THE ELECTRISAURUS REX.

RAWR.
Letter from the Editor

You begin reading this with an understanding: I, your editor, am here and you, my reader, are there. There is an idea that, through a flow of oddly shaped squiggles in Times New Roman font, I am attempting to show. Yet here we are, disconnected by my use of language, by this sheet of paper, by your presumption. You do not see me or truly know me, and our relationship is within your imagination and curiosity.

But do I violate that ancient arrogance to say that I am God? And that you, readers, are Adam and Eve. I AM searching for you in a way deeper than our bodies can convey. I seek that which is most important: your mind. Allow yourself, therefore, to be overcome. Allow the words of The Eclectic to overflow the senses and to break the bonds of individualism. The author is not just writing on a page; this you must know. You are not just a reader. We are one. The Eclectic, the human connection incarnate, overcomes mere language. It whispers from behind the words. It reaches the mind, the psyche, the soul. Dear reader, In this, the realm beyond realms, We are in Eden. We are at peace. And we are one.

-Camden Cornwell
Editor-in-Chief

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A Confession
Garrett Rosen

Teachers are lovers of knowledge. I can think of examples beyond number of my colleagues and me sitting around a table somewhere discussing ideas or reflecting on lessons, or doing something else of the sort. On many occasions, these palavers have stretched well into the early hours of the morning, or to the next week, or to the next year. It really isn’t an exaggeration to say that I’ve structured many of my friendships with ESA teachers around mere ideas.

I feel I’ve attained a certain acquaintance with the intellectual lives of many of the teachers at this school. In most cases you probably wouldn’t be surprised about the intellectual personalities of your teachers. Coach Rhodes, for instance, is a natural storyteller, and seems to apply narrative contexts to the issue at hand, whatever it is. Ms. Cunningham tends to arch her eyebrows with an almost-unrecognizable quantum of purpose and enthusiasm when we discuss the inner nature of human beings. Mr. Tutwiler and Ms. Fraser seem to have an inexhaustible interest in politics and, surprise, literature. Mr. Wood tends to get belligerent when we talk about the Civil War. For that matter, I’m sure I have some tells that my students would find entirely predictable after the many hours they spend with me in class.

But what I want to write about today is something that some of you might find unpredictable, strange, and, I hope, as delightful as I have found it. I have uncovered a leprechaun’s pot of intellectual character, and I would like to share its riches with you. Many of you know Mr. McIntyre as a history teacher par excellence, equal parts Shelby Foote, Thucydides, and Stallone. His rigorous teaching requires tremendous discipline of his students. For their part, though, students almost unfailingly feel the wiser after a McIntyre lesson.

Until today I knew McIntyre only as a historian; after today I will know him as ESA’s, and perhaps Cade’s, greatest scribe. This morning Bill and I were hanging around in Mac’s classroom, talking about professional wrestling. Some students came in, and I, in a moment of uncommon mental alacrity, realized that they might think our conversation beneath an ESA teacher, so I brilliantly segued into something about historical causation.

"So *ahem* dialectical materialism can only lead us into further political shortsightedness because it reduces man’s motives to a means-ends framework." (Rosen)
“But can you give me one example of the opposite being falsifiable?” (Wood)

“Yes. Well, that is, I think perhaps the case of the Bloomsbury circle’s embracing of decadence in the beginning of the 20th century, yet nevertheless bringing about some of the century’s…”

“What does that even mean?”

“Uh, luh. Look – a bumblebee!”

“You fool. You’re trying to blow our cover.”

At this point the students became very uncomfortable and started to leave the room. I didn’t really want to lose face so I reached deep within myself for something interesting that might obscure my recent ineptitude.

Lo and behold, the answer came from without. My foot knocked up against a cardboard box and my eyes darted to its contents. Emblazoned on the top page of some 2,000 pages of printer paper was the title, McIntyre, A Life in Poetry, by Brian McIntyre. I read through the first three poems, about his extra-difficult infancy (sister problems, evidently), the jarring taste of stilton to his four-year old taste buds, and about his childhood pet, a hedgehog named “McIntyre”. He had detailed his entire long life in 67 chapters of the most beautiful verse I have read. I was struck by the fact that he did not limit himself to one genre; in A Life in Poetry we see examples of blank verse, iambic pentameter, especially in the rugby chapters (30-67), and even terza rima in the Divine Comedy chapters (2-29).

The students had left the classroom when Bill’s and my spell was broken by the entrance of the bard himself. In no uncertain terms we informed him that he simply must publish this work of unparalleled genius while we could all still make a few shekels off of it, and that we would be his literary agents. He demurred.

Dear readers, I have spent many a sleepless hour wondering about what to do next. While I was bitterly disappointed that I would not be able to profit off of Mac’s work, I feel morally compelled to share some of these nuggets of brilliance with the world. While I am sincerely afraid for my life about what hell Mac might bring down on me for publishing these works without permission, allegiance to utility necessitates that I lay my life on the line for the good of the many. So I have submitted some of the best poems to The Eclectic this month. You may pay your last respects for me in my classroom, 213.
Sheltie

(please note that further scholarship has shown some strong correlation with William Blake's poem "A Dream", from Songs of Innocence and Experience)

Once a Sheltie weav'd a shade
O'er my scumcap-guarded head
That my Maggie lost her way
Where on a pitch methought I lay.

Troubled, 'wilder'd and forlorn,
Wild, behaired, travel-worn
Into many a mangled scum
I heart-broke called, yet did she not come.

'O my players! do they cry?
Do they hear their father sigh?
Now they look abroad to see,
No orbs beset could see Sheltie.

Pitying, I dropp'd a tear;
But I saw a rugger near
Who replied: 'What wailing wight
Calls the master of the night?

'I am set to find your pet,
While the rugby canters on:
Worry not, here your dog sits;
Now little wanderer return to pitch.

-B. McIntyre

My grandfather always told me to never look back, and to keep straight ahead, but to keep going straight ahead means forgetting things that shouldn't be forgotten. This was always a possibility at stake with my life. I never noticed I was growing up. I never knew my cat didn’t runaway, but my dad had set it free as soon as we were back on land.

I never cared that I didn’t have a REAL home, as my dad puts it. To me, every time we docked at a harbor, that harbor became my home. When we left, the ships deck was my living room, and the sails were my rooftop, in a way. I was entertained by the smallest things. My mind would erase all thoughts and focus on the small things. My feet burned with anxiety as I awaited of the arrival of my new home for the week. After all, shouldn’t the captain’s daughter be entertained without the crew?

I had two sisters. My mother one day walked off the boat with my older sister. She then turned around and whispered to my curious face, "I’ll be back." She did come back, but I wasn’t there. By then my father had shipped me off to boarding school. I miss my family. If you have read this message, come pick me up. I’m at Yonderville’s Boarding School for Girls. I’ll be waiting. My name? You’ll find me.

-Blythe Bull

...
Icy Cold Rainbows

Icy cold rainbows twist around
They point and they poke but never hit the ground
As they stroll down the street
Without ever seeming to miss a beat

Sweating icicles have a much harder time
They run and they suffer but never act out of line
But as much as they try and try to attempt
Their coldness within them is no benefit

Rusty stars are the best so far
They climb the highest but never get caught stealing a cookie from the jar
With hearts as gold as a sun-dripped kiss
They will be the ones most missed
-Taylor Marie Waddell

Warning Music

In a world where nothing is known
Everyone is in danger of a zombie attack
Of a menopausal mother
Of a great, big shark with sharp teeth
that knows no better than to bite your leg off
How can anyone know where the danger lurks?
Especially if it lurks around every corner.
We propose a method by which danger can be safely identified.
A method by which unsuspecting survivors can easily avoid mutant attack
A delicious underscore of malicious melodies
Concocted to thrill and disturb
To warn and alleviate sticky situations
To warn you just how mad your mother will be if you tell her you wrecked the car
Perhaps you should not mention that you drank the last of the milk
A resounding orchestration of epic proportions
Informing you of the brain-eatings to come.
Watch out.
There is a zombie behind you.
-One of the Editors

Times have been tough,
Oh so tough,
Not even water washes away the wounds,
From the beaten,
Path,
Oh so tough,
Remarks from the rest,
Contribute to cuts,
Cuts that won’t depart,
Troublesome times brings with it hope,
Hope of freedom,
Hope of equality,
Hope of,
Admiration,
Though the water won’t mend broken spirit,
It shall act as a bridge to better,
Days,
Oh so…
-Andrew Broussard
Column and Platform
Simion Stylities,
You stand on your platform,
Raise your arms,
And pray.
You watch the world destroy itself
Safely on your platform,
looking down on on world.
What good have you done me?
Someone may ask.
You will have no answer.
What do you think about,
As you watch the world suffer?
Why do you have that brace around your chest? I
t is to prove to the world that you are
suffering too.
As if to say, "I have no escape,"
So that the world will not turn its back on you,
saying, "Where is your courage?
We believe in your prayer and trust your message,
But you are running from what we have been told to face."
Instead, with every breath comes physical pain.
Every breath reminds you of what you left behind.
It is merely your security.
Now, you can point your finger and display your sufferings.
If it is around your chest,
you will not lose your supply of bread and water.
-Shelby Montgomery

Wind
I sit outside on a rusty old bench,
while the wind blew my blonde hair.

The chirping and singing of the birds,
the swaying of the trees,
and the sound of the wind blowing,
makes me wonder what a beautiful world we have.

Everyday I sit on that same bench,
gazing into the striking golden sun.
I watch cars pass by and little kids playing in the driveway.

I wonder if the people in the car
know what the wind feels like on a beautiful day.
I wonder if the kids stop playing
and just feel the wind blowing through their hair.

I feel as if there is nothing around me,
just me and the wind, soft and chilly.
I want to remember this moment for the rest of my life,
and remember how much I love wind on a beautiful day.
-Emma Cole
The Twelve Pack

Part 1

Who knew that I was on the start of an exciting day by my owner just leaving me home? Little did I know that I was in for much more than that...

I was enjoying my normal day at work, people grasping me hard and breaking my hair off (I’m also known as Jack). I don’t like it very much either when people stick me in that thing that shaves my hair off to make a new hairdo or when people bite me. I definitely don’t like it when they rub my butt on the paper.

Today was not an ordinary day for me because I wasn’t sharpened, broken, grasped hard, bitten or having my butt rubbed on paper one time. Only one time did I have to shave because every man shaves in the morning. This particular day was boring because my owner had left me at home.

I had decided to go on vacation while I still had the chance. I packed my shaver and my owner’s DVD player and rolled and rolled until I found the airport. When I got there, I jumped in someone’s luggage and waited in it. Eventually I decided to dig around in the luggage and sure enough, I found 10 other pencils. All of them where yellow #2 pencils. I was personally a yellow #1.

“Hi,” I said. “What are y’all doin’?”

“Oh, we’re just hangin out, talkin and stuff,” replied one of the other pencils.

“Who are you?”

“Oh, I’m just a hitchhiker goin on vacation,” I said.

“All 10 of us are hitchhikers, too. We’re headin’ off to Hawaii ‘cause we’re tired of our heads gettin’ shaved and our butts bruised,” said another one of them.

“What are y’all’s names?” I asked.

“Well this is Bob, and that’s Joe and Billy. There is also Tommy, Carl, Tom (Tommy’s brother) Jimmy, Rufus, Jim (Jimmy’s brother) and I’m Bill (Billy’s brother).

When he had finished talking, we heard a small noise in the bag. A minute had passed and then another pencil had showed up. He was an orange Paper Mate with a yellow eraser. He looked like a #1.

“Who are you?” I asked.

“Oh I’m Butch. I’m just takin a ride to Hawaii. I’m tired of livin’ here.”

“Same with us,” I said. “I just got here, too.”

“Hey you two. Stop the chatter and listen,” said Bill. “Welcome to the group.”

At that moment there was a loud *thump*.

“We must be gettin’ on the plane,” said Bob.

For the next hours on the plane, I listened to music, shaved and I took a bunch of naps.

*Thump*

“Hey y’all. I think we landed,” said Butch.

“Me too,” said Jimmy.

Bill spoke up, “Okay here’s the plan. When we go on the luggage spinner, we have to jump out the bag and roll to the front door. When we get out of the door, we have to find an open cab door and jump into it. Do y’all got it?”

“Yea,” all of us replied.

When we felt a spinning feeling, Bill yelled, “JUMP!”

We all found a crack in the luggage and jumped out of the bag. We then rolled and rolled and rolled all around, trying to follow each other. The reason no one has been suspicious is because they just think someone dropped their pencils. Bill found the front door and all of us followed. Then we all sat down on the bench.

“Y’all act like normal pencils,” Bill whispered so no one could hear.

“But I gotta go to the bathroom,” said Rufus.

“Well hold it in until we get to the hotel,” said Bill.
"Wait y'all. There's dinner," said Jimmy.

He was pointing towards a red mechanical pencil.

"On three we will attack it, ok?" said Carl. "One. Two. Three!"

All twelve of us leaped towards the lead pencil. We all jumped on it and held it down. (Did I forget to tell you that we pencils like to eat lead?)

"So. You tryin' to escape?" said Bill as we all held it down. (I really don't know why people were noticing our attack.)

"Please... Please don't hurt me," pleaded the lead pencil.

We all leaped and ripped the lead out of the pencil and the pencil screamed in pain as we enjoyed it as our dinner.

"Yuuuuummy," said Bill.

"I don't feel very comfortable about eating this," I said.

"Oh, it's ok. It's just lead. You should try ink. It's delicious," said Billy.

"I like the red ink. It tastes like cherries," said Rufus.

"Today is our lucky day guys. I just spotted a green pen goin' towards that taxi over there. Let's follow it and at the same time get a ride to a hotel," Tommy said.

"Move out men!" cried Bill. "Follow that pen!"

All of us rolled of the bench and headed towards the open taxi door. We rolled as fast as we could and hopped into the taxi right after the pen. It must have been another hitchhiker heading to another hotel. The driver shut the door and headed to the driver's seat.

"Where to?" he asked.

"Ummm. The Hawanaka Hotel please," said Bill in a low voice so the driver wouldn't notice that there is a bunch of talking pencils in his back seat and at the same time wondering if that was even a Hotel.

"Oh, you mean the Hawanaka Hotel," the driver said.

"Um. Yea," stuttered Bill.

We started at the pen. Just looking at it made it nervous.

"Ple... Please don't ruin my ink," begged the pen and at the same time whispering.

"Alright boys. This is our dessert," whispered Bill. "On three. One, Two Three!"

We all jumped at the pen and held him down to the car seat.

"Hmmm, " said Bill. "Green. I hope you taste minty."

"I'll get you for this!" screamed the pen.

The pen jumped out of the open window of the taxi and he got away and at the same time the driver looked back. He fainted. I mean I would if I saw a bunch of pencils talking. We got up to the front of the car, opened the door and kicked the driver out. Rufus got up to the wheel.

"You know how to drive?" I asked.

"Sure I do! It's just like my owner's video game except with no dynamite!" said Rufus.

"Floor it, Bill!" said Rufus. "We're headed to Office Depot!"

Rufus was yelling and screaming because he was having so much fun. He saw one of those signs that show your mph and it said 125.

"Bonus points!" he yelled.

We saw a truck with its ramp down and Rufus headed straight to it.

"It's flyin' time, boys!" he yelled as we flew onto the ramp.

We were in the air and then Bill turned on the radio.

"I believe I can fly!" the radio said. "I believe I can touch the sky!"

We hit the ground with a large thump. We were headed in the direction of Office Depot when we all heard police sirens following us.

"Pull over!" one of the speakers said from the police car.

"Hey y'all. I think we should pull over. I have an idea," Bill said.
Bill pulled out a cardboard picture of Brad Pitt and then stuck it in front of the window. The police car pulled over and then the policeman walked out of it. He headed towards the car and screamed;

"Oh my God! It's Brad Pitt!"

"Umm. Yes it is," Bill said in a Brad Pittish voice.

"Oh my God Oh my God Oh my God! My daughters love you and so do I!" the policeman screamed in admiration. "Can I have your autograph?"

"Umm. Sure," Bill said still in his Brad Pittish voice.

The policeman handed a piece of paper through a crack in the window. Jim signed it with his calligraphy skills.

"OH MY GOD!!! Thank you so much! You can just continue drivin' like a maniac. Okay?" the policeman said.

"Umm. Okay," Bill said, still in his Brad Pittish voice.

"Goodbye!" the policeman said.

"Rock on!"

"Weird. Yet very strange. I have another idea," Bill said.

He threw the cardboard Brad Pitt out the window under the policeman's car wheel. The policeman drove away and we heard a faint scream yell; "NOOOOOOO!"

We all looked at the ground and saw a run-over picture of Brad Pitt.

"By the way, where did you get that picture of Brad Pitt?" Billy asked.

"Well I'm a good fan of Brad Pitt myself so I brought a picture of him along on our vacation," Bill replied. "But now he's ruined."

We continued on and eventually found the policeman lying on the ground. He had handcuffed himself because he ran over Brad Pitt.

"Goodbye Brad! Goodbye forever!" he yelled.

We ignored him and headed to Office Depot. Rufus claimed that he knew where it was, but we didn't think that he had ever been to Hawaii.

Our joy ride was fun. We saw a bunch of hitchhikers along the way except they weren't pencils. We teased them by dangling airplane tickets that we found in the glove compartment. We had used Bill's cardboard picture of Britney Spears.

Eventually, we found Office Depot and rolled inside the doors. No one noticed us because they were all busy on their cell phones. We found the mechanical pencil aisle and stole a pack of them. We also stole a pack of pens. We enjoyed our snack and rolled out of the store with a bunch of pack of them. The alarm went off and people started searching.

"Run!" Bill yelled.

For some reason they didn't look at the ground because I guess they didn't expect to see pencils stealing pencils.

We got away and found the car.

"Rufus. Where are the keys?" Billy asked.

"Umm. In the car," Rufus replied.

"Oh smart move Rufus. Let's find an open car and hotwire it. I went to class with my owner that taught that kind of stuff," Bill said.

We searched and searched and found a nice looking Cadillac and it happened to be unlocked... We jumped in and Rufus got up to the wheel. Again. Bill got to the engine and hotwired the car and we heard the car purring ready to go on an adventure with us. Well not much of an adventure but to the Hawanake Hotel. (Rufus claims that he knew where that was, too but we didn't believe him.)

Rufus drove out of the parking lot and we hit the highway. Cars were everywhere and Rufus almost hit some of them.

"Floor it Jack!" Rufus screamed as we headed to ANOTHER truck with a ramp on it.

We were flying. Again. The radio screamed:

"I believe I can fly! I believe I can touch the sky! Again!"
We heard a loud *THUMP* and I almost fell out of the car. We got off the highway and headed along the beach. Then we heard sirens. Again.

"I'm all out of cardboard people!" Bill screamed.

"Floor it!" Rufus screamed. I pressed the petal hard and we took off.

"The police car is getting' closer!" Tommy said.

"Ahhhhhh!" Tom screamed.

We were dodging palm trees, splashing in water and we were scared half to death.

"I have an idea!" Billy said. "We stop the car and then just lay down. They won't expect a bunch of pencils to be driving!"

"Good idea, Billy," Bill said. I put the brakes on and then got in the back seat and lay down. The policeman got out of the car and headed towards ours. "All there is is a bunch of pencils," the policeman said. "Oh well."

The policeman walked away and drove off.

"Phew," Rufus said. "Hey Jack. Get back down there and press the gas. I'm ready to get to that hotel.

We drove and drove and drove until we found a nice fancy hotel with big words on the front that said "Hawanake Hotel". We got out the car, rolled off into the hotel and went inside.

It was amazing. Gold statues were everywhere and there was even a waterfall in the middle of the lobby. There was a glass elevator that headed upwards. There was a breakfast area, a lunch area and a dinner area. Palm trees were drizzled with water and the smell of food was in the air. There was a red carpet on the ground with orange flowers on them.

"Waterfall!" Rufus said. Rufus rolled off towards the elevator. We followed. It came down and we hopped in. Luckily, there was no one in it. We got out and headed towards the top of the waterfall.

"Cannonball!" Rufus screamed and he jumped onto the flowing water.

Good thing everyone was sleeping or someone would've noticed a pencil screaming as he jumped into a mini-sized waterfall in a hotel.

We decided to follow and we had the time of our lives. Billy's lead tip fell off so we had to stop and find a place to sleep.

We walked around and around the hotel until one of the doors opened as someone left their room and we shot in before it closed on us.

"Anyone have their shaver with them?" Billy asked.

"Yea. I do," I said. I let Billy use my shaver and his point was as good as new.

We all went under the bed and fell asleep.

In the morning, Rufus, Bill and Bob were all gone. I woke up Billy.

"Hey Billy. Do you know where Rufus, Bill and Bob are?"

"No. How would I know? I've been asleep. Maybe they went to get some refreshments."

I silently opened the door so I wouldn't wake up the owner of the room and slipped out. I followed the carpet until I found the elevator. I jumped as high as I could and pressed the button on the side. I heard the clang of the elevator going up and then it slowly opened revealing no one, luckily. I hopped in and pressed the lobby button. It slowly moved down and I hopped out later to find the 3 missing pencils hiding in a bush.

"What are y'all doin'?" I asked.

"Shhh! We're hiding waitin' for the people to move out of the way of the breakfast table so we can get some of that food," Bob said.

(Did I mention that we pencils enjoy human food too?)
The people cleared out and we hopped out of the bush and stalked the food. We hurried and stuffed our pockets with food and we each made a small cup out of the paper cups and we filled them with coffee. We shot towards the elevator trying not to spill our coffee and bolted upstairs to find out a way to get inside.

"I have an idea," I said. "Back up so the lady can't see you from the door."

I knocked on the door and said in a French voice:

"Madame. Your gourmet breakfast is waiting downstairs in the lobby."

I backed up to where the other guys were hiding and then the door slowly opened. The lady headed towards the elevator and then we ran to just make it to the inside of the room without being seen. We went under the bed, woke up everyone and then we enjoyed our nice breakfast.

We rolled down the stairs instead of the elevator because we need to be more cautious. We didn't want people ending up like the cab driver...

"Hey boys. I found the front door," Bill said. "Let's explore the outside world of the Hawanake Hotel while we have the chance."

"Umm. Okay," I said.

We rolled until we got outside but then we were disappointed. There were people everywhere. How would we get to our car? We rolled back inside disappointed and then Bill yelled, "Oh my God! I have an idea!"

"What Bill?" I asked.

"Well. We have to find a bypassing human to hitchhike a ride into their suitcase and go outside. Then we can find our car and explore!" he responded.

"Good idea! Now where do we find a person?" Billy asked.

"Right there," Bill said excitedly. We all followed Bill and hopped into the crack in the bag. It was a bumpy ride. The bag kept on hitting the owner's legs. In the bag, there were a bunch of motorcycle punk action figures. We each took a pair of black sunglasses to keep the sun out of our eyes. Finally, Rufus spotted our car and we jumped out. We kept on following Rufus, and Bill's idea worked because almost no one was in the parking lot. We found our car; Bill hotwired it and we hopped in. Rufus got in front of the wheel and we were all scared. Then out of the blue, we saw a green car in the parking lot. It was the green pen we had encountered in the taxi. He looked mad. He looked angry. In the car were a bunch of muscular mechanical pencils and pens. We were scared. He spotted us. We all put on our glasses and then Rufus screamed, "Now we're talkin' game style!"

He told me to press the gas and I pushed it hard. We shot out the parking lot with the pens on our tail. Then the policemen joined in... To be continued...

-Evan Bramlet, Jackson Beach and Carly Hebert

A Rondeau for French Cuisine
Cardoon gratin and truffles white
Such a culinary delight
The Parisian mind and French taste,
My favored style, let it taste
Brochette of Fish, Béarnaise so light,
Not one bon morsel will we waste!

Do not give me a plate of fries
American food I despise!
Let that rot go to proper waste
Give me Confit, Soufflé, Frommage

Put veal consommé in my site
To make this Epicurus bite
Of French cuisine I am not chaste
Give me suckling pig from Alsace
vol-au-vent prawns, taste takes flight,
A tender tart, a taste barrage
-B. McIntyre
Cheshire cat
Outside I’m ok, but inside there’s a fire, spreading faster everyday
Going to turn sour, but till the fateful day, I ride into the stars,
I might crash on the way, but I’ll be alright
The grass so soft, so sweet, the tempo so slow
The wind is not beneath my feet, only above my eyes
Tremble, in your cries, turn the wind away, and fly
Take what resist motion, insure your health,
Then jump off earth, and fly away, to Shiny Lights Bay
were people know your name, and hate to say it
Were love was ok, even if it was an oncoming riot
Take your plans away,
and just run farrrrr
The inside I’ll feel ok
The outside will be gone
Well sit near the beach, or behind Sam’s house,
Where we live, were we never sleep,
Because we are ready to die, at least that’s what had been said
Are really living fast on the way to dying young
We will forget our limits, enter a new world,
Well get some rolls developed, then go take over the world
We don’t need no voice, because we already have one,
We have tears of rage and we were proud of them
we didn’t believe in you or your personal jesus,
But weren’t not Satanist, we just are following anything else but you
So when you look at us, we were bright clothes,
And on the inside we’re ok, and the outside were spouting
Love, and rainbows, and even dirt, we are so the ones of life
We don’t work
We just play
And grass might be fun unless it kills
It was my fatal mistake
I can be a problem
-Jacques

Before a Storm
Sitting amidst the pale yellow flowers
With petals slipping away every hour,
The sharp breeze floats across the meadows.
Crippled trees create long dark shadows
That fade as the day grows longer.
The thunder grumbles but soon gets stronger
As a clip of light flickers in the sky.
A bird as dark as night quickly glides by
The wind begins to howl and whine
It thrashes the branches around, no longer benign.
The sky blackens as the thick clouds merge.
All the trees shiver and shake as if fighting the urge
To uproot themselves from beneath.
One drop of rain softly drifts down and lands upon a leaf.
The fresh scent of coming rain ripples through the air,
As the dark clouds threaten to tear.
-Taylor Wadell
Haikus of My Life
By Kate Smith, high school senior.
Enjoy my haikus.

Sleeping on a beach.
I hear a ring. Radio?
Uhh, it's my alarm.

Wash my face. Contacts.
Breakfast. Refrigerator.
Make lunch. Drive to school.

Dr. Tate's pop quiz. Yay.
Epic fail. I love that curve!
Free period. Talk.

History. Take notes.
Room gets cold. Don't fall asleep!
Late for art. Again.

Painting is painting.
How am I doing that wrong?
I'll fix it later.

Quiz on the reading.
Analyze Borges some more.
Another packet.

Free period. Read.
Forgot French homework again.
No more computers?!
Calculus haiku.
Jacob's weird comments freak me out.
Back to math problem.

It smells in French class.
La classe dehors, s'il vous plait?
No, we must suffer.

Rush to my dance class.
Relever en pointe, straight back.
Dinner and Tolstoy!

Eat good dinner.
Discuss postmodernism.
I prefer Tolstoy.

Sleep or write haikus?
It's one o'clock at night.
Five hours sleep again.

To Hold at Last

To hold at last the sole love of the mind,
Fragile Truth, a glass as thin as shadow.
Recede into a thought of sight to find
Separation of mind from what one knows.
So breathe not, else shattered from the glass falls
Fragmented sight and color'd distortion
Forms a bond and beauty withal
That obscures Truth within emotion.

But the psyche's vision turns only thought
Trapped by ropes are Daedalus's statues,
Beauty lost by logic, dulled by Truth sought
Let go the ropes, free beauty and virtue
Focus within and break the glass to see
Beyond the sphere of trapped humanity.

-Camden Cornwell

Don't tell me the moon is shining;
Show me the glint of light on broken glass.
-Anton Chekhov
An Inconvenient Truth

Or

Should this administration ratify the Kyoto treaty?

Ask any environmentally aware American if the U.S. should finally ratify the Kyoto treaty, and you are almost certain to get a resounding YES for an answer. If asked to explain why you would probably hear something along the lines of “The Kyoto treaty would limit carbon dioxide emissions by all nations and thereby stop global warming.” Who could argue with such a laudable goal? Well…. let’s take a closer look at the situation.

The Kyoto treaty is a United Nations initiated attempt (drawn up in Kyoto Japan in 1997) to decrease and stabilize greenhouse gas (mainly carbon dioxide) concentrations in the atmosphere to pre-1990 levels within ten years of ratification of the treaty. It states these reductions would prevent “mankind’s dangerous interference with the earth’s climate system”. The treaty states that all nations have a responsibility to cut back on carbon dioxide emissions, but does not treat all nations equally. The treaty puts all nations into one of three different groups, each group with its own unique set of responsibilities.

The first group is comprised of those developed nations, such as the United States of America, Germany, and France, thought to be most responsible for past carbon dioxide emissions. These countries are legally bound to not only reduce their emission levels to pre 1990 levels, but are also legally committed to provide major funding and technology to all other non first group countries. The second group consists of smaller developed countries, like Australia and Iceland, who are expected (but are not legally bound) to limit their emissions to a modest 8 to 10% increase over their 1990 emission levels. This second group would also reap the benefit of funding and technology from the Annex-1 countries in order to meet their goals.

The third group consists of many underdeveloped countries, including some rather large ones like China and India. This third group has no stated numerical goals for emission reduction, legal or otherwise, and their emissions are expected to increase at a pace commensurate with their pace of development. This group would also be the main recipient of the funding provided by the first group. These funds would be dedicated to help these countries adapt to climate change.
Now that we have a basic understanding of the treaty, let's ask and answer some pointed questions.

Q: Is the treaty in effect?
A: Yes: 183 countries, including many of the first group countries, ratified the treaty and it went into effect for those signee countries on February 16th of 2005.

Q: When does mankind's interference with the climate system become dangerous?
A: Average global temperatures have climbed 0.6 °C over the past century. Many scientists think that a further 2 °C increase would be dangerous, although there is a large contingent of scientists who believe the added capacity to grow foodstuffs in a carbon dioxide enriched atmosphere would be a blessing to the world, not a disaster!

Q: What would be the cost for America to become a signee?
A: Estimated costs seem to average $2,000 per year in increased taxes to each family, 3 million jobs lost, and a reduction in our GDP by 3%.

Q: Isn't it worth it if it will stop global warming?
A: If the treaty would not have been put into effect a further warming of 1 to 5 °C was expected by the year 2100. If every nation in the world signed the treaty and fully abided by it, the anticipated effect is a decrease of the warming by a grand total of 0.1 to 0.3 °C. In other words, the treaty would have very little real impact on global warming!

Q: How well has it worked so far?
A: So far, the United Kingdom and Sweden are the only signee countries to meet their goals in reducing emissions from 1990 levels. U.S. emissions have increased by about 20%. India's emissions have increased 100% and China's by a whopping 150%, making China the leading emitter of greenhouse gases! With these increases, little to no effect on minimizing global warming rates is
expected.

Q: So what's the answer to global warming?
A: One option is to accept global warming for the foreseeable future and commit resources to adjusting to climate change. Another option is to face the really, really inconvenient truth! If we want to limit mankind's impact on the earth and its systems, we have to limit mankind. Immediate worldwide compulsory birth control aimed at rapidly decreasing the total number of humans on the planet is probably the only safe bet in stopping mankind's contribution to global warming.

Have a warm and happy day! Mr. B
Golden sky, green grass, no time to think, it is only time to live. Called me lady again, she started talking in the tongue of a dastardly snake, so I said I'm not dealing with this so I left, I sat in a smoky room alone, letting the time go away, letting paper burn, wishing things didn't get left on such rocky heights. Remember the need to escape, the need to explore, the need to existed where no said to go, I had at the time said that time was now, it was the next day and I went ahead to the old cooper coin building, such a mystic feel this place had, deserted, eaten by the wild, and trashed by the youth, I some how ended up on the roof wanting to get inside, sat at the top looking at what had sat below me, the air rustled the trees and whether hadn't changed, I sat entranced, I was stuck gazing, I hadn't felt like this since my lonely wandering days, the ones were thought was you only friend. Times like these stuck and felt good, nothing could make you feel better then these things, it was a nirvana I kept finding in new spots, it been so long. And to thing I found it at the old copper coin, where I spent days always to its lure and charm never seeing this. Why couldn't I run, I really wanted to, it hurt not, felt right, some people felt that when you were in this trance that it stuck, like the people who take there own lives, they would stop at nothing for it to happen. I didn't know what to do, and it was getting dark fast, was I to hit the rails, was I to return to my life of isolation, was I to give up the times of here, and move on to the times of the road. I was numb, my entire body, numb, thought had one over my body in unison, and I was left from my earthly body, and had entered the celestial state of being, my mind was a rainbow orgasm of delight and the golden face of upwards enlightenment was occurring, I was entering the shadows of dreams, the world was not in effect, only was thought in effect.

It all crumbled, it all crumbled so quickly, as I returned to a state that physical form was predominant I was alone and I was lost, I was also still atop an abandoned building, looking into the painful shadows of oblivion, it hurt to be so fallen all the sudden, guess my mind was not stable like I hoped and thought it was, I crawled down from my perch and got on my bike and rode home, I was crying again, crying like I did when life was sewer bound, life when life was nothing, I was seeing blurs of flashing melted lights, my tears made my vision beautiful, and difficult to observe, my vision was uncanny to my dreams I didn't know where I had gone, If had really gotten to a 6 dimension of sorts, at this point I have no idea what's going on, until the quick trip to reality happened with the honk of a born that of which sprawled me aside the giant machine I was heading to, I laughed got up and laughed, what a strange occurrence, what a strange evening, what a strange world, what a strange life.

-Jacques

fruit punch
(you know what you did!)
For those seniors who find themselves arguing amongst each other over the same certain things in the same certain classes, a response of sorts:

On the Autonomy of History

John Bagnall Bury had a problem with Cleopatra's nose. The renowned fin de siècle British historian sat in his office at Cambridge University and scratched his head. The year was 1913 and the nations of the Western World were about to kill each other by the millions because of a rash of nationalism propped up by the best sciences of the day. J B Bury could not have known this, of course. What worried him was that science, the supposed final arbiter of truth, may not be so final after-all, especially in regard to history. During the last decades of the nineteenth century, the progress of science had reached a point where it was able to solve age-old problems and greatly improve people's lives. Contemporary scholars were so astounded at the successes of science that they began to apply scientific models and standards to all intellectual inquiry. Bury was one of these scholars, and he truly believed that science would provide answers for all the problems of his own study, history. That faith was shaken by a short sentence in a book by famed seventeenth-century mathematician Blaise Pascal. Bury was in the middle of reading Pascal's defense of the Christian faith, Les Pensées, when his eyes froze upon this line:

Cleopatra's nose, had it been shorter, the whole face of the world would have been changed.

Always dubious of religion and no mathematician, Bury had not much invested himself in Pascal, only picking up the work toward the end of his illustrious career because he heard that it contained a curious comment about the Egyptian queen's proboscis. A historian of the Roman republic and empire, Bury spent his life searching out every fact and opinion he could about the classical world. Briefly delivered and almost comical in its off-handedness—a scrap, really—this one by Pascal called into question his entire conception of the study of history.

Bury thought that history should be assimilated into the sciences. A positivist, he believed that absolute laws governed the universe, including the course of history. He believed that strict adherence
to the scientific method—forming a hypothesis, making a prediction based on that hypothesis, and testing the hypothesis—could discover the under-lying mechanics of historical causation (a fancy phrase for “why things turn out the way they do”). To Bury’s world-view, science had been incredibly successful at uncovering the underlying mechanics of the world; why couldn’t historical causation be discovered by the same process? In fact, in his role as Regis Professor at Cambridge, he had given a celebrated speech on the subject back in 1902, entitled “The Science of History,” in which he emphatically stated that history was “simply a science, nothing less, nothing more.” There were a great many scholars who held to this view, called the assimilationist school of history. It was this firmly held belief that was thrown off-course for Bury when he discovered that beautiful Egyptian nose lying obscured in the pages of a two-hundred and fifty year-old book.

What Pascal’s comment meant was this; if Marc Antony did not find Cleopatra beautiful—say he found her nose too small—he would not have had his famous love affair with her, would have never named her son, Caesarion, successor to Julius Caesar, and thereby he would not have triggered a civil war that ended in his suicide. In short, if not for the whimsical nature of human attraction, the past would be different.

What Bury realized from all of this was that so many causal factors go into the creation of historical phenomena—a white noise of causation, if you will—that they cancel out any over-riding singularly determinative principles, or laws, that exert themselves across the span of time and propel history along its course. Bury had realized in a profound way the concept of chance, and it caused serious problems for his idea that history should be subsumed by the sciences.

Bury’s basic problem was that there was “no logic to contingency [chance].” This created bigger problems. The science of Bury’s day was deterministic; it was based on the belief that every event is caused by a specific and unbroken series of previous events. In yet another way, if a specific chain of events does not result in the same ultimate event each and every time, given that no hidden variables exist, the scientific method would be useless as a tool for discovering truth. For determinism to work, every step in a process must be empirically observable. There is no room for hidden variables in determinism. With the introduction of chance into history (and so much of it!), hidden variables become the norm. What observable, universal process dictates that Marc Antony should have found a big nose attractive? Perhaps there was one, but the historian wasn’t there to observe it.

Furthermore, chance, or what Bury calls historical contingency, does not only exert itself in the development of historical events, but in the record which attests to those events as well. The random events that lead to the preservation of one source and not the next are not subject to definable laws; you get what you get in regard to historical evidence. The detritus of the past is all that remains. After-
all, what historical record still exists of Queen Cleopatra's biological heredity that would indicate that she should have a big nose? Alas, that information is lost to history, a hidden variable covered over by the folds of time.

It was bad enough for Bury that contingency mucked-up any attempt at scientific history because it disallowed workable scientific models in anything other than the immediate present and, further, created an over-whelming lack of historical evidence. What was worse was that any attempt to create a deterministic scientific model to describe contingency falls apart under its own conceit: chance by definition cannot be predicted. This would have been fine for Bury if such contingency only affected minor components of history, but chance exerts its force in all things. What if, supposed Bury, Plato died during infancy, a more than common occurrence in ancient Greece, and never wrote his dialogues? The intellectual development of the West, upon which our entire epistemology is based, would not be what it is. The very foundation of how we think, how Bury himself thought, would have been different. If that had happened, would it even have been possible for Bury to be having his crisis of faith? For science as we know it to exist? Poor Aristotle would have had no one to argue with!

Bury realized his problem and was never able to find a satisfactory answer for it, so he chose to ignore it. He decided that any history which hinted at the possibility of historical accidents should be avoided. That is why you have never heard of him. Had he never written the essay "Cleopatra's Nose" expressing his doubt about the validity of scientific history, and therefore never been put in a position where he had to make a faulty choice, he would have been remembered in historical circles as a great champion of assimilationist history. It is a shame, really, that Bury could not over-come his faith in a scientific historical method despite obvious disparities, but it emphasizes a very important component inherent to all scholarly inquiry; scientific or not, all research is done by mere human beings operating in human social communities prone to peer pressure, pride, avarice, etc.—biases. This is a can of worms that would take a volume to adequately treat; suffice it to say, for now, that one half of history exists not in the past but in head of the observer.

Given Bury's conundrum, history as science simply does not work. The best approach for history is an autonomist version of historical theory; history can only be understood on its own terms. The debate as to whether or not history should be properly defined as science or otherwise is not only fallacious, but does functional harm to the study because it has retarded the development of modern history. This is because history aims for a different set of truths than does science and has considerations unique unto itself. The most important consideration that separates history from the sciences, and from all other study, is that the object of history, the past, is simply not observable. Historians can only asses the remains of the past and construct it into a valid and useful history. Bury's
scientific history fell apart because the nature of historical study is not scientific; it is historical. Historians such as Bury were sidetracked by the quixotic desire of nineteenth- and twentieth-century science to define all scholarship solely upon its own terms.

This is not to say that scientific tools are useless to history: quite the opposite. All tools of scholarship, prudently used, can prove helpful to historical inquiry. Indeed, the most important contribution to historical inquiry over the last century has come from the field of statistics. However, no single discipline, no set of tools scientific or artistic, may assume the complete measure of historical inquiry other than history itself. That is the beauty of historical inquiry; it is served by all other studies. In this way, it is history that subsumes all other scholarly endeavor. After-all, history is all encompassing in that all things have a history. And, as Bury discovered, history defies exterior attempts to describe it:

*Logical consequences may be facilitated or upset, accelerated or retarded, by contingencies; and it is this which makes history so interesting and baffling.*

If history can only be defined by historical terms, and all other study may be defined historically, then any attempt to wrangle history into a structure defined by a foreign study—say science—is fruitless. Furthermore, science is, in fact, subject to history; only by witnessing a sequence of events—a history—can the scientist use the scientific method in order to create a truth claim based on empirical evidence. Science is a historical process. And this leads us back around to chance.

In the past century, scientists have been forced from the strict determinism that created the theoretical bedrock of modern science. We will take physics as an example. With the realization of relativity, certain problems arose in the study. In order to resolve these problems, a new model had to be invented: quantum theory. Without going too far down that rabbit-hole, it is safe to assert that quantum physics deals inherently with probability. In fact, quantum theory is the attempt to express the probability that any given atomic particle will be at any given point at any given time. Quantum theory is a scientific attempt to deal with the problem of contingency: chance. This has led to bigger problems. It disrupts a primary assumption of nineteenth-century science upon which science's claim to absolute truth rests: that all things are deterministic. As Bury found out, much to his chagrin, determinism does not work if chance is inserted into a process. Science now has the tricky problem of explaining away chance in order to defend its primary claim to truth, determinism. If strict determinism falls apart, then so does the argument that science is the best method of discovering truth. For the most part, scientists have realized this and do not hold so tightly to the misunderstanding that any one study holds the keys
to reality. However, the theoretical mess that *le infant terrible* Modern Science has left in its wake as it petulantly demanded of other disciplines that it be recognized as preeminent has been left for others to clean up; namely, the so-called social sciences.

Yet there are scientists who still cling to determinism. For evidence of this, one only has to turn back to quantum physics. The problem is this: in order to explain quantum mechanics as a holistic structure, unknowns must be inserted. We will call them "hidden variables" (as, indeed, scientists do). Most scientists have rejected such postulations because, getting back to determinism, scientific inquiry by its own dictates simply cannot insert an unknown "hidden variable" into the structure of causation in order to describe phenomena. In order to solve this conundrum, scholars of quantum mechanics are struggling to come up with something that they call, arrogant as it may sound, a Theory of Everything. This has led to all forms and manners of disputes between quantum theorists. I have neither the space nor the time nor the capacity to delve into them. Suffice it to say that the problem of probability remains as yet unresolved by the scientific disciplines. The scientists will have to fight this one out. Theirs has been and will be a long and exhausting war that will have many intellectual casualties. It will progress over time; expressing itself in historical terms. I am happy to remain on the side-lines, content to observe as we historians do, and claiming knowledge of no truth greater than that our past means a great deal to us. At the end of the epistemological bloodshed of the sciences there will still be more in this infinite universe that we will not understand. Chance will remain. In the mean time, please get your spectroscopes out of Cleopatra's nose.

**Under the Oaks**

Firm anchorage,
Strong roots.
No matter how I grow out,
Grow up,
You stay connected.
Ever present
Constant familiarity.
Support my branches when they sway.
I break, I bleed.
You nourish.

Feed me with strength:
Strength of mind
Strength of will
Strength of character.

Help me find in you a foundation.
Roots that bring me power, inspiration.

Inspired so I comfort:
Leaves build gentle piles for passersby.
Inspired so I give:
Bear fruit for those in hunger.
Inspired so I'm pure:
Sweet sap does pour from within.
Inspired so I shelter:
Kind offering of trunk for home and branch for shade.
Inspired so I stand:
Brave oak to weather storms.
- Blair Foster

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**The Orange Grove**

I lay down in the soft fields of grass sprinkled with wild flowers.
Daisies and tulips danced in the violent wind.
The brilliant colors of their petals painting the wind.

My hair whipped around untamed.
I ran around the back to the orange grove.
I smelled the sweet perfume that was carried on the wind.
As soon as I saw the oranges I stood on my tippy toes.
I was soon victorious and started to peel the orange.
My hands were chapped, so it stung to peel the freshly picked orange.
But once I got a small taste of heaven packaged into the tiny slices.
It was worth the pain.
- Isabel Mallavarapu

**Man, Mountain: Me**

I stand upon the granite bedrock of myself
Vaulting to the blue heights
Up to gleaming dome
The intellect shines forth
From my twin orbs
Beneath that arid arch

The Earth again must quake and tremble
As it did for Atlas and his burden
Whilst he shifted beneath his fate
Forlorn but yet unbroken;
We, universal testaments
To all the Travail of Man

I contemplate the starry void
And all that stands above
This man, this mountain,
This seat of reason
Set to action
This man, this mountain. Me
- B. McIntyre
Molly’s Haiku Corner

For Blair Foster (old school):
Alabaster skin
Beach’d upon a bed of roses
Kissing the lipless

For Michelle Bergeron:
Mystical iPod
Affixed to the hip, playing
Musical insulin

For Johnny English:
Heart pumping syrup
It’s pure pixie stick power
Knows no vegetables

For K Talley:
Hahahahaha
Heehehehehehehehehe
Hahaha Check yes.

For Josh Camel:
Pain hidden by dimples
Bubbling beneath the surface
Only hugs can heal

(Bottom line: HUG JOSH AS MUCH AS POSSIBLE. HE LOVES IT)

For Kris Yingling:
Hat-topped mop hair
Concealing a vast forehead
Such tiny little pants!

For Kinsley Poppa:
Innocent freshman, so
It seems, approaching freezer
Quick! Hide the ice cream

For Thomas Eugene Damico:
Many decibels
Booming, largely about naught
Best not to listen

For Mr. Pearson:
Lost in blue green seas
Begetting biting children
Hair needs rubbing

For Mr. Begnaud:
Deep within the lair
C’s and O’s and H’s lurk
Haha, butanal

For Mr. Willy Lewis Wood, Esq.:
Claws extended, in
Wait for naive AP books
Using his drunk voice

For Ross Freeman:
Radiant mango,
If only you knew, no one
Chooses Bulbasaur

For Bill Croughan:
High five! Sorry, no
Money for popcorn, but I
Laugh at all your jokes.

For Stank-Eye:
Disappeared from view
Derided by others, but I
Know that’s just your face