Eclectic
MAKE SUBMISSIONS. MAKE SUBMISSIONS.
Letters from the Editors

Scott Andrus, '10

What you hold in your hands today can only be described as "eclectic" - in title and principle - and it is undoubtedly a very special collection of writing from ESA's student body. The Eclectic is a very long-standing tradition within the ESA community to provide the school with something interesting to read; a group of writings by students, for students. However, what you have here does not quite fit the description of a newspaper or, on the flipside, an anthology of literature such as the Arcadia. Rather, I like to call The Eclectic a journalism magazine: these quarterly issues are defined by the unique and diverse ideas and imaginations of the students of ESA, which are more often than not fascinating or hilarious to read. Our primary goal as the editors is not to provide an amusing read-through over break period, although I certainly hope that you will enjoy this issue. Instead, The Eclectic serves as a modicum of expression to allow students to better unveil themselves to the rest of the community; a sort of bazaar of thought that we as editors are more than willing to facilitate.

I have thoroughly enjoyed working with Quentin and the other editors to provide this issue as well as upcoming issues this year. We certainly have some ideas in mind for our holiday issue, including a possible sweepstakes for an incentive that no one can resist: cash. I would personally like to thank Quentin, Katie Cornwell, Megan O'Bryan, and all other editors who pushed this one through to the end; your hard work certainly does not go unappreciated. However, we are truly nothing without our source material. Many thanks go out to everyone who submitted anything to The Eclectic this time around, and we really hope that you will continue to share your ideas and thoughts with us.

Lastly, I would like to encourage anyone and everyone to submit to future issues. As you can probably see from this one, virtually nothing is out of bounds, providing it isn't explicit. Monday Miseries, journals, poems, quirky short stories, brainstorms, comics, drawings, and jokes are all welcome, but the list certainly doesn't end there. If you think it's interesting and you want people to know about it, then send it to us at esaeclectic@yahoo.com or on the folder on the school's Public drive. I'll stop jabbering now. Please enjoy this premier issue from you, the student body, to, well, you!

Quentin Pharr, '10

I really just want to take the opportunity to tell you about a man that I admire and why submitting should be of relative ease for you compared to him. John Berryman (my favorite poet) had always read in the way that he did most things, with a heated passion, and his memory for words and the details they created could easily astonish. It all seemed to be present and immediate to him, and endowed with a final authority. Once, in his thirties, after a bookstore reading of poems by other poets whom he loved--probably Yeats or Hardy-- someone had been so foolish as to ask
him whether he did not, perhaps, take words and
literature to seriously, and he answered, "They're a
matter of life and death." How is that for seriousness? I
can barely imagine the gravity of that moment for the
poor man who actually asked such a
question. Seriousness aside, though, what really
impresses me most about Berryman is that vulnerability
was a necessity for his writing. Now, that does not seem
like such an endeavor on his part, but imagine the
magnitude of sharing your thoughts, troubles, and
emotions to the world, set out with no way to reclaim
them. A scary thought if you are someone like
me. However, I submitted to The Eclectic and have not
had any regrets. The best part about that contradiction is
that I know why. Stop reading and look around. That's
right. There is pride to be taken in such acceptance and
tolerance. Now stop fretting about submitting and
submit. Those wonderful things that you see around you
are already talking about doing it; you might as well
jump on the bandwagon.

Think how wonderful it feels to submit and
share
Now I see that you have two choices
You can take the advice of the encouraging
voices
Who tell you to write for the Eclectic, which you
should do
Mostly cause it's kinda fun, which is very true
Or take all that unproductive time during your
day
And sit down and work for hours on an
extended English essay.
I think the last choice is no fun
And let's admit it... you're nowhere near done.
So why put yourself through all that sadness?
To do so is just plain madness.
Instead you should write a poem or maybe
A fantastic Monday Misery about McIntyre's
baby!
Just be creative and unique
We won't be mean and correct your technique.
We're trying to set a new school record this year
Of the most issues released with submissions
from our peers
We have to publish at least four
But we are hoping that maybe there can be
more!
Our staff cannot do this without your help and
wit
So please take it upon yourself to write and
submit
Now it is clear that submitting is what you must
do...
We don't want to make Rico come after you.
-- Megan O'Bryan, '11

ODE TO THE ECLECTIC

Everyone should write something for The Eclectic
It'll help make the staff members' lives less hectic
It can be about anything you would like
Hey, Carson, you should write something about
Coach Mike!
It can be serious and argue a political issue
Or it can be a sad story that makes people grab
the tissues
It can be funny or have a snazzy rhyme
It doesn't have to take up loads of your time.
Just grab some paper and maybe a pen
Or open up a word document every now and
again
It's a lot easier than you think. I swear.
Just write something already and don't be
square.
Think of all the time you waste during your day
Just stop and think about it for a second, okay?
You waste thirty minutes here and an hour there,
CLASSICS: “In Remembrance of Times Past”

THE ESA EXPERIENCE AND A FIERY GAME OF DODGEBALL

What's better than a smoking barbeque poboy and a fiery game of dodgeball? The Free Dress Friday is a tradition which simply cannot be lost. Somehow the smell of barbeque which hits you as you walk across the quad wakes you out of any bad mood you might be in and is scientifically proven to make your book sack's burden easier to bear. While the succulent scents make you more aware in class, the mere thought of lunch makes third, fourth, and fifth period fly by. Yet the goodness doesn't stop there with first bite though. No, for as Milton put it, there is only room for more goodness. After you satisfy your taste buds and fulfill your deepest desires, you get to step onto the battle ball court and rid yourself of the chains of school for the remaining fifteen minutes of lunch. Joining your classmates, you see a look in all of their eyes of intensity, a desire to relieve frustration from school on the poor, innocent underclassmen across the gym. As the countdown ends and the balls fly in both directions, you gather a volleyball, feeling the worn fabric between your fingers, turning it over in your palms as you look for a target. Finding that poor soul (Ben Como) just begging to be out, you decide as you wind back to grant just that one wish. Thus as the month comes to a close, this one day allows for the reconciliation of the events passed with a confident look towards the future.

Advisory is a great ESA tradition never to be lost to the crumbling effects of time. From the luscious feast to advisory wars, this special meeting time produces memories never to be broken or lost. I remember great gumbos in Berthelot's advisory as well as Chick-Fil-A challenges in Daisy's. The meeting time lends an excuse for stuffing our faces while offering an outlet from any stress on campus. It's a time to meet with people who you would not normally hang out with, a time for talking about troublesome issues or laughing about stupid chapels. On Hugh's happiness/time graph, advisory would probably be the peak of the chart on a Thursday with a rugby conditioning being the devastating trench of the graph; the one that makes you feel like you'll never get out of again. Advisory offers memories of great times, delicious food, and funny stories never to be lost or forgotten but preserved for times to come.

- Anonymous

RUNNING IN CROSS COUNTRY

Waking up at five thirty in the morning to go to school for morning cross country practice is an unforgettable ESA experience which simply cannot be missed. While most would say that you would have to be crazy to wake up so early that you can still see Orion's belt through the leaves of the oaks on campus, I'd say it's necessary to your educational growth. The cross country team runs whether the humidity is 100%, whether it is raining or freezing cold. Some of the best practices are during the winter, when it's so cold you can't feel the tips of your fingers, when your hands sting when you put them under water. During these practices, one of my favorite accomplishments is to "steam." Everyone should feel the pride of having this happen to them once in their lives. You steam when your body heat evaporates the sweat from your skin which immediately condenses on the cold air in the form of water vapor. The full affect of steaming is that you appear to be on fire, sizzling. I can't think of a better way to start off your morning confidently than to run five miles through fatigue, cross the speed bump, and then find yourself steaming as you welcome air into your lungs. Running on those mornings helped me to start off many days less stressed, more open-minded, and confident. Anyone who ever feels the burden of school and assignments weighing them down should lighten their load by running with the cross country team.

-- Johnny English, '09

As if we needed another reason...
"An Ode to the Dearly Departed"

TO HE WHO SHAN'T RETURN

Pearson with his lavish style
The only one with adequate guile
To trick his students through the books
We’re forced to read in tiny nooks
To make us like them, vile pages
To better know the works of ages

The great enigma that is his brain
Harks us back time and again
To mem’ries lost and those we treasured
His gifts to us cannot be measured

His rants, digressions, random thoughts
Lead us to think ’bout what we ought
The lessons learned in Pearson’s class
Will endure forever, to the last.

Though he’ll leave us, wily sprite
He cannot take away the might
With which he formed us, made us new,
He taught us all, and much else too.

Mr. P, we’ll miss you lots
Without you we’ll be sorry sots.
To India you’ll bring your charm,
There you’ll get to reap the farm
Of business gains, incomes and outs
But back at home we’ll only pout.

-- Chris Beyer, ’11

MATT PEARSON

Under the arms of the large pecan tree next to the tennis courts, we were having class outside. It was a warm afternoon and we were discussing The Great Gatsby. His class was not paying attention. Most teachers would have called the class to order in an attempt to rally the class around the flagging lecture. Or perhaps a lesser teacher would have chosen a single slip up by a student to exact revenge on the class as a whole, as a sort of sick manner of releasing the fury built up by the lack of respect and interest shown by the students. However, rather than introducing us to his fury, or attempting to motivate a ramble with moral measured only by the few inches keeping our tired heads from the soft grass, Mr. Pearson decided to find a more unique solution to our disheartened spirits.

He sighed, set down his book, and picked up a pecan. Heads slowly lifted. After he had cracked open the pecan, he turned his eyes up, his sentence regarding Daisy hanging in the air unfinished. “What’s wrong with you guys?” he asked as he looked around at each one of us. “You guys seem out of it today.” Someone offered an explanation of the general prognosis. A long day just after a tough P.E. class, and with difficult tests to be taken in both Western Civilization and Biology in the next 24 hours. He sympathized. He told us how sometimes he didn’t want to do things, that and every once in awhile he wanted to climb out of his house or his office through a window and just spend a few hours doing nothing. When questioned on why he desired to exit through a window, he responded with his voice full of earnestness, “I’m not sure, I guess because it just seems like that’s the way you’re supposed to run away.” Laughter followed. We talked about it for a little longer, but the conversation soon died, having reached its climax. Mr. Pearson continued his lecture on Daisy and Jordan. Most of us listened, heads raised.

-- Tommy Damico, ’09

ODE TO MRS. JUMONVILLE

Tapping the end of my pencil on my notebook, I sat towards the back of the class as the discussion went on. Like a partially submerged iceberg, only half of me was present at the surface level of the room, the rest of me lost in my own thoughts. The surface level part of my brain saw that Mrs. Jumonville was on fire today in her passion, her head nodding and smiling as her hand motions through the air appeared to be painting some bizarre masterpiece. I would have sworn that she was a preacher in flowing garments warning all of those present about the dangers of falling victim to temptation. Today was what the last three quarters of Pre-calculus had led up to, and Mrs. Jumonville was as eager as if she were defending her thesis. Yet even as I came out of my shell of thoughts to hear what she had to say, I knew she would be a martyr to her cause. There was no way I could believe what she was rambling on about, this theory of a point having a slope as instantaneous velocity. I sat up in my chair, rising from the dead, to argue. How can a point have a slope without being compared to another point; how can you have a velocity without time? She attempted to pierce my argument with her arrows, yet they merely deflected off my hardened heart. She was Moses, ready with her staff and her god Calculus, but was utterly failing in convincing the Chosen People to her cause. The class had locked the
door on her appeals, not to be reopened. The end of that forty-five minute was the end of that discussion forever, never to be returned to in debate again. Moses had made his plea to the Pharaoh, and since the ruler would not be convinced, it was his loss. From that time onward I would be plagued by having to use equations and theories which my heart was unyielding towards. Beware all, the failure of Moses, and the ensuing wrath of Calculus.

—Johnny English, '09

Miscellaneous, Random, and Just Plain Hilarious

WORDS OF ADVICE TO A FUTURE DAUGHTER/SON OF ESA FACULTY, FROM A PRESENT DAUGHTER OF AN ESA FACULTY MEMBER

-Mentally prepare yourself for your middle school and high school years of your life because yours will be different from that of your classmates.

-Don't try to hide any bad tests grades from your dad/teacher because while others ca take comfort in their ability to hide things from their parents, you can't. It's better to just tell him than to have him hear later from your math teacher, "Did your child tell you about their F on their last test?" He will find out. It doesn't matter if you can pull up the grade before your report card. He still knows.

-Hide your identity for as long as you can (which isn't long, since some teacher is bound to walk up to you and identify you as a child of ESA faculty)! This is so people will know you by your name instead of, "McIntyre's kid" and you also won't have people coming up to you and saying, "Your father is ruining my life." But be gracious, I was known as Dr. C's kid AND Camden's little sister, a problem only your younger sibling will understand.

-You have no secret school life. The effect of you being an offspring of your own teacher merges your home life and school life together.

-You have no personal life. Any of your secrets get made into rumors (that's just high school), but guess what? Along with your classmates knowing all your secrets, your dad does too! (P.S. I have no idea how the faculty knows all of the students' gossip, they just do! I'm pretty sure that's what they talk about in the teacher's lounge.)

-Bring lunch food that your dad doesn’t like. From time to time (everyday) your dad will forget his lunch or get hungry. That's when the Mooching instinct kicks in, but instead of getting food from his students he will come to you and take yours.

-The teacher's lounge is extended to you (somewhat). If your dad is nice and kind he can bring you food from the lounge (It's Delicious!)

-You get included in faculty events! Yay! This ranges from faculty meetings in the morning, where you get to wake up an hour earlier and hang around school when it's freezing, to the faculty family parties, where you get to sit in Santa's lap and watch all your teachers drink beer party! Fun!

-Do not complain to your father about other teachers. I understand that you are just looking for someone to understand how mean and terrible your teachers are and want someone to have sympathy on all the work you have to do, but you will not find that sympathy with a fellow faculty. They stick together. For example, in your father's class, I was mad at him because he just told us that we had 20 note cards, a bibliography, and an outline due in one week after my last chance to get my books for the assignment. I looked and wined at my dad and searched for sympathy, but couldn't find any. Instead of responding with, "Aw, poor Katie, that mean old Mr. McIntyre just doesn't understand..." I get "Kaitlyn, he did not just give you that assignment. I know Mr. McIntyre and he gives you guys a whole outline of your assignments at the beginning of the year." Your faculty father is not the best place to find sympathy.

-You will never enjoy a dance as much as anyone else, especially when your dad is the chaperone. Even when he's not the chaperone, there are other teachers at those dances, and they love spreading gossip. Awkward.

-Permission slips aren't that big of a deal. If you forget to get it signed the night before, walk over to your dad's room.

-Use your dad to your advantage. He's at your house! You don't have to call him for questions or help, just yell "Dad!" Technically his paternal duties instruct him to help you in anything. However this has backfired on me many times. He might bring up how he just went over something in class and how you should have been paying attention then.
-Do well in your dad’s class, and all the classes that relate in any way to the subject your father teaches, for many reasons. One, he knows your grades before you do so make it God, or else you’ll be lectured before you even know what for. Two, people expect it. Once, I failed a geometry test, and even though my dad wasn’t teaching it, it’s his subject. I got an interim in Geometry for that test, so when I had to explain to people why I had a study hall, I got lectured by them too. “How can you fail a math test? Your dad is the teacher! Isn’t that information hereditary?” For your information, people, I just ruined a formula, and I shouldn’t be expected to do well in a class just because my dad would.

-Celebrate! You’re a faculty child! Even though I named way more cons then pros above there is something very good about having your family in your school life and you will only appreciate it when you get thrown into an environment where you do not get to share time or experiences with your family. Unfortunately for you, first you have to get through all the terrible awkward times of high school along with your father, before you can appreciate how special it is! Welcome to the Faculty Child club (which is dramatically increasing in size).
-- Katie Cornwell, '11

PIZZA STANDOFF

I saw it fly, flipping in the air. Chris had slapped Chucky’s pizza, hard. His strike had sent the food into the nether, lost forever. Chris continued, his yells colliding with the walls of the gym. The echoes repeated Chris’s words of chastisement, punishing Chucky for what, I don’t know. Even though I forget exactly what Chucky did, he was a playful fool back then; hell, he still is now. Chris continued his yells of anger, berating Chucky for a great mistake. A crowd had gathered, and everyone could feel that the storm was gathering more and more strength. There was a tangible fear that one of Chuck’s massive arms might launch forth and strike Chris right across the face burying him in his grave then and there. But no, Alec, fool that he is, feared that they might actually turn to violence and thus tried to act as a peacemaker. Maybe Alec meant for Chris to now focus all his anger onto him, maybe not, but that is certainly what happened. Now Chris began attacking Alec. Words of hate spewed from his mouth, vomiting anger. My memory is a bit shoddy after that. I believe Chris simply walked out in a huff. I remember speaking afterwards with many of the other spectators of the grand performance. Many were on Chucky’s side, while some few were with Chris. I cannot honestly say whom I sided with more. On the one side I realize that Chris completely over reacted, but I also see how he just got angry. He was often quick to anger, after all, and though this was his greatest performance, Chris had many others. He also could hurl Cheez-Its as if they were ninja stars. He often made a game out of this particular sport, letting the tiny snacks strike from across the deck at break. Needless to say, the game didn’t make Chris too many friends. Some people in our grade were somewhat happy when at the end of the year Chris left. I sort of miss Chris.
-- Luke Castille, '10

MR. NORTH - THE SHIRT TUCKER

It was a rainy ESA day, when a group of freshmen gathered by their lockers. They had just come out of a Tutwiler Bible test, so frowns were present. They grumbled at each other mindlessly to get out some of their frustrations at the deceitful test. Suddenly, one freshman announced that it felt like it was being watched. An RC Cola can clattered painfully on the ground, causing all of the freshmen to freeze and stare in its direction. Everything went silent while they tried to figure out what had made the noise. A naïve freshman hopefully suggested that it was the just the wing of a bird or more likely a cat that knocked over the can. A murmur of agreement rose in the group. They relaxed and slowly started migrating towards the gym, all except for one. He had forgotten to do his geometry homework for Dr. Cornwell, so he decided to stay outside and do it. A young girl offered to stay outside with him, but he refused and made her go inside claiming that he needed to finish this. After he watched her disappear into the gym, he turned towards his locker. Rapid footsteps made him look up into a bright flash of light. The next thing he knew was that he had an angry Mr. North glaring at him and an un-tucked shirt. He tried to explain to Mr. North that his shirt was tucked in and about the flash of light, but North would not hear any of it. The poor freshman was given a work detail. North retreated to his office after sentencing the boy to draining the ditches with a bucket on Saturday morning. He turned his chair away from the window and just as a ray of sunlight hit his chest, his pocket protector flashed a blinding light. Meanwhile, off in the distance, two figures had heard the freshman’s cry of anguish.
-- Rachel Johnson, '11
A DASH OF PSYCHOLOGY, AN OUNCE OF FORTITUDE, AND 1000 SHOES - THE RECIPE FOR TOLERANCE

Target's shoe department is one of the best-hidden treasure-troves of social psychology on the planet. Having worked for the colossal corporation this past summer and being a connoisseur of psychology, I found this to be a fascinating discovery. While my job description was simple enough - I stocked shoes and organized the aisles - my position became a much larger undertaking that soon enveloped my summer life. I wanted to understand why the 23-year-old man with tobacco on his breath and three kids at his knee brushed me aside without any such as a simple apology. I wanted to look deeper into the lives of the hundreds of narcissists who spent hours at a time deciding on a style of heel. I personally made it my mission to find out what made these people tick over the next eleven weeks and how they understood and perceived the world. I transformed the mundanity of a sales floor job at Target into an observational study out of sheer boredom - and I was shocked and enlightened by my results.

During my vacation to Destin, Florida halfway through the summer, I conceived a fairly simple analogy that very well described the Target shoe department: the department is very similar to a sand castle on the beach. In this situation, Target is the beach and I, as the general caretaker of the department, am a child building the sand castle. Using the messy department as a landscape in the way that a beach would be for an excited youngster, I would work diligently to stock and organize the shelves of the department, much akin to the way the child would build a sand castle. However, sand castles are often a fruitless endeavor in the end, due to a simple fact: the beach is public. Such is the way of the world at Target. Having worked so hard for hours at a time to organize my department, I would often be dismayed to find the first part of my work utterly destroyed by the masses before I even got the chance to finish the job, in the way that a sand castle would be damaged by the pedestrian-ridden beach and the tide. I often found bedraggled, energetic children screaming through the aisles and knocking down innocent shoeboxes in a whirlwind of destructive fun; their moms were often busy indifferently trying on some sandals a few aisles over. More than once I found clueless-faced male college students moseying into the loafers section to sheepishly try on a pair or two before replacing the shoes - mangled and poking out of their boxes - in the wrong spots on the shelves. Simply put, the public and a supercenter shoe department don't mix, as evidenced by the general litter and, to a lesser extent, the ruining and wear of stores that are open to the public. Dealing with the latter issue each day gave me a fascinating and complex problem to solve; I now had found my summer occupation.

Trying to understand why people destroyed my hard work was my primary task for a while - was this intentional? I often secretly (and, in retrospect, somewhat creepily) watched people come in and out of the shoe department. While going through my monotonous stockroom runs or automated responses to the sea of consumers, I found myself peeking through the aisles, observing specific people or groups. That lady over there is still at it after half an hour? She isn't even putting those heels back where they belong! What about that grizzled man in the baby shoes? He can't possibly need to deposit so many toddler-sized pairs in his cart. Wow, that family is perusing those flip-flops like nobody's business. I came to a few conclusions on the subject, and they all seemed to fall under one general idea: people who aren't outstandingly considerate take a careless approach to perceived "public" property, simply because it does not belong to them or is not their responsibility. In hindsight, it seemed to make sense; putting myself in that situation before I had started working, I could remember clearly not necessarily caring about a store's well being because it wasn't my problem. If I had knocked down a box of Fruit by the Foot in an Albertsons grocery store one year ago, I wouldn't have bothered to pick up the spilled gummies. As a current victim of the carelessness of the average consumer, I now felt a burdensome weight of guilt for the way I used to think about public spaces; the shift in perspective completely changed my view on care and consideration. Newly aware of the negligence of the vast majority of shoppers, I could now explain why people would dirty the Target shoe department without a second thought. At the moment of this insight, I assumed that the case was closed and I had finally solved the puzzle; however, there is more to this common psychology than meets the eye.

Understanding people doesn't necessarily put me in any position to change the actions and thought processes of the billions of people who inhabit the earth; that would require mind control. Rather, I believe my studies have given me an entirely different advantage in this game called life: tolerance. Knowing the reason for someone's actions is an incredible benefit, as it allows for self-adaptation to better relate to that person; I no longer feel angry or confused when I deal with a somewhat careless customer. Instead, I offer them help and nudge them with the gentlest of touches to take care of their public surroundings. Now that I have this particular perception of the human public, I am better equipped for rest of my days, ready to approach and communicate with anyone and everyone, without the anger and frustration I had felt toward these careless attitudes. Surely, this adopted patience will also improve my
personality in social situations, in dealing with both the public and my friends, regardless of whether they are confused Target shoppers or negligent peers.

Who knew a minimum-wage job at Target could have such appealing benefits?
--Scott Andrus, '10

I DO NOT STEAL

I have gone to the Albertsons in Broussard many times and for many years. Eleven to be exact. But this past summer my trips to Albertsons stopped for about two months all because of one incident. This incident happened about midday of a Friday. I walked with my family as they finished up their shopping. I felt very strange. I looked around I saw Mrs. Darlene. I always feel strange when someone watches me. Mrs. Darlene works at Albertsons as the manager of the entire store. She just stood in front of me leaning on her cart, and then she slowly walked away. At the exact moment she walked away my phone rang. I answered and talked to my friend Nick for a while. Once I hung up and put my phone in my pocket I got that feeling again. I looked in front of me and I saw Mrs. Darlene again. I thought about school and the supplies I needed. So I walked to the place that the store keeps school supplies. But as I walked, I noticed that Mrs. Darlene followed me. When I finished looking at the items, I looked up and Mrs. Darlene had formed a barricade with her basket. She stood there and asked me to empty my pockets. I could not believe that Mrs. Darlene accused me of stealing. I would never steal from anyone, especially not Albertsons, I am a loyal customer and she knew that. I just emptied my pockets and proved to her that I am not a thief. Mrs. Darlene regretted what she had done. She gave me money to try to make up for the embarrassment and the pain that she put me through by calling me a thief. But my trips to Albertsons will never be the same.
--Kalif Cormier, 13

BUTTERSCOTCH

There it was. The entire container, filled to the brim with delicious, hard, candy coming ever closer towards my salivating maw. The succulent mixture of cinnamons and butterscotches seemed to amalgamate into a sort of tie-die pleasure potion before my very eyes. As Daniel Comeaux placed the Tupperware on my desk, I reached in and grabbed the most prodigious yellow orb of the lot. Being at the end of the final row, I handed the treasure back to Madame Maggini with a briefly muttered "Merci Beaucoup."

This ritual was routine in French I, and Madame would hand out the candies once per period, so long as we politely reminded her. Fortunately for us students, the loveable old gal no longer had the best memory, and she could be frequently duped into forgetting the previous occurrences in a particular class. Aware of this advantage, Daniel and I concocted a scheme to amass a small fortune of sweets, simultaneously setting a record for most candies passed in one period. The first day of the very next week we put our plan into action; Daniel asked for a butterscotch the very minute Maggini climbed into class through the window. After the container had made its rounds and fallen back into the hands of our professor, we waited for exactly twenty minutes before asking again. This time, I slyly mentioned the daily ration, implying that we had yet to receive our goodies. The entire class, ever thankful to have their craving for confections satisfied, remained tight-lipped. Twenty minutes later, near the end of class, I threw a red herring at Madame. As I asked a relatively simple question regarding the tenses of some now-forgotten verb, Daniel repeatedly glanced at the container. Catching Madame Maggini’s eye as intended, Daniel’s glare persuaded her to absentmindedly pass the container into his hands one third and final time. Daniel was a respectful child and a peerless student, so no doubt was placed on his intentions.

We had done it. With our combined powers, Daniel and I had gotten, not just for us, but the entire class, three pieces of candy in one short period. Never before (to our knowledge) had such a miraculous feat been attempted, much less accomplished so flawlessly and without impediment. As we strolled out to lunch (I remember in particular dying a thousand deaths by starvation over the course of the year in that class), our hearts could not help but swell with a certain sense of pride and achievement. Even to this day, I do not have a more saccharine memory of life amid the cane.
-- Kevin Pearson, '10
CREDITS - Because I mean seriously people, this did not write itself.

THE EDITORS
Megan O'Bryan, '11
Katie Cornwell, '11
Chris Beyer, '11
Taylor Waddle, '11
Steffan Mouton, '11
Adam Hebert, '10

EDITORS-IN-CHIEF
Quentin Pharr, '10
Scott Andrus, '10

SPECIAL THANKS
Mr. Tutwiler (For assisting with the project in its entirety)
Taylor Delahoussaye, '10 (For the cover art)

ANNOUNCING:

COVER ART CONTEST – Second Quarter

PLEASE DO THIS ↓ ↓ ↓ ↓ ↓

We are having a contest for the design of the cover art of next quarter's *Eclectic*. Anyone from the middle or upper school is free to enter and all art is welcome. The theme is "Winter at ESA." Please submit all submissions to one of the editors listed above or esaeclectic@yahoo.com.

The winner will have their artwork grace the cover of our next issue as well as receiving $20 cash! Good luck!