led to the creation of the first moon pie.

The tradition of drinking RC Cola and eating a moon pie soon became a tradition. Personally, I don’t think that snacks and sodas would be the same if it hadn’t been for Claude Hatcher and the man from the factory.

**Francesca Kizer**

**Musings of a Giant**

When short people are made fun of, it hurts, doesn't it, short people? Well, it's the same for the giraffes. "How's the weather up there, stretch?" "Can you see me through the clouds?" "Don't stand up to fast, your head might burn up in the atmosphere!" It might be funny to you, short people, but every time my heart drops; and that's a long way down.

By the giant of the seventh grade.

p.s. My sister made me write something.
Vogue for Dummies (and men)

The world of fashion has had its fair share of ups, downs, and what-were-they-thinking, but everything is looking pretty okay for now. Styles vary from the avant-garde (Dolce & Gabbana) to the timeless (Versace and Burberry) with most designers choosing to stay somewhere in the middle. For example, Armani Exchange has (thank God) moved past their designed-by-committee jeans and pullovers to stuff I and the rest of the buying public, judging by the sales jump, look good in and will buy.

This season, the sensual look is in, combining clean lines with low-cut pants for a refined air hinting at what's hidden underneath. Form-fitting shirts are seeing a resurgence, as are subtle pinstripes, especially on pantsuits. Shirts with French cuffs are back in style, and the cufflinks to go with them are too. Alligator and crocodile are replacing leather as the elitist material of choice, especially for things like briefcases and agenda covers.

Camouflage is finally and truly out; it had been in style only because celebrities wore it. Razor scooters are out of the limelight replaced by the Vespa and its kin. Tiramisu has superseded CrèmeBrûlée as the designer dessert of choice, much like the Cosmopolitan has kicked the martini to the curb.

For the true elitists, however, the "must have" accessory this season is a calf (or alligator) skin-upholstered plasma TV. Come to think of it, any electronic device upholstered in expensive animal skin or inlaid with the veneer of a rare and precious hardwood is highly desirable. It oozes class, elegance, and wealth while keeping the tackiness to a minimum.

-Walt Jamison

The Wal-Mart Chronicles
Part I

At the peak of 21st Century Civilization, there is a shadow stretching over society, an evil so powerful that it could easily destroy us all. Its purposes are darker than sleeping in a large black box outside when the moon and stars are completely covered by jet-black clouds. It is a huge, menacing evil that lures innocent people inside with tempting advertisements. Once inside, who knows what happens to them? The evil is insidious, creeping into society with thousands of locations worldwide. It hides behind huge cinder block walls with glaring white signs and giant expanses of concrete. Its name: Wal-Mart!

Innocent people go into Wal-Mart expecting to buy some milk so that they can have cereal for supper: they never come out. Scientists estimate that 1/65498417645875 of the people that go into Wal-Mart actually leave. They presume that these people are turned into mindless drones, forced to serve as Wal-Mart employees for the rest of their meaningless lives.

Working at Wal-Mart is like using cocaine; it warps your mind, kills your brain cells, and generally messes up your perspective of life. To the people who are forced to work there, Wal-Mart probably looks something like this:

His stomach turned as he saw the sight within.

Wal-Mart is scary enough during the day, but at night it seems possessed. Notice how people seem to flock to the eerie glow of the Wal-Mart sign like mosquitoes do to those blue lights/bug zappers that kill them.

Our government disavows any knowledge of their actions. Statistically, the U.S. population growth has slowed because of Wal-Mart's mysterious activities. But there is evidence of a certain classified project code-named: Smile_E_Face, named for Wal-Mart's useless employees' brains who can only handle handing out yellow smiley face stickers at the door while saying, "Welcome to Wal-Mart!"

This project was too delicate for the FBI or The CIA to handle. The military's special elite forces would not touch it. Yet even now in this time of immense evil there is still hope. There is a top secret organization called "Wipe Out Wal-Mart" (WOW). It is a group of anti-subversive ninjas who are so top secret that they don't even know each other's real names. They are supposedly headquartered in an undisclosed location, but here is an exclusive picture from an unknown source!
Now the purpose of WOW is to utterly destroy Wal-Mart. But before they can do this, they must obtain proof of illegal activities. So their leader, known only as Minion, entered a Super Wal-Mart one day, disguised in a black trench coat worn over his black ninja suit as a disguise. His mission: to infiltrate the enemy ranks and find the necessary evidence. His cover: scoping out the "extremely popular hot new technology" section to look at CD's.

Once inside, he quickly destroyed the security cameras with ninja stars. He then made a dash for the door marked "Employees Only." According to his sources this door should have set off an alarm and the whole area should have been rigged with trip-wires and lasers. To his surprise, none of this was true! Thus he was able to sneak through the door with out anyone noticing.

His stomach turned as he saw the sight within. A multitude of helpless people were being brainwashed to the Wal-Mart way. Once he entered the room, three Wal-Mart "henchmen" confronted him. As they marched toward him, they smiled hideously. The confrontation had begun. He took out three of them easily and then turned around and saw that six more mentally incompetent employees surrounded him. He crippled a tall one with a spinning sidekick to the face; another got his kneecaps shattered. Three of them were taken out at the same time by a tornado kick. The last one was the biggest, meanest, and nastiest looking of all. Luckily, he quickly impaled himself on a giant paper clip when he saw the others being defeated.

Minion quickly breached the security code on the main computer and downloaded the necessary material to help make Wal-Mart the most despised business in society. The files were ingeniously titled "About Wal-Mart."

Having successfully hacked their system, he planted a few viruses and prepared to leave. The plan had been perfect: Minion would slip inside and grab the much needed data and then slip out unnoticed, leaving a few "presents" (really loud things that blow up and make really big noises). He reentered the main part of the store and heard the words that can chill the heart of even the most seasoned ninja.

"Clean up on Aisle three!"
He was on Aisle Three, and it was he whom they wanted to clean up! The lights dimmed and all the aisles suddenly closed in around him.

To be continued next issue...

**Nick Falcon**

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"I Kilt A Dragon," by AMBEB

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**America in Chains**

The whole world has become so commercial and full of fast food chains. Everywhere I look, no matter where I stand, I see a chain of some sort. I can't even go to my cousin's small hick town (RED OAK, OKLAHOMA - POPULATION 100 AND DECREASING BY THE MINUTE), without seeing a McDonald's or some other stupid fast food chain. It doesn't make me very optimistic about the future of the country. Most states in the Midwest probably have a higher population of fast food chains than actual people. I couldn't care less if I were standing anywhere in the U.S. and within a five-mile radius, I could fetch a Filet-O-Fish if I wanted. The food is nasty. Why make a national chain of a restaurant that deep fries fake potatoes in fat? People don't know what good food is. Happy Meals suit them fine.

American culture depresses me. The obesity rate of Americans rises constantly and everyone wonders why. Maybe it rises because these stupid people who were once of normal size-sit in the McDonald's parking lot all day, eating their kid's left-over Frosty, whilst their little son named Johnny plays in the children's play area. Wait, they don't sit in their cars. They have become so large that they no longer fit in their SUV (another commercialized aspect of American culture-notice EVERYONE HAS ONE). People find it funny that the fattest person ever wasn't able to get out of his bed; cranes had to be used in his transportation to the hospital. It seems like, if your fast food every day, that you would be skin and bones. People that can no longer use their cars to drive through the restaurant (because of NOT BEING ABLE TO FIT IN THE CAR) have to actually move their legs to walk into the place.

Okay, I have complained enough about obese people. What is even more disgusting than the people eating the gross food is WHAT IS ACTUALLY IN THE GROSS FOOD. Once, at Taco Bell, inside the wondrous realm of my soft taco, I found a long hair extension. I'm guessing it belonged to one of the workers.
Hair extensions are not supposed to be in the food, but that stuff they call “meat” is actually listed as an ingredient. I wonder if it is pasteurized and processed, just like the “cheese food.” Nothing is real anymore. Burgers at fast food restaurants are made out of ears, tongues, and other gross parts of animals. I cannot eat meat unless I am CERTAIN that it is real meat. I wonder if vegetarians can eat at places like McDonald’s because, come on, everyone knows that it isn’t meat, so it’s completely safe for vegetarians! I think anyone who goes into a fast food restaurant gains weight, even if they do not eat anything from there. The air is so full of lipids that any breath taken in goes straight to one’s thighs. If you haven’t noticed, the only people who eat that sickening, gut-wrenching food are the ones who should steer away from that type of food altogether.

Ellie Maley

Painting America

Red

I saw Red Lerielle driving in his $750,000 car yesterday until he turned off into the driveway of his $750,000 home and parked next to his $1,000,000 airplane and I only wondered why he didn’t have more. He has revolutionized our disgusting and obese city by providing an affordable and necessary physical fitness center. We are able to spend hours exercising while at all times remaining less than three feet from a total body mirror. We are able to combine physical and social exercise while workers take care of children in the cozy nursery. Workers at the health club are personable, never extending hints of condescension towards their clients. Where would our gluttonous and excessively festive city be without the four acres of physical fitness?

We would see our streets filled with flabby skin, curvy rumps, and round faces, the most unnatural and unwanted of sights. Red’s has given women the slight arms, bony thighs, and concave stomachs only healthy for our figures. Red’s has allowed men buffalo-sized shoulders, unbreakable pectoral muscles, and steel triceps. Without Red’s, Lafayette would actually see a sharp decline of population. Who could love a woman with a stretch mark, a rolled belly, or a hint of cellulite? Who could love a man without massive muscles and a defined stomach? Red Lerielle has done each member of Lafayette an enormous favor by preserving our city’s present appearance and future livelihood.

Red’s surprises me daily with its continual expansion and its ability to include an economic majority of Lafayette. I only pay $2,000 each year to a facility that provides me with weights. Without these weights, I could never maintain a shapely figure. $2,000 is a small price to pay for the infinite benefits of Red Lerielle’s. These infinite benefits are seen every time I drive over for a workout. In a world of giving and focus on everyone around me, I am able to concentrate on myself for three hours each day. Countless mirrors provide me with awareness of my flaws and abet me to perfect my physical appearance.

My personal trainer, who guarantees a perfect body and essential happiness for only an additional $300 a month, encourages me to attend my aerobics classes and to eat with control. This service caters to our human flaw of a lack of self-discipline and restrains us from the cajoling chocolates and ice creams. If an exerciser dislikes the personality of a trainer, he or she can attend any class from a multitude of possibilities. My personal favorite is the new “Boot Camp”, modeled after the physical workouts of our own American soldiers. The Instructors of each “Boot Camp” resemble our nation’s generals and members of the physically fit group wear camouflage.

How fortunate we are to have a health club that realizes the importance of our personal workouts by viewing them as significant as those of the soldiers protecting the United States of America.

Red’s realizes the increased amount of children due to its beautification of Lafayette’s population and therefore provides a nursery for each client’s children. The nursery remains open for possible twelve-hour workouts and provides a warm, loving environment for each child. I remember my days of youth in the nursery with an overwhelming populous of other kids to enjoy. We were always very intimate due to the tight quarters only suitable for the tiny bodies of children. The nursery workers gave us whole-wheat crackers once every eight hours to ensure our health and trim figures.

Many clients leave their children in the nursery while they exercise, but Red’s is more than a gym. Children, for a miniscule extra charge, can be kept after nursery hours while parents enjoy the alcohol and snack bar. This social addition to the health club allows clients to see coworkers, acquaintances, and family members. The true Red’s member relishes not only a daily 3-4 hour workout, but also of the social blooming that it promotes.

Red’s fulfills every aspect of my life and I simply
could not live without it. The world today does not cater to strolling with families or working outside in the garden. Running around in the backyard with children is time-consuming and jogging with a spouse is simply boring. Physical exercise has intensified and Red’s provides that further level of intensity necessary. Home gym systems are usually ineffective. Remaining in a dusty garage for workouts causes missed social opportunities to meet Lafayette’s best. The thought of a grocery store or another hellish restaurant located on Doucet Road instead of Red Lerie’s Health and Racquet Club stirs my insides. Our individual personal and social health would suffer and our community would simply shiver without our Red Lerie’s. This business is the healthy heart keeping our Lafayette alive.

Laura Anderson

Laughing Gas

Have you ever gone to bed or work without brushing your teeth? Well I certainly have, and you know what happened? I got a cavity! Yes, while this was a bad experience, and we should all try to avoid cavities by brushing our teeth, the cloud came with a silver lining.

My dentist is also my cousin, so I am not really afraid of dental appointments and the hygienist at his office doesn’t hurt you like some others do. This summer, I had my first cavity filled and it was a time that I will never forget. When I went to such a place, I was kind of nervous because I had heard about how much it hurts. So the woman took me in the back and put me in the chair and was asking me all these questions and as she was leaving she said, “You don’t look too nervous, I don’t think you need the nitrous.” I said, “What is that?” She replied, “Oh, it is the laughing gas.” I said, “Oh yeah, I want that.”

So it began. She put a mask on me, instructed me to breathe through my nose, and then gave me a TV clicker to pick a station. This was during the summer so there wasn’t much on, but I chose the Tour de France. I was watching it and was suddenly aware of the effects of the gas on me. My toes were tingling. It was a sensation like no other. Then my cousin came in and sat down and started talking to me but I was oblivious to him because of the gas. He adjusted the chair to make it lower to the ground. Just as he did this, one of the bikers fell. Because of the gas, I felt like I was falling as well.

To add to all of the weird things happening, I couldn’t feel my face because it had been numbed. When he was doing it he told me that he was going to be drilling into my tooth; it only felt like my face was vibrating. When it was all over, my mom and I walked outside and the first thing that I said to her was that I liked it and that I wanted to do it again. So I am encouraging all of you not to brush your teeth and to get your cavities filled; it is a wonderful experience.

Mac Francez

In fields cows...

In fields cows playfully sneakily, sneakily CANOODLING.

Bellowing Dante, mooing Dante, cavernously chanting cantos.

The Editors

The Place I Belong

Peter Craig

the warmest afternoon filled with blue skies and friendly hi’s made me visit the place I belong

chorus

and it’s been along time since i visited
the green grass and sleepy trees it’s been along time since i’ve remembered them remembered me...
the cloudiest sky and coldest day could confuse and forget my happier days but i watch the seasons change and with the rain my fears dissipate
chorus

all i need is a cold drink and a few of my friends to feel all there is to feel a rusty barbeque pit and the smell could cure the deepest heartache
chorus

the place i belong
the place i belong

FYI

We were always told that spelling was very important, but this proves that wrong.
Read real fast.

According to a search at Cambridge Universtiy, it doesn’t matter in what order the letters in a word are, the ohmyiprompthting is the frist and last letter be at the right place. The rset can be a total mess and you can still read it wout it porblem. This is the hardw hnnid deos not raed ervey leter by istlef, but the wrod as a wole.

(its rley had to ptye this)
(c'est t'ès dfficile a le tpaer)

Sleun une edue de l'Uvinertise de Cmabrigde,
L'odre des l'tters dnas un mto n'a pas d'improtonce, la suele coshe improtonate est que la pnevimere et la
drenerie soit a la bnooe pclae. Le
rste peut e rto dnas un dserod
total et vuos pueezv tjuorouls Irie
snaa porblème. C'est prace que le
creaseu hnaun ne lit pas chuage
l'etre elle-mmée, mias le mot
enome un tuot.

➤Submitted by: Mme Diane Soucy

The Weenus
(see footnote)

Oh how I love this little patch
of skin!

A wrinkle or two wouldn't do
you in!

You crumple so nicely, then
stretch so far.

It's strange: most people
don't know who you are.

➤Madploow

Pectus Excavatum

I have a "hole." All of my
friends and I love my hole. It has
always been a good source of
attention and a very good way to
pick up girls, so I have had no
problem with it at all.

My sternum is pushed
back into my chest
and the ribs that
connect to it, making
a hole appear. It turns
out, this "hole,"
scientifically known as a Pectus

Excavatum, may prohibit some
bodily functions, such as my heart
pumping and breathing. Now, this
Pectus must be fixed.

Many people have Pectus,
some smaller, some bigger than
mine. It turns out that my 'hole' is a
pretty bad one. To find out if one's
'hole' is a bad one or not, one has to
go for a CT (Cat) Scan and the
doctor takes the width of your
chest, and divides it by the space
between your sternum and your
backbone. The doctor has some
magical number that is the deciding
point that determines whether you
need to get the Pectus fixed or not.
The magical number is 3.2; my
"hole" is a 4.5.

The procedure that I must
go through to get this deformity
fixed sounds pretty weird. The
doctor has to cut little slits in my
sides, and thread some little piece
of metal under my ribs out the
other side. Then they form a large
metal bar to my chest and thread it
through my chest backwards, so
that where the bar is bent sits right
behind my sternum. The doctors
then flip the bar and pop the
sternum to where it should be.
They then put a stabilizer on at the
end of the bar that will be in my
chest for two years, and sew me
back up. I will get to sit in the
hospital for about a week after the
operation!

I have known that I would
most likely have the surgery since
about three weeks into school, but I
still have not gotten over it. It's not
the surgery part that bothers me as
much as the fact that I cannot play
soccer for the two years that I have
the bar in my chest. Soccer is really my
life. I don't think that I cannot play
soccer for two years. This thought is
constantly on my mind and really
scares me, but I will have to get
over it.

I am really grateful to all
of my friends. They have and will
help me get through this easily.

➤Ezra Doucet

If...

Alex Durio: "OF THE RIVER"

If I had a great big
Cannon,
I would fire it in the
Sky.
I would chew my food
like a madman.
And make little babies
Cry.

If I had a great big
Knife,
I would cut it through
the night
I would sleep like a big
bear
And teach the rats to
bite

If I had a mango farm
I would travel to a
foreign land
I would scratch myself
like an indecent soldier
And try to start a band.

These are the things that I
would do
If I had things that I don't have
But none of that should matter
now
Because I'm a lizard not a calf.

A Suggestion to
Eliminate the
Embarrassing and
Damaging Customs
and Dialects of the
Less Elite Regions of
South Central
Louisiana

In the middle of Acadiana
lies a beautiful, economically
It's in the Bible People!

The ignorant will learn how to speak proper English without a hint of an accent.

Houstonian Adventure

The scent of mothballs, roasting duck, and odd Chinese vegetables emanates through the lobby of a sterile, sparsely populated, Houstonian shopping center. The shoppers all sport the same black hair and tawny skin. Restaurants line the walls with quirky juxtapositions of upbeat words beckoning the hungry passerby: Happiness Rainbow One, Ocean Palace, and Luckiness Dragon House. For the always-fashionable shopper, The Beauty Saloon, Hair Cook Pit, and Pretty Gorgeous Nails stores await.

Near the exit, the foreign video store sits, windows plastered

INTERESTING FACT (old): "FRISBEE" IS NAMED AFTER THE SOUND IT MAKES
completely with exciting new posters of two-year-old movies, just now coming out with Mandarin subtitles. Japanese cartoon characters with misshapen eyes and disproportionate heads stare out at the crowds, begging to be brought home on videocassette or DVD. Just outside, the Asian youths congregate talking about drugs and imported cars.

I walk through the sliding doors that lead to a mammoth supermarket. Porcelain Pikachu, Buddhas, and Lucky Cats stand as sentinels above a sea of miniature bamboo before new arrivals. Walking further into the bustling edifice, the smell of saffron and durian grows exponentially.

Along the back wall, my favorite childhood area sits, smelling of the sea with schools of brownish saltwater fish crammed into tanks too small to fit one comfortably. Unhappy looking lobsters with retrained pincers and undulating, dying squid propel themselves erratically in their murky prisons, ignorant that they will soon be part of a thirteen-course meal at Ocean Palace.

The elderly lady at checkout counter number two smiles, teeth yellow with age, raven hair streaked with gray wrapped in a tight bun, and long, pink, plastic nails clickity-clacking away at the cash register’s keypad. She speaks to me in a language that I do not understand. I repeat her last few words and nod and smile back.

Back home, the person at the register would have to first wonder if I spoke English at all. There, I was one of many. And strangely, even though Lafayette, Louisiana is 220 miles away, it feels like I am truly home.

Eric Wong

My Path in Life

Well, this is a spur of the moment idea inspired from reading The Things they Carried: a memoir of Vietnam by Tim O’Brien. I had originally planned to write my best description of the 21st century United States of America, but that will pass for another day. The idea I have obtained from The Things they Carried in addition to thinking a lot of various things has led me to write a consequent Eclectic Article on honor fitting into several aspects of life. Well, if that’s confusing then let me explain.

Chris and I pulled into Logan Henegan’s house at about 6:00 clock on Friday night to play some basketball with others and just talk and have a good time. We arrived early to the scene and waited a few minutes for Logan, Lance, and Erik Stark to show up from Wendy’s where they had grabbed some chow. We asked when Conrad was coming and Lance directly says, “Doug is not coming, his car flipped.” I soon learned that Conrad on his way to Logan’s house had been driving the speed limit of 35 miles per hour on the gravel paved Highway 92 with Ashwin following closely behind when suddenly Conrad lost control of his Jeep Cherokee and went into a ditch and consequently flipped his car. Luckily for Conrad the roof of the car only was away from his head by about an inch and he was wearing his seatbelt and managed to get out of his crumpled car with the help of Ashwin. However, he was shocked, nervous, and shaken up. After talking to him recently today I realized how serious it really was and how I almost lost one of my better friends of seven years.

Thus, as I finished The Things they Carried today, a book full of the death, horror, and brutal reality that were exhibited in Vietnam, life gained an even greater appreciation, not to say that I haven’t realized this concept before. However, having someone that close to me almost die has not hit hard for a while now.

“So Ben, what are you going to do when you get older?” I search for a quick answer to answer these insistent people on my role in society that is dependent on the success or failure of my generation. “Umm, well I’ve been kind of interested in becoming an engineer.” Since it’s a reasonably well paying job that reasonably makes sense to take to ensure a secure, safe, normal, and quaint life. Yet, on the inside I feel an urge to become a philosopher, a geneticist, a bio-ethicist, or a historian, possibly of science, but it’s just too weird to do the same job as both my parents had. I really should want to become a truth-seeker as my dad always says, even if the pay stinks. I mean, maybe if I really love it I can get an okay fellowship like Nick, my older brother, a big 27K a year as a paleontologist to study to get a PhD at Berkeley to become a leading paleontologist in the world. Yeah, I would love to do something like that. Or, I can choose something like engineering that would be the “safe” option instead of going for a risky truth-seeking job. Now I must openly disagree with Chad Hayes, a guy from Virginia who I met in Quebec in the French immersion program I participated in this summer. Chad said, “Well, I’m going to get into Duke early decision so I can become a plastic surgeon and retire at the age of thirty or at the latest forty-five. You see, Ben, my mom has a job that she loves but gets paid next-to-nothing. I’d rather take a job...
that I like and make tons of money and retire early." Sorry Chad, but I
guess I'd have to disagree with you.

'Without Honor, YOU ARE NOTHING!' were imprinted
on my mind as one of the first
things of high school. Mr. Tutwiler
handed out a paper describing
English I and on the front of the
very first page in bold was that
phrase. Yet, I find that as I go
through high school that quote is
one of the most important things
I've ever come into contact with.
I have a feeling that this quote will be
not only one of the first, but one of
the last important things of my high
school career. You see, I deduce
and conclude from this quote that
whenever everything is done, I
graduate, get a job, make money,
have kids, then die, what the hell is
left over from me? My HONOR.
Honor is the core of every single
member of the grand society of
Earth. Honor is the remaining
aspect of every individual. Did you
know that in about 600 years a giant
asteroid will strike Earth killing
millions, causing gigantic tidal
waves? Fortunately and yet
unfortunately I'll be dead with my
ashes swept away through the world.
What's my legacy? Another kid
from camp, Bryan O'Connor from
Winnipeg, Manitoba, Canada,
believes children are our legacy. He
was arguing that we should have
children to pass on our legacy,
whatever it may be. Yet I believe we
should pass on a good one rather
than a bad one. Now as you can see
I've only intensified Honor without
nailing it down. EXACTLY. I can't
pinpoint honor and give you a
"cookbook definition" as D. Tate
would usually say, but I can try to
give you a one-sentence answer.

Honor is the ability to stay
as true to oneself as possible. In
every aspect of the definition, I want
to be honorable when I decide what
path to take in life. With an
appreciation that I have one shot at
life, and I better make it a good one.
I plan on taking an honorable path
in that I hope not to destroy my
body, mind, or spirit, but will
persevere and take the honorable
way of life. Because just as a thief
steals items from a store, a
dishonorable person will take as
much money and items for the sake
of taking them and steal his own life
away from what he or she could
have had. Will I take the "safe"
route to an easy yet regrettable life
as I've seen so many adults dwell
on? Or rather, should I take a path
to making myself and those around
me better people by going out and
finding truth like my dad always says
and fulfilling my mom's legacy. Thus
I believe I will try, no wait,
"There is not try, only do or do
not"- Yoda. I will become a truth-
seeker, or fail honorably doing so.
And furthermore, I support the
actions and ideas presented in our
school by taking honor in every
facet of school life.

Ben Pyenson, Our Neighbor
From the Abarat
North

Written by Clive Barker, Harper-

Run through the lands unknown
and discover the true world around
you! Candy Quackenbush is a
daring and adventurous type of
person. Her teacher at school does
not like her so she feels sad and no
one believes anything she says until...

She runs away from school
and goes to an area with only
burglars. Since she doesn't want to
be killed by shape, a literally
pointy person, she becomes friends
with the burglars quickly by saving
one's life with a cup and ball at the
top of a dilapidated lighthouse.
She then realizes she has a special
gift, and she was meant to sail out
into the Abarat to see what the gift
really is. Will she be welcome in
the Abarat even though she feels as
though she has been there before?

I really enjoyed this fantasy/adventure book that you
can't put down. It always has
action from one part to another.
There are surprising parts in this
twisting story, but it is always
leaving you hanging. I recommend
this book for everyone as the "read
on" type of book.

A bigail Arterburn,
reviewer

Timeline

Written by Michael Crichton,
Ballantine, 2000, 496 pp., $8.99

Stuck in the year 1357,
stuck between two armies, stuck
between the ideas of getting
home, and being lost 620 years
before they were born, three
archaeologists must rescue their
professor, fight a war, and get back
to their time in 37 hours. In the
year 2000, 1000 feet below the
Arizona desert, the company that
sent them back to medieval France
must repair the most sophisticated
computer and equipment in the
Earth while keeping the rest of the
world oblivious to their quantum
technology. Both parties in both
times must succeed or the four
archaeologists will be history.

From the moment I picked
up this book it kept me reading and
guessing what could be on the next
page. Nonstop action and wonder-
ering what will happen to the four
victims of time travel makes this
book the ultimate adventure. It's
not another rip-off of A Connecticut
Yankee in King Arthur's
Court. It has surprises and flips that
will keep you on your toes. One
piece of advice, though: don't read
this book before going to bed,
you'll be up all night.

Erick Bopsfloog,
reviewer
That Girl Named ‘Killer’
Madeleine Brumley

Watch your purse
Cover your neck
Hold on to the kiddies

She’s wearing all black
And lots of spiky-spikes
She’s going to hell for that
I can’t even see her arm
50 billion bracelets
Is what I’m willing to bet

Dear God, her hair is GREEN
Fingernails polished ebony
10 rings on each finger

Is that pierced.....
Oh my, is that legal?
But I’m sure she wouldn’t care

Juvy is probably
Home sweet home
To that delinquent hoodlum

Wait, what’s her name?
Dummo, probably something vicious,
Like “Killer.”

Rio Grande

Ok. Ok, the end of sleep is near, no I am awake or at least trying. Trying, trying to figure out the absence of what I cannot hear, or better yet the quietness that fills my ears. My eyes are closed, but I am trying to find the quiet that surrounds me, surrounding me here.

Here? Me? Me, where?

In the state of perfect sleep, or at least I was a moment ago, now I am leaving, being pulled away against my will, pulled by this sound that fills my ears. Just let it go, go back to sleep, stay warm and happy where you lay, just let it go.

And then it dawned on me, the sun that is, and I knew I was not in bed, asleep yes, but not at home, far, far away, but not alone.

I forgot that I went to sleep counting shooting stars and when I finally opened my eyes, I remembered. The scent of fresh coffee was in the air and it seemed to fill the desert sky. Yes, the desert sky is what I saw and the desert sun is what I felt upon my face as I lay upon the desert floor.

Please don’t let it go, you can’t just let it go, why on earth would you want to go back to sleep if where you are on earth is here?

Jessie Thibodeaux

Here is a challenge for all of you uncreative, anti-contributive, I-can’t-think-of-something-to-write-for-the-Eclectics! Write about this word: FLOCCINAUCINIHILIPILIIFICATION. I will give a prize to the person who has the best definition in time for the next edition of the Eclectic.

Love, Med-Flow

Thanks to all of our contributors! Class competition results: The ninth grade wins with 16 (thank Mr. Tutwiler). Seniors, thank your editors (14). Juniors: we expect better (4). Poor seventh graders (3)! Sixth graders, don’t be timid (2)! Eighth grade: be creative (1), and the tenth grade should carefully reconsider their existence (0). Oh, and no thanks to the non-support of our Eclectic predecessors (sorry, was that offensive?).

NEXT TIME:
EDITOR ERIC FINDS HIMSELF
IN A STICKY SITUATION.
CAN HE ESCAPE? STAY TUNED!

(CLOSE THE MAGAZINE)