



MATT HALE
MANDIBLE
PATH

Former GOP member finally sees the light?

After 17 years of being a conservative Republican Christian, I have recently opened my eyes to the error of my ways and wholeheartedly decided to become a liberal Democrat atheist.

My ideas were simply too old-fashioned. With my new liberal ideas, I have been catapulted into the 21st century, where there will be peace and universal health care. I now see that people that think like I did were the only things standing in the way of a perfect world where people can do whatever they want.

Here are the things I am most excited about for the post-modern, liberal 21st century:

First of all, I cannot wait for there to be no war. Once America stops playing world police, the radical Muslims will see how nice we are, and then they'll accept Western literature, evolution, movies and homosexuality as parts of their society like we have. As for the communists, they can take over the world for all we care. It won't affect us, and as long as we let them do what they want, they won't bother us. After all, look at the history of appeasement. It works every time.

The next part I can't wait for is universal health care. What our government really needs right now is another humongous department to drain our tax dollars like social security does, and what's another 10-20 percent more on taxes? Besides Europe has it, and after hundreds of years of trying to be different from them, I think it's time we gave in and conformed to their ways. Outside of a failing economy and desperate attempts to please the radical Islamists laying siege to them, they're doing great.

But I am probably most excited about ditching the moral standards and codes of ethics that did nothing for our country for the past 200 years. Anyone who is opposed to gay marriage is a bigot. Anyone who doesn't think truth is relative is an idiot. Anyone who believes in a God that would send people to hell is wrong. And anyone that judges other people in any way can live somewhere else, because we don't want them in our new liberal 21st Century America.

I cannot wait to live in a place where I can do whatever I want, yet still have an infinite amount of rights. I cannot wait to live in a nation where there is no truth, no judgmental rules, no religion, no Republicans, no conservatism, no borders and therefore no illegal immigration, because these things have no use in a post-modern society.

Let's forget history; let's turn our eyes away from the past. Be ignorant to the fall of Babylon, Persia, Greece and Rome. After all, this is the 21st century, and just because it happened to them, it doesn't mean it can happen to us.

I'm so thrilled about our new liberal 21st century. The future is bright, look up to the sky and smile, because no matter what realists say, our perfect society will work. All we have to do is get rid of the realists. And make sure to vote for Barrack Obama in 2008.

BOOM BAS

[THINGS WE LIKE]

Excessive PDA makes us sick

Despite the strict rules and consequences of PDA (public display of affection), hugging in the halls is acceptable. But that's as far as it goes. And that's a good thing, as everything else is awkward for those of us not included in little smooch-fests between classes.

Everything in moderation

Receiving extravagant gifts for Valentine's Day, like five bouquets of flowers and a life-sized teddy bear, from that special someone is awesome and should be recognized as such. However, save those kinds of gifts for later. They're too big for our tiny hallways.

Marcus FC is feeling the love

Coming off a national championship season, support of the boys' soccer team couldn't be higher. It's nice to see a sport other than football getting its time in the limelight and huge amount of support, because football is not the only promising program at the moment.



HALLIE WORKMAN
REPPIN' THE
BRIDLEHOOD

Dear God, Allah, Yahweh or whatever high power is out there,

I've decided you obviously have a sense of humor, given the crazy ways some people die, like being hit by falling space trash, getting mauled by an 80-year-old schizophrenic woman or getting hit by a stray tire at a NASCAR race. Please, don't make me a victim of that morbid sense of humor. If by chance, you haven't yet decided how you want me to go, I have a few requests.

First and foremost, please don't let me die in a Wal-Mart. If I must die in some sort of bargain superstore in order to be part of your divine plan, at least make it a Target, or a Super Target if the grocery section will play a significant role. Wal-Mart, hands down, is the last place I want to die -- mainly because I don't want my last living moments to be experienced in a place which so closely resembles hell (especially around the holidays). And if you plan on sending me to hell anyway, it would be just mean to give me a "taste" before I go spend all of eternity there.

Secondly, I don't want my death to involve an animal in any way. When you have someone die in an animal encounter, they inevitably end up in the paper or the evening news. Everyone laughs at headlines like, "Cow falls off cliff, kills man," or news teasers that start with "Yesterday, an ostrich kicked out a man's teeth and he choked to death." If I am somehow spared

Senior doesn't wish to be victim of God's humor

from the evening news, I'll end up being part of some statistic like, "More people are killed every year by donkeys than plane crashes." If it's possible, I would rather my death be a product of the latter. That way, people don't think to themselves, "What kind of an idiot gets killed by a donkey?"

Third, please don't plan for me die on or around a toilet (no offense, Elvis). This is for several obvious reasons. Given the fact that you're omniscient, you're well aware of the atrocities located in some bathrooms. Don't make me die in a pile of soggy toilet paper on the floor or with my head in a sink filled with hair which is not my own.

Fourth, I would be pretty mad if I died from some stupid, treatable illness. I plan on living a rather exciting, valient life. If something like influenza, chicken pox, dysentery or an infected papercut is the thing to kill me, I will die a bitter woman. I prefer to die of something exciting-sounding, not something whimpy.

Most importantly, please don't have me die of a gunshot wound from Dick Cheney. Late night TV shows would have a field day, and I don't think my death would be taken seriously. If you have any decency at all, don't make me the only target Cheney didn't miss.

Sincerely,
Hallie Workman

MARQUEE REMARKS

What do you THINK ABOUT THE NO-FOOD-IN- classrooms policy?

COMPILED || SEAN SWINNEY
PHOTOS || SHANNON MARCH



"I don't think it's right, because teachers should be allowed to choose what students are allowed to eat. If it's in a computer lab, stuff could be spilled on a computer. But I think it's the teacher's choice."

-Zach Gorbitt
freshman



"Kids get hungry during the day, and I think they should have a snack. I mean, when you were growing up, you had snack time, so why should it change?"

-Ashley Walters
sophomore