FIGHTS COMMUNIST ZOMBIES (!)

ECLECTIC

WHAT'S YOURS IS MINE

FEATURING: WELL... YOU COULD FIND OUT YOURSELF... LAZY.
Quiz: How many can YOU get?
(Answers at the end of this issue)

QUESTIONS:
1) Is there a 4th of July in England?
2) How many birthdays does the average man have?
3) Some months have 31 days. How many have 28?
4) A woman gives a beggar 50 cents. The woman is the beggar's sister, but the beggar is not the woman's brother. How?
5) Why can't a man living in the United States be buried in Canada?
6) How many outs are in an inning in baseball?
7) Is it legal for a man to marry his widow's sister? Why?
8) Two men play five games of checkers. They win the same amount and have no ties. How?
9) Divide 30 by 1/2 and add 10. What's the answer?
10) A man builds a rectangular house. All sides face the same compass direction. A bear walks by. What color is it? Why?
11) If there are three apples, and you take two away, how many do you have?
12) I have 55 cents in two coins. One is not a nickel. What are the two coins?
13) If you have one match and you enter a room with a kerosene lamp, a wood-burning stove, and an oil burner, which would you light first?
14) How far can a dog run into the woods?
15) A doctor gives you three pills and says to take them every half-hour. How long do they last?
16) A farmer has 17 sheep, and all but 9 die. How many are left?
17) How many animals of each species did Moses take on the ark?
18) A butcher stands 6' 5" tall. What does he weigh?
19) How many two-cent stamps are there in a dozen?
20) What was the president's name in 1974?

Editor's Amendment
(to the Constitution, that is)
Alex Langlinais

The bad thing about breaking and entering is sometimes people stab you in the hand. That's one thing they don't tell you: crime pays and all, but there are NO health benefits. But on a loosely related note, I find it disturbing that people think they can, and eventually do, get away with so much these days. Americans are so litigious today that when I heard about the aforementioned thief with the knife in his hand, I immediately wondered whether he sued the home owner for owning a "burglar will be stabbed" sign, or neglecting to stab him in one of his non-burgling appendages, causing him to miss work for weeks. It has gotten so far out of hand, in fact, that the only people you can trust are young to middle age adults who have heard funny stories about people suing for ridiculous reasons. For instance, its become a trend for, allegedly, normal weight people to, after becoming overweight, sue McDonald's. Now, I eat a lot of McDonald's, and I have gained about 25 pounds this year, but I don't see the connection. Also, just recently a man sued his local cable provider, claiming that their programming caused both he and his family to become lazy and stupid. I don't know these two gentlemen's names, but I am currently working under the assumption that Fast-Food-Made-Me-Fat Guy and TV-Made-Me-Stupid Guy are the same person and that he probably starred as the father in an animated sitcom at one point or another. I can tolerate many things, but when you attack Fast Food and TV, I get angry. In response, I've begun to believe that it is time for a new amendment to be added to the Constitution. To save our Congress time and money I've already written it, "idiots will be laughed at." So if you think that it's the Winnebago company's fault that you let the vehicle drive while you made yourself a cup of coffee in the back (I mean, hey, they didn't say it "couldn't"), your days are numbered. Enjoy the nonsense!

I Am an Accomplished Man
By Alex Langlinais

Many people believe that all of us are inherently linked by our collective mental energy or some such thing. So, according to their theory, admittedly I do not know who "they" are but they sound nice, it is possible for the ideas of one person to be transferred to the unsuspecting mind of another. While this phenomenon would have many implications concerning the nature of human communication, I didn't really
care. In fact, I swiftly set aside all implications that did not immediately concern me. I thought to myself "how can I use this idea to increase my sleeping and sitting around time," this was, after all, becoming increasingly more difficult.

"Wow!" I cried, to no one in particular, causing perfectly good food to spill out of my mouth. I had figured it all out. If my thoughts can be mysteriously zip-lined to into the head of a perfect stranger, then it's perfectly possible that all these great ideas out there came from me. Likely even! However, it's one thing, an arrogant thing, to say you're responsible for several inventions and pop culture phenomena, but it's quite another to prove it. And so I set out! Ironically it was the preservation of my laziness that drove me to activity.

Now, after searching through my voluminous dream journals and diaries, I have proof that I am personally responsible for the Segway, the movie Deep Impact, and the Olsen Twins' career. Regarding the Segway, I found this extremely interesting diary entry:

May 16th, 1996
Dear Diary,
As I was walking down the street today, I thought to myself "gee, I look pretty dumb now, but I bet I'd look even more dumb if I glued a pogo stick to a remote control car and started riding on it. It'd be sweet. It could do all the things I can't do, like turn left and right, go up a ramp, go up a wet ramp, carry stuff, and eat batteries. I could even wear a helmet!"

Love,
Alex
I was right you know...The Olsen twins, or at least their manager, also owe me a lot of credit. Take a look for yourself...

October 1, 1995
Dear Journal,
I dreamed that there were these two girls who were only talented enough to play one girl on a bad TV show. But what's weird was as they grew up, they kept making more movies and stuff. Basically, they just used their power of indiscernible identity to thwart the evil plans of bad guys who, luckily, weren't smart enough to outwit small children. These movies usually took place either on a cruise, in Paris, or on some sort of cruise from Paris and were immensely popular. One day, some guy approached the girls and said "How about if we make dolls and posters and stuff of you two, pretend that we're going to sell them to 5-11 year old girls, and then really sell them to 15-37 year old guys?" To which the girls replied "guess which one of us is Ashley!" It was a weird dream.

My inspiration for the movie Deep Impact was the strangest of all. I found it in one of my tape recorded conversations, which I have transcribed here:
Alex: "Wow Candy (my pet Pomeranian), Armageddon looks like it's Gonna be good!"
Candy: "Yip!"
Alex: "What if someone were to make the same movie but had Morgan Freeman in it and released it just before

Armageddon? Would that be Cool?"
Candy: "Yap!"
There you have it. I'm sure there are hundreds of ideas I can take credit for, which would explain why I'm so sleepy.

Bill, Joe, and the Meaning of Life
Omar Mysore

Bill and Joe were two longtime friends, who agreed on nearly everything. They lived right across the street from one another in South Louisiana. Both of them were incredibly lazy, but very intelligent. They both dressed casually and usually never left a two mile radius of their houses unless they went fishing in the bayou. Mostly the only major task they accomplished during most days was brewing some homemade beer and drinking it while watching insane, modern American sitcoms. If they ever needed money, they usually mowed someone else's lawn for twenty dollars, but they really didn't need much money, since some stock market magic had allowed each of them to acquire 100,000 dollars.

One day Bill went over to Joe's house when he was watching an episode of "The Simpsons."

"Hey Joe."
"Yeah?"
"You ever seen that movie, Waking Life?"
"What's it about?"
"It's a cartoon..."
"Yeah," Joe interrupted, "I've seen it."
"What'd you think of it?"
"I liked most of it, but some parts didn't really make sense to me. It seemed as though they tried to like make a movie about the meaning of life."

Now although Bill and Joe agreed on mostly everything,
they had a serious disagreement about the meaning of life. Bill thought that the meaning of life related to being satisfied with what one has and not lamenting about possessions one does not have. Joe thought that the meaning of life was to help others and try to achieve world peace.

"Yeah, it was a weird movie."

"Especially that part about that guy in jail."

"Well, I think the movie tries to just show how humans act."

"That's true."

"Anyway, I thought you might be interested in going fishing later today."

When the two went fishing, the last item on their mind was to catch fish, they just wanted to sit in the sun and drink beer. Later that day, they hauled out their little canoe into the bayou and started fishing. The sun beat down hard, and the water almost seemed to steam. They brought their cooler along with about three six packs.

"You know Bill," said Joe, "I always thought that bread balls were the best bait, but everyone tells me that worms work a lot better."

"I honestly don't give a ****, but I have always noticed that worms do work well. Anyway, who fishes with bread balls?"

Time passed, and as they sipped their beer, they began to fall asleep.

"Hey man, I'm feeling tired."

"Yeah."

"You think it'll be alright if we go to sleep?"

"Yeah."

When they finally woke from the three hour slumber, the weather seemed to have completely changed. It was drizzling, and the waves were rocking the canoe from side to side.

When Bill and Joe woke up, they tried to keep the canoe steady, but they were out of luck. The canoe toppled, and neither of them knew how to swim.

"Where are we?"

"I don't know."

Both of them seemed to almost be hovering on a mattress of clouds, surrounded by an ocean of blue sky with clouds everywhere. It was sunny, but felt perfect. Then, out of nowhere, a small, short, and very skinny man appeared and said "welcome to heaven."

Joe then asked, "So we dead?"

The man replied, "No idiot, you're dreaming... of course you're dead. Before we get on with any further business you both will simultaneously meet GOD and will be granted the right to ask him one question." After a short briefing about GOD, they both entered his chamber. Instantly, they simultaneously asked, "What is the meaning of life?" GOD replied, "Well...I don't know." And then they were instantly led out.

An Elegy for Hardback Books
Danny Osborne

I find myself lamenting the creation of the paperback book. How many times has the Everyman read a paperback book, only to find that the book cannot even hold its original shape? Warped and twisted, tearing at the spine, splashed in audacious colors and catch-all phrases, the words of our finest authors scream to be liberated. What happened to the days of yore, where a man could walk in a library or a corner book store and grace his hands upon dusty and arcane literature sheathed by a sturdy and age-old binding? How is it possible that publishers and readers alike are satisfied with cheap, machine-printed covers? When we bury a loved one, the family never dresses the deceased in a cheap Hawaiian shirt to save money. No, the honored dead are decked in the finest clothes, in remembrance of their existence and their love. Books are absolutely no different, except we are celebrating the living words of our finest authors and poets. It is as though our whole society thinks that books are deiscated corpses, rotting on shelves, and somehow unworthy of being respected. Metaphorically, books are living, breathing organisms that speak to us everyday. However, their hearts are not constructed of simple matter, but rather of viewpoints, images, memories, puns and lost hopes. It seems as though we no longer value a true hardback book anymore, especially the few that are still handmade. It is sad that few people will ever smell the musty aroma of the cowhide leather or grace their hands upon the brass clasps of a Gutenberg Bible. When one walks into a bookstore, the shelves are filled with cheaply made, ill-equipped paperbacks that lack the gravitas to withstand even a single read. Oh, how I loathe the Penguin, Dover, and Signet Classic books. I curse the day that Allan Lane and his Penguin Publishing House ever invented the nihilistic creation that is the paperback book. I remember when I first opened a copy of Blake's The Book of Urizen. As with every hardback book, I could smell the distinctive aroma of the finely bound volume. As I turned each page, I read in anticipation and gazed at the painstakingly reproduced art of William Blake. The binding was thick and solid, like the armor of some battle-
ready Norseman. No paperback can ever replace that experience of reading from a classic hard-bound book. Paperback binding is a publishing travesty that should only befall the lowest of literature, like Danielle Steele or other dime-store novels. The idea of Hemingway or Shakespeare being hidden behind a third-rate book binding is excruciatingly painful. Classic book anthologies and collections have become far too commonplace in recent years. For example, the act of gathering Dante's entire works and stuffing him in the face with the title, "Portable Dante," is ridiculous. Dante, Plato, and Machiavelli would turn over in their graves, if they realized that the summation of their lives, their entire collections of writing, had been given a title that is such a literary mockery that it is equivalent to a Camping RV: Portable. "Get your cheap, portable copies of civilization's greatest writers! Now at the low, low price of bankrupting classic literature!"

A storm of laughter arose and even the tiniest child joined in."
By Marion Sparks

Not Just
Hearing...Experiencing
Aleya Bryant

Have you ever been asked the question, "If you were forced to choose, would you rather be deaf or blind?" I have, a couple of times, and I've answered both ways. I've said I would rather be deaf because I didn't think I'd be able to handle not ever getting to see color, my loved ones, nature, etc. I've also answered that I'd rather be blind, on the basis that I'd never be able to hear music or people speaking, singing, or laughing. However, after January 31st's monumental music event, I'd have to say my final answer would have to be blind. That Saturday, I was privileged to attend the "3 Doors Down" concert at the Cajundome and I can firmly say that that experience has led me to the conclusion that I could never live without music.

You're probably mur-muring under your breath as you finish that sentence, "Well, duh, Aleya. You sing all the time..." However, it was this major concert event that really reminded and recharged me of my love for music and singing. I love a vast list of different genres of music, ranging from country and Christian, classical and instrumental, to classic and hard rock. Even with my appreciation of all these types of music, my overall love is for hard rock music. I'm an avid listener to Planet Radio 96.5 and about 100% of the time you pass me on the road, you'll see me jamming to some song that I probably don't even know the name of. I'm always finding myself com-menting on every song that's played, saying "I love this song!" or "This is the best song ever!"

Hard rock music is, getting to my eventual point, what "3 Doors Down" considers them-selves a part. I hadn't always been a huge fan of the band, just listening to whatever singles of theirs were played on the radio. However, once I arrived at the concert and they started playing the songs from their newest album, I can say that I have a new appreciation for them. They put on a phenomenal show! I considered it to be one of the best live shows that I've ever been to! I knew all of the words from their newest songs and found myself rocking to the sounds, belting out the lyrics, head banging, and jumping up and down along with the rest of the sold-out mix of crazed fans.

Besides being a crazy teenager, loving the live music and band, I couldn't help thinking to myself throughout the whole concert how awesome music really is. The bass, guitars, vocals, and percussion were reverberating in my body, in the seats, and throughout the entire building, until I felt totally immersed in the music. This indescribable immersion feeling is something I have felt before about music. In fact, I usually always feel it if the sound and feeling of the tune is surrounding me. Coming from having sung "Jingle Bells" in front of an audience of two-hundred at the age of two, to doing chapels with Dr. C's blues band, I am pretty content to say that I'm at ease with being in front of crowds and really getting into the music.

However, the actual immersion feeling can come even when I'm driving, in my room doing homework, or even just listening with surround-sound headphones on a car trip. This feeling that I'm talking about, when what feels like your skin, but is actually your soul soaking up the sound, words, and message of the songs is what defines music. I've always maintained that the one essential thing you must have in order to understand and be at one with music is that it has to be experienced, not just heard. It's not just some tune, written out to make money and acquire fame. All songs are composed for a purpose, to express emotions, passion, and deliver an experience to the listener. Music wouldn't exist if it wasn't driven by the intoxicating thrill and swelling of sound that can take over and inhabit even the most calm of people. The experience, affectivity, and immersion feelings associated with music really are the reasons I sing, the reasons I listen to music, and the reasons why I'd ultimately choose to be blind instead of deaf.

Heaven
Amy Meche

When I finally reach the end,
The stopping point in life's long road.
What will happen to me then?
If I should lose before you go?

They say that angels have wings.
Too arac puse white as Sunday gloves.
But feathers are material things.
True wings are only seen with love.

I saw you in a different light.
I saw your tainted brilliance.

When echoes escaped my lips in fright,
You healed me with your angel's kiss.

I dreamt I lost my life last night.
Not dying, no, but after death.

Heaven's gates were in my sight,
I lingered there and held my breath.

A brilliant brightness all around.
Unblemished luminosity.

But here, no happiness I found.
Such beauty held no peace for me.

I need no spot among the clouds.
My Paradise is not ideal.
No falls upon it are desired.

My Heaven is a place more real.

No choir singing as I visit
No bleeding light, no shining stars.
I see no towering pearly gates.
For heaven's only where you are.

Osborne wrote the submission following “Sympathy for the Devil” after Moroux challenged the class further, to form a sentence with the vocabulary words on the subject of something other than Satan.

**Sympathy for the Devil**

**Danny Osborne**

Immured beneath the bituminous depths of tartarean Hell, deep within the doleful city of Dis, in the inferno of the underworld’s deep vales, filled with throns of gorgonian demons, who in selfish ignominy followed the path of Mammon rather than the path of God, Lucifer knew that never again would his obdurate soul know the resplendent appearance of the Beatific Vision, nor would he ever again experience the transcendent quality of angelic colloquy, for his fate is immutable for his opprobrious rebellion, eternally condemned to endure the baleful fires of perdition, behind the adamantine walls of his prison that are strengthened by the omnipresent feeling of God’s absence, of which only His omnipotent abilities could erase, and the lethargic nature of hopelessness that even atantean strength, alchemical conjuring, propitious blandishments, or chthonic plans of the First Apostle remove the divine interdiction of the now discomfited Empyrean Heaven, that with omniscient power had foretold Man’s fall, as the Arch-Traitor silently watched the newly interposed Earth, between Heaven and Hell, bear the fruits of divine favor.

**Moroux’s Memories**

**Danny Osborne**

Beyond the doors of this orderless apostate, lie the baleful signs of a shrine to Chaos, laden with the doleful remembrances of the resplendent Karina, thorns of ancient and forgotten toy soldiers, that point towards the omnipresent pieces of Leninist art, of which the mad Russian’s opprobrious past is forgotten in the recesses of this vast chaos, remembered only by tearful Bolsheviks, and a tattered painting that reminisces about the fallen tower of Babylon that speaks to the room’s dweller in quiet colloquy, across from boxes of old German techno that is both futuristic and transcendent in nature, unlike the stale bituminous odor of moldy pizza beneath the tiny bed that barely fits the occupant, stuck in his own immutable 80’s shrine that the obdurate skirrler worships, like the followers of the gorgonian Mammon, while he spends lethargic nights of reading Hamlet, interspersed between moments of grading essays and contemplating the existence of God and the Empyrean Heaven, as Rex concocts strange alchemical wonders in the kitchen with pudding and cheetoes, that are continually dwarfed by the contents of this room, immured within the adamantine confines of Jerome’s walls, where hidden ignominy of tartarean proportions is swallowed within the chthonic perdition of old clothes and CD’s, lost to time and oblivion, of which even a near-omniscient sage, or an omnipotent giant of atantean strength could never lift these piles of old memories and vales of dusty memorabilia, when even the propitious gestures, threats of dietary interdictions, and outrageous blandishments of his mother could not alter this forsaken bachelor pad or the mind of its nostalgic ruler.
Meant to Be
Valerie Reichardt

This place of hate
This place of fears
Helps me to
Hide all my tears.
From all of them
From all of me
From all of you
But now I see.
The only people who really care
The only ones that dream to dare
To face the evil, inside of me
To kill the rage that flows through me.
So hold me now, hold me tight
Be careful though, for I might bite.
Sinking in the fangs of death,
Are you ready to give up yet?
But still they stay, just holding me
I feel like it's not meant to be.
They hold me fast, they hold me tight,
These feelings here, I just can't fight.
Something flowing from their hearts,
Tearing my dark soul apart.
Taking from me all the rage,
All the sadness, all the pain.
And now that I can finally see
These are my friends,
They're meant to be.

Don't do Drugs (But
Don't Listen to Anti-Drug
Commercials Either)
Elizabeth Bospflug
a.k.a. Madplow

We see a nose. One sniff: there goes a car. Another
sniff: there goes a stereo. Sniff: new roller-blades right up the
nose. This is not a hallucination, but rather an
anti-drug commercial paid for by the U.S. government. The
message: "Kids, don't do coke. Seriously, don't ever do it.
Not because it's bad for your health, not because it may
inspire a heart attack, and certainly not because it's illegal.
There's a far more pertinent reason to avoid coke - it's
expensive!" That's right, doing drugs is like snorting cars.

An article running in papers all over the country
states, "The most effective deterrent to drug use among
kids isn't the police, or prison, or politicians. [It] is their
parents." The Libertarian Party's response to this is: "Not
even the government pays attention to its anti-drug ads. So
why should we expect teenagers to do so?" So-called
"studies" claim that these commercials are successful, but
an equal number find those teenagers who viewed anti-drug
Public Service Announcements (PSAs) "were more
curious about using illicit drugs" than participants
who did not see the PSAs. This year
the government spent $195 billion
on anti-drug campaigns. Whatever your personal
opinions about drug use -
whether it is a legitimate and
harmless pastime or an evil on
caliber with murder - you must
question whether the $195
billion meant to keep kids clean
should be spent convincing kids
not to spend their parents' money.

After researching the
evolution of anti-drug
commercials over their
approximate fifteen-year
existence, I discovered more
than one ad could have been
the product of the
hallucinogens that the
commercials preach against.
I am grateful that the image of a
fried egg with the slogan "this
is your brain, this is your brain
on drugs" was hammered into
me while watching "Winnie the
Pooh." However, simple
messages such as this one
obviously did not work. Now
we have to see pictures of
insane parents or watch people
drowning so we can "just say
no."

It seems these "Public Service
Announcements," better known
as "Prevent Substance Abuse"
directors are afraid of water.
Their latest series features a baby
teeooting on the side of a pool
while the babysitter is getting
high, a girl watching her friend
drowned in a lake, and, most
appalling to me, a swimmer not
showing up for a meet because,
of course, she is doing drugs. My
reason for writing this article is
partly to gripe about the
problems with this latest episode
of the anti-marijuana
commercials. Not only are they
insinuating
that
swimmers
would smoke
before a
meet, but
when the
first whistle
blows, these
definitely-
not-built-
like-swimmer people stand on
the block as the announcer says
"200 Medley Relay." The
problem with this: while not
apparent to any non-swimmers,
the 200-medley relay begins
with backstroke, and therefore
all of the swimmers should be in
the pool for a backstroke start.
Lesson: if you are paying for
thirty seconds on national
television, make sure the details
are correct! My and every other
swimmer's reply to this
impudence - "Sure, just tell them
you were getting high while you
made your commercial."
The Victorian Gaydar
By: Laura Anderson

Last year, my brother and I were discussing the sexuality of a mutual friend. I asked my brother if he thought that this guy was gay and he replied, "No, just because a guy is feminine does not mean he's gay."

I've remembered that comment and after taking Western Civilization, realize where my brother got his truthful statement. The Victorian gender roles are still very definitive of the expected behaviors of men and women, but the outdated opinions are especially applicable to masculinity. Women are not expected to faint or blush anymore and certainly do not live only for their families.

Perhaps this is due to the extreme change of the women's role over the past hundred years because of the Suffrage Movements, etc. But for some reason, men are still expected to confine emotions and to be competitive and tough.

Especially in the South, society pushes so much pressure onto guys to be excessively masculine. If a man enjoys dressing up, does not drive a truck, is weak at sports, or plays the piano, he must be gay. This pressure is not seen nearly as much at ESA, but socializing with boys from other high schools has awakened me to the ridiculousness of these expectations of men. Because of being teased about their "femininity" by the standards of 120 years ago, many guys become convinced that they are homosexual. I don't believe that half of the people who declare themselves as homosexual today truly are gay. Our outdated Victorian dispositions have labeled them as gay and they have no choice but to live up to the skewed expectations.

...they have no choice but to live up to society's skewed expectations.

Traces
Peter Craig

Tires leave the only traces I can see
See, but not feel.
My lips are wet and my skin is wet with touch...
My mind is soaked with passion.
Your smell washes off my body and my shirts
But it seeps into me – it stains my inside
Until I am no longer me, but a different version of you
Then you can call it love.
Smelling your perfume on my shirt
Ignites much more than chemicals
Streaming through my senses

Sparking in my mind -
Thoughts of your existence
Far greater than physical presence
Something that makes me shudder,
Sending waves down my spine
That makes me smile at your beauty, at your soul
That makes me sigh -
I cannot reach you with my fingertips at all times
I cannot run my hands through your long, dark hair
I cannot watch you move
But time is a simple enemy –
He fades with the changing suns
And I will wait until the moon and the stars
Illuminate your face -
Immorralize your being
And my knees will bend, my words will squeak
I will lie like a child in your arms
Forever in awe at your heroism
For being my creator –
The one that completes my existence

Ninja Turtles: An Oldie but Goodie
Ricky Winters

A plot consisting of four teenage guys studying martial arts and fighting crime in a nostalgic 80's setting developed into a huge empire of media dominance for its frenzied fans. It produced a series of movies, and one turned out to be a true American classic. "Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles II: The Secret of the Ooze" is one of the most critically acclaimed movies of all-time. In this movie, Keno (Emie Reyes Jr.), a young pizza delivery boy studying martial arts, wanders into a mall after noticing several shady A-team type vans with merchandise in the back. He is then faced with the task of
defending himself against several would-be burglars, and when he starts
to lose, four human-sized turtles sporting red, orange, blue, and purple
bandanas enter and assist him with overcoming the masked robbers. After
the turtles make a hasty exit, Keno
returns to his routes and the next night
he is asked to deliver another large
order to April O’Neil (Paige Turco), a
local reporter and overall babe. Keno is
very suspicious as to why a young
woman like April would be ordering so
many pizzas so often, and upon
entering her apartment and recognizing
 ninja paraphernalia, he uncovers the
hiding turtles and a close friendship
begins. Little do the turtles know that
their nemesis, The Shredder (François
Chau), a middle aged man who is
commonly seen hiding behind a veil
and hires adolescent boys to do his
bidding (familiar?), has come back from
his defeat in the previous film. While
The Shredder was gone, his life mate
Tatsu (Toshiro Obata), a bald man best
known for his line “Ninja Vanish!” has
taken over the quasi-clan of ninja
thieves called “The Foot,” and is
presented with a severely contaminated
dandelion that has grown ten times its
normal size. It turns out that a
biological development company called
T.G.R.I., led by Professor Jordan Perry
(David Warner), has been uncovering
leaky canisters of ooze that have
serious mutable properties. A young
clansman delivers the information to
Tatsu, and Shredder surprises the
entire clan with an unforeseen reentry,
and devises a plan
to capture Jordan
Perry and have him
mutate the two most
fearsome animals in
the world—a
snapping turtle and a wolf. There are
special guest appearances, including
Vanilla Ice performing “Ninja Rap.”

So if you’re like me and would rather
eat your eyeballs before watching the
newly released films like Torque, You
Got Served, and The Perfect Score, what
with their Steve Harveys, D.J. Lalas and
Ice Cubes, then rent this classic film

directed by Michael Pressman and
produced by Raymond Chow, the same
man who produced the Bruce Lee films.

Under Without You
Kasey Leblanc

MY HEAD SINKS UNDER
YOU CAN’T HEAR MY (AY)
I DRAFT AWAY SLOWLY AND YOU
DISAPPEAR
I’M UNDER NOW WITHOUT YOU
AND THE VOICES BOUND ME IN
THROUGH SHADOWS OF
NOTHINGNESS.

A Part of Me
Renee Judice

“Until I feared I would lose it, I never loved to read.
One does not love breathing.” – Harper Lee

To better fit what I
am trying to say, I am going
to slightly alter Harper Lee’s
quote. For my purpose, it
should read, “Until I
realized I would lose it, I
never realized I loved what I
had. One does not love
breathing.” Harper Lee’s
quote is about appreciation
and appreciating what you
have. Mine
takes it a step
further and
touches on
realizing what
you have to
appreciate.

My road through
ESA has not been an easy
one. There have been
bumps, curves, pot-holes,
and zigzags. But
nevertheless, I am almost at
the end. Being so close to
the end of this road has
made me stop for a minute
to look back on where I have
been, and what I have come
through. It was then that I
realized the milestones, the
rest stops, and the painted
lines. At first I was proud
of myself. I congratulated
myself on steering my way
through. But then I realized
that the credit wasn’t mine,
the vehicle I was in
that got me to the end. This
vehicle I have never stopped. It
never ran out of gas. There
were no flat tires, no engine
trouble, nothing. I hadn’t
done anything.

This vehicle that
facilitated my journey is my
class. This is my tribute to
them.

There were times in
my career at ESA that I had
only one friend. There were
times that I couldn’t stand
anybody, and I’m sure they
couldn’t stand me. I would
fall in and out of groups and
cliques, be close to someone
for a while, and then we’d
both move on. There were
times that I wanted to run
away; I wanted to leave. I
wanted something new, new
people, a new place. I’m
sure there were times that
everyone wanted me to get
away too. But no matter
what, there was always
someone. Always that one
person that reeled me back
in. Always those one or two
people who would tell me it
was OK to feel like I did and
include me again. Life gives
us choices and takes us in
different directions. Some
of our decisions led us away
from each other for a while, but others brought us together again.

I know I didn’t always go to the game, or go to whoever’s house, or show up at whatever party. Sometimes that was my choice, and other times it wasn’t, but I missed a lot for those decisions. I missed out on a lot of the jokes and bonds that our class had. I had detached myself and now I regret that more than ever. I regret not making the effort to get to know each and every one of you, as best as I could.

Now our senior year is coming to an end and I am just now coming to grips with the fact that in less than six months, I will be in Pennsylvania. We will be scattered all over the country. No matter what was going on with me, you all have been my constant. You have been the ones that I have shared over nine months a year with. Every single one of you has given me something, whether you know it or not. I know that there were plenty of days that I could not have made it through had I not come to school and had you all to lean on, to talk to, to play with. You are all so special, individually and to each other.

This is my apology. I apologize for not giving 100%. I apologize for not doing everything I could for every one of you. I apologize for anything I have ever done to hurt any of you. I apologize for not thanking you enough for what you do for me. I apologize for not realizing what I have. I apologize for taking us for granted.

In the past couple of months, I have been trying to make a huge effort. I have become closer to a lot of you, I think. Only now, now that it’s almost too late, am I realizing what I’ve been missing out on, and I am so mad at myself for letting that happen. I want you all to know that I love you dearly, every one of you. Some more than others, but non the less, everyone! I am so thankful for the time that we’ve had together, and I am so thankful that I still have time left.

So, here it is. To the vehicle that never stopped, never complained, braved the sun and the rain, the heat and the snow. To the vehicle that hung with me on my crazy detours through the woods, over the mountains, and through the valleys. To the vehicle that shared my successes and failures. To the vehicle that was always there, that I could rely on. To the vehicle that pushed me on, kept me awake, and also let me rest. To the vehicle that carried me through. To my class.

Her steps are slow and stealthy...

Kasey Leblanc
Her steps are slow and stealthy
She trembles and hesitates
with every movement
Now the night is loud and cold from her heartbeat
She looks afraid; her eyes
might fill with pain from the sight
And there it was...
lying dead, staring her
down.

A Socratic Argument
Laura Anderson and Sean Bordelon

Interlocutor: Why'd you skip class? Skipping is a discipline problem and it's lying.

Student: Sir, I could try to explain the physical ailments that my body endured such as the weakness of my limbs, the pallor of my face, and my lightheadedness. However, I have no need for excuses...my righteous reasons that stand for themselves. I was ensuring that I get the most out of my education. The problem is not with my actions but with yours.
Interlocutor: How could skipping class possibly further your education?

Student: A person needs adequate nourishment to be able to perform properly mentally. It would be preferable, in the name of furthering my education, to skip one class and be mentally prepared for the others than to attend all of them with a hindered mental capacity.

Interlocutor: But the fact is that you skipped class and this kind of behavior is not something that this school represents.

Student: Are you saying that this school does not represent maximizing our potential to learn?

Interlocutor: No, but what this school does stand for are moral, Christian values, none of which are lying.

Student: In the bible, isn't it true that both the soul and the body are held in high respect?

Interlocutor: Yes that is true.

Student: Then how does this school possibly stand for Christian values if it does not stand for nurturing of both the soul and body... therefore if you punish me for not attending class, this must be unchristian.

Interlocutor: You cannot say that we are unchristian as fasting is a form of asceticism.

Student: But forced fasting has no worth for asceticism is only holy when voluntary. Punishing me for skipping class contradicts this school's core values. My actions were justified for my physical health and for making the most of my education.

Interlocutor: It seems that you have a point about the weakness of school policy, but our school rules remain as guidelines for student actions. Therefore, I am compelled to abide by these rules and to punish you with discipline probation.

Isolation

Caroline Gooden

The isolation of reality we contain
Only serves as a diversion to pain
Reincarnation comes into play
Tough as nails "rebellion" leads us on our way
We appear stone on the outside
But accusations of fraud defeat self-pride.
The cold shoulder we deal is a view to make life surreal
Chaos and individuality seemingly run within
But we all look and act identical in chained discipline
Chemtrailer-like ladies have shaken in like dye
Finding our natural roots isn't even worth a try.

Heisenberg to the Rescue

Omar Mysore

As Billy stepped into the principal's office he knew that he would soon be in deep trouble. Earlier that day, Billy had called his friend an idiotic freak. Now, Billy's teacher, who was an extremely partial person, truly favored the insulted boy over Billy, because he was very inventive and thought of new technologies and inventions such as a means by which controlled nuclear fusion may be achieved, a means by which humans can successfully teleport objects, a very fast train system which uses water pressure. Billy shivered as the door shut and then sat on the chair facing the principal.

"Alright William, Ms. Barker has told me what you did. What do you have to say about it?"
"I don't really think I did anything, Mr. Riley."
"What do you mean young man?"
"I'll need to do some explaining to justify my point."
"Please commence."
"Classically, scientists have always viewed things as separate. Such a belief is necessary in performing scientific experiments. The scientist usually thinks of himself as a separate, non-interfering entity with reference to the experimental setup. Traditionally this view has seemed to be accurate, but with quantum physics we now see it to be wrong."
"How so?"
"Well, this guy named Werner Heisenberg discovered that when we shoot a photon of light and it hits a sub-atomic particle, the photon changes the momentum of the particle. Essentially, the particle changes when we see it."
"That's neat."
"Anyway, if we rid ourselves of this stupid conception, then..."
"Wait... well... okay, go on."
"If we rid ourselves of this conception, we will think of humans being more a part of the world."
"Correct."
"If we think of the Earth as one basic entity, like an atom, then life would be like the protons or electrons. Essentially, you can think of the Earth as a collection of particles constantly changing with the addition of energy from the sun like any physical system."
"Yes, this makes sense."
"Now, if we can just extend this to the solar system, the galaxy and the entire universe."
"Right, I see what you're saying."
"With that, we can think of the entire universe as a single physical system constantly changing. Everything in the universe is made of subatomic particles, right?"
"Yeah."

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"Okay, so we can think of the universe as one changing unit which you can compare almost to a glob of silly putty perpetually bouncing or as I say, dancing. It has a cosmic rhythm, which in actuality would be the properties that govern the universe."

"Okay, so what are you getting to."

"Alright, now that we have this vision of the universe, I can get to what I'm saying. So the universe is only a collection of particles in a dance based upon their properties. Humans are part of this basic dance. There is only one big unit, so how can you separate it into sections and completely say that one section solely performs an action?"

"Well... you really can't."

"Precisely, so how can you blame what you consider as me, a collection of subatomic particles, for insulting another student?"

"Umm... well... ugg... l... thnk... umm... well, I guess you're right."

A Warning to The Junior Class

This is something which would be read to the students before the drawing of the first name in the Term Paper Sweepstakes, and it is also the extent of my creative abilities. Just imagine Dr. White reading it to an anxious group of Juniors before the first name announced. For anyone who has not been in a term paper sweepstakes, this is surprisingly accurate.

—Scott Brussard

Attention all students in your junior year

Today is the day you have come to fear

you'll have no free time and
your sanity will taper

As today you begin Dr. White's Term Paper!

You've reviewed the topics and
made your wish lists
And worried about the sleep
you'll miss
The rough draft to do,
bibliography and citations
And your note cards will be in constant rotation
But that's far in the future let's talk about this lunch hour
where you sit and panic and I hold the power
To pull all of your names from out of the jar
As students' screams will be heard long and far
Because as topics are chosen they'll pick your #1 or #2, or #3, 4, or 5 won't this be fun?
However, if you're special, you've chosen architecture
At your classmates' misery you can only conjecture
You have no need for the Sweepstakes; you might think you've won
But you've many more hours ahead of you before your project is done
When your name is called
breathe a sigh of relief
But you'd better get to work so make it brief
And as you begin your journey into the past
Sit there and pray that your name won't be last
Now I hope that you know that this isn't a game
So I'll commence the festivities and draw the first name...

These Empty Streets

Peter Craig

These empty streets
Hazed by the lamplight
Hollow air craving saturation
Miles wide yearning exercise
The obvicious flutter of progress

It's when we think we face our disgrace
Offices scarred with visual despair
We want to busy our minds
But deeper down the fire we kindled
slowly dwindles
Our voices rarely crack the surface
Mute fury at silence

Metal beams dusting with shame
They desire progress
Tangible reassurances of gain

I walk these empty streets
For every man that's ever lived
In every breath and echoing wave
Ten thousand have felt alone

It is in this moment of silence
That I salute mankind
We have never been so big and felt so small
We have never hurt so much
And we will never fall so hard

Jesus Fish
Eric Wong

On an early Sunday morning, Porcina Evans woke early. Ms. Evans was a rather rotund woman. She had a round visage like a radiant sun; a pale, pure complexion; short, curly, brown hair like the crown Jesus wore, and a flat nose in a perfect triangle like the holy trinity. She yawned and stretched, getting ready for the day that lay ahead. Which lives would she touch with her Christian generosity? To whom would she show the Light and Truth, Jesus Christ? After an hour or two of preparation: bathing, waxing, drying, powdering, brushing, and primping, she finally was ready to begin her Christian mission.

Before she left, she inspected her car. It was a white BMW, spotless and in perfect condition. It was adorned with a tiny, metal Jesus fish. Like an ancient relic of Christ itself, representing His perfect sacrifice, remembering the baptism and conversion of thousands, displaying man's eternal love and faith, the glittering fish sat on the hood of the trunk. Beside it, a post-card size American flag bumper sticker boasted its country's pride and strength. Ms. Evans bought the bumper sticker after the September 11th attacks. It was her way of fighting terrorism: it was like a memorial for the thousands of victims, a resolution to end the war between religions and races,
promoter of tolerance, and a patriotic gesture that showed that Americans would not fall so easily. Like the troops fighting in the Middle East, she was part of a new breed of fighters, those that bravely combated evil with these trinkets. Surely these things exhibited her nature as a devout Christian and a loyal American.

When she arrived at the West Potomac Baptist Church, she waited in her car to make a fashionably late appearance. She admired her plump reflection in her rear-view mirror. Her cap was a foot high, with lace and feathers galore; her dress was elaborate and decorated with sequins and buttons; her shoes increased her stature by several inches. When she entered the chapel, the choir and congregation were singing a familiar tune. The karaoke style music filled the room with heavenly sounds: glissandos of ethereal harps, strumming of grunge guitars, footsteps of dancing angels, beats of electronic drums that found their way into any and every hymn, soft whispers of playful cherubs, and stylized pop-star voices, seeking to imitate Madonna and ubiquitous Britney Spears. Ms. Evans gave her friends each a nod or smile in their general directions, making sure to act reserved and poised. When complimented on her attire, she simply nodded and said “this old thing?” or “the same to you, sugar”: words that skimmed the surface of sincerity. When the service started, the congregants were asked to bow their heads in prayer. Porcina, however, noticed several irreverent individuals across the room who did not lower their eyes like good Christians.

After the church service, Porcina found her way to a quaint breakfast diner. She sat down alone at a booth and buried her nose in a menu. She eyed the specials and read the entries list over and over again until she decided. However, nobody came to wait on her. She spotted a group of middle-aged Asians chatting in a booth opposite hers. She stood up and smoothed out her rumpled outfit. She approached the table contemplatively.

The four men had been friends since first grade. They had met on the playground of the San Francisco day school and had been close ever since. After high school, they parted ways, but kept in contact. The short bald one was a lawyer, the rather overweight one a doctor, the one with glasses, a professor, and the fanciest dressed, an actor. They had decided to meet in this café so they could see their friend the lawyer one last time. He was in hospice due to a long bout with lung cancer and the other three knew that this might be the last time that their quartet was together. Each only spoke of each others’ great achievements and the good times each had had; all four hid their unfathomable sadness.

“Now, boys,” she said to the Chinamen in a scolding manner, but with a sweet, motherly half smile, “would one of you mind taking my order?” The four men shot her confused and angry looks at the same time. A young woman dressed in an apron carrying a pad and pen tapped Porcina on her round shoulder. She had a pale face but strikingly red hair, lips, and nails. “Ma’am, I’ll be right with you,” she said reassuringly. She then turned to the other four customers, “may I take your orders?” she asked politely. She rolled her eyes and shook her head after Porcina had left the table.

Ms. Evans sat back down and soon found herself nibbling on a fried egg and toast. She remembered the preacher’s sermon — the part she heard that is. One could hardly be expected to absorb much from the gospel when one was forced to listen to one’s chatty neighbors’ conversations in the surrounding pews. She had gleaned detailed gossip about Ms. Coyne’s various love affairs, Mr. England’s financial troubles, and Mrs. Walker’s pregnancy. Nonetheless, she did remember that the message was that Christians should be undistracted from their mission. What was it again?

She finished her breakfast, paid the check and went on her way. Traffic was awful that morning; people were just being let out of the late church services. Porcina figured that she had been stopped at every stop light in the city. She passed a black church where the service had just ended. The grandiose bells in the tower were ringing loudly and children were bouncing happily down the steps of the cathedral. It was a beautiful sight: men in business suits, carrying their adorable daughters on their shoulders, the women in elegant Sunday dresses and little boys fidgeting with their stiff bowties. One such family passed by Ms. Evans’ BMW on the way to their car. Porcina smiled at them, locking her doors with a flick of her well-manicured hand.

**Dragon Healing**

Valerie Reichardt

In this lonely place, inside your troubled mind, you have a little world that no one else can find. It’s not exactly big, it’s not exactly small, it’s just enough for you inside to hide it all. Traveling through the darkness, I know I’m almost there. Escaping all the sadness that I can hardly bear. Out of the blackest darkness, coming straight for me. There’s something very close, that’s guarding you from me. A deadly blood-red dragon seeping through my mind, made up of all the rage, the things you keep inside. It coils its lethal talons, puncturing in me, your deepest darkest thoughts are streaming through my soul. Struggling from the pain, I’m reaching out to you. There’s nothing left to gain, but still my heart bleeds true...
Episcopal School of Acadiana vs. 
Alex Langlinais 
Elizabeth Bospflug and Alex 
Langlinais

Interlocutor – I 
Alex - A

I: Mr. Langlinais, you stand before this 
fringe squad, er, council, accused of 
weaving an inappropriate article of 
clothing, commonly known as a “wife-
beater.”

A: A-shirt.

l: What?

A: It’s an A-shirt. 

(murmuring from the 
council)

l: SILENCE! ...Explain yourself.

A: I would like to begin by asking this 
council to please excuse my way of 
speaking, for I am a Cajun. Along with 
our accents, Cajuns prize their 
heritage, and your so-called “wife-
beater” is an integral part of Cajun 
culture. Would you agree that the sixth 
goal for excellence at ESA, as printed 
in our Mission Statement, is “to enrich 
our community by admitting students 
from all ethnic, economic, and religious 
backgrounds?”

l: That is correct.

A: Then since I am a Cajun, ESA 
blatantly contradicts its mission by 
prohibiting the expression of my 
cultural identity.

l: “No, not at all; not in the slightest 
degree.”

A: “You are not at all convincing...; 
not even to yourself.” However, I will 
prove to this council both that I am no 
wife-beater, as I am currently single, 
and wearing a particular style of shirt 
does not make me one. You would 
agree that the “offensiveness” of my 
shirt draws from its name, “wife-
beater,” and therefore by wearing this 
article of clothing, I bring to ESA the 
connotation of violence?

l: ‘That is precisely what I maintain.’

A: But the cotton plant in itself, the 
factory that makes the shirt, the store 
that sells it, or any other person or 
object involved in the fabrication of my 
shirt are perfectly inoffensive.

l: That makes sense.

A: Therefore, you base your 
accusations purely on your assumption 
that my shirt is a “wife-beater,” when I 
know that it is nothing of the sort. Let 
me ask you, what is the name of the 
article of cotton clothing with short 
sleeves and a round collar?

l: A t-shirt.

A: And why is it called a “t-shirt”?

l: Because it is shaped like a “T.”

A: Very good. Now does it not follow 
that a shirt with no sleeves made of 
very similar material should not also be 
named after the letter of the alphabet 
that it resembles, say an “A”?

l: Yes.

A: Then according to your reasoning, 
ESA should ban shirts on the basis of 
differing letters since it allows t-shirts 
but not a-shirts. That’s discrimination.

l: No, not quite...oh, I don’t know!

A: Let us explore how an object comes 
to be named. For example, if a 
machine cuts grass, it is called a 
“lawn-mower;” if something sharpens 
pencils it is called a “pencil-
sharpeners;” and if a husband beats his 
his, he is called a “wife-beater.” Now 
let me ask you, has my shirt ever 
beaten its wife?

l: No, that is ridiculous. It cannot have 
a wife.

A: Exactly, so it would also be ridiculous 
to call my shirt a “wife-beater.”

l: I suppose you are right.

A: We have already agreed that the 
name of my shirt is the sole reason for 
its effrontery, but since it is ridiculous to 
call an a-shirt a “wife-beater,” it should 
be perfectly legal. Would you not agree?

l: I think we have heard enough. It is 
time for the council to make its decision. 
Do you have anything further to add?

A: Merely this: if you condemn me for 
my shirt, you are only condemning 
yourselfs, for there are many more who 
are willing to follow in my footsteps. By 
outlawing the “A-shirt,” you will provoke 
protests: pretty soon someone will come 
to school wearing no shirt at all! I do not 
mean to harm the ESA community, but to 
function as a mosquito, ‘rousing, 
persuading, reproving every one of you.’ 
I carry no West Nile to permanently harm 
you, but I keep you alert to the danger 
of thinking that any article of clothing 
could actively offend or insult a 
reasonably thinking human being.

Forced 7th Grade Submission 
By Eric Bospflugosdikjyn 
(with help from Madplow)

Hunger

I am hungry all the time, 
So give me your food; it is 
mine.

Your lunch box is brimming, 
My sister likes swimming. 
Give me what you have to 
eat, 
Or your face will meet my 
feet.

I don’t care what you think, 
I’m bigger than you so give 
me that drink.

1 Apology, p. 49
the window and called, "Hey Jacque! Do you want a ride?" I admired my mom so much for that one simple question because with that question she was saying that she did not care how far he had to go or how bad he smelled -- she was going to help him get to where he needed to go. I admire my mom to this day for that sentence. "Hey Jacque! Do you want a ride?" she asked again. At first, he had an almost confused look of his face, and then in the blink of an eye, it changed to gratefulness. He replied, "Yah, tankz you; I really 'preciate id." And the old man climbed into the car, and we continued our journey home.

Shenstone in a letter in 1741: "I loved him for nothing so much as his floccinaucinihilipilification of money." **Source:worldwidewords.org/wwedwards**

Answers to the Quiz on page 1
1) Yes
2) One
3) All of them
4) The beggar is her sister
5) He is still alive.
6) 6
7) No, He is dead.
8) They aren't playing each other.
9) 70
10) White: If all four walls face the same compass direction, it can only be at the North or South Pole, and no bears live at the South Pole. Polar bears, however, do live at the North Pole.
11) 2
12) A half-dollar coin and a nickel
13) The match
14) Half way: after that, is running out of it
15) One hour
16) 9
17) None: it was Noah who built the ark
18) Meat
19) 12
20) The same as it is now.

George W. Bush

Class Points awarded as follows:
Once again, to the sophomores GO AWAY, AND DON'T COME BACK!!

Sixth graders, BE BRAVE! WE DON'T BITE (well, Alex might)! (0)

Seventh graders, I know you are smarter than you look, come on! (1)
My eighth grade submissions (4) were left over from September, so try again.

I'm proud of our Juniors: at least you are trying!

Seniors, what can I say? Thank your editors.

The ninth grade wins, no thanks to them, because Mr. Tutwiler gives me your journals and EXTREMELY DEPRESSING POETRY! FRESHMEN, CHEER UP! LIFE IS NOT THAT BLEAK! WRITE ABOUT SOMETHING CHEERFUL! THINK HAPPY THOUGHTS! (9)

Thank you to Mr. Tutwiler, for staying on our cases for this second edition.