A Letter from the Editor

Dear ESA,

I am happy and proud that we have managed another issue of the Eclectic this year. We, as in the ESA student body, because that is where the Eclectic comes from. Unlike many school newspapers or magazines, the Eclectic thrives on submissions from outside of the publication’s staff. Apart from the necessity of this system, I think it is wonderful, because a) it’s great to read the work of ESA’s many talented writers here, and b) each issue gives a snapshot of what the general feelings and trends are at ESA. Looking at this issue, I can see some themes arise. Theories on the origins of God and the world are popular. The pursuit of perfection is popular unpopular controversial. Saul Pickett and Chris Beyer are popular (judging by their articles about each other.) There is more to ESA and its students than what is here in the Eclectic – there is more to us than can be printed anywhere – but I encourage you all to appreciate, and add to, the goodness that is the Eclectic. I’ll miss the Eclectic, not for itself, but because I’ll miss you all. So I urge you to enjoy and heed the following invocation, penned by Maggie Langlinais, ESA alumna and former Eclectic editor.

Read it aloud. Let the Moose inspire you.

Love, Lizzie Simon

Sing in me, Moose, and through me tell the story of those adventures. Moose, daughter of Zeus, tell us in our time, lift the great song again. Thou, O Spirit, instruct me, for thou know’st; thou from the first was present, and with mighty antlers outspread dove-like sat’st brooding on the vast abyss. What in me is dark, illumine;

what is low raise and support; that to the height of this great argument I may assert eternal providence and justify the ways of this Eclectic to men...

A Waste of Time in the Fashion World
Kate Smith

There have been many issues dealing with models and the fashion world during the twenty-first century. One major issue was the health of the models; many of the models were anorexic or bulimic. Obviously, this is not healthy for models, physically and mentally. However, starvation for them may be a good thing. If they are happy with deprived bodies, then we should let them stay that way. There is no need for us to fix something that is not worth fixing.

There are many important reasons that prevent us from trying to fix the fashion world. By not feeding the models, we are saving the economy from wasting food products. We also cannot change the effect that the fashion world has had on women and teenagers. The idea of the “perfect model” has forced teenagers to risk their health by trying to look like the models we see today in magazines. A study from February 2007 showed that 33 percent of women in the U.S. develop their eating disorder from the ages of eleven to fifteen years old. Forty-three percent of women in the U.S. who develop an eating disorder do so between the ages of sixteen and twenty years old. No one can find the real source of the pressure to have an eating
disorder because the pressure comes from many different situations: family, friends, the media, and even fashion shows. Some girls might put pressure on themselves to lose weight. Some believe that models caused the sudden increase of eating disorders. However, the models only meant to lose weight themselves.

There are many ways that the fashion world saves the economy. One important way is that they save the economy from wasting so much food. Anorexia is the most well-known form of eating disorder even though bulimia is the most common. By models not eating so much food, the economy has had sufficient supplies. However, the models that do develop bulimia waste food because they must throw food up after eating it. It would be better if models develop anorexia instead of bulimia because then the world would prosper even more. We wouldn’t have to worry about the models as much because we wouldn’t have to feed them anymore. They would become independent and on their own. If they had bulimia, then their agents would still have to make sure that they get enough “nutrition” for their bodies. The models probably only drink (and eat) coffee and milkshakes anyways. Bulimia and anorexia are both horrible, but all the models are starting to care about the society more than themselves now.

Another main reason why we should not feed models is the fact that doing so won’t change anything that happened in the past. Since the fashion world and its models became a popular part of the media, women have had a lot of pressure to look like the “perfect model.” Making models gain weight (if they actually eat the food without throwing it up) might make people feel better. However, it will not change the damage and lives that have been cost. One study found that 47 percent of girls from fifth to twelfth grade want to lose weight because of what they see in magazines. Sixty percent of girls from the same age say that their ideal body types are based on the magazine models. Because of the fashion world, the amount of eating disorder diagnoses has increased. Another study showed that 81 percent of ten year olds are afraid of getting fat or being fat in general. A third study showed that the average American woman is 5’4” tall and weighs 140 pounds; the average American model is 5’11” and weighs 117. Most fashion models are thus thinner than 98 percent of women. Beginning in the middle of 2006, fashion designers began to ban models under a certain weight and age. In a Madrid fashion show, models with a body mass index under 18 were banned. This banishment proves how dangerous it is to be anorexic or bulimic. However, it will not make anyone feel better, especially the models that are losing an important job. The important factor is that making models gain weight won’t solve anything. The only difference is that models will not have the “perfect” bodies anymore. We shouldn’t bother trying to change models anyway. Some girls at school already look like the models; they obviously will not want to change their figures. The problem no longer needs to be fixed. If the models want to hurt themselves, then let them be.

Since the rise of the fashion world, there have been many issues about the models’ eating disorders. The most common eating disorder was bulimia, and anorexia was the most well-known. The models are taking a major health risk by not nurturing their bodies. However, their eating disorders may be good for the economy and the fashion world itself. Because of the models, we are able to save more food. It would also be pointless for the models to change their body types. Changing their figures will not change the damage and lives that they cost the common people. Many girls died because they wanted to have the “perfect body” found in magazines. In the end, we should just let the models starve themselves. They will actually be doing something good for the economy.
Bill Croughan

I am currently in the car. I usually can't write stuff in the car because of the radio, but journals are different. You don't have to think as much. I'm listening to "hey oh" by the Red Hot Chili Peppers. Never mind, my mom just turned the radio off. That was a good song. The Chili Peppers are my favorite band. I like the Goo Goo Dolls as well. I was listening to them the other day with my brother. He told me to learn the song slide by the Goo Goo Dolls. I've learned the intro so far.

I also play guitar. I have a red and white Squire. I think the word squire looks cooler in that font. I've also got an AD100VT. That's an amp. It's a Vox 100 watt valvetronics amp. I think that means that it is half tube and half electronic or something like that. Valve is the British word for tube when referring to amps. That's really weird considering that we both speak English. I suppose that it's like lift and elevator or top o'the mornin' and good morning. Actually that's Irish. I forgot about that. They speak English, too. But they say wee instead of little. I wonder if I were to go to an Irish electronics store and ask for a Nintendo Wii if they would give me like a mini game cube or something. That would be awesome, with a mini TV and a mini controller.

That's like that commercial with the guy eating the mini sandwich and fries and stuff and he turns to the other guy and is all in his grill like "$2.99" and then the other guy turns to him and he's got like that decked out burger and you can tell he's from the ghetto and he's just like "$2.99!" I stand up and yell "burn" every time, but not really. That would be really obnoxious.

I'm getting pretty close to school now. I hope I can make it on time. It's like those shows that have like a clock or a heartbeat in the background and someone's rushing to get somewhere and then it cuts to like someone drowning or some other manner of scary slow things. And then it shows the guy running, and then the guy drowning, then running guy, then drowning guy, running guy, drowning guy, running, drowning, running, drowning. And then the running person gets to the gigantic fish tank or whatever and it's too late. Actually it depends. If it's Nickelodeon or Disney, then the guy probably gets there just in time and grabs his hand. Or else he just drowns and the guy stands there starting to cry, staring at his best friend. Or laughing. That would be funny. He runs the entire way over there just to laugh at the guy.

Speaking of laughing, I've got a joke. There are these two kids camping, right. And the mosquitoes come out and they're biting the kids and stuff. The kids are like scratching and stuff until finally they back into their tent. Then they see a firefly go by and they say, "Oh great, now they've got flashlights!" Isn't that awesome? I've got a ton more but there's no time. No time to say hello good bye I'm late I'm late I'm late. You know what's weird, cleavage. Like when rocks break along lines and stuff. I mean it looks cool, but what if you got a chisel and carved the mica against the sheet cleavage. Then would it just not break or something? Oh well. Some questions are best left unanswered.

Dude, I love the word "answered." Isn't that just like the best word? I mean like seriously. But anyway, I have no clue what I'm going to write about for my response. Thanks a ton for canceling that essay though. I've got to read now as well. I hate Tuesday schedule! I like the rotating schedule though. A lot of people didn't understand but I can't see how you can't, I mean it's really easy. Did you know that the longest word...

Editor's Note: In a tragic loss to humanity, the rest of this journal has gone missing.)
MAKE YOUR OWN NAPOLEON KIT!

French FOR DUMMIES

IT'S BOTH FUN AND EDUCATIONAL!
LEARN THE IMPORTANT STUFF ABOUT FRENCH REVOLUTIONARY HISTORY IN JUST MINUTES!

ONLY $5.99!!!

ALSO INCLUDES:
1 INFERIORITY COMPLEX
2 PAIRS OF SILK MAN-TIGHTS
2 AA BATTERIES

FROM THE MAKERS OF THE HIGHLY OVERRATED AND OVERLY BUREAUCRATIC ADVANCED PLACEMENT CURRICULA, DEVALUING YOUR CHILD'S EDUCATION SINCE 1955!
Lea Hair

entwined in the blankets I sit
watching the rice grow,
the geese fly,
the moon rise,
all the while hoping
for something more than
watching

... where shall we go
where shall we run
where shall we allow ourselves
to come undone

where shall we fly
where shall we soar
where shall we soar up
that door

fall
into the open abyss
of my heart
hear it beating
and listen to life

... somehow I reckon
somewhere you'll be
and just maybe
the somewhere
will happen sometime
for me

... hope
fail
try, strive
fall
under the burden
of your built-up dreams

One Scary Night
Emma May

"Ah! Why did the lights go out?" asked Geraldo.
"Let me go see what's wrong," said his friend Ray. Ray was great with wires and electronics.
"Ouch! I just ran into a table! Hurry up and fix the lights."

Geraldo wasn't the tallest person around. He lived with his parents in a little house in the country, and he was a very animated kind of person. And tonight his parents were out at dinner party with a friend, so Geraldo and Ray were all alone in his parents' house.

"I can't seem to find the problem," said Ray.
"I'm getting a little freaked out," said Geraldo.

As you can imagine, having the lights go out at 11:00 at night when you're all alone and way out in the country is not the greatest thing to be happening.

"You're such a coward, Geraldo," Ray said harshly.

Ray wasn't going to tell Geraldo, but he was feeling the same way too.

"Hey Geraldo, go get me a flashlight!"
"I don't think we have one but I'll go look."

Geraldo went off to look for one and since he couldn't see, it was a little hard. He was feeling his way to the closet, where he thought they might have a flashlight, and suddenly he put his hand down on something really sharp.
“Ouch!”
He wondered what it was, it was as sharp as the blade of figure skates, and he figured it probably was a knife. As he was thinking, he was trying to find his way to the closet more carefully. Finally, he reached the closet. He couldn’t find the flashlight so he turned around and found his way back to Ray.

“Hey, Ray, I couldn’t find the flashlight, sorry.”
“Ray, what do you think happened to the lights? I mean, do you know why they went out?”
There wasn’t an answer.
“Ray? You there?” Geraldo asked a minute later.
“Ray, you still alive?”
“Ray?”
Geraldo was getting pretty scared. He didn’t know where Ray had gone. What if something bad had happened to him? Well, what could have happened to him? Geraldo was about to go into tears; he was so scared. What if... Geraldo froze – what if Ray was gone?
“Aah!” screamed someone dramatically.
“Aah!” screamed Geraldo.
Geraldo took a few steps toward the scream he had heard. He heard some footsteps coming his way. He stepped back once. All of a sudden someone reached for him. Geraldo’s scream was so loud that people miles away should have heard him.

“Ha-ha! Got ya!” Ray yelled.
Geraldo was petrified; he couldn’t say anything.

A few moments later, he was out of shock and completely mad at Ray.
“That was hilarious! Ha-ha.”
“That wasn’t funny at all! I thought something had happened to you!”
“Like what?”
After a few seconds of silence Geraldo replied:
“Well, you know. I thought, I thought maybe you were...”
“Were what? It’s not like I was murdered or anything. I was just having a little fun.”
Geraldo was completely cheerless. He couldn’t believe what Ray had done.
“That still wasn’t funny,” Geraldo said.
“Whatever,” Ray mumbled.
“So, where is the flashlight, Geraldo, because I think I found the problem.”
“There wasn’t one, well at least not in the closet. Oh I know where there might be one – in my room.”
“Oh, you mean that indigo one?”

“Yeah, that one, okay let me go check if it’s in my room.”
Geraldo went off to go find the flashlight in his room. He walked up the stairs of the two-story house, and rushed right over to where his room was. It was pretty scary but Geraldo could handle it. When he finally got to his room, he walked over to his desk right next to his bed and felt for a flashlight. He touched something pointy. Being nosy, he wanted to know what it was, but he soon figured out it was just a pencil and started to look for his indigo flashlight. Then he put his hand over some kind of cylinder and figured it was a flashlight, so he went back downstairs cautiously.

As he was walking downstairs he thought he heard some noise, like the sound of someone slamming a door. Geraldo tried to tell himself that it was his mind playing a trick on him, but he couldn’t ignore it; he hated being a coward. He rushed down the rest of the stairs and through the hallway so he could find Ray.

“Hey, Ray I found the flashlight. It was on my desk,” Geraldo said, sounding so proud of himself.
There was no response from Ray. Geraldo figured he was playing a joke again, which he didn’t think was funny, so Geraldo just sat there waiting for Ray to get tired of hiding, but after 5 minutes Ray still hadn’t stopped hiding. Geraldo sighed. What kind of dirty trick was Ray playing on him now? Geraldo was getting kind of freaked out, but he was tired of being scared and being called a coward, so he decided for once in his life that he wasn’t going to be a coward.

“Okay, Ray,” he said.
“I know you’re hiding, so you can come out from wherever you are.”

There still was no sign of Ray. Geraldo decided to wait for a few more minutes to see if Ray was really there or not.

Soon he got tired and gave up on the idea that Ray was in that room, and since he didn’t want to be a coward anymore he tried to think of where Ray probably was hiding, like in the bathroom, kitchen, closet, his parents’ bedroom, so he decided to go look in those rooms. He headed into his parents’ room and to check under their bed was his first thought. He got down on his knees and then he heard a door slam. He got up as fast as he could and hurried over to the living room.

“I need a flashlight! Hurry, hurry I need it,” Ray screamed. “Give it to me, Geraldo! Hurry!”
“I got it, here!” Geraldo said.
“But I thought you were gonna fix the lights!”
“No, I can’t right now! I saw something outside! Hurry up come see.”
"What are you talking about, Ray?"
Ray rushed out the door with the flashlight in one hand. Geraldo was confused, he didn't get why Ray was bringing him outside.
Ray seemed so excited and scared, Geraldo had never seen him like this. It looked as if Ray had seen a monster or a ghost. Geraldo didn't know what to expect. He was thinking maybe it was a dog, or maybe something frightening. They stepped outside the front door.
Geraldo observed that it was a full moon and there was enough light to look out on the front lawn and see the button mushrooms and a lot of the pine trees around his house.
"Ray, did you see something? Was it bad? Ray! What are you talking about?"
"Yeah, I saw something! I've got no idea what it was, but it wasn't pretty."
Ray's heart was beating so fast that Geraldo could hear it. Geraldo wanted Ray to tell him what he had seen.
"Well, I don't know exactly but I think it was...."
Ray shined the flashlight on the field they had outside and then on the grass right in front of their house. There wasn't anything there except for what had always been: dull green shabby bushes and the big old trees that supply shade in the afternoons.
"So, what happened, Ray?"
"Okay, so I was trying to figure out what was wrong with the lights, right?"
"Yeah," said Geraldo. "And so I looked up and took a quick glance out the window and there was some black shadow that was looking inside the house and as I got a closer look, it was man with a ski mask on and a dark, dark navy shirt with some black pants. I couldn't think of what to do and then he saw me getting up from where I was sitting, and he ran from the window and headed that way."
Ray was pointing to the west side of the house and his hand was shaking badly. Geraldo headed over to where Ray was pointing and looked around but didn't see anything unusual.
Then Ray got this idea and headed over to the back side of the house to where the electrical box was. Geraldo started to follow him and then tripped over something hard. He stumbled to the ground and then got his balance and followed Ray over to the box. Ray opened it and shone the flashlight on it. Inside was a bunch of wires that were cut.
"So that's what happened?" Ray said. "It all makes much more sense."
"But how did it happen?" Geraldo asked Ray.
"Well, apparently someone opened the box and cut the wires and that made the electricity go out."
"Whoa, whoa, whoa... So you're saying someone came over to the house and cut the wires...." Geraldo said completely frightened.
"Yeah, I think they used some sort of shears or wire cutters," said Ray.
Geraldo thought again and decided to retrace his steps over to where he had tripped a few minutes before all of this had happened. He discovered that he had tripped over a pair of shears. Then the silence was broken by a crash inside the house. Geraldo jumped and so did Ray.
"Did you hear that?" Geraldo screamed.
"Of course I did! Come on!" Ray said. They sprinted to the side door of the house and rushed inside to see what happened.
Then the whole house shook with the slam of a door followed by fast footsteps on the porch. Geraldo and Ray rushed to the front of the house and stopped at the window.
"He's gone! He got away!" said Geraldo.
"I know!" Ray replied. "What was he even doing here in the first place?"
"Dude, I have no idea," answered Geraldo.
10 minutes later Geraldo's parents pulled up in the driveway, but it seemed like an eternity for Ray and Geraldo.
Ray heard the slam of car door, Geraldo's parents were home.
"Hey boys, are y'all here?" asked Mrs. Findley.
"Are you boys okay? What's goin' on?" said Mr. Findley. "Why aren't there any lights?"
The boys explained what happened. After they recovered from the shock of the news Mr. and Mrs. Findley packed up a suitcase full of clothes and took Ray and Geraldo to the nearest hotel. They stayed overnight and the next morning there was big news.
"Boys, wake up!" said Mr. Findley.
The boys, barely awake, wondered what Mr. Findley was talking about.
"Listen, listen. You know that man you said who had come to the house? The cops say that they have a suspect. He is wearing a blue shirt and black pants. They also found a ski mask in his pocket. Does that sound anything like the man you both saw?"
The boys took a glance at each other and then looked at Mr. Findley.
"Yes, that's him! That's him!" screamed Geraldo and Ray joyfully.
In Hurricane Weather
Charles Rees

Wind, rain, flooding
Causes havoc on people
Confusion disparity
Lives falling apart
Families torn all amidst
A storm
Skies clear
Storm gone
Sadness throughout
We will,
Rebuild,
After,
the Storm

Introducing the New Beyer Hybrid: A Greener Way to Write
Saul Pickett

One of today's hot topics concerns the environment. Whether the hype pertains
to global warming, planetary destruction, or conserving fossil fuels, environmentally
friendly features make a major selling point for many products. As an
environmentalist you can understand why conserving energy matters. You
contribute to the solution by riding your bike to school, converting buses to
biodiesel, and keeping the air-conditioner off. Much of the population commutes to
work and school, turns off the lights when they leave the room, and drives hybrid
cars instead of Hummers.

Everyone tends to point fingers, but it seems that people blame global warming
on cars, planes, and power plants.
Although these apparatuses appear responsible, perhaps an unnamed problem should take the blame. Or should I say six-point-seven-billion problems. You see, all of this equipment operates not by itself, but only when humans interact with it. If people spent less time using energy and machines, the amount of carbon
released in the air would greatly diminish.
You may wonder how we might become more resourceful, but Christopher Beyer
knows better than anyone else.

His secret is in his handwriting. At first glance characters resemble sloppy
hieroglyphs, but the process could define the fate of our planet. Each letter is
crafted in such a way as to use the littlest amount of energy possible. Just about all of
his letters materialize in just one stroke.
Lower case "G"s and "S"S consist of a spiraling motion instead of the usual
method. The lower case "A" also appears in one stroke, in a similar way to the "G,
but with a reduced tail. The letter "C" does not resemble a sphere, but forms a "V"
shape. Because his pencil is closer to the above line, it sets him up for the next
character.

This method is much quicker than the conventional system and conserves time
for future activities. If one rides in a vehicle, the time available for homework
makes it near-impossible to complete an assignment. While the car moves, vertical
motion creates distorted symbols and excess marks. At stoplights, Christopher's
handwriting allows him to speed through assignments, saving the much-憧憬ated time in the home. He uses this earned time for extra sleep, not only
saving heating, light, and other resources, but it also keeps him refreshed for the
day. His aware body can then write faster, eat faster, play guitar faster, watch
television faster, walk faster, and do necessary tasks faster. The left-over time
may lengthen sleep, which saves energy due to the reduced time Christopher's
appliances function. His body becomes more energy efficient; trips to stores and
restaurants become more and more unnecessary. Saved fuel provides backup
energy in case of an oil shortage, and lowers the carbon footprint in the atmosphere.
Über Pwnage
Chris Beyer

Over the Mardi Gras break, my good friend and fellow student Saul Pickett accompanied my family on our annual ski trip. For the last six years of my life, I have metamorphosed into a die-hard snowboarder, an über pwner from a noobish skier, a follower of the one true art in life (excepting the English language and Mr. Tutwiler himself). Yet it was on the slopes of Beaver Creek, Colorado, that Saul inducted me into the knowledge that his über pwnage snowboarding skillz actually existed, his claims remarkably veritable. Whoa now, before I ramble on ahead of myself, allow me to explain a new vocabulary word, as vocabulary expansion = intelligence, no? Über, n.: a word from the German language, meaning "super," as in the infamous Uber Soldat of the WWII Wehrmacht (the German army). Therefore, if Chris pulls off an über headshot in Call of Duty 4 with the noobiest pistol in the game, he has pwned. Has it begun to settle in? Good!

Last year, Saul barraged my over-worked eardrums with choruses of self-praise for his snowboarding skillz immediately following his first ever experience over Mardi Gras break. I would sigh and shake my head (shedding cascades of pwnage with every minute motion) and attempt to explain to my dear cohort that it remains darn-near inconceivable for a first-timer to be any more than a lowly noob at the exceptionally fantastic sport of snowboarding. Quoting my own experiences in addition to heaps of multi-variable calculus and other sundry arcane arts, I travailed to prove to the ridiculously determined and haughty creature that it was impossible for him to accomplish such mastery of the oh-so-difficult pwnage that is snowboarding in such a short period of time, but he doggedly pressed on. We eventually dropped the subject, agreed to disagree, if you will. But my suspicion remained:

Fast-forward to a week ago. As my father, Saul, and I suited up for a hardcore day on the slopes, I reflected on our past dispute described in detail above. Was I correct in assuming that Saul remained a noob no matter how much he protested, a defamer of the beauty that defines snowboarding, a disgrace to the select society of owners who board? Or was I about to — oh how to put it — get pwned? Our initial runs supported the former, as my colleague consistently lagged behind and generally made a fool of himself. But as that fateful day wore on, I began to notice a certain increase in ability, a boost in speed and confidence. By the end of the day, I seemed no less than flat out wrong. Saul was better than me! Jumps, speed, technique, you name it, Saul had me justly pwned. What can I say? Perhaps a stunningly effective cocktail of skateboarding experience (the two sports are implausibly alike), greater risk-taking drive, and less fear, perhaps just natural skill that surpasses all I can comprehend, but whatever the combo, reason, or explanation, Saul most definitely possesses über-pwnage snowboarding skillz. And that will remain the case no matter how long my already procrustean journal extends. Adieu!

Five
Stephanie Wartelle

You're five, and all you want is to be big
You're seven, and you want to be old
You're thirteen, and you want to be sixteen
You're sixteen, and all you want to be is twenty one
You're forty, and you wish you didn't know
the things you know
All you want to be is five, wishing you were seven.
A day with Mr. Chaney  
Blake Corley

When I woke up Friday morning, it appeared as a regular day. However, I anticipated incorrectly. I rode on the bus to Academy in Lafayette. Who would have ever guessed that our bus driver would have a disturbing episode? Whenever we pulled into the Academy parking lot a concerned dad immediately greeted us. He entered our presence humbly, but left furious; he even threatened to “kick [our bus driver’s] ***!” The dad just wanted to tell the driver to please respect his daughter, but the driver took much offense to such a basic statement and in a daunting rage, slammed the door (with the father’s hand in it) and drove the bus away from the enraged man and the children for whom the driver was responsible. He drove away with only one other kid, Arnold, and me.

The driver began shouting “Did you see what happened?” and “He threatened me!”
I responded “Yes, I saw everything.”

He drove the bus on to a road on the side of Academy, and I began to beg him to release me.

He responded “Don’t panic. The police are coming; I need you as a witness.”
I said “I am not in any condition to be anyone’s witness.”

Arnold’s mother drove on the side of the bus and motioned for Arnold to meet her. Well, Arnold, lying down in the back of the bus, appeared to be somewhat confused. As I pulled the bus door apart, I desperately yelled to Arnold from the bus steps that his mother wanted him to meet her; I do not know if he heard me. I ran with my messenger bag on my shoulder, my Diet Dr. Pepper in my right hand, and my black pea coat flying in the wind. I ran until I came into the presence of Dr. Jacobs, my dermatologist, and her daughter, my Republican rival, Marcie Jacobs. We all tried to figure out what had just happened, and then Dr. Jacobs offered to take us to school. I immediately called my parents to tell them who had offered to take me to school and told them this story, and then I called my grandmother. She dealt with this situation so angrily that she got in her car to come to school, then realized that she had not changed out of her pajamas. We stopped at Dr. Jacobs’ residence to put in a third seat for Mark Fitch. However, we did not succeed. Poor Mark had to ride in the car with no seat. We arrived at school, traumatized and confused, and tried to find the principal. He informed us that the administration had taken care of the matter. Someone informed me later that day that Mr. Samuel Chaney (former prison driver) would no longer be driving for our school. That traumatic experience will stay with me forever, and I will never forget that scary day.

Friends  
Lily Cormier

Friends are a pair of shoes,  
You need them,  
They keep your feet from the ground,  
They make you faster, stronger,

Friends are your own diary,  
You tell them secrets,  
Go to them when you're upset,  
Write in them without fear or doubt.

Friends are the sun,  
They make your world bright and temperate,  
No one can be without friends,  
They make you, you.

Friends are clothes,  
They cover for you.  
Defend, warm, insulate, dry,  
You change them, not into other friends,  
but into better people.
LOUIS XIV OF FRANCE WANTED TO EXTEND FRENCH CONTROL TO SPAIN. SO HE DEvised A PLAN...

WHO WANTS TO GO TO CANDYLAND?

CARLOS WANT GO CANDYLAND!!

OKAY, CARLOS, JUST SIGN HERE... INITIAL HERE... SIGN HERE... AND DATE HERE...

CARLOS WAS MOST DISTRESSED WHEN HE TRIED TO FROLIC DOWN THE LICORICE-PAVED ROADS OF CANDYLAND AND WAS MET WITH NOTHING BUT COLD STONE AND WET PAINT....

ME SO PRETTY....

CARLOS WAS SO HEART-BROKEN THAT HE SPENT THE REST OF HIS DAYS WEARING WOMEN'S CLOTHING AND DROCILING ON HIMSELF.

EVEN JAMES I OF ENGLAND TRIED TO CONSOLE HIM, BUT TO NO AVAL.

HEY CARLOS, I GOT SOME CANDY FOR YOU RIGHT HERE....

CARLOS MAY HAVE WASTED AWAY, BUT HIS SPIRIT LIVES ON THE NOBLEST OF ANIMALS, WHOSE BRAVERY, UNDERBITE, AND DROCILING CAPTURE THE TRUE BEAUTY OF THIS POOR KING'S SOUL.
I am Elinor
Kate Smith

I am Elinor
As quiet as she is.
I do not write much
So it is hard to confess this.

We do not tell secrets
So people always whisper in our ear.
We cannot keep secrets that many long to hear.

We may be quiet,
So we appear as a bore.
However, we keep our feelings inside
That we cannot ignore.

We both have lost love;
It always goes away.
To whom it goes
We cannot say.

I have always had a passion,
And that passion is love.
I have always cherished it
Because it’s as fragile as a dove.

I’ve always had one secret
And I can’t hold it in anymore.
Who am I?
I am Elinor.

*Elinor is the heroine from Jane Austen’s
Sense and Sensibility.

Elizabeth Simon

I understand that it makes a lot of sense
to have senior trip in May. We don’t disrupt
the academic or athletic calendar as much –
although personally I had been prepared for
a “disrupted” last semester. I actually think
there are other valid reasons to have senior
trip in March. We call senior trip a
culminating academic experience, but the
trip itself is so packed that afterwards, when
we return to school, is the best time to
connect what we saw to the history and
culture that we’ve been learning for the past
four (or seven, or more) years. I remember,
after the class of 2006’s senior trip, Mrs.
Ranstead remarking on how much the seniors’
painting styles had changed from the trip.
While we can still grow and learn from the
trip, we are honestly less likely to be
working or thinking if we aren’t in school.
When senior trip was in March, people
would say that the last two months of school
were a joke (again, I think we seniors had
braced ourselves for this possibility) but the
seniors were actually at school after the trip.
Now, school is inarguably over before we
leave, and that makes it less convincing to
present the trip as an “academic
experience.” Knowing that we’re graduating
practically the minute we get back changes
the dynamic of the trip – not necessarily for
the worse, but maybe not in a way that the
administration would want. Overall, I would
have been happy to go in March, when
instead we seniors were writing “last push”
essays that weren’t even close to the last –
and I’m also happy to be departing now, but
for one thing. The last, best reason that
senior trip should be in March is that if it’s in
May, the Eclectic doesn’t get any submissions
about senior trip, and what’s good for the
Eclectic is good for ESA. Since I can’t print
any senior trip reflections from this year, I
will reprint my favorite from years past here:

After the last sacrifice,
The demon elevator opened once more.
“Feed me fifteen mortals
To satisfy my thirst,” it creaked.
We backed away:
• An hour in the maw of the beast?
We decided no.
The stairs would be just fine.

--Andrew Price
The Apple Tree
Camille Storment

Leaves fall
Red, orange, and brown
Wrinkled and crunchy
Under the apple tree

Snow falls
A beautiful blanket
That drapes the apple tree
In a cold, white powder

Rain falls
Cool in the warm air
Soaks the pink flowers
- On the apple tree

Sun falls
Hot and dry
On the green and red
Of the apple tree.

The Perfect Moment
Taylor Marie Waddell

The rain softly hits the window outside the room. Once in a while the rain's pattern slows down so that I only hear a few drops fall if I listen carefully. I pull the blanket closer to me even though I'm not cold. My favorite song plays lightly in the background, joining into the rain's chorus. A good book lies in my hands, and my cell phone is far away. I have nowhere to go and nowhere to be. My parents are busy so they cannot ask me to do them any favors (a.k.a chores). My sister is actually playing by herself in her room; a rare happening. The smell of coffee and cinnamon rolls floats through the hall until it enters my room.

Although the previously described morning has never occurred in my household, I often wish for it. Normally something goes wrong: my sister wakes up at the crack of dawn and cries for my mom, I hear my dad leave to go to CC's Coffee House, or my mom drops a pile of clean clothes in my room and indicates for me to put them up. It seems like something always needs to be done. On school mornings I wake up to the dreaded beeping of my alarm clock at 5:34. On Saturday mornings I am either at a friend's house or running errands with my mom. And finally, on Sunday morning I go to church at eight or nine o'clock. There are very few, if any, moments of true peace and tranquility; moments where everything feels perfect.

While on GlobeTrek in eighth grade, my group halted our hiking to eat lunch. We stopped at a place that did not look like every other place we had passed in the last three days. There were mountains with bright red and yellow leaves and below them was a large bright green field. After we had eaten our lunch, our group guide, Mr. Bob, told us to take a sheet of paper and sit in the middle of the nearby woods. He told us to write about a quiet or perfect place. I found a spot covered in leaves and in the middle of trees, but close enough to see two other people and the edge of the woods. I had not been keeping a journal so I was ready to write something about my journey. But nothing could have prepared me for the flow of words that poured from my hand. I wrote about how a quiet place must let you feel not only peaceful but safe. You cannot fully immerse yourself in your surroundings unless you feel some security.

When Mr. Bob came to get us, it was a rude reminder of where I was. I had been writing about my ideal quiet place, my grandparents' weekend home in St. Francisville. He took me back to the present time which made me think of how much I wanted to go home. Even though I had not finished writing, I had written a lot. Everyone said they had gotten bored and stared at bugs and leaves. The most they had written was a page. I wrote two pages front and back, and I don't think I've ever...
written anything else with so much meaning.

Peaceful mornings and peaceful places may seem different but they both offer a sense of safety and serenity. Having my family nearby makes me feel safe, but allowing some space between us helps with the peaceful part. There may not be many flawless moments in my life, but there are some that feel very close to being perfect.

Letters
Clyde Simien

Letters are powerful when combined and when alone
From a "s" to an "e" to "stone"
They make words which make sentences
Which turn into paragraphs and stories
Which go on to be best-sellers
And newspaper articles you read at Keller's
While eating your doughnut which is in the shape of an O
Which starts the word owl and ends the word no
Which you use in a sentence to answer your teacher
who didn't like your response and made you sit on the
bleachers
They shape your life, and you can't change that
Because they tell you what to say or the letter that's
imprinted on your favorite hat

Make Me Perfect
Randa Ahmad

I saw the cat on the first day of school,
crawling on legs of lightning, stealthily hunting
down shadows. It was as black as milk is white—
its eyes as green as a lime, emitting a glow of
unlikable quality.

That first day at Charles Williams Middle
School was one of the worst in my eleven year
old life. As far as I was concerned; my English
teacher had a voice like a volcano, and her
attitude wasn't much different. I had tripped on
tree roots while frantically trying to catch up with
the other girls for our gym class—and the first
sport we were playing was my worst: soccer. The
only sport, in my opinion, worth playing was
volleyball, but that wouldn't start until three
weeks later.

As if that weren't enough, my locker's hinge
let loose the first time I opened it—it was clearly
the oldest one on the row, its metallic cover an
ugly fading yellow. For the time being, I had to
store my possessions on a spare batch of
concrete where they received no mercy
whatsoever, and my crabby history teacher
wouldn't accept my summer report on the Civil
War, which had the faint traces of an outline of
a sneaker.

Now, in my science class, I had given up. I
no longer tried to emit a phony laugh when a
teacher cracked a not-so-hilarious joke as my
peers did; again, my first thought of my present
state was that my once affable life was never
going to be mended. I was wishing, wishing with
all my heart that the next day, next hour, next
minute or even second, wouldn't be the same. I
wanted to be perfect, precise, exact. Make
something happen, I thought. Make me perfect.

And then I saw the cat. Its fiery eyes stared
at me with utmost blankness, but I could almost
see something beyond those sets of bright
eyes—as what, I didn't know. Then it
happened—the sunlight in the room, which had
been resting on Ginger Felton's oh-so-perfect
blonde hair shifted to my auburn locks. The
scars of my tree root endeavor faded away, the
pain no longer a stabbing reminder of
hopelessness. And I felt somewhat lighter, as if
a spark had suddenly been set in my heart.

That wasn't the last time I saw the black
cat—in fact, I nearly saw it daily, usually walking
briskly along the grounds, looking endlessly for
mice or birds or whatever it hoped to eat. But
there was always that moment in the day when
those lime green eyes rested on me and almost
made me feel magical, new—this was amazing.
Weren't black cats a sign of bad things to
come?

The next week we were having our
volleyball tryouts. Volleyball is one of my best
sports, as I said—but this team was supposed to
have players that were REALLY good. Better
than good. They were amazing. I could hardly
breathe as I entered the gym, seeing those
millions of white spheres circulating in the air in
beautiful arcs. One girl could easily spike the
ball from one side of the gym to the other, a
length that amounted to fifty meters! I shivered, although the air in the room was rather warm. All the hairs on my neck stood up straight like marching soldiers.

The tryouts started. All the players were incredible; hardly a single ball hit the net or was flung out of the court. What was I thinking, coming here and expecting to be better than these girls, who seemed to know every up and down of the ball?

Suddenly, though, a frantic coach yelled something aloud, something that sounded strangely like, "CAT IN THE GYM!"

All heads turned to the black slit of fur darting beneath the bleachers flawlessly, and nobody's eyes could keep up. In complete excitement, I realized it was the same cat I'd seen on the first day. It came to give me luck and perfection! I was saved!

After much commotion, the cat seemed to have nestled under the bleachers and refused to come out. No prodding and cooing would do a thing, as it did not seem to be attracted to food at all. The coach gave up and the tryouts went on. My turn came, but I wasn't nervous for a second. The whole thing was a breeze, nothing overwhelmed me. Everyone gasped in awe at the only sixth grader who seemed to have beaten all the other highly experienced players. I hadn't felt more pleased in ages.

They never did manage to find the cat after it entered the gym. Strange, but why was I worrying so much about it anyway?

On the next Thursday, I saw the furry creature again. I was in math class, and we were learning about greatest common factors. I thought vigorously in my head, 'The greatest common factor between twenty-four and thirty-two is eight. The greatest common f-'

My eyes had wandered to the window. And then I saw the black cat. I needed to do something this time; I needed to find out what this mystery of this creature was about. I raised my hand as innocently as I could.

"Yes, Macy?"

"May I please go to the restroom, Mr. Greener?"

"Very well, but hurry back. We will soon be talking about prime factorization....".

I went to see the cat. It stooped in the alleyway, its claws digging the ground like a lion's tooth. I knelt gently by it and tried to pet it, but my hand went right through its fur like it had been a breeze!

It wasn't real—it must have been a spirit, hallucination, an image only seen in my eyes. I was shocked, stunned, bewildered. But not as shocked as I was when the cat seemed to open its mouth, as if to say something.

No, I told myself, cats don't say anything. They meow, period. Now get those wild thoughts out of your head and return to class.

The next day I woke up afresh to the sounds of my alarm clock, ringing cheerily. I yawned heavily and slipped out of bed, only to be so surprised I could hardly breathe. The black cat sat idly on my carpet, blocking the way to the door. It stared blankly at me. Something inside me triggered, and I think part of it was excitement, part of it was fear. I reached out cautiously, ever so slowly, to touch the cat, for the first time. The moment my hand was about a millimeter away from the dark fur, it disappeared into thin air. I was so surprised I started crying. I'm going MAD! I thought helplessly, sobbing. I trudged to my closet, blotchy and tear-stricken, and slipped on my clothes.

To tell you the truth, I knew something wrong was going to happen eventually. All good things must meet a sticky, horrible end. But then again, I did not expect to happen in the peculiar way it did that very day.

I entered my math classroom, expecting top marks on our quiz today. After all, after I'd seen the cat, all my endeavors or risks had been lucky, one hundred percent.

We began to work quietly. I finished my quiz first, but something terribly wrong was going on inside my body. My body was twitching back toward my test, and something like a power was going through me, making me clutch my exam and redo it, erasing every answer and doing it again and again. I wasn't doing this by myself; some kind of magic was. I wanted to stop, I had to stop being lucky, perfect, exact, but I couldn't, no matter what I did. Then horribly, I remembered my wish on the first day of school: Make me perfect.

NO! And the one doing it was that black cat, with those eyes, with those set of bright green eyes.
All day was the same. I had bursts of energy that seemed to make me too perfect, things that I didn’t do myself, but through an invisible magical strength. It was horrific. I had to tear myself away from our history classroom in order to stop working on a five-page project, which I had done, redone, and re-redone about ten times.

When I got home, I could smell spicy spaghetti cooking on the stove. A note from Mother was left next to it, explaining briefly how to finish making the pasta, and what ingredients to add. Although I had done this sort of thing millions of times, I seemed to do it faster and more precisely than ever. I was sort of getting pleased with myself, something that I could actually do normally, but then I found myself instinctively dumping the whole batch of delicious-smelling spaghetti in the trash.

NO! Don’t do it! A part of my brain was saying frantically.

BUT YOU MUST . . . . The other side spat back.

Again, I started to cry frenziedly. The once good-looking spaghetti had turned to mush in the trash, and before I could do anything else, I was making another batch, and another, and yet another . . . until my mother came home and found me lying agitatedly on the floor, hastily reading the note for the umpteenth time, but just looking at it, not seeing it. My mother went wild, yelling and screaming manically and called the doctor, but he was on a vacation in Majorca.

The next day, my mother insisted I skip school, and my instinctive perfection went untamed, though I was trying to refuse. But finally, after several broken shards of vases were scooped up, she was able to strap me to a seat belt in the car and drive me to another doctor’s clinic.

It was absolutely horrible. The mirthful but slightly annoying doctor checked all my limbs and ears and nose and mouth, just as he always did. He found, however, something highly unnatural in the way I moved, and suggested that I be moved to the hospital as quickly as possible. That time, I wasn’t the only one shedding tears. My mother was hysterical, but agreed to do so, ignoring my pleas and waits. So I arrived sullenly at the South Los Angeles hospital, where a rather perky blonde nurse escorted me to my room, where I was put with a number of strange, crazy-looking people.

I’m not like them! I insisted in my head, pushing evil thoughts out of my mind, or at least as far away as they could go.

Soon it was nightfall, and my eyes were starting to get drowsy and unfocused. Don’t sleep, I told myself, but my brain was refusing, utterly refusing, so I fell asleep in an unnatural slumber.

I saw the cat, same as I’d seen in on the first day of school, stalking the alleyways parallel to our building. It looked at me, with the same blank look, with those lime eyes, but I could tell it was thinking thoughts, thoughts that I yearned to know, but never could.

Something strange was happening. I saw the cat open its mouth, just as it had when I’d escaped from math class. But this time it said something, something in a misty, tinkling voice:

“If you do not wish to be perfect, you can return to normal. You have the will and power. Just use it precisely so, and you will be fine...just fine. Believe in yourself...”

I woke up with a start. That had been chilling and enough to make anyone freak out. After calming down a bit and easing my breath, I tried to reclaim the thoughts in my head, whirling rapidly and not making much sense. The cat had told me that I had the will, the power, to do whatever I’d wanted. To believe in myself. What did it mean?

Suddenly, my mother came into the room quietly, holding a tiny package. I could tell she’d been crying, because her whole face was reddened by her tears, but I tried to be oblivious of this, though thoroughly not succeeding. “Honey,” my mother choked, her fingers trembling, “Whatever happens to you in here, I just want you to remember that you’re perfect to me in every way. Believe in yourself, and just never lose confidence...”

Didn’t this sound familiar?

“I’ve got a little something for you......”

Her pale, shaking hands reached inside the package, and came out with something tiny and silver. It was a ring, beautiful and emblazoned with something that looked like a flower.

“This ring has been passed down from your great-great-great grandmother, and I think its...
time you have it," she said delicately, choosing her words with great care.
She handed it to me benevolently. I looked at the ring more directly. It had pearly studded diamonds in the form of a blooming rose, its gems fine-looking and shining like fresh morning dew. I felt the tears not too far off.

"I hope you get better soon, dear."
I finally said something, "Thanks, Mom, it means a lot."

I suddenly realized what I had to do. I had to live life to the fullest, shine until there's no more light. I had to.

My mother left the room quietly, finally breaking into sobs in the hallway. All this time my brain was thinking very fast......

"I want to be free to be me!"
I yelled it out calmly, and jumped out of bed, ripping off the wires attached to my body. I ran around the room wildly, shrieking and hopping on chairs. I ran out of the squared white room, my nightgown billowing behind me. It was my decision, completely my decision, and it was as astute as I could get.

"I DON'T CARE WHETHER I'M PERFECT OR NOT!"
I ran into the room where my mom was sitting in a conference with the physician, and it was obvious that his words were painful. They had both looked up, and seen me yelling crazily. The doctor jumped up, and tried to hold me down, but I said crossly, "Get your hands off of me! I'm not mad; I just really wanted to be someone else, not myself. I'm fine, and I want to go home NOW!"

And at that exact moment, I realized I was already perfect, with my own personality and judgment and intelligence.

A couple of hours later, I was dressed in my own clothes, sitting happily in my English class, not caring a bit how loud my teacher sounded, or what she sounded like. I had never been so happy in my life.

Despite myself, my eyes faltered to the clear pane of the window, where the same cat lay stalking, exactly the way it had when I'd first seen it. My beautiful ring glistened in the sunlight joyfully. The cat caught me looking at it and eyed me closely.

Strangely enough, I almost saw it open its mouth and bare its teeth, smiling. An alley cat, smiling?

Craning my neck and smiling back, I saw it vanish. But before it did, something odd came about... I could have sworn I'd heard the words emit from its mouth, "You did it!"

Conrad Vladimir Denoucliose

Hillary? Get ready for Bill’s third term.
Obama? Sure, let's let the baby drive the car.
McCain? Where did all my taxes go?!
Ron Paul? Welcome to the stone age.

Oprah:
Progressive, Aggressive, Reflective, Effective

Let's face it, Oprah tells the United States what to do anyway, so why not just give her the presidency? George Washington, at the end of his second term, told us, “Get the heck away from the bipartisan system, and foreign affairs.” Guess where we stand right now. Yes you guessed correctly, we are in the middle of the hideous swamp of foreign affairs, and stuck between an elephant and a donkey of a bipartisan system...

Visual representation of where you are right now:
I cannot deny the elephant does look scary, but it’s not like the donkey is going to save you or anything. Nope, it’s looking to bite you. OK, a bite might not sound to harmful, but the elephant is going to stick it to you while you’re down.

Anyway, you’re convinced that you’re going to die, and you’re just about ready to look to Ralph Nader or that new Russian guy to save you. Don’t give up just yet! Oprah is here! As Oprah comes charging across the nearby hill in her amphibious swamp-capable M-1 Abrams—what’s this you cry? Oprah killing things?—no you fool, she’s shooting massive spitballs made out of the books that didn’t make the cut. Other nations have had women leaders before, and at least most of them are still present with that same government. So, no need to be worried on that basis. Now let’s see how she would tackle the various issues which we seem so worried about today but won’t really care about in a couple months weeks days hours.

The War in Iraq: Dude, let me tell you. Oprah would hype up so many pacifist books, that nobody would even want to fight any more. ‘nuff said.

The Economy: We can all rest easy with the knowledge that even if the economy is falling, it’s falling straight to Oprah’s couch. I can guarantee you it won’t even be the heaviest thing to land on that steed of a couch.

Immigration: Oprah has not disclosed her position on immigration, but judging by her voting record... Oh wait, this issue was soooooo last year.

High Oil Prices: Guess which group gets together to eat cookies, drink milk, and watch Oprah on TV? Yep, the CEOs of ExxonMobile, BP, ChevronTexaco, and Valero. She is like a special Auntie to them, and when she withholds the cookies, gas prices go down. Permanently.

Corruption in our government: Oprah will personally appoint every position in the new government, and each person will answer directly to her. Oprah may be a nice girl, but when it comes to corruption in the government, she lays down THE IRON FIST. Wow, I can hear senators quaking in their chairs right now.

Now you ask, “so if Oprah has the power right now, why doesn’t she just right the wrongs?” Dude, that’s like asking, “if God is good, why is there evil in the world?” Asking those kind of questions can only get you in serious trouble, and Oprah doesn’t play games, she just pityes the fool—Mr. T is set to be her secretary of defense...

Your final question is, “So who will be her vice president?”

None other than

Whoopi Goldberg
I rest my case: Oprah is our next president.

Of Men and Mice
Luke Castille

I often sit at home and daydream of numerous things. Recently one of my most common and alluring, though slightly impossible, daydreams is of raising a group of mice into some form of sentience and placing them in a certain spot I have picked out in my adventures, one close enough to my house.
but far away enough not to be discovered. I would place the mice and watch their civilization grow and blossom, in their own spot that would seem ideal for farming, civilization building, and the like. However, the mice would eventually grow in population, far off colonies would be built, but the original city would still be the beautiful pinnacle of mouse civilization. To understand my point I must first explain my ideal location and all of its bounties. The city would be located on an island in the center of a stream caused by the drainage pipe from our pond. Somewhat unfortunately for me, a group of rampaging beavers often block this pipe, and I must go and open it. This causes near daily floods that, though fulfilling, would not destroy any small civilization in that area. However, sometimes there are long spaces between when the beavers block the pipe and when I unblock it, which cause momentary droughts. When I open the pipe after such a period of time, the minor floods from before are now similar to Katrina for any civilization built in such a seemingly amazing paradise. So, now let us set the scene of my point. The mice have technology comparable to that of the high middle ages, though they lack any equivalent to horses. The original city is being besieged by a group of less advanced barbarians from the North. Food stores begin to run low as the drought has struck the city hard. A group of soldiers were recently sent out in secret to discover the source of the drought. These soldier mice arrive at around the same time as I do to open the drainage pipe. The soldiers see what they can only describe as god, not that I am all that amazing (though I am) but rather the mice would see a massive figure that could only be described as such. The soldiers then come across the idea that the drought will soon end and it is a good time to construct a ship. After about thirty minutes, maybe less, I open the drain and water bursts forth. The flood waters, though halted by the city walls, quickly flood around and wipe out the invading forces. The exploratory force rides their ship all the way on the waves back to their home city. Upon their arrival they explain what they saw and the priests of whatever religion they had now believe this is a sign to convert. They build statues, name their children -- not entirely sure how they figured out my name -- and rebuild all in my glory, despite the fact that I was not aiming to help them defeat their opponents but rather to fulfill my own needs.

Let me fast forward a couple months into the future. A religious fervor has overcome the jewel of mouse civilization. A church that claims to know what I want of the mice has been built and now directs the lives of the people. The barbarians to the North were conquered all in the name of god. Those who refused to convert to the new religion, only a small percent of the population, are persecuted. The story of the flood quickly becomes the stuff of legends, thus proving that I am legend. So, in other words, couldn't this be similar to the start of all the major religions of the day? Is it not possible that god parted the Red Sea not because he cared about the Israelites, but rather that he needed something at the bottom of the Red Sea? Is it possible that the god who aided in the resurrection of Lazarus needed him for some reason in the future? Thus all religion could have been started not from a god's willingness but rather as a byproduct of something some eternal, celestial something-or-another needed. Therefore crusades, persecutions, and other holy killing activities would be for the honor of a god who probably couldn't really care less.

I Miss You
In Loving Memory of Maw Maw Pitre
Katherine Faul

Although in your 90's
Never once did you forget my name
Your smile still shines bright in my mind
With all the colors in a new morning's sky,  
I miss you

Although in your 90's  
You remembered your past stories  
O, how I loved to hear your thick Cajun  
accent with French mixed in  
Just once more please  
That's all I'm asking,  
I miss you

Although in your 90's  
You counted every kiss we gave you as we  
held your shaking hands  
I'd give anything for just one more  
In that old nursing room as I looked to see  
your bed always made with that blanket on it,  
I miss you

Although in your 90's  
You never took anything for granted,  
Remembering your past  
Something still for me to master  
I long for your happiness  
Never once did a frown come upon your face,  
I miss you

Although in your 90's  
You always kept your giving spirit  
The bear you gave me still sits on my bed as a  
token from you  
Never will I forget,  
I miss you

Saul Pickett

Due to popular demand, I will put my  
Abridged Theory of Life to paper.¹ I had  
not thought about it in full for quite some  
time, until I presented a botched  
performance at Festival International last  
week. If you feel unsure about reading  
the following statements, stop now before  
it's too late, everyone calls me crazy.

Very long ago, in a galaxy far, far  
away, a planet thrived in times of  
technology and advancement. Their  
technology surpassed our own in every  
aspect, and but had discovered a certain  
aroid or meteor similar to the one in  
the film Armageddon. My original  
scenario actually involved the aliens  
accidentally destroying their environment  
with greenhouse gases or the like, which  
I find much more amusing due to today's  
political disputes. The "upper-class" or  
"rich" equivalent safely beamed off in  
their luxury cruisers, leaving the less  
fortunate to escape in larger, public  
ships, most likely in cyro trays.²  
Although many of these ships made the  
routine flight to other solar systems, one  
or two ships experienced mechanical  
difficulties. They landed on Earth, a  
planet that could support their people,  
perhaps mistaking the existing animals  
for intelligent life forms.³ Having no way  
to harvest the resources of the planet for  
equipment or repair, they became  
trapped. The people could form a new  
species and populate Earth with those  
stored in cyro trays. The ways of this  
untamed planet seemed unfamiliar to the  
new inhabitants as they lived on an  
urbanized and heavily refined planet. As  
old generations died and new generations  
formed, less knowledge and technology  
passed from one generation to the next:  
the technology was too far advanced for  
the basics needed for surviving in the  
wilderness; one must learn to walk before  
one can learn to run. Other species

² Cyro trays are big tanks that may contain  
hundreds of thousands of frozen people.  
Because the length of the trip was unknown;  
it was easier to carry around thousands of  
frozen people for a millennium rather than  
live.

³ I will not contradict myself. Souls cannot be  
detected by machines.

¹ I use the term Theory of Life quite loosely as  
you will soon discover.
probably came on similar ships. Perhaps only plants inhabited the Earth, and every other species and animal came from similar situations, or in a Noah's Ark of sorts. Perhaps this Bible story dates back further than we think?

For those of you that missed it, people from other planets destroyed their planet through pollution and ended up crashing on Earth, unable to preserve their technology. Speaking of Noah’s Ark, the original event probably did not involve coating the entire Earth in water. A Hurricane Katrina of sorts probably took place. Noah might have had a boat lying around when a large flood or hurricane hit, escaping with his pets while everyone else perished. Over time the stories get embellished a little too much and we create the Noah’s Ark Bible story. When the Israelites escaped from Pharaoh, they must have departed days apart, the former most likely to crossing a river or marsh at an extremely low tide. When the tide came in, Pharaoh had no choice but to turn back.

To me, God is spirituality, which I have recently (a matter of days) discovered, even though I wrote this portion of the Theory at least four years ago. Humans have spirits, although other animals usually do not. All of us have souls that help us feel joy, love, sorrow, pain, and other indescribable feelings. When you look into someone else’s eyes you can see a little bit of his soul; when you look into a frog’s eyes you only see an eyeball. Spirits define man from beast, and when that man dies, the spirit moves on to “reincarnate.” Considering that other animals exist and have a high physical and mental capacity, spirits inhabit them as well. This phenomenon explains why dogs are man’s best friend but cats aren’t. But seriously, when you look into a dog (or cat)’s eyes, sometimes you can tell that a little bit of spirit exists. I imagine that dolphins and monkeys become inhabited by spirits often as well.

One man even claims to have a gift to see or feel this being. He had claimed this power all his life and lived an average lifestyle. He worked in a skyscraper and waited for an elevator when he finished the day, as usual. One of his friends spotted an elevator with just enough room for him and his friend. Although a handful of employees had gotten on it, he noticed that the people had no spirit or soul, and suggested that they should wait as something didn’t feel right about it. Seconds later, the doors closed, the cables snapped, and the employees plunged to their death. I have not heard much about the afterlife in Judaism because according to the Torah, one should focus on the present. I have heard an Orthodox interpretation claiming that one “says goodbye” to their body very slowly, perhaps in a spirit-to-body conversation. I don’t want to get into this, but once you say goodbye to your body, you die and your family holds a funeral. Two angels will come to your grave to ask you your name, but you can’t remember, so they beat you up and come back a week later. The angels ask the same question again, but this time you do remember so they beat you up anyway. Then one angel stands on the other side of the Earth and they play tennis of sorts with you as a ball and a spike-like weapon as a racket. After that, you get put in a cage and they burn away all of your sins by dipping you in a lava-magma substance. You then become judged and get sorted to fourteen levels of Heaven and Hell, Seventh Heaven being the best and Seventh Hell being the worst.

I agree with the part in which the soul slowly leaves until one passes on, but it cannot be that easy to get into Heaven. Others have argued to me that life is hard enough and that God wouldn’t put us through anything else,
but I don't find life really that hard. At times it may look challenging, but in the end, everyone makes it. A second life must come after this life that as just another set of obstacles. A world that has a totally new set of rules, incomprehensible to us right now. For example, take color. One could look at the visible light spectrum, but can you think of a new color, totally different from all the others? I think that in our next test or stage, we will endure something impossible to think of now, and after that, probably another test. Maybe we will reach the end, and maybe it will go on forever.

Everything happens for a reason, but this does not mean that history has already been written. Even the most subtle things can leave a lasting impact on everything around it. When you throw a rock into an ocean, you create a small ripple. This ripple could change the wind in the slightest amount, which could mean life or death for a bird. Suppose a small bird teeters on the edge of its nest when that gust of wind passes through. Maybe that one pebble displaced a certain number of atoms that just might have enough strength to make a difference between if the bird can hold on or if it will fall off. Maybe the bird falls and dies or flies away. The bird fertilizes the ground which makes the tree get bigger or catch a disease. An animal comes and eats the fruit and gets healthier or dies.

An astronaut from the Apollo 13 mission flew planes earlier in his career, I believe with the government in the air force or something. He had taken off from an air-craft carrier one night but couldn't find his way back. Because GPS did not exist back in the day, he had to communicate through radio. His plane started to run low on fuel, and he also shorted out his cockpit through his furious switch flipping. Luckily, when propellers chop up certain forms of algae, the algae produces a dim light. I have witnessed this phenomenon but the slightest amount of background light makes it impossible to see the algae. When the pilot's cockpit shorted out, he lost all light as well, but he could see dim light coming from the ocean. He followed the carpet of lit algae until he came across the carrier. If his cockpit had not shorted out, he would have searched for the ship by radio until he ran out of fuel. Another astronaut would have flown on the Apollo 13 mission, perhaps crashing it, affecting the lives of the other astronauts.

Thus all things must happen for a reason, otherwise, there would be no point to life. Every little event that happens affects everyone else for the good or the worse, but people shouldn't worry about every little thing they do. Some events affect you more than others do; dropping a cheerio isn't going to affect you much, but choosing the wrong career will. I follow a good rule of thumb that I have picked up from King of the Hill. "In a hundred years, who's gonna care?"

In any case, this is my poorly documented theory of life.

It
by Nicole Baronne

As I watch the rain patter against the stone.
As it turns the pool into an undecided movement.

I can't stop thinking about that thing,
The one thing that never goes away,
That's engraved in my mind.

It's what keeps me awake for hours on end,
That one thing that keeps me lying in bed,
Wondering what will become of it,
What will become of my dreams.

Will it own me?
Will it be the only thing that comes,
To my mind, my life, my ambition?
Is this all I am about,
Or will there be more,
An uncontrollable amount.

All I can do is let it lead me,
Follow its path,
Always wondering if it will end,
Or get impossibly better.

Mya Hartley

Turning and turning in the widening gyre
An hourglass filled with water;
Give me love and give me life
The eyes of Heaven falter.

I’m a scarecrow with a heart
I’m a cherub made of stone;
I’m perfection on a stake
The eyes of Heaven falter.

Reason and democracy
Socrates and truth;
Passion, fear, and innocence
Mr. Kurtz’s laughter.

Blank, indifferent faces
Sympathetic minds;
Bloodied shoes and fingers
Mr. Kurtz’s laughter.

He hung himself up on a tree
Not with a bang but a whimper.

We cannot find the fire

Happy ever after

My happy ever after
AP (MOSCOW)—ONE OF THE CZARINA’S GUARDS HAS FOUND EVIDENCE OF THE CZARINA’S ILICIT AFFAIR WITH THE DELICIOUS PASTRY COMMONLY KNOWN AS THE BLUEBERRY MUFFIN.

THE GUARD REPORTEDLY FOUND A TRAY OF MUFFINS AND A SUSPICIOUS LIQUID BY HER BEDSIDE. INVESTIGATORS ALSO FOUND CANDLES, SATIN SHEETS, AND A BAREY WHITE CD AMONG THE CONTENTS OF THE CZARINA’S CHAMBER.

WHEN INTERROGATED ABOUT THE FINDINGS, THE QUEEN PRETENDED TO HAVE HAD NO ENCOUNTERS OF ANY KIND WITH THE FOOD ITEMS IN QUESTION, BUT THE BOYAR NOBILITY HAVE LAUNCHED THEIR OWN INVESTIGATION.
EDITOR: Lizzie Simon

STAFF:
  Amber Washington
  Kate Smith
  Alyse Poppa
  Glenae Nora
  Kjersti Jacobson
  Abigail Feinberg
  Paige Haggarty
  Camden Cornwell
  Annie Bares

FACULTY SPONSOR: Mr. C. C. Tutwiler
Eclectic Submissions
Box (of Joy)

we want anything:
    comics, reviews, political
    stuff, poetry, bloetry, fiction
if possible, a floppy disk
would be the best way to
turn an article in
comics need to be in ink

Thank you!

Most of this is still true! Try eclecticentries@yahoo.com instead of the floppy disk, though.