Letter from the Editor

Scott Andrus, ’10

Hello world! I’m glad to finally bring you the second issue of The Eclectic. We have some really great entries for you this time around from most grade levels and I personally hope you enjoy every one of them.

First of all, I’d like to apologize for the delayed release of this issue. I am mostly responsible for the time spent between this issue and the last, and I can only pray that this issue’s content can make up for the lost time.

Like I said before, I do believe this issue is in fact even better than the last. Of course, none of it could have been accomplished without the loyal staff. All of those break-time meetings and personal revisions have surely paid off. I especially thank Seth Brasseaux for the awesome cover art; I can only wonder how long that actually took, but it looks really cool.

I’d like to try to release one more issue this year before we head off for summer vacation. I know it will be tough; after all, the seniors practically have one month left. However, I think it’s possible and I’d love to see what you as a school can come up with in the final stretch. As always, our email for submissions is esaeclectic@yahoo.com. Don’t be afraid to give us whatever you have! If you’ve got anything on your mind, please, let us know! Journals and Monday Miseries written for other classes are always nice and welcome with The Eclectic.

We are also now on facebook! Check for our group (The Eclectic 2009-2010) and correspond with us there by giving us suggestions and feedback.

Okay! Let’s get on to it!
Poetry

"SO WHAT"

So, what's the point?
No, I'm asking you
what is the point?
Why would you stand up
Before an uncertain crowd
behind that thin mic stand
armed with only a piece of paper
and just a few words?
When Uncle Donald felt fine
Everything he said rhymed
Every single time
Line for line
Sublime
Limousine riding
Jet plane flying
Cadillac driving
Six foot five
Full of jive
So alive.
That's what Uncle Donald said
But now, Uncle Donald's dead.
So, you tell me.
What's the point?
What is the point?
You tell me.

-- R. Reese Fuller

SEMI-HAIKU

A Distance Apart
Dividing Separation
Removed Away

-- Lea Hair, '10

SONNET

Of all the arts man may conceive of hands,
The art of music is the most divine.
Alone among all others this art stands
The surest route by which low man may shine.
O God, of all Creation that is thine
Vibrations for our ears do take the cake.
In them your beauty those of skill enshrine;
Man's thirst for greatness is by music slaked.
For any man with instrument may make
The notes and chords in which the Lord delights.
The rock of any evil's surely shaked
When men make that which pleases holy sight.
So sing, you men in Earthly sin and strife
And revel in the miracle of life

-- Chris Beyer, '11

INDECISIVE

You are easy going
I am accommodating
Together we are
indecisive

-- Lea Hair, '10
AFTER RAIN

Ominous clouds subside
Leaving the earth drenched.

Green ferns bow to the sloshy ground—
Burdened with heavy drops.

I lazily stare out tear-stained windows
Wondering...

But then an auburn-breasted robin
Plays in the freshly made pool
Composing a new song for the sun’s return.

Now I sigh, and wait...

-- Ashley Jankower

THIBODEAUX BABY GIRL

Walking around in this makeshift cemetery,
Tall, decorative tombs distract me
When I stumble on a tiny, forgotten tomb.

A simple concrete slab
Worn with red rust dotting the surface.
A cross with chipped white paint lies on the ground—
Unhinged from the tomb.

The only décor is a little angel,
Concrete and rusted like the slab.
Her wings are broken—
One faces down at her feet
While the other is on her back,
Chipped at the tip.
She will never fly again.

Since you were never named, I wonder
what other names
Could be bestowed upon you.
Abigail, Cecile, Melissa, or even Zoe?
What about your parents’ first words
When they looked into your eyes?
Precious, Sweetheart, Little One,
I Love You?

No roses at your bed,
No name to call your own,
No numbers to mark your time on earth,
No prominent place to be honored,
Yet you will never be forgotten again,

My lovable baby girl.

-- Ashley Jankower
A MOMENT ON THE POND

As I sit
   On this worn, wooden dock,
I look out
   Onto the pond water
As it ripples in quiet succession
   Towards me.
Looking beyond, the ripples glitter
   Like sequins sparkling under a spotlight.
Faster and faster, the twinkling lights
   Come towards me.
Then the clouds provide a shade—
   Hiding the spotlight.
One sparkle after another dissipates
   And is no more.
As the last spot of light winks at me,
   The ripples move it aside,
Leaving the pond
   To its quiet resolve.

Cicadas chirp
   with cacophonous euphony.
The distant bird tweets
   in repetitive tones.

But the water moves in silence.
As if it were quietly welcoming its
   uninterrupted motion.
Changing with the breeze in quiet
   indifference.
   Lazily it proceeds
Without a care.

-- Ashley Jankower

SOUTHERN WHISPERS

Southern whispers sail across the humid
   air,
   Telling me I have much to bear.
Well, answer me this staring question,
   Who are you? And who am I to answer?
   Ignore, ignore, ignore again,
Force the painful silence on me 'til I
   begin
To spread your whispers near and far.
I could escape into the tempting car,
   Down the road and to the right.
But I would freeze and think at night
   About where I was going
   And what was I knowing
About the Southern whispers in mine
   ear,
   So far and yet so startlingly near.
So I may run and hide and disappear,
But I cannot outrun the whispers, my
   dear.
Hold my hand and bring me to safety,
   But you have already gone away.
   You've faded deep down
Into the Southern whispers.

-- Taylor Waddle, '11
Sixth Grade Poetry: "If"

Note from Mrs. O'Shaughnessy: In a recent senior chapel, Lea Hair told us that, if we hadn’t read the poem “If” by Rudyard Kipling, then we should. In Reading/Writing Workshop that day, we acted on her advice. We found the poem on the Internet, read and discussed it in class, and then decided to borrow Kipling’s idea and write some “if” poems of our own. Here are a few of the results.

If you report hackers but not stoop to hacking
If you won’t brag yet destroy all braggers
If you look bad yet have good weapons you will destroy all
If you do not team kill but spawn kill
If you follow the code of Shotgun Reign
If you try you will always succeed
If you do not try you will fail hard.

If you buy good controllers
If you have a fast computer
If you shoot a rocket launcher and
Make sure no one has a gravity hammer
1101010101101100001010101010101010101010110
(If you do not chat in binary)
If you don’t hog the overpowered weapons to yourself
If you pre-order a game
If you sign up for the beta

If you create custom maps
But not spam enemies all over the map
If you make custom weapons
But don’t put a block of gold skin on them

If you do these things you will be a great gamer

-- Scott Chrysler III, '16

If you are able to work hard in something you love, why can’t you work hard in something you need to learn how to love, and get used to it to because it will be a part of your life forever.

If you won’t even talk to anyone, and let anyone in your life, then you will be lonely with no company at all.

If you can get along with other people, then why can’t you treat your family the same, because blood is thicker than water.

If you keep giving up you will become successful at quitting.

If you can be mean and hurt other people’s feelings, then why can’t you ignore it when they do the same thing to you.

If you won’t do what you need to do in life, then you will never get through it.

If you can keep falling but keep getting up, then it means you will never give up.

If you keep yourself in this dark corner of terror, then you will never be able to escape.

If you keep pressuring pain into yourself because of things you went through in the past, then stop looking back and move forward.

If you can let other people doubt you, then you will never stop doubting yourself for the things they do, but blame you.

If you won’t believe you’re a beautiful creation, then you will always doubt
others when they say you are.

If you believe what mean things people say about you, then you will always think they’re right.

If seeing people happy makes you happy then you will let them do whatever they want to do to you, but what really matters is that you’re happy, but are you happy with the things they do to you.

If won’t stop following the crowd, then you will never be able to stand out, because that’s how the lost get found.

-- Sarah Pierre, ‘16

If you can read the Lord of the Rings and not succumb to bore,
If you can keep trying, when failure knocks at your door
If you can care for your children when they have a shock, and tell them that the beast is not at the door, getting meaner with every knock,
If you can listen, when mother finds you doing something dire,
If can stand beside a comrade, and comfort them when comfort is what they will require,
If you can study hard in mathematics, and obey when father tells you to do further,
If you play 120 minutes of soccer, and not care when your legs are sore and tender,
If you can keep in contact with a companion and hold on until the end.

Then, you will be a good mathematician, a superb soccer player, a good listener, a fantastic dad, and a great FRIEND!

-- Moses Kitakule, ‘16

If you are outgoing, And give it your all,
If you don’t act like you’re the best one on the team,
If you don’t hog the ball, And give others a chance,
If you pass the ball to your teammate,
If you are a good sport, Whether you win or loose,
If you spike it hard, If you make your serves,

If you have fun while you’re playing, You will be a great volleyball player.

-- Danielle Broussard, ‘16

If you listen to your heart when it is right, If you choose the obvious answers, And win the difficult fight.
If you block out all of the bad in your life, If you follow those who know, The answer book will come in the middle of your strife.

If you stand for what you believe, If you back up your thoughts, The right choice is what you will receive
If you make a choice for yourself, If you respect the rules, Again I say the book will be on the shelf
You might become what you want to be.

-- Katherine Spears, ‘16

If you come to practice on time, If you listen and respect your coach,
If you dig for the ball without being scared, If you get hurt and get back up again,
SOMETHING ABOUT CABINETS

He lifted his head above the rim of the toilet and looked at me. It was late. He looked weary and paler than normal, almost alien. People get that way late at night. He arched his neck back down and almost seemed surprised to see the vomit in front of him. He stared, a little disgusted for a second then heaved himself from his position, and kneeling, knees to chest, let his shining face rest on the cold, tiled ground.

I sat with my back against the wall, exhausted, but adrenaline raced through my brain. It was the kind of feeling you get when you spring up from a sound sleep too quickly. I stared at the light bulbs above the mirror. They were doubled in the reflection. One had flicked out, but the others' reflection created a light of their own and compensated for the burnt out bulb, just as bright as if they were real.

He coughed a little, still curled on the ground with his eyes closed. It was even a little comic with his ass sort of stuck in the air. I smirked faintly and blew air through my nose in a whispered chuckle as my eyes moved ahead at the painted cabinets. He must've heard me and remembered my presence because he pulled himself up and dragged his exhausted body, propping it against the same wall my back was against. He, too, gazed ahead, closing his eyes then opening them, falling forward a little then catching himself, as if about to fall asleep.

“Is it weird, huh.” It wasn’t a question. I don’t think he expected me to answer. I don’t really even think he thought I was there for real.

“It is weird.” I mumbled. The cabinets directly ahead of me were level with my gaze, sitting on the floor. I had been staring at one spot. My vision had gone blurry and I wasn’t really seeing them anymore, but once I realized that it was unfocused, it went back to normal, and then I would forget again and it all blended together. Maude had painted them. Yellow. God, she loved yellow. It wasn’t too bright though. She had used every kind of yellow, mixed and painted over each other. The effect made it glow in some places in the light. She had shadowed the colors so they grew darker on the edges. I stared at that one spot; you could see where the brush had glided, could see where the colors collided and the light cream jumped onto sunflower. It streaked, not quite blending entirely. Blurry, not blurry, blurry...

“How are we in the same room?” Owen looked at me in awe, then furrowed his brow and his dark eyes leveled with mine. God, he stank. His eyes came close to mine, swiveling sharply back and forth at each of my eyes in turn.

“Our brains,” he continued calmly, dazedly rocking back and forth, but keeping a firm lock on my eyes, “Our brains hold the world. In our minds we have sky, and clouds. We can have the smallest creature on earth, and we have the whole world, plus the solar system, plus whatever’s out there. And we can alter it, too. We can make changes to the world and to animals and everything else. And we have more. So much more. We have words, we have opinions on everything we see and hear and we hold everything that we think of them. Think about all of that in just one place. And that place weighs like eight pounds. Just eight! Our brains are a whole world, a whole universe. And they’re all different. Your universe is different from mine. Your opinions, how you see things, what you think of the things you see, are different from how I see them. How can we be sure that the colors I see and call red or magenta are actually how you see them? How can two universes fit in one room? It’s too
small in here. Too small for two universes.” He stared, studying my face, unlocking his gaze from my eyes, though my own forehead creased and I kept my eyes while they roamed my face as if seeing it anew.

“Where do they go?” I asked him. “What holds our universes after we let go?”

His eyes lazily found mine again before he answered. He answered solemnly then burst.

“They explode. BOOM! POW ZING!” His arms flew out and hit me and his head banged the wall. He laughed unconcerned and I rubbed my nose ruefully. He looked up at the lights and said after a silent second or two, “That priest there made that up. God is just some average Joe who died and his universe exploded. God lived in someone else’s universe until it exploded, too. We just happen to live in Joe’s.” His head was leaned back, chin towards the lights.

“Are you scared of it?”

“No.” He stated it simply but he was serious and I thought he had sobered up a little. “I’m scared of losing my universe before it explodes.” He said quietly, and his eyebrows furrowed at the lights.

“How do you lose it?” And I knew the answer as I spoke the question.

He still stared at the lights, but I don’t think he saw them. They had gone blurry. “Worms whittle holes and tunnels in our brains. Old people forget things and that’s the worms. They do that. They get sick and go crazy and are like babies. They can’t think for themselves or walk upright or run anymore. Their children have to help them bathe and dress. They can’t live in a house by themselves, constantly being taken care of until they drop off like flies. It’s a relief when they’re gone. It’s a terrible thing to say, but they have nothing more to live for. Even if they do see their grandchildren in the school play or win the barbeque-eating contest, they’re only proud because their grandchildren and great-grandchildren can do what they can’t. Sometimes they get really bad.” Owen spoke solemnly. “I don’t want to lose my universe. I’m scared to get old.” He finished maybe childishly, sort of drooping dolefully.

“I’m not scared of that. I’m scared to die. What happens? Do we just drop off like flies without a second thought? Do our lights just go out? We can’t just die. What we have, what we have is consciousness. You’re right; all of ours are different. It’s our universe, but our thoughts, too! Our thoughts and experiences and everything we see and feel and how we see and feel! They’re all different and unique. How can that just disappear? It can’t. Everything that happens, it’s not just for now, it’s not temporary. We make our lives worthwhile so we can keep that. I expect to keep those experiences. People don’t disappear.” I said a little desperately. “Maude. Maude didn’t disappear. How can something so beautiful and strange and unique in every way be for waste?” I started to panic. I had to move; I had to do something. I couldn’t sit anymore. I was sick of it. I was sick of Owen. How he smelled, how pathetic he was sprawled on the floor, drunk. As sick as I was, I didn’t move. I didn’t know how to finish. There was more, so much more that I wanted to say, there was so much more that was that was impossible to grasp, but it was there.

The cabinets. They were proof that Maude had a universe. They were yellow. Maude loved yellow. Seeing them, I relaxed. Maude didn’t disappear. Her universe was always her universe, and Joe can’t take that away.

God, those cabinets were ugly.

-- Camille Storment, ’12
“TARDY FOR THE PARTY” IS “RE-TARDY-ED” – A REVIEW

What happens when you put together a 40-something-year-old that is a wanna-be 20-year-old with a fake blonde wig and fake boobs, an extremely horrible voice covered up by an auto-tuner, and boring, repetitive lyrics that have the depth of a notecard? You get Kim Zolciak’s “Tardy for the Party,” an utterly horrendous blend of a bad voice and horrible lyrics that can make your ears bleed.

The first and most prominent thing that makes this track horrible is the woman “singing” it – Kim Zolciak, one of the “housewives” on the horrible televison show, The Real Housewives of Atlanta. She is your typical reality television dumb blonde – fake hair, fake boobs, plastic reconstruction of basically her entire face, and a sugar daddy named Big Papa to top it all off. The best part is that she is in her mid-40’s and she is trying to look like a 20-year-old, but she just turns out to be trailer park trash that is anything but pretty. On the show, she has shared her desire of wanting to have a one-hit-wonder with the other housewives. One of them, a music producer named Khandi, produced the song for her, disguising her horrible voice (which was shown on TV and was met with horrible response – I saw it on YouTube and it is ear-shattering) with various producing tools such as auto-tuner in a desperate attempt to achieve a decent song. Unfortunately, Kim’s singing career ended before it even started.

The song was recently released as a stand-alone single (I’m sure everyone involved with the song had already had enough to want to make anymore songs) on iTunes and surprisingly jumped to #4 on the iTunes Dance Charts (beaten by David Guetta and the extremely awesome Cascada). The song is not even three minutes long and contains boring, repetitive lyrics about not being tardy for some sort of party (I’m guessing a [whore convention]) and how she is so hot and how everyone loves her. The lyrics are uncreative and unintelligent, some of them along the lines of “I’ll be feelin’ good by nine/After my third glass of wine/On the dance floor lookin’ fine/All the boys tryin’ to get in line.” Why would the boys be getting in line for a 40-something-year-old woman that looks like she is 60 and currently in the process of marrying an already-married man (really, she is)? Other than those lyrics, mostly everything else consists of “Don’t be tardy for the party” sung by an auto-tuned horrible voice! It’s faker than her hair and boobs. Reportedly, she refuses to sing the song live for anyone – because she can’t. I had the misfortune of finding the song by accident on iTunes, and after reading the hilarious one-star reviews, I just had to write this for you. It also got stuck in my head and showed it to my advisory, and the song was met with hysterical laughter and insults by students and Ms. Slater alike. Tardy for the Party proves two things: 1) anyone can make a song as long as he or she has the connections, and 2) Kim has a voice equally as fake as her hair and boobs combined.

Rating: ★☆☆☆☆

-- Cole Lafleur, ‘12

URBAN DICTIONARY

Whenever I need to look up a word, I usually turn to Urbandictionary.com. Urban Dictionary is a free online dictionary that has millions of words, expressions, and objects defined everyday by anyone who uses the site. Basically, it is the Wikipedia of the dictionary world. Everyday, Urban Dictionary posts an interesting word, term, or expression on the main part of the site called “word of the day.” These terms are often used as slang in everyday life. Also, if
you like one of the definitions Urban Dictionary has for a word, you can “vote it up” by pressing a thumbs up-shaped button, similar to the “like” button on Facebook. The definition with the most “vote ups” becomes the first to appear when the word is searched. If you really love a definition, you can also get it printed on a mug.

I find Urban Dictionary a very useful site for everyday life. For example, if someone uses a term you don’t know in a conversation, you can just look it up on Urban Dictionary and save yourself the embarrassment of having to ask. Urban Dictionary has a very wide variety of slang as well as words you can find in a regular dictionary, so you can look up almost anything. I love to look up random words and terms and see how the rest of the world defines them whenever I feel bored. For example, whenever I looked up “God,” Urban Dictionary showed me some pretty interesting definitions. The first one that appeared said, “A guy who talked to some Jewish guys, some Christian guys, and some Islam guys, and accidentally caused more people to die than anyone else in human history.” Under the example, it says, “and people wonder why he doesn’t talk anymore.” I also looked up marriage, and saw, “What straight couples have legally and commonly don’t want, and what gay couples don’t have legally and commonly want.” The final definition I looked up defined Urban Dictionary itself, saying, “A place formerly used to find out about slang, and now a place that teens with no lives use as a burn book to whine about celebrities, their friends, etc., let out their sexual frustrations, show off their racist/sexist/homophobic/anti-(insert religion here) opinions, troll, and babble about things they know nothing about.” Though I disagree with some of these definitions, I find it funny to see the world through someone else’s eyes.

-- Kelsey Wartelle, ‘13

‘MERICA, AKA WALL-OF-TEXTICA

When contemplating the recent essay topic about the validity of the “Revolution” label to the war that gave our country birth, I realized something troubling. I had to acknowledge that for all my ‘Merican sentiments, my zeal for the topic was strangely lacking in intensity. I realized that, in the long run, how scholars choose to classify the events of the late 1700’s really didn’t matter all that much to me. I was shocked, surprised, disappointed even in my lack of national zeal. But then I experienced a further epiphany: it really doesn’t matter what the academics say at all. For however “revolutionary” the Revolution was (or wasn’t), America is what America is, and that my Rosey is the best. I have been to Belize, the Bahamas, Canada, Great Britain, France, Spain, Russia, Greece, and Turkey, and nowhere have I found a place I would rather live than here. My personal experiences and my own (admittedly somewhat limited) knowledge of global affairs and history lead me to one conclusion: this country is the one for me. I can’t explain it. Anybody can throw around standard-of-living and GDP figures and call such measurables the reasons why this country is the best, but the true greatness of America is as intangible as what makes Drew Brees Drew Brees or Rosen Rosen (cause that guy is pretty much a thug, we can all agree). Some may say that this phenomenon is not really remarkable at all, that any person from any country will claim that their land is the best. I see the validity of that claim readily enough, but when I think about everywhere I’ve been and all I’ve seen, I can’t help but think that we really are special. Perhaps it is our foundation upon principles of freedom, justice, and equality; perhaps it is something I have yet to even consider. The tales of valor written in the Revolution and the Civil War, World Wars I and II, in Korea, Vietnam, and the current conflicts inspire nothing but awed
admiration in me. And one must wonder why, especially in the modern volunteer army, these millions of men fought in these conflicts, why they risked their lives for other people worlds away? Because their country called them, and they answered. For these men to respond to such a call in such numbers points to only one conclusion: they believed that what their nation stood for was worth dying for. Perhaps I’ve found my answer. Perhaps I’m rambling and it’s late and I haven’t completely thought this out yet. Whatever the answer may be, though, know that every time I proclaim the good news of ‘Merica in class or out in the quad, I’m doing it because I believe in the country I’m mispronouncing with my whole being, not just because it’s funny. As always, America wins again.

-- Chris Beyer, ‘11

WACKY LAWS

I never realized how many stupid, pointless, and irrational laws existed in this world until now. While reading the Bible and seeing modern day American laws that nobody knows about, I have come to understand and make this point. In the Bible, many of the laws seem irrational, even for that time period. Laws such as, “When a slave owner strikes a male or female slave with a rod, and the slave dies immediately, the owner shall be punished. But if the slave survives a day or two, there is no punishment; for the slave is the owner’s property” and “You shall not permit a female sorcerer to live” are very strange and make no sense. Shouldn’t the owner be punished regardless of the number of days after the beating, if the beating resulted in death? And why are male sorcerers allowed to live, but not females? These laws have no point, and it almost shocks you even to consider the idea that these laws were enforced. Even now, many laws existing in the United States are just as unbelievably ridiculous as some of the ones written in the Bible. In Louisiana, for example, it is considered “simple assault” to bite someone in New Orleans; it is “aggravated assault” if the biter has false teeth. Also, in New Orleans it is against the law to gargle in public. You would not think that policemen would walk around checking to see if people have mouthwash in their mouths, and give them a ticket. Jailing seems very extreme for an offense like that. It makes you wonder who invented these laws and why they came up with them. I hope in this case, curiosity would not kill the cat because I would really enjoy knowing why the government forbids acts.

-- Morgan Naquin, ‘13

GAMER GIRL: A HELLISH SORT OF CONQUEST – A BOOK REVIEW

At this stage of my life, finding good reading material can be a challenge. Obviously, kiddie series such as Juni B. Jones and Magic Treehouse are no longer an option. Even now, Stephen King and the like bore me to death. The only choice I have is to scour the “Young Adult” section for a decent book. Before the fictional vampire fad flared up, I could find pretty good books after some searching. Two of my favorite books, The Devouring and Thirteen Reasons Why were found in the “Young Adult” section. However, nowadays I cannot walk into that area of Books-A-Million without being swarmed by vampire books. Through my desperation I found one book that did not feature any undead/mythological creatures. That is the story of how I came to possess Gamer Girl.

Gamer Girl is about Maddy, a geeky girl who has just moved to a new town. She doesn’t really fit in at school and finds solace in a World of Warcraft esque game. The entire premise of the book is that Maddy must make
her life in a place where she can be herself. Yes, it seems frivolous, but I wanted a "fun" book. *Gamer Girl* has fulfilled its purpose in spades, but not in the way I intended.

I did not get past page twelve. First of all, the horrible writing puts Smeyer (Stephanie Meyer, Queen of the Vampire Fangirls) to shame. The first person narrative is mellow-dramatic and dripping with stereotypical-ness. Here is one quote from the wonderfully terrible travesty known as *Gamer Girl*: "It was as if I’d walked into a living, breathing American Eagle commercial. Shudder. I looked around, desperately trying to pinpoint at least one person who would prefer Hot Topic over H&M, but came up empty. Where were the mop-headed emo boys and the Edward Cullen-worshipping Goth Girls? Where were the skater kids? The punk rockers? I felt a lump rising in my throat. This was so not good.” p.12

A little part of me died inside after reading that quotation. Goth girls do not worship Edward Cullen. STUPID GIRLS who think they are deep because they like brooding men worship Edward Cullen. Plus, what is so wrong with American Eagle? While I am writing this journal I am wearing my American Eagle pajamas which are very cute and comfy, by the way. Plus, wearing clothes from Hot Topic does not instantly transform teenagers into tortured geniuses. They are just as shallow as they were ten minutes ago.

Random ranting aside, this book REALLY ticked me off. If it was physically possible to reach through a book and strangle a fictional character, I would. In fact, I would have a lengthy hit list by now. When Mary Sue begins blaming her mother’s divorce as the reason for “...rotting away in [her] current hell,” it cinches it. Do not be surprised if I am not in school after Thanksgiving Break. I will probably be in prison for the murder of Mari Mancusi, the author of IT.

In conclusion, I have lost all faith in humanity and "Young Adult" literature. Have a good day.

-- Sarah Dupuy, ’13

MATH MURDERS

Prelude: Today in math class, the variables A and B broke loose from the textbook. They proceeded to attack up to 17 victims. The source of the outbreak is thought to be the teacher of the class, Lisa Boyer. There were 3 deaths and 14 injuries. One student escaped with nothing but severe mental anguish- Aaron Cao. While Cao escaped the problem the others were left to the mercy of A and B. The two honors level variables planned out the perfect attack beginning with a trick of simplicity leading to the painful murder. This is the story.

The Chronicles of Algebra 2 Honors:

Solve for A & B

The Testimony of Christine Andrus

I walked into class one minute after the start. Anyway, the class started off weirdly because we were not in our usual spots *coughs* -RAMI DIBBS- I was in Virginia's seat, she was in Rami's seat, and Rami was in mine. Still confused by this, we attempted to do the daily "warm up." With a little thought, we all able to defeated the warm-up with ease (which was quite suspicious!) After the two-problem warm-up we began a mini-work sheet to review for an upcoming test. We began the sheet courageously, knowing this sheet would drain the life from us, as most do. However, to our shock, we breezed through the first problem. Beginning the second (assuming the previous one was
just a free-bee) we were prepared for the worst, yet this one was also extremely simple. Now we were all worried of this last one we thought for sure would be the worst—however it was everything but.... FINISHED! So I thought...

Thinking we were about to leave, the teacher unleashed the mathematical form of the Devil's spawn. Solve for A&B. It was Lisa who unleashed this terror upon the class! I saw it with my own two eyes! The problem sat on the Elmo with perfect stance. Ready to be solved. This was no ordinary problem though, this was a critical thinking problem, straight from the Algebra 2 textbook! We assumed this too would be easy, as the last few had. Putting down our math shields, we began to do the problem. We started off fine, hurrying to finish in hopes of leaving class early. However, just as the two variables had planned—after about step 3 or 4 they attacked. They jumped off the page and began grabbing our hair! Forcing our heads to hit on the desk repeatedly, they took our papers and scribbled wrong answers on them so there was no clean space left! When retreating to the teacher for help they attacked her too, forcing her to tell us it was "Easy" soon enough she realized that what was happening was "scarier than Halloween." The variables forced her to say "this is an honors class! C'mon, it's just critical thinking!" With this certain denial of any aid we were left to fight the variables and their army of numbers alone! After 20 minutes of intense brain racking, pencil breaking, and number crunching, we were saved! Lisa was able to escape the division signs that were holding her down— it was then she revealed how to work the problem.

After class we all crawled out with little life left. Unfortunately my dear friends Stephanie, Virginia, and Cole, are now suffering severe internal brain bleeding.

Any hope of completing work for the next 24 hours is out of the question. That is all I have to testify about the situation. Thank you for your attention.

-- Christine Andrus, ’12

ZOMG!!!

I had a smirk on my face when I read Al Capone’s secret message. I was shocked that someone so new in the game would attempt a stunt so big; I immediately knew that he had to go down.

I made a few calls to some addicts, and got the message out, and the next day, he starting running, left his family behind. I called his wife; apparently he’s on a business trip. I laugh a small laugh. I told my boys to get his son, David, in Haverford. I then go to bed.

Suddenly I am awoken by gun shots. So I get up and grab my Thompson and enter my billiards room. Shotgun blasts break my windows. Some of my guards run down with their Mac 11’s and wipe out two men in trench coats and fedoras and Thompsons. But there a lot more than two men left to go. I gather all my guards and send them under ground to go through the escape tunnel and do a sneak attack. I call for more backup. I keep three boys to protect me, then we enter my automobile and flee. We spend the night at Al’s. We’re always welcomed ther, says Al. He gives me some more guards.

The next day I send out for his wife to be killed. The boys I sent never came back. I knew that this was going to be a war. Me and
Al go to a bar that night. We’re meeting the man that killed the mobster’s son. I’m afraid he might tell.

**Jan 23 1920.** We went to an old warehouse to buy some new weapons. We walked in and were greeted by a man and two of his men.

“Welcome, please have a seat.” the man said.

We sat. The man demonstrated his weapons; we acted amused, same old thing. He then asked us, “So how many do you need?”

“All of them,” I said. And just as according to plan, my two snipers took out the guard at the same time, and my guard took out the man.

“Good job, boys, good job,” I said. We load the truck with every single gun, and knife that the man had and left.

**Jan 31,1920.** My wife died of a bomb planted in her car. I was so mad. I know who did it. And she will be avenged, trust me.........

-- Logan Boudreaux, ’16

**THE ROBBER’S REVENGE**

It all happened last weekend. I was swimming in the pool at the park, when a couple of thugs passed me by. By the way, my name’s Steniaird. Samuel Steniaird. Some people think I’m a bit off my cracker, and I agree.

Anyway, the thugs headed into a building. I followed them inside. The room was relatively small, and roomy. But the robbers certainly weren’t. They were studded with earrings, and their whole bodies was covered with horrendous tattoos. Man, they were creepy!!! I quietly dialed the police, trying to stay hidden. The wooden planks on the floor creaked as if they were crying out with pain.

Suddenly, the robbers turned around, guns drawn. I shouted, and they were after me. I was the mouse, and they were the cats. But the police were the dogs. They were after them the second they got out of the car. I hid in a smelly box. From its smell, it must have carried fruit. I brushed off a spider crawling up my spine. I shivered with cold and fear.

I could hear the ringleader of the robbers crying, “I’ll get my revenge on you, kid! Did you hear!? Revenge!!!!!!!!!!!!” His cry was muffled by the police, who shut him and his accomplices up in the car and drove him away. I was scared then, but I’m not now.

A few weeks later, I read that the robbers were executed under charges of murder and robbery, and I was able to sleep in peace. For one night. The robber came back as a ghost every other night, crying, “I’ll get my revenge if it’s the last thing I do, Steniaird!!!!!!!!!!!!”

-- Moses Kitakule, ’16

**CAT CLANS**

Last weekend while I was playing outside I was turned into a cat. I was scared at first but then I heard a little mouse. My cat instincts kicked in and I dropped into a crouch. When I was about to pounce on the cat a brown tabby tom pounced on me. We started fighting until two cats stepped in and pulled us apart. The cat holding me was an orange tabby tom and the cat holding my attacker was a gray and striped tom.

The orange tabby said, “You fight well for a kitty-pet. Then he turned and whispered something to the cat beside him. Then he turned back to me and said “Thunderclan needs more warriors, would you like to train with us to be a warrior and-“. Impatiently I blurted out “yes” before he
finished speaking. He asked me if I was sure and I said I was.

The brown tabby said “Oh, and by the way I am Bramblepaw you and I are both going to be apprentices. Also, this is my mentor Boldstar” gesturing to the orange tabby with his tail. “Boldstar is the clan leader. And that gray cat is Silverstripe; he is my sister Littlepaw’s mentor.”

Then Boldstar said, “Thanks for the introduction, Bramblepaw. Now we should start heading to camp; we really need to start training you. With that they started to run off. We ran for a while then stopped at a sandy hollow.

Then Bramblepaw said, “This is where we do training.”

Boldstar said, “We should do a little training with you before we head to camp. Attack me.”

I was confused at first but then I pounced. Boldstar jumped slightly out of the way and I landed in a pile of leaves. He said “you should try to strategize don’t just randomly pounce”. This time I had a good idea. I fixed my eyes on his paws and pounced. This time I made contact and hit but not on his paws. I hadn’t been aiming for his paws I just looked there to make him think I was aiming there when my target was his stomach. I knew he would jump so I jumped at his head.

“Good job.” said Silverstripe. “That was a good strategy. You actually managed to hit Boldstar pretty hard. I am going to go with him back to camp to visit Grasspaw, You two ought to go hunting the clan will need its strength tomorrow.”

“What’s tomorrow?” I asked Bramblepaw. We attack Bloodclan. Oh dear I thought. At sunset Bramblepaw and I came back from hunting. We caught 4 mice, 2 birds, and a shrew. We put them in a pile with some other kill.

Then I heard Boldstar yowl “Thunderclan! We have a new apprentice. We shall call him Bravepaw in Honor of the bravery he showed when he was attacked.” Then Bramblepaw lead me to a cave where some other cats were.

He said, “This is the apprentice den. You ought to get some sleep. We fight Blood clan tomorrow.”

We ate some I had a shrew and I realized it actually tasted good. I finished it in a few big bites. Then me and Bramblepaw went in to the den and curled up together. Quickly I fell asleep and dreamed of what tomorrow would be like.

The next day I woke to my mom yelling “Jess, what are you doing? You’re just standing there.” I then realized I was just daydreaming.

-- Jessica Tetnowski, ‘16
J.D. Salinger and Howard Zinn both died yesterday, January 27, 2010. At the time of their deaths, Salinger was 91 and Zinn was 87. Both were born and raised in New York City, both served in World War II, and both profoundly affected the way I view the world. Even though I didn't know them, never met either one of them, I believe that I came to know them somehow through their words - their choice of words, their decision to share those words, and my decision to read those words. Without knowing it at the time, both Salinger and Zinn helped me not only form my worldview but also put me on the path to where I find myself today.

Much has been written about both men, and more will surely follow. I'm not at all interested in rehashing their biographical sketches or finding the right experts to give a choice quote to validate their existences and tell those who didn't know of them why they mattered. There's enough people on that detail already. I just want to acknowledge that both of them mattered, to me at least, because of their work. While they both shared similar outlooks on humanity and life, they both choose very different routes to take. Salinger chose to poke his finger in the world's eyeball and then to retreat from it forever, having the final say, even in his own death. (He's rumored to still have at least a dozen unpublished books in his vault, and none of his work has been published in 50 years). Zinn on the other hand, choose to stick his finger in the world's eyeball and to keep it there, to apply as much pressure as possible until he saw that justice was done.

I can show you the very spot in my mother's house when, as a freshman in high school, I opened the maroon tattered paperback cover of The Catcher in The Rye and began reading.

J.D. Salinger taught me that it was not only right to point out the absurdities in which I found myself, it was my obligation. I was required, as a human being in this time and this place to question this world, to ridicule it when needed, and to add my own voice to the whole mess. When it was first released, The New York Times' review of The Catcher in the Rye was less than kind; it even went so far as to mock Holden Caulfield and his teenage voice. That wasn't the case today when The Times printed Salinger's manuscript-length obituary. Until recently, the same paper continued to write articles that pointed out that, yes, Salinger was still a recluse. Perhaps the best tribute to Salinger and his work came from The Onion, with the headline: "Bunch of Phonies Mourn J.D. Salinger."

I can also show you the exact spot in my grandmother's house when, as a freshman in college, I opened the yellow shiny paperback
cover of *A People's History of the United States* and began reading. Howard Zinn opened my eyes and confirmed what I had long suspected, that the American Dream is fraught with much blood, sweat, and tears. And while the myth that everyone can make it if they simply try hard enough had managed to inundate the textbooks of my youth, Zinn documented that millions had come to this land in pursuit of that dream and had tried in earnest to pull themselves up by their own bootstraps but without success. *The Boston Globe* wrote upon his death "For Dr. Zinn, activism was a natural extension of the revisionist brand of history he taught." Zinn proved that you could be both a scholar and interesting. But more importantly, he proved that you can make a difference with what you learn.

To say that both Salinger and Zinn will live on through their words reeks of a cliche of the highest order, but it's still true. That's what words do. They matter. They can either stink up the whole joint or they can leave an impression on someone for a lifetime.
CREDITS - Because I mean seriously, people, this did not write itself.

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SPECIAL THANKS
Mr. Tutwiler (For being a very cool guy)
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If you would like to submit to the Eclectic, please email your entry to esaeeclectic@yahoo.com or physically hand it to one of the editors listed above. Thanks for your continued support!