Dear people,

I am sitting next to my beloved, diabetic, and overweight cat while watching a rerun of *Catfish* on MTV. In this particular episode, a young and confident female, Keyonnah, claims to have an Internet relationship with none other than entertainment maverick Bow Wow. As it turns out, her love interest is actually not Bow Wow, but a meek woman with low self-esteem and an outdated haircut. I am remorseful for Keyonnah, who must now rewrite her future as one that does not include a life with Bow Wow.

This broadcast reminds me that there are worse things in this world than editing Logan Istre’s diatribe at one o’clock in the morning and picking through hundreds of fonts in hopes to find the one that best embodies the spry and creative works occupying these pages. There are worse things in this world than closing a finished version of the Eclectic, only to realize that you did not save the document. Yes, there are things worse in this world, and I am left pensively concluding, “At least I am not in a one-way online relationship with Bow Wow.”

I hope you enjoy this short but sweet Eclectic and look forward to other issues.

Love,

Keyonnah

Guneez

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Dear Reader,

Wow. This is so crazy to be in this position right now; All my life I’ve been waiting to be editor of the school literary magazine. I remember the first time I saw the Eclectic. I was in the third grade, and...

Heh. I’m just kidding, guys. I mean- it’s true (don’t tell anyone), but I won’t put y’all through that- the sappy love story between me and the Eclectic (nerd). Instead, I’ll give y’all a few interesting facts about your fellow classmates and life in general.

1. Perry Leleux can put a noodle up his nose and get it out of his mouth.
2. Swimming is not an easy sport.
3. TJ has a cat named Boots (what a great name).
4. At one point, Katie Como had six turtles.
5. Kevin Pickett has incredibly strong toes. (Even with ant bites)
6. Rob Knox is 1/4 Korean.
7. Esquire is a great magazine.
8. Will Guidry once ate 39.5 chicken nuggets in one sitting.
9. My secret Saints- fan dream is to be Drew Brees’ personal babysitter.
10. Why didn’t you submit to the Eclectic?

Well, I think that’s enough from me for today. See you in the next Eclectic!

I love you,

Marcelle
It was a perfect afternoon in Biloxi, Mississippi, and the Beach Family decided that, while on their summer vacation, they would love nothing more than to spend a day at the beach. The sun shone brightly, blanketing the world in its warm rays, the crispness of sea salt and the wafting scent of sizzling franks mingled to form a most perfect brew of air. I was a ripe 4 years of age at the time and had not a care in the world. My brother, Harrison, was but a toddler and required constant attention. Believe me when I tell you that two young children who require unwavering supervision can be quite a hassle when brought in public. We went shopping at the local Wal-Mart for beach chairs, sodas, and things of that nature. Our family walked through the aisles for what seemed like an eternity, when suddenly we were stopped. There, in the center of the aisle, stood a monolith of a cage holding colossal beach balls. At the very top, the crown jewel of beach balls lay. It was of the deepest sapphire and out sized the other balls by a significant margin. I had to own it; it was to be my greatest possession. In a calm and reasonable manner, I shrieked and wailed until my parents, defeated in their pursuit to dissuade me, caved in and bought me the ball.

We arrived at the beach and readied ourselves for a rousing good time. My mother set up a chair and umbrella and made it her job to watch my brother and I sat near the lapping waves throwing globs of sand together, accompanying each motion with resounding flatulence noises to make what I called “poopy forts.” Indeed, my sanity was questionable. My ball was my faithful companion, sitting beside me as I worked tediously as the grand architect of “Fartsville.” After some time, my stomach began to rumble, and my father, acting as my savior, told the family he would across the beach to Ruby Tuesday's to pick up some lunch. After this interruption, I returned to my work. Suddenly, my ball was swept out to sea by the rolling waves. Seeing as how it was merely a few inches away from my grasp, or so I perceived, I began to chase after it. I chased the ball for what merely seemed like a few minutes, yet every attempt to grasp it only resulted in failure. Truly, distance makes the heart grow fonder. The ball was love; the ball was life. I couldn’t simply let it be snatched away by the ocean's cruel, thieving hands. Suddenly, a faint sound fell upon my ear. “Jacksonâ€’come backâ€” it faintly cried. I turned my back to see my mother, hundreds of feet away on shore, desperately calling my name in an effort to alert me of the predicament. At that moment, the sand beneath me gave way and I was wholly swallowed.
With much effort, I paddled to the surface. With a quick gasp of air, I managed to tread water above the rolling waves. Following this, I felt a slight tickling on my leg, I raised my appendage above the foamy shroud to find it was blanketed in small, pink jellyfish, their tentacles like a spider web on my skin. I ripped them off of my body, screaming in agony not at the pain of it all but at the unfathomable distance between myself and the ball. She seemed to taunt me from her distant location. Panicked, I looked around for an escape and, like a ray of hope from the heavens; there lay an extended pier with a ladder of jagged rocks leading to its wooden safeguard. I feebly paddled to the crag, mounted it and began my ascent. Eventually, after much cutting of my feet, I flopped my near lifeless body onto the boiling wood of the dock, as if to make an omelet of myself.

I lay there awhile in a pensive state, for thought was all my mind and body could muster. However, out of the shadows there shone a radiant light, a knight in shining armor come to rescue the poor, wounded lad. My best efforts to describe his appearance amount to a visage somewhere between Wilford Brimley and "Macho Man" Randy Savage. This man, who had most likely just witnessed the spectacle, stood over my body with his arms crossed and his eyes fixed upon my exhausted face. "Sup" he muttered, I jolted forward and attempted to voice my concerns in a most emphatic manner, yet all that escaped from my lips was a faint "I'm dying &c!" The Macho Man Brimley let out a hearty chortle and thrust me over his shoulder like a cigarette scented Santa Claus. He hauled me to my relieved mother who, in appreciation, offered the man an ice cold brew. "Guess you paid off, kid." He chuckled as he returned to his business. After his departure, my mother began to weep over me, perhaps in thankfulness for my safe return or perhaps for the fact that she almost lost her eldest son to something as stupid as a large plastic ball. Harrison, perhaps hoping to fit in with everyone else, howled as well. At this moment precisely, my father approached us from behind, plastic bags in hand and with a grin of complete innocence as he chimed "I've got the Ruby Tuuuuuuuueday's!" I turned my head violently, and with every fiber of being screamed "You should have been here to save me, but the fools of Ruby Tuesday's kept you waiting!"
A TRIBUTE POEM TO COACH RHoades

SARAH PIERRE, SOPHOMORE

In sixth grade,
There were them times
We didn’t get it but you kept us in line
I didn’t know why you didn’t show up
that time on Monday morning
But I missed you
Our conversations too
But I’m glad we talked through
All those bad things
Separation of a grade brings
You never let us know it
You never let us show it
Because you loved
ESA dearly
And obviously
There’s so much more left to say
If you were with us today
Face to face
I never knew I would hurt like this
Every day I walk on this campus
I wish I could see you
just one more time
Miss you but I’d start to cry
As the minutes pass by
We know that you’re in a better place
Coach Mike would give the world
to see your face
You’ve never got a chance
to see how good we’ve done
You never got to see me
win number one
I thought you were so strong
You’d make it through whatever
It’s so hard to accept the fact
You’re gone forever
Our hearts are next to you
It’s like you’re gone too soon
Still the hardest thing to do
Is say
Bye
We miss you Coach!
Wanting to do something a bit different with your clothing choice is a wonderful idea. You can find new and better ways to express yourself, removing your appearance from that of the masses. There are, however, rules that should be abided by when doing this. Just as when deciding to build a house there are certain safety code regulations you must follow, there are certain things that you should not wear if you do not wish to look like a simpleton.

Enter the boating shoe or Sperry as many call it due to the original and still popular brand. They look nice, are comfortable, and are water proof to a degree. All in all, they sound nice. As the name suggests, however, they were originally intended for use on boats, namely sail boats. As one is liable to get a little wet on a boat, socks are not traditionally worn with boating shoes. The fact that they have become popular on the land scene is fine; many things enter the common wardrobe after having departed from their original purpose. What one should keep in mind, however, is that it looks silly, if not outright stupid, to wear them with long socks, as many people due. Certainly, many
people are unaccustomed to wearing shoes without socks; therefore very short socks are often a good substitute as it is more comfortable without amplifying the breach of code. What one should aim to do is alter the style as little as possible.

Take for instance you wish to wear a nice suit to some fancy party or formal occasion. It's a nice, expensive suit that fits you well, but when it comes time to put on the shoes you slap on an old pair of sneakers. As ridiculous as it sounds, this is not altogether uncommon. Boating shoes, or any other shoe for that matter, should be treated similarly. It makes no sense to wear long athletic socks that are more befitting of basketball shoes with a shoe that is not designed for athletic pursuits. You may wish to wear nylon athletic clothing all the time, despite the fact that you are not performing any athletic activity and that's fine, it's a free country and if you want to look silly, go ahead. If, however, you wish to do this, do not compound the glaring mistake by putting on a poor pair of boating shoes. You'd call a man an idiot to wear boots to a soccer game or sneakers with a suit, why then is it acceptable to wear long socks and nylon shorts with a boating shoe?

SWEET NELSON, JUNIOR