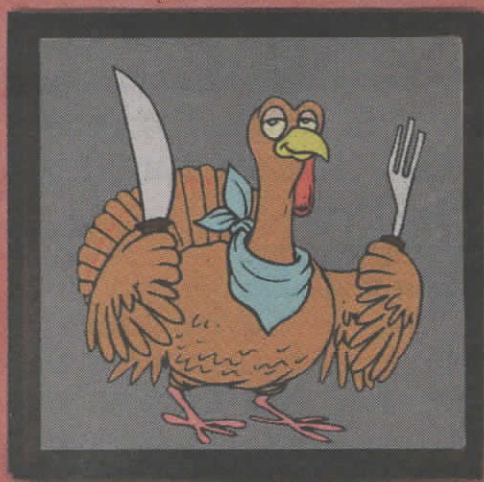


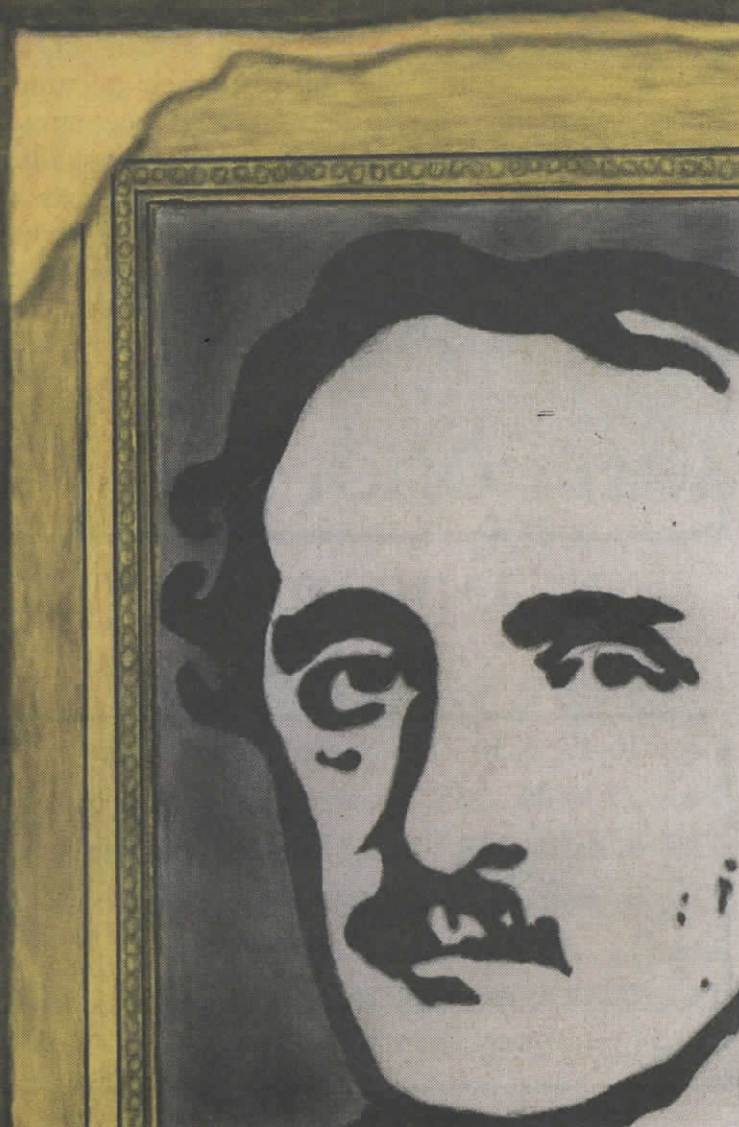
APPLAUSE

NOVEMBER 2012

VOL. 14 No. 3

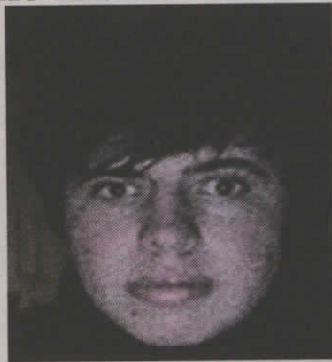


*The Creative
Writing Issue*



Letter From the Editor

As evidenced by the shivering masses of students making their way to and from lunch every day, fall is most definitely in the air. Turkeys are being basted, cider's getting sipped, and school is out for a whole week. I'm sure our readers are just as psyched as I am.



By this point in the year, I'm usually the first one to start counting down the days until school's over. Something's different this time around, however, and although it feels like that morning of August 22nd was eons ago, it seems a little early to have our first real break. Maybe that's just me, but with such a hectic forthcoming schedule, things are bound to fly by even faster. With *Hairspray*, dance and theatre's forthcoming thesis performances and the junior ring ceremony on the horizon, there's a lot left to look forward to.

As readers will see on the cover, this month's issue serves to highlight Creative Writing, one of SOA's few non-performing, but still supremely talented and successful majors. In our centerfold, we showcase poems and short story excerpts from every grade, and on Page 8, Ms. Miles tells about her life's path from girl scout to Scholastic's "Golden Apple" Teacher of the Year. *Applause* would like to wish all of our readers a safe and happy Thanksgiving; stay tuned for another issue in the coming month.

Yours truly,

WILL DODGE

Upcoming Events

Nov 16-17, 6:30 - HS Senior Theatre Show
 Nov 27, 4:00 - MS Theatre Monologue Show
 Dec 6, 6:30 - HS Vocal Holiday Concert
 Dec 8, 5:00 - Junior Ring Ceremony
 Dec 12 - Dance Senior Thesis II
 Dec 13-14, 4:00 - HS Theatre Showcase
 Dec 14-15, 6:30 - MS Vocal Concert



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In the October issue of *Applause*, we credited a piece on our "Student Artwork" page to Sequoia Dubose that should have been credited to senior Kayla Chapman. We apologize for our mistake.

Cover art by senior visual artist Colin Marshall

Applause

the official student publication of
Charleston County School of the Arts

Founded in 1995 by Rose Maree Myers

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North Charleston, SC 29405

Students Rock the Vote in Landmark SOA Election

by Alex Berlinsky

On November 6th, millions of Americans hit the polls in what was promised to be the most important election in the recent past and foreseeable future. Incumbent Barack Obama was pitted against Mitt Romney in a duel that would make UFC fighters squeal in agony. In the end, Obama edged out Romney by a popular vote margin of 50%-48%, a smaller point spread than the electoral votes would indicate. One week prior, however, SOA students went to the booths in the school's first ever student election wherein SOA students were encouraged to come out and support their choice for president with the ballot. Of course, this gave students who would be otherwise ineligible to vote a chance to let their voice be heard, and, as middle school voter Kiara Lemons so aptly said, "it's practice for when you get older." I can personally attest to the confusion that a first time voter faces, an uncomfortable and somewhat eerie experience. However, by first appearing at the SOA student election, I was slightly more at ease over my official ballot.

As it would turn out, SOA was a decent indicator for the rest of the country, predicting the outcome with nearly Gallup-like accuracy. In the SOA election, Obama won 51%-43%. Of course, being the quirky, individualistic school that we are, an astounding 6% decided to deviate from the mainstream and vote third party, perhaps demonstrating dissatisfaction with politics today. Regardless of this, the SOA election mirrored the true election confirming what we have always known to be true: our school is a sampling of every social, economic, political, racial, and religious group there is, the truest melting pot that one can find.



Seniors Savannah Segle, Ashley Prentice, and Faye Patat headed to the polls Nov. 6th

Creative Writers Get Festive at Word Fest by Danie Johnson

On November 10th the Creative Writing program's annual Word Fest was held at the Mount Pleasant Barnes & Noble. Applause went to review and enjoy the flow of words.

The Creative Writers always surprise me with their captivating stage presence. No matter what the poem, short story, or script is about, they can lasso your attention and make you interested in the piece. Whenever I have attended a Creative Writing event, I leave impressed and surprised at how confident they are at reading to people. The performance is enjoyable to the point that I would buy an audio reading of the performance. I would listen to the track while I cook or whenever I get angry and need to calm down.

Word Fest incorporated students from grades six through twelve reading some of their original work from all different genres of literature. The middle schoolers got an early start that morning, sixth graders beginning their reading at eight in the morning. The festival continued until about four, concluding with the all-mighty seniors. In middle school, sixth graders read poetry, seventh graders read prose, and so did the eighth graders. In high school, ninth graders read poetry, tenth graders read scripts, eleventh graders read poetry, and the seniors read excerpts from their senior theses.

I enjoy poetry; therefore I was especially drawn to the juniors. They read two poems each, both poems following the same theme. They were all very well written and thoughtful. I especially enjoyed listening to Ellen Kitchens' poems about the concept of memory. Her poem "At a Loss for Words" was stunning and actually made my eyes water.

I can only say that I wish it could have been a more intimate setting. The boisterous customers and coffee consumers walking around Barnes & Noble drove me crazy. Not to mention the rumble of the frappacino blenders and the siren of the oven in the café. And yet, it still was easy to slip into the writings of the astounding students of SOA.



Senior Lily McRae read an excerpt from her collection of short stories at WordFest

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Student Teachers Say Goodbye by Jakob Lazzaro

Every year, a few student teachers come and join us here at SOA. Sadly, they all have to leave after just one semester. Applause sat down with SOA's three current student teachers to hear their thoughts about their time here at SOA.

Ms. Olivia Isgett-Rubin, worked with Dr. Cusatis (HS English)

Jakob Lazzaro: What will you miss the most about being a student teacher?

Olivia Isgett-Rubin: I will probably miss simply being here at SOA and the tenth graders I've been working really closely with. It's just such a great school, and knowing that I have to leave my students is difficult.

JL: What are your plans for the future?

OIR: My plans include acquiring employment somewhere within the Charleston area. I hope to get my masters at the Citadel in the next three years.

JL: What do you feel is the most important thing you learned from being a student teacher?

OIR: I guess just having the experience itself. Being a student teacher has taught me how to manage all different types of situations first hand; it gave me very practical experience.

JL: What is your favorite memory from being a student teacher here at SOA?

OIR: I had a student jokingly give me a ketchup packet as a teacher gift. I knew she was not being serious, but I accepted it and told her that it was my very first teacher gift. She got very embarrassed and wanted to have it back, but I wouldn't give it back to her. I told her I would cherish it forever—that and teaching Taylor Dahl.



Ms. Elle Rich, worked with Ms. Pajic (HS English)

Jakob Lazzaro: What will you miss the most about being a student teacher?

Elle Rich: The students. I've grown very attached to the students. I cried a little bit the other day while I was thinking about leaving.

JL: What are your future plans?

ER: Move to California and hopefully get a job teaching there.

JL: What is your favorite memory from being a student teacher here at SOA?

ER: Just the other day I got an email from a student saying that I was a good teacher and a nice person, and the student encouraged me to pursue teaching. I will *never* get rid of that email.



Ms. Kathryn Brockmann, worked with Ms. Moschella (MS Science)

Jakob Lazzaro: What will you miss the most about being a student teacher?

Kathryn Brockmann: I will miss the students. We have had a lot of fun together. It will be fun to see them every now and then around Charleston.

JL: What are your plans for the future?

KB: I am currently applying for science teaching positions open in January in the Charleston area.

JL: What do you feel is the most important thing you learned from being a student teacher?

KB: Being a role model for the students, so keeping up with grades and being organized. Being a teacher instead of a friend to the students, I guess. Knowing all the students individually was a tough task, but very enjoyable at the same time.

JL: What is your favorite memory from being a student teacher here at SOA?

KB: I would say Egypt day was probably the most fun for all of us. It was also Halloween so I dressed up a little bit. I wore glasses and fake teeth and the students thought it was hilarious. One of the students ran to the bathroom because she was laughing so much. While being serious and learning a lot, we also had a lot of fun.

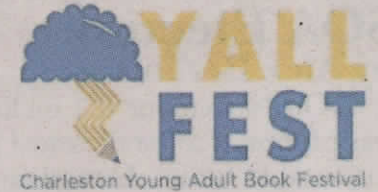


Yallfest offers unique look into Young Adult genre by Emily Thomas

On Saturday, November 10th, a hoard of young adult authors invaded Charleston. Such renowned authors as David Levithan, Cassandra Clare, Gayle Foreman, Holly Black, Pseudonymous Bosch, and Ellen Hopkins. I had the pleasure of sitting in on a panel of female authors from New York City. In the panel, they discussed how living in the city influenced their writing. Gayle Foreman explained how she was a California girl turned novelist and she was attracted to Brooklyn because of its creative culture. Another northern writer, Tonya Hurley wrote her book *The Blessed* as a love letter to Brooklyn. The authors also discussed censorship in their own writing. For example, when Robin Wasserman (*The Book of Blood and Shadow*) switched from Scholastic Publishing Company to Simon & Schuster, she was shocked because the editors wanted her to write much more graphic stories.

At the end of the panel discussion, the floor opened up for a Q&A session. I was lucky enough to get the chance to ask the authors some advice for my own creative writing class - what advice do you have for aspiring writers on censoring about making the compromise between writing for your own art and writing for your audience? Adele Griffin (*Picture the Dead*) began by telling me that if you are going to write, you have to do it for yourself and stay true to your art form. Robin Wasserman also added that as you get older, it gets easier to write about yourself, especially your earlier years. Your parents will look back on them and laugh.

Other panel discussions took place throughout the day and books were available for purchase down the street at Blue Bicycle Books. A lot of the authors were even set up in tents to sign their books. While I wasn't as familiar with the event or many of the authors, it was definitely a great experience to be around professional writers and get into their creative minds.



Poetry Out Loud - Coming to an English Classroom near you by Emily Thomas

Either one of the most dreaded or celebrated of competitions is upon us. That's right - Poetry Out Loud is here. Students are busy memorizing and performing poems in their classrooms. SOA has had success in the past, sending students to state and national competitions.

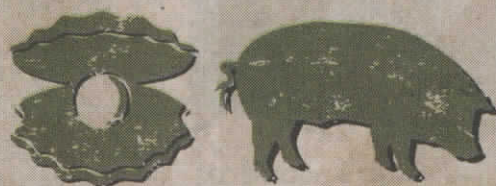
From there, classroom winners will advance to the school competition which will be held after school on Thursday, November 29th. Students who win the school competition will advance to state and state winners will compete in Washington, D.C. April 28th-30th.

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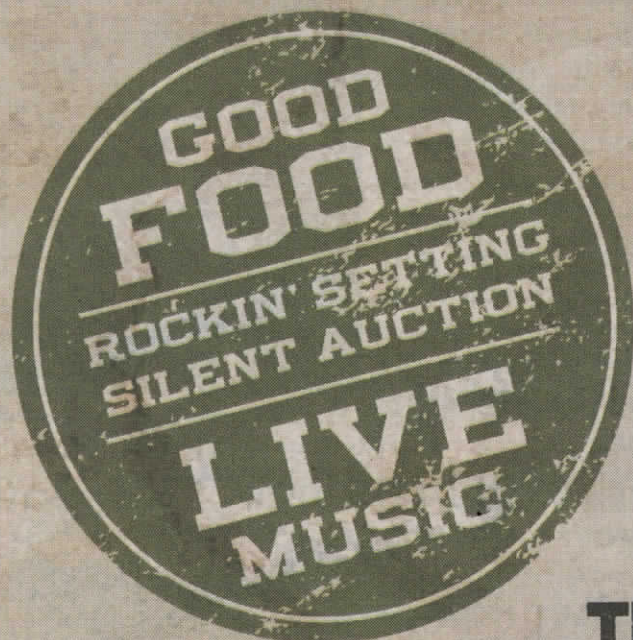
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Mr. Orvin's Apple Bobbing is a Splash by Jakob Lazzaro

Almost everyone has a favorite holiday. For high school teacher Mr. Orvin, it seems to be Halloween. Every year he leads SOA into a time-honored Halloween tradition - apple bobbing!

A medieval custom, apple bobbing goes back to the 12th or 13th century when it was believed that if a lucky maiden took home a piece of her apple and slept with it under her pillow, she would soon find the man of her dreams. Mr. Orvin has been bobbing for apples for almost 25 years, beginning long before he came to SOA. Every year, he pulls out his bobbing tub, gets the apples, and takes his freshman students out behind the cafeteria for a fun class period of bobbing. He even invites guest bobbers to bob again after freshmen year, so you can always join in.



Straight bobbin' on apples

"Tradition and fun are being overlooked in today's world of modern technology," said Mr. Orvin. "It is surprising how many have never bobbed before, but afterwards they will never be the same." After bobbing myself, I can say those words really do ring true.

Sixth Graders get "Bazaar" on Egypt Day By Cameron Lloyd

Egypt day was a huge success and Mr. Smyth told us "it's the most amazing day of the year." I got to witness some of these tykes participating in Egyptian styled games, such as "The Dance of the Nile" which was a form of musical chairs and was played to the tune of "Beat it" by Michael Jackson. As Mrs. Boyd so cleverly put as a "New style of Egyptian music."

Sixth grader Steven Tanner told me 'Egypt day is the bomb-diggity!' He really seemed to be enjoying himself. In the game "Wrap it up" three teams attempted to wrap up one volunteer up in toilet paper, like how a mummy would look. Scary! This brings back so many memories of eating pita bread with honey, and running around like wild people. Sixth grade was the bomb diggity, and Egypt day was a smash hit with these kids.



Mummies came back to life in the parking lot October 29 for Egypt Day. Stupefying!



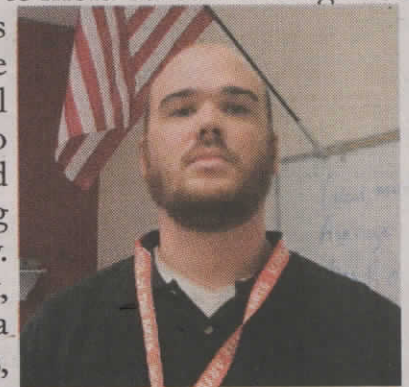
Ms. Mitchum looked like true Egyptian royalty.

Thanksgiving according to Donnelon by Madeleine Vath

When asked by Mr. Donnellon about what I knew of the first Thanksgiving, I was stumped. I could not remember anything of my elementary school history lessons or Thanksgiving celebrations, besides making a turkey by tracing my hand. I figured that I cannot be the only one lacking a good answer, so I thought I would find for myself what really happened and share my findings with the readers of the *Applause*.

The first Thanksgiving happened around October of 1621 in the Plymouth colony. However, Thanksgiving did not become an official holiday until 1863: Abraham Lincoln set it for the last Thursday of the month. According to MayflowerHistory.com, Thanksgiving was not assigned to the third Thursday of November until 1939, which was done to move it further away from the Christmas holiday time. Contrary to popular belief, turkey was served at the first Thanksgiving according to historian William Bradford. Sweet potatoes, on the other hand, had not yet been introduced to the colonies.

While discussing the tradition of Thanksgiving with Mr. Donnellon, he mentioned that it is somewhat absurd to have a set day to give thanks: "the idea of giving thanks on a specific day is anathema to the Puritan belief of giving thanks in response to events: for example, [having a feast for] a bountiful harvest." As habitually led people, we are quick to mold ourselves to age-old patterns and slow to ask ourselves what they actually mean. We should not revolt against national customs, nor should we refuse to accept them, but instead we should ask ourselves this Thanksgiving what we are celebrating and why. Ultimately, we should find that, instead of limiting ourselves to a single, assigned day to give thanks, we should expand our gratitude to fill the whole year.



Mr. Donnellon: Modern day patriot

SOA singers earn National Choir spots by Will Dodge

The SOA vocal program is regularly successful on the national circuit, and the recent naming of 24 vocal majors to the American Choral Directors' National Choir follows this trend. Across America, over 19,000 singers auditioned from grade four through twelve for a spot in one of the five 300-person national choirs. SOA placed ten singers in the Junior High Choir (grades 7-9), four in the High School Women's choir, and ten more in the Mixed High School choir.

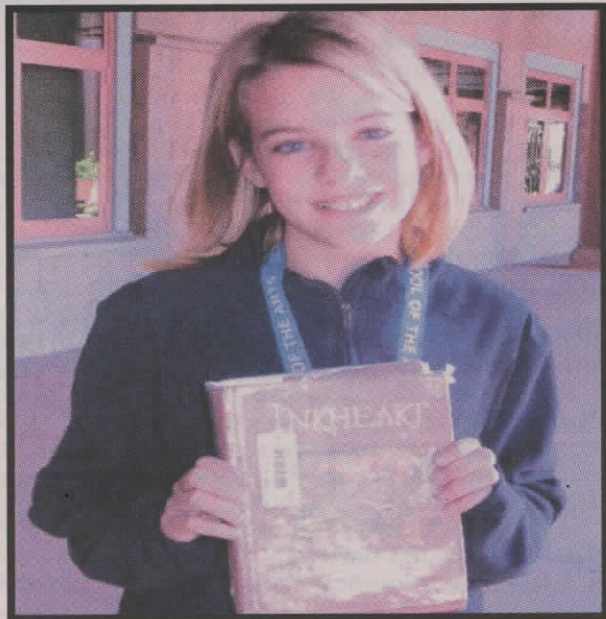
In March, the recognized vocalists will travel to Dallas, Texas where they will sing with conductors from across the world. Congratulations to the all the students who won, and safe travels to Dallas!

SIXTH GRADE BOOKS: NOW AND THEN

BY EMILY THOMAS

NOW

INKHEART KEEPS LYDIA CAPPS ON THE EDGE OF HER SEAT, WHILE HER CLASSMATES ARE RAVENOUS READERS OF THE HUNGER GAMES SERIES.



THEN

MAYA NOVAK COGDELL COULD BE FOUND WITH HER NOSE IN A COPY OF *THE PERKS OF BEING A WALLFLOWER* WHEN SHE WAS A SIXTH GRADER.



Writers Gain Perspective at Lake Logan

By Emily Thomas

In late October, junior and senior creative writers disappear for a few days with no cell service or internet connection. No, we haven't been kidnapped. And no, most of us do not go crazy without their precious "interwebs," either. We're just on our rare creative writing field trip – the Lake Logan Writing Retreat in the mountains of North Carolina.

After prying ourselves out of bed early on Wednesday, October 24th, we took a five hour long bus ride up to Canton, NC. Canton is a town west of Asheville that is so small it doesn't even have a fire department. As we prepared to step off the bus, everyone donned jackets and scarves only to discover it was... warm. It had been pretty cool in Charleston and the weather last year was freezing. I was genuinely shocked it didn't snow.

Our first afternoon there was spent reading excerpts of senior theses to the juniors and receiving some critique. The main purpose of that was to give juniors a hint of what to expect next year (and, okay, I'll admit that Mr. Hammes told us to scare them a little, too). That night we roasted and toasted the senior thesis with a campfire. It was a little quieter than last year, despite Alex Peeples's banjo rendition of "Sleepyhead" by Passion Pit.

The next day followed with more workshops, one of which was by local author, Beth Webb Hart. Ms. Hart was one of the founders of the creative writing department and accompanies us on our trip every year. After a morning workshop, we trekked up the mountain on our famous Lake Logan hike. The trail is uphill, rocky, and covered with leaves. It gives us writers a chance to stretch our legs and appreciate nature, although most animals are scared off by shouts of "are we there yet?!"



Emily Thomas & Harris Lyman on top of the mountain

At the top of the mountain is a rustic shelter where we have our lunch. We take group pictures and plenty of silly shots then write our names on the shelter. At the top of the mountain is a legacy of creative writers from years past. The hike back down the mountain goes a lot faster because it's all downhill from there; however, there was a twisted ankle or two from the rough path.

The night before we leave is our Suppressed Desires Talent Show. Seniors Will Dodge and Austin Worth gave an epic rap shout-out to the tune of "Black and Yellow" to all the seniors who have had their nose to the grind trying to make those twenty page deadlines for thesis. Alex Peeples and Miles Counts had their own version of *Inside the Actor's Studio* in which Miles was the host, James Lipton, and interviewed Alex who took on the personas

of different characters. Maya Novak-Cogdell and Lily McRae put together dramatic reenactment of famous scenes from *Lord of the Rings* that included a lot of the other writers. Sarah Baxley and I even wrapped a scarf around both of our heads and spoke in unison as Golem/Smeagol.

The Lake Logan Writing Retreat not only explores senior thesis and gets the juniors ready, but it also brings together the two classes. After just a few days up in the mountains, we learned some rather interesting things about each other and created memories that will last a lifetime.



Grace Collins, Connor Gatton, and Ashley Prentice on the banks of Lake Logan.

Where Were They Then: Ms. Miles By Taylor Dahl

We caught up with the veteran creative writing teacher to learn about her life before and during her stay at SOA

Taylor Dahl: Can you tell us about your childhood?

Rene Miles: Well, I only have one sister. My father was a carpenter. My mother didn't work; she was a stay at home mom. My grandparents are all Italian immigrants, so Italian was spoken at home basically between the adults, between my parents and grandparents but the adults spoke to the children in English. Family was really important, as it is in all big Italian families. I grew up in a little house, two bedrooms, one bathroom, a very modest upbringing, and attended Catholic school, which was interesting. It may be hard to believe, but I was a frightened little thing, a very petite child with wide brown eyes. I went to an all girls' high school, so that was an interesting adventure. I just had a normal, very average upbringing in this little town, playing in the neighborhood, going to Girl Scouts, attending Mass on Sundays. I got to go into New York City with school groups. And when I got older, certainly in my teen years, I would go with my girlfriends, so that was exciting.



Ms. Miles when she was a tot

TD: When did you know that you wanted to be a writer or teach writing?

RM: Well I knew I wanted to be a writer since I started writing in the sixth grade. I wrote poetry and shared it with my teachers. In fact, for eighth grade graduation I asked for the Collected Works of Carl Sandburg, which is not your average eighth grade graduation present. By my junior and senior year of high school, I was intensely interested. When I went to college I was an English major, journalism minor; Creative Writing was not offered as a major at Seton Hall. But I took every Creative Writing course and served on the literary magazine staff. I was the first female editor at Seton Hall which had been an all male college since 1856. By then I knew

I wanted to teach, but schools at that time did not have creative writing programs, so I went into teaching English. I knew in college I was going to teach writing somehow, even if it was just in my English classes. Then eventually schools started offering creative writing as an elective.

TD: Do you have just one memory from your life that stands out?

RM: I put memories in different categories, I think raising Michael, just the whole experience of having a child, that's up there at the top. He was a very easy child to raise. We did so many things when he was little: carving pumpkins, camping, boating, and even traveling together in Italy. I cherish every minute. One of my best memories has to do with SOA. It was about the fourth or fifth year that I taught here; 16 out of 17 of my 9th graders won a National Scholastic Award. We all traveled to Washington and I was the "Gold Apple" teacher, the teacher with the most winning kids in the nation. That is a good memory! One final thought just came to me. Actually, I would place this right underneath raising my child. In 2006 Mike Winerip from New York Times wrote an article about Jessica Atkinson winning Scholastic and detailing the hardships in her life. That article launched an amazing fairy tale. Jessica and I traveled to New York where we met editors and writers, received makeovers at Saks Fifth Avenue, and were celebrated by Scholastic. Several readers offered to help fund Jessica's education. I felt like Jessica's fairy godmother. It was both an honor and joy to see one of my students reach that kind of notoriety, especially a child who had experienced such hardship. After sharing 7 years of difficulties with Jessica, I was able to witness her success... I'll never forget it.



Ms. Miles on her wedding day

Where Are They Now: Ryan Graudin By Danie Johnson

Applause spoke to the 2005 creative writing graduate about how her SOA education led to a contract with Harper-Collins

Danie Johnson: What is the most difficult genre of literature for you to write and why?

Ryan Graudin: I've loved writing since I could count my age on one hand, but I've always found it difficult to write "true-to-life" literary fiction. When I was at SOA, Ms. Miles was really good about letting us write genre fiction (such as fantasy and science-fiction), but once I got to college I found that they only let you turn in literary short stories. It was very difficult for me; a lot of the joy I found in reading and writing was being able to travel to worlds I couldn't access in real life. But these restrictions helped me really focus on the art of writing in a literary style, which I think has paid off in the long run!



Ms. Graudin's senior thesis inspired her to write full-time.

DJ: When you were a high school senior, did you see yourself getting your own books published?

RG: Definitely! I even sent out my senior thesis to a few publishing houses and agents, but it wasn't ready (though I did get some positive feedback!). I knew that being an author was my dream job, which was why I chose to major in creative writing in college.

DJ: Why are young adults your target audience?

RG: I love reading and writing young adult books. They have a quality that you don't find in a lot of adult literature. It's hard to put into words, but young adult books hold this feeling of the unexplored and a life of endless possibilities ahead.

DJ: How has your family helped support you through the publishing process?

RG: My family have always been so supportive of my dream to be an author! I was home-schooled from 6th to 10th grade, but my mom was willing to let

me come to SOA when I expressed a big interest in the writing program there. I'm so glad she let me! Also, when I went to college and decided to major in creative writing, my parents backed me up 100%. I don't know if there are many parents who would do that, so I'm very thankful!

DJ: Did you always aspire to be an author?

RG: I still have my notebooks from elementary school that have all my old (and thankfully unwritten) novel ideas in them. It's what I've always wanted to do with my life, and so I've worked as hard as I possibly can to make that dream become a reality!

DJ: What job do you hold when you are not writing?

RG: Right now it feels like I'm a jack-of-all-trades! Because of my recent book deal with HarperCollins, (look for ALL THAT GLOWS in bookstores in Winter 2014!) I've been able to write part-time in the afternoons. I teach preschool in the mornings and on the weekends I photograph weddings with my husband.

DJ: What other hobbies do you participate in when you are not writing?

RG: Sketching, photography, baking and thrift-store shopping. I'm also a pretty avid traveler; I think I've been to about 18 countries. My husband and I are always on the lookout for the next adventure.



Graudin's first novel, *Shadows Fall*

Ryan's next book, *All That Glows*, will be published by HarperTeen in Winter 2014. She has a blog at <http://ryangraudin.blogspot.com> and you can follow her on twitter @ryangraudin.

The Reading Behind the Writing By Madeleine Vath

We spoke to junior Creative Writer and self-professed bookworm Emily Fairchild about reading and its effect on her writings

MV: How long have you been such an avid reader?

EF: The funny thing is, I hated reading until second grade because I wasn't good at it. But when I was six we spent six months going up and down the East Coast deciding where to live, and one must do something to pass the time. I just started and couldn't stop. I have literally taken suitcases to the public library over the summer.

MV: How many pages are you capable of reading per week?

EF: If I didn't do any homework or activities and just went to school, probably 13,000 pages. With homework, it's probably closer to 4,000.

MV: What are some of your favorite books? Favorite genre?

EF: I read everything, fiction, nonfiction, fanfiction, the back of milk cartons. Genre-wise, I always visit the Sci-Fi and Fantasy section in Barnes and Noble first, and everything else second, but I always go for the classics at the public library. [Interviewer's Note: this is where Emily listed 23 of her current favorite authors] My longstanding five favorite authors are Jim Butcher, John Green, J. K. Rowling, Madeleine L'Engle, and David Foster Wallace. To use a quote from *The Fault in Our Stars*: "Sometimes, you read a book and it fills you with this weird evangelical zeal, and you become convinced that the shattered world will never be put back together unless and until all living humans read the book."

MV: What draws you so much to reading?

EF: Oh, everything. I like a turn of phrase or a really well-engineered plot. I like to be surprised and I like when I accurately predict who the murderer is. I'm really interested right now in writing seriously for teenagers. John Green, Madeleine L'Engle, David Levithan, Holly Black, Cinda Chima, Maureen Johnson, and Cassandra Clare all handle their books so differently, in incredibly different voices. Voice can make or break a novel.

Singin' the Application Blues by Alex Berlinsky

As I get ready to send off my applications to colleges across the country, I am reminded of little 5th grade Alex, sitting in his room, his Pokémon game set aside for the night, working hard, making sure that his t's are crossed and his l's are not, attempting to sell himself to SOA. Without a care in the world, the word future meaning nothing but what he would have for lunch the next day, Alex did not proofread a word, sending his sloppy application to the powers that be, and awaiting the dreaded theater audition.

This, of course, is in stark contrast to modern day Alex, a constantly worrying editing-addict, who lives in constant fear of hitting the horrible "submit" button, only to find that he used the wrong "there" or forgot a comma or misplaced his semi-colon or used the wrong font or any other of the countless worries that plague his daily thoughts. Indeed, Alex has progressed from his youthful days in terms of understanding consequences and repercussions, but it may not necessarily be for the best. In fifth grade, his only aspiration was to go to school with some friends, and whether that school was SOA, CE, Hogwarts, or any other school mattered not. I was largely indifferent back then, and I fear that my constant worrying stems from my lack of indifference.

To all of those applying to colleges in the near future, I urge you to not commit the tragic flaw of worrying. All of you at this school are here because you passed through a series of tests and trials and auditions, most of which, your competitors failed. SOA has given me confidence and Frank Sinatra's words ring as true here as any words ever have; "if I can make it here, I can make it anywhere."

MV: How much of an influence has your reading had on your writing?

EF: I was definitely a reader first, and it is absolutely true that what you read directly correlates to how and what you write. And I mean, certain themes show up in a book and then, two weeks later in your story and you're absolutely certain that you did not intend to put them there. And certain names go off limits, because of well or poorly written namesakes: for very different reasons I will probably not name large characters Edward or Hazel. Writing also has this odd effect on how you read, as well. Like, I've gotten to the point where I just can't read anymore teen fiction about vampires or werewolves; I can't. You recognize plot lines and say: I've read this a thousand times (very often) or, this is totally new and I feel like a better person for having read it (very rare).

MV: Where do you fit reading into your busy high school schedule?

EF: I'm really, really grateful when Friday rolls around, but before then I read on the bus, while I'm walking (peripheral vision is a beautiful thing) and when I'm doing homework. I use a kind of incentive system: so many math problems and I can take five minutes to read another chapter.

MV: What is the longest book you have ever read?

EF: A textbook, probably. The longest book I read this summer was D. Gabaldon's *The Fiery Cross* at 1,443 pages in about six days. It's the fifth book in this series I've been reading about what happened to the Scottish Highlanders involved with Bonnie Prince Charlie and the Jacobite Rising of 1747.

MV: Where is your favorite place to read?

EF: We've just moved, but in my old house my room was in the attic, and it felt rather symbolic to be reading novels in an attic bedroom, rather like Burnett's *A Little Princess*. Now I like reading in bed because it's warm.

French & Visual Arts trek Downtown by Taylor Dahl

French 3 and Visual Arts students took a fieldtrip downtown to expose them to French culture, architecture and art work found in our own city. They took a tour of the last active Huguenot church in the U.S., learning about its history. They walked to art galleries on Broad Street then had lunch at Rue De Jean, where students got to choose three or four different items that sounded appealing and a desert consisting of macaroons. For the last part of the day the students got a surprise trip to the Children's Museum. Mrs. Bednarczyk, the French teacher, said she was surprised by how many French speakers are in Charleston. She said, "I loved meeting the French people at the macaroon shop." Everyone taking Spanish, it's time to consider switching to French.

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Writer's Corner

In this month's edition of Applause, we set out to highlight creative writers and their work from across all seven grade levels. In the following pages, readers will find poetry, short story excerpts, and vignettes from writers in each grade level.

Happy reading!

SIXTH GRADE

Sixth graders are hard at work with Ms. Miles on their poetry this semester, and they are preparing to write their novels in verse: short novels told through poetry.

Queries to a Something that is Nothing by Roey Leonardi

What is nothingness?

Is it blank like the
the writer's new white page?
Or is it cluttered like
Grandma's attic on the
coldest of winter days?

Is it an empty presence
like a fragile, pale cadaver?
Or a swirl of darkness,
like the depths of an ocean
that churn and blur.

Is it there but invisible,
like a strong gust of wind in fall?
Or is it vague and shifting
like the shadows cast
on a bedroom wall?

Perhaps it isn't
something at all.



Reflection by Elliot Blake Hueske

why doesn't a reflection hold more than just an image,
why not a song, a voice, what's inside you?

is the water or glass unable to capture your image
or hold all your thoughts and memories,
your secrets and dreams, like a colorful clay pot
overflowing with too much water?

is the glossy invisible finish drizzled over
a mirror or the moss and weeds
in a body of water making it dark and murky
is too thick and can only make out the faint silhouette,
like a figure on the horizon, too far away to decipher?

is it because people can be fake and phony
and only want you to see their clothes and fancy shoes,
their rings and necklaces, not the love inside their hearts
or the dreams in their mind, like a detailed porcelain mask
covering a true face?

why doesn't a reflection hold more
and show only a painted picture,
or a faint dim outline of something
unknown, why not a song, a voice
why only
a
reflection.

SEVENTH GRADE

Seventh graders are in the midst of Mr. Hammes' short stories course, exploring the bountiful worlds of place and gender.

An excerpt from "A Bill and Some Change"

By Taylor Kahn-Perry

The smell of burnt cinnamon and aftershave filled the room. Leroy's burly hand traced along his jaw line as he gazed into the antique mirror. Caressing the smooth "U" shape around his chin and cheek, his thoughts clouded with the snippets of a memory from when his father first taught him to shave.

"Can you hurry up please? Other people need to use the bathroom," he heard a voice say from the other side of the door. Leroy slipped out of the bathroom and into the hallway.

When he reached the living room, he inhaled the husky smell of burning wood coming from the fireplace and looked around at all the strangers circling the room. He was standing in the middle of his childhood home. Turning the corner, he found himself in the same room as the big-haired real-estate agent, who appeared to be sporting a grey business suit layered with a fuchsia blouse. "Yes as a matter of fact, there are enough bedrooms for your two kids to get their own rooms," he heard himself say to a potential customer. She strolled towards Bobby, prepared to give a similar speech to him. "Well, don't you look a little young to be buying a house? But you know what they say, something about the early bird catching the worm or something like that... anyway, how may I help you. It's a four bedroom, two bath—"

He cut her off. "Oh no, I'm not looking to buy. I was home from college over winter break and drove by. When I saw that there was an open house..." Leroy paused. "Well, you see, I grew up here."

"Oh, well isn't that fabulous! A true local, trying to be young again. Well, you are just such a cute little man, can I offer you something to drink..."

Saving himself, he mumbled something about needing the bathroom. Walking down the hall, he stumbled upon a glass case filled with trophies and awards of all kinds. They all had the same name: Bobby O'Neill. Leroy knew that name from somewhere. Rounding the corner, he couldn't shake this bizarre feeling that something was askew. Who was this Bobby O'Neill? As he reached the door to his childhood bedroom, he took a deep breath, restless to see how the room looked. Opening the door, his nostrils ate up the scent of the old wood and new paint and he was reminded of the time in ninth grade when he came home to a new color plastered atop his walls.

"Hi honey," his mother said. "I did some redecorating; I hope you don't mind."

He hadn't been surprised; his mother was always up to crazy new projects. As he stepped into the room, the first thing he noticed was the color. It had changed drastically from the mustardy shade his mother had painted it eleven years ago. Now, a cerulean blue glazed the walls, and a layer of numerous photographs slid around them. There were two parents in all of them. One kid. And Leroy knew who it was. Bobby. Bobby O'Neill. The wire-rimmed glasses, greasy brown hair, scrawny bone structure, and wrangled clothes of the person in the photographs were an exact match to the boy that Leroy had bullied all through high school.

Writer's Corner

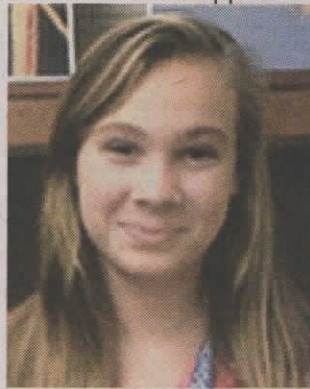
Continued from Page 10

EIGHTH GRADE

Eighth graders are jumping between their short stories and vignettes with Mr. Hammes, in hopes to hone the pacing of their pieces and say as much as they can in as little words possible.

**An excerpt from "Blue Corn Wasn't Always Grown from Paper"
by Sterling Windham**

She clutched her journal in sweaty palms. Every night before the moon ignited the sky, she would write down a favorite memory from when her dad was there. She flipped through the many rips and tears of the recollections she had ripped out and planted in the garden her mother was still digging around in. She had never really paid much attention to what was inside the box her mother had with her. She kept taking out pieces of crumpled paper and stuffing them into unsealed envelopes, kissing the seal before she put them into the black soil. Indigo winced at every kiss. It seemed unearthly for her mother to kiss something so lifeless, but she had kissed other lifeless things before, Grandfather's cold cheek, Rudy's little furry head, Bly's dead forehead, her husband's lifeless lips. Indigo turned away from the window and the cold scene and sat on her little bed in the corner under her slanting ceiling. It wasn't too late in the evening, and Indigo could still see the sun still struggling to own the sky.



**An excerpt from "Catch Those, That Fall"
by Chris Beckley**

"Then the woman falls into the arms of the man and cries. Whose arms will I fall into?"

"I'll catch you." She stopped wiping her eyes. Her pale blue eyes met mine. I heard the ticking of a clock. I heard the ruffling of papers as a secretary filed away paperwork. Clouds outside drummed themselves into the gutters. They brought other things with them: branches, balls, political signs reading 'Vote Obama!' and 'Romney/Ryan for a better America!' things that didn't matter now.

"I uh. Well I... um" She broke the silence, "Thanks."

I looked out the window. Across the street a couple was walking behind their children. The boy and girl were chasing sticks to the gutters. They splashed each other's glowing rain-jackets. The couple laughed, their hands interlocked with fingers and tied with love. I looked at my palms. I twisted on the silver engagement ring. Less than a hundred feet away, through the security guards and automatic doors, lay a matching ring. They were tethers that connected us timelessly. The nurse walked out, and I turned away from the window. I looked away from her eyes.



**October 1, 2012
by Rhyanna Bredlau**

There are the
something days,
in which peace
is finally made,
or ideas are
at last released
into the wilderness
that is our society.

And then there are
the nothing days,
where things happen
and yet nothing
grand has seemed to
be accomplished.

But even a day that
is a nothing day to one
is a something day to
hundreds of other people.

It is easy to forget
how little of a fraction
of human experience
we hold in this world,
but even easier to forget
about the billions of people
separate from ourselves.

Even so, they continue on
just as oblivious of us
as we are of them.

NINTH GRADE

Freshman creative writers are focusing on their poetry this semester with Ms. Miles, studying classic and contemporary poets from across the globe and working to expand their linguistic and creative palletes.



Freshman poet Rhyanna Bredlau's work in poetry has expanded her vocabulary and improved her use of figurative language

**October 18, 2012
by Rhyanna Bredlau**

Reforms come and pass,
as the leaves fall, sprout, and fall again,
but the will to change
is almost constant,
unless ignored,
at which point,
it shall vanish,
as the mists of
an early spring morning.



Writer's Corner

Continued from Page 10

TWELFTH GRADE

Seniors are working studiously with Mr. Hammes on their senior theses, due to be published in the Spring. Their projects range from collections of poetry to novels, each student writing at least one-hundred pages to complete the year-long assignment.

Excerpt from "To Liz" by Grace Collins

Jean told me hold your hand and the cold and rubber touch startled me because it felt fake. I clenched my jaw and touched your hair and I wonder even now if you felt it because it felt brassy and you really needed a haircut.

Will you let me do your hair again? It's getting grey. Your age of being half a century is showing.

Jean chuckled and I saw puddles of water forming in your eye sockets and at first I wasn't even aware that maybe it was tears.

And guess what Momma? I got a prom date! His name is Steven and he's catholic! He can't wait to meet you... I'm not a stag anymore; I'm not going to prom alone! Remember when you told me that at Your Pie last weekend? I can bring you some pizza from there if you want. I'll even let you do my makeup for prom if you want...

You didn't flutter your eyes open the way I thought you would. You didn't give me a hug or squeeze my hand three times to tell me you love me like I thought you would.

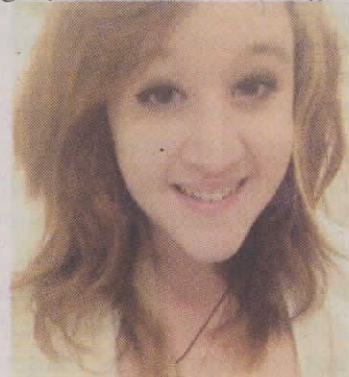
The puddles in your eyes just got bigger.

I exclaimed that your blood pressure was going up. It was 23/60 and shot up to 45/72 and I almost smiled until Jean told me it was because they had just given you more medicine.

Did you even know they were giving you medicine to keep you alive?

The tears were still in your eyes and I tempted to wipe them but decided not to in case you woke up and wanted to do it yourself.

Were you already dead?



Excerpt from "Only Kind Of" by Ashley Prentice

My mother didn't hold my hand on the first day of kindergarten. She didn't buy me new shoes or a nice book bag or even pack me a lunch. She blew me a kiss from the top of the stairs. Her smile was swollen in a way I didn't think a smile could swell.

At school they taught us that "M" is for mothers, and mothers mean love.

My mother means well.

I grew up in San Diego with my father. He said that he was never home because he was trying to find a job.

"Alex!" he would shout. "My Alex!" He held my small fist in his hand and told me how proud he was that I was his son.

Mother was happy back then. She wore yellow pinstriped dresses and red heels when they went on dates, and sometimes when they came home, she'd tuck me into bed and kiss my cheek. "My son," they'd say as they turned off the light.

But that was before father got a job. That was before Patrick, before too many nights at the bar. I was young then. I didn't understand why mother couldn't love me.

Her face got darker and her lips brighter. She was a gypsy among those San Diego streets. That's when my father left. He just left. Mother was in the kitchen burning our breakfast. He kissed her cheek, lugging a suitcase behind him. He didn't shave, and he didn't smell like her favorite cologne.

"Where are you going, mi amor?" she cooed.

"Papi," I grinned as big as a four year old boy could grin, "Papi."

Mother called him *el diablo*, and that's all I really chose to remember about that.



Prologue from Untitled Novel by Sarah Baxley

Jedediah's hands are still clasped in prayer when he hears the first gunshot. The sound of it rips through the forest, and Jedediah gets to his feet as the trees come alive with screaming birds. He listens, and a second shot booms, closer this time. Leaving his porch, he runs to the ledge at the end of his property and peers over at the trail below. The mountain air rings with the echo of a third blast.

Then he hears it, the sound of footsteps pounding over the forest floor like the excited beating of a heart, thudding heavily up the trail. Through a parting in the trees, Jedediah sees the boy, a familiar and tall, ungraceful figure running along the path with a swiftly gaining mob dogging at his heels.

The crowd stops to fire again. *Let it miss, God, let it miss*, he thinks.

"Angus!" Jedediah shouts. "Angus, boy, up here!"

He stumbles clumsily down the rocky slant, and the hill leading down to the path has never seemed longer to Jedediah as he staggers hurriedly over the carpet of fallen leaves and stones to level ground. The shot misses, cracking loudly against a tree trunk that trembles, showering the procession with yellow autumn leaves. He can hear their thundering chase ahead of him as he struggles to catch up. The town sheriff heads up the hunt in his damp blue uniform shirt, hoisting a rifle up to his shoulder to take his next shot.

Bang.

The boy falls, his body shunting forward into the dirt as the gunshot echoes in the trees.

"Angus!" Jedediah bursts through the crowd, having finally caught up to them as they stand, grim and gasping, around the still body. He kneels, pushing the boy onto his back with trembling hands.

The sheriff smiles. "Right through the heart."

Sleeping on the Job by Cory Steglin

Earth is like a giant basketball spun forever on God's finger.

But even God must get tired sometimes, right?

He cries—that's how rain was once explained to me—

so isn't it logical he might sleep, too?

He's got a big job, holding up the world.

Must be awfully tiring. What if He dozed off, relaxed His hand?

I picture us clutching trees, feet dangling above the stars. Fish falling from riverbeds like birds.

Maybe in their descent they'd spot the Sleeping Giant, world balanced precariously on His middle finger.



Paint The Town **Red** and **Gold** compiled by Shelby Oltmann

A list of art-related events around Charleston coming up in the next month.

Holiday Festival of Lights, November 9 - December 31

It's that time of year again everyone! Go to the James Island County Park for their annual festival. Grab your family and friends and go for a ride to see the lights.

Sottile Masterworks Series, November 17 - March 16

Enjoy a night of classical works by famous composers such as Tchaikovsky, Brahms, Rachmaninoff, and more! All concerts are performed on Friday and Saturday nights in the elegant Sottile Theatre and begin at 7:30pm.

Smoke on the Harbor BBQ Throwdown, November 17

Come around and visit Charleston Harbor Resort & Marina for an amazing two day BBQ competition. With plenty of food and drink, live music performances, and activities, the competition provides a family friendly, casual, and fun event.

Charleston Jazz Orchestra Holiday Swing, November 21

Looking to add some jazz to your holiday cheer? A visit to the Charleston Music Hall to see the Charleston Jazz Orchestra's "Holiday Swing" will do just that. If you enjoyed Jump, Jive, and Wail, you'll definitely have a good time.

Cloud Atlas Reaches for the Sky by Alex Berlinsky

Directed by the Wachowskis and Tom Tykwer and based on the novel by David Mitchell, *Cloud Atlas* is one of the better movies I have seen, and is well deserving of the ten-minute standing ovation which it received after its premiere. The movie shows how individual lives, past, present, and future, impact each other in such unbelievable ways. The film consists of six seemingly unrelated stories, each with its own set of protagonists, antagonists, lovers, setting, and time period which, throughout the film, converge and intertwine with each other majestically. The action is intermixed with powerful narration from the book, providing the audience with instant gratification while still capturing the beauty of Mitchell's pen. At just under three hours, the film never bores, but instead leaves the audience wishing there was more.

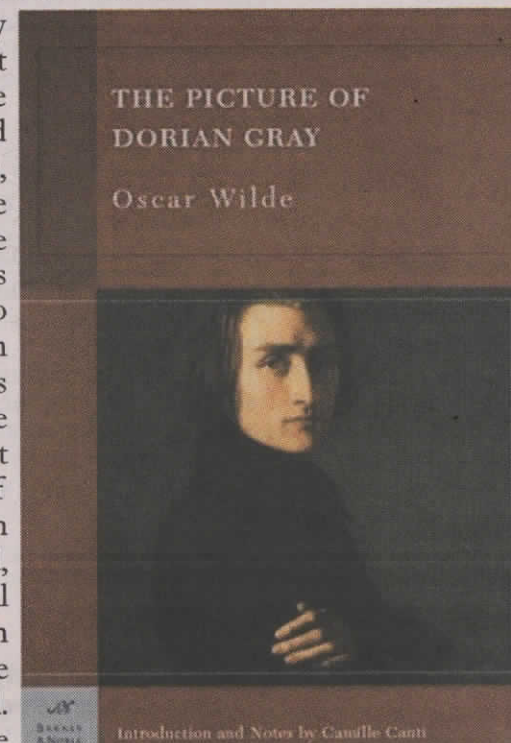


The acting itself is the stuff from which Oscars are made. The cast was challenged to learn multiple roles and were given the opportunity to play a part in each story. Tom Hanks plays a large role in many of the stories; he displays his talent through a wide range of emotions that is unmatched. The entire ensemble of actors was incredible, and their chemistry propels the film to new heights.

Dorian Gray Blows Readers Away by Madeleine Vath

The Picture of Dorian Gray by Oscar Wilde begins with a reclusive artist, Basil Hallward, the painter of the picture of Dorian Gray. He describes to his friend Lord Henry that he has put too much of himself into the picture to be able to display it publicly. He instead gives it to the subject of the painting, the soon to be vain and unscrupulous Dorian Gray. Gray fears that his beauty and youth, the only things worthy of noting about the man, will someday fade and the painting will only serve to mock him of what he once was. He longs for the painting to bear his age in place of himself.

Dorian Gray, after many cruel deeds, realizes that his wish has come true: the painting is bearing his age and his sins. Once he realizes this, he does what any honorable man would do: try to make amends. However, he finds that it is not possible to undo that which has already been done. Instead of turning his life around at this point, he continues with his errant ways of living in pursuit of worldly pleasures. Filled with revenge, deceit, and hatred, *The Picture of Dorian Gray* will not disappoint a reader. In my opinion, Dorian is more of a victim than a criminal. He is manipulated by the superficiality of society, by his new friends, and by the idea that pleasure is the only good there is. In the end, it is his choice to commit the evil that he did. All in all, I give this book a nine out of ten. It is a bit difficult to follow at times, but is well worth the occasional confusion to discover the perfect ending that follows.





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7th Grade Girls Cap Unbeaten Season in Style by Cameron Lloyd

The seventh grade girls' team finished up their season as the undefeated champs of the City of Charleston Middle School league. Their tournament featured two games; they first had to play Fort Johnson. The girls came out and fought hard, after losing the first set the pressure settled and the pre-game butterflies had flown.

After coming back and winning the second set on a speedy serve by Katie Brown, it ended up going to the third set, which is played to fifteen. The girls put a solid set together and took the first game proving to be the superior team they had been all season. The following game would settle all the hype and tension. It was the tournament game against the Stratford girls' middle school team. The game started out in Stratford's favor. Apparently they had girls on the team almost as tall as me, and I'm 6' 4".

Our girls played their hearts out making sure that every serve was on spot and the hustle factor that was displayed is one I had not seen in a while. Winning a second set outright, took them to a winner takes all street fight, Rocky Balboa style. This set was intense with the score going back and forth; Stratford then took a 3 point lead seeming to take the momentum out of the gym. With one last effort these girls had perfect ending, including some spectacular over hand serves by Grace Tumbleston, Luba Bauer and Hunter Garner (ESPN top 10 worthy), and took the set 15-13, taking home an undefeated season and a School of the Arts Championship. Congratulations girls!



CITY CHAMPS!

SAT Tips: Volume 1 By Madeleine Vath

As juniors and seniors prepare for the SATs, Applause offers a few pointers to help them make the best score they can

Many websites tell students to study for the SAT by doing things such as taking an SAT Prep class, but honestly, your money would be better spent elsewhere. Over the course of the year, I will share with you the best ways to prepare for the SAT and what kinds of questions to look out for.

Tip #1: Sign up for the SAT Question of the Day at sat.collegeboard.org/practice/sat-question-of-the-day. The website explains the answer to the daily question and lists the percentage of people who answered correctly.

Tip #2: Study your PSAT results; I have taken both and the SAT seems no harder than the PSAT, only longer. By examining your results, you should be able to see which areas you need the most help in and construct a study plan from there.



Fall Sports Season Wraps Up by Alex Berlinsky

As the fall sports schedule comes to a close, we caught up with the SOA athletes who shined for their homeschools.



"This season, I had a career best of a 38 yard field goal against Conway, and I perfected my onside kicks."

Caroline Cashion, Junior Strings Major and West Ashley Wildcats Kicker



"West Ashley Men's Swimming had its strongest year yet, with a 6-2 winning record. We had our first region championship in five years, and had 3 boys qualify for the State Championship in Columbia. It was a great way to kickoff my junior year."

Ben Rindge, Junior Dance Major and West Ashley Wildcats Swimmer



"After Wando's first round playoff loss to White Knoll HS, it is tough to let the season go, but now my teammates and I can start training and getting ready for the season to come."

Conor Gatton, Junior Creative Writer and Wando Warriors Defensive End



"I would say that playing football at Wando was one of my most treasured experience. I made family that I will never forget and always love."

Clayton Rosenbaum, Junior Theatre Major and Wando Kicker



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POINT/COUNTERPOINT

Each month, Applause pits two students with opposing opinions to express their side of things in a battle for supreme radness. Who will win? That's for you to decide. This month, Alex Berlinsky and Will Waters debate that sacred Thanksgiving question...

TOPIC: TURKEY OR HAM

WILL'S POINT

I am a ham man; always have been, always will be. Ham is superior to turkey in every conceivable way. From taste to texture turkey will never be on the same level as ham. Ham which can come in many forms including my favorite honey spiral ham is often healthier than its counterpart turkey. Twofoods.com compared 100 grams of ham to turkey, ham had only 163 calories where as turkey had a staggering 187 calories. Have fun running that off turkey lovers. Turkey consumers also run the risk of experiencing, "acute-onset vomiting, watery non-bloody diarrhea with abdominal cramps, and nausea," according to the Center for Disease Control. The norovirus which causes these symptoms, is found in birds. Consuming turkey also causes a risk for the public well being. When millions of Americans consume turkey all at once they will all also be consuming the sleep narcotic, tryptophan. After the feast, these Americans will drive home, falling asleep at the wheel causing all of our insurance rates to go up and risking the lives of all motorists they encounter.



If I have not convinced you yet let's talk about taste. If you want a meat which tastes dry, chalky, and downright tasteless turkey is perfect for you. But alas if you have a cultured pallet that seeks a meat with vibrant taste, juicy meat, great color and many uses, ham is your meat. As a red blooded American, I personally cannot wait for the wonderful holiday of Thanksgiving. Thanksgiving is a time for friends and family to all gather, eat, and to, of course give thanks. I personally will be giving thanks for only having to endure "Turkey Day" once per year.

ALEX'S COUNTERPOINT

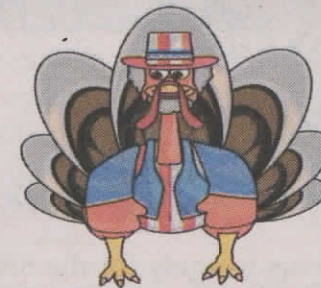
Thanksgiving is nothing without its own cultural mascot, its advertiser to the world: turkey. It is, of course, this wild bird that has given the holiday its endearing moniker, "Turkey Day." Thanksgiving's nothing without its signature bird; no family, friends, or football can match its importance to Big Pilgrim Day.

Ham, in its rightful place, is fine. I don't think that anyone can argue on the tasty snack that a deliciously prepared ham and cheese sandwich can provide, but on Thanksgiving, of all days, it is out of its element. No kindergarteners have spent the past week making little hams with their hands, no fathers out with their friends frying a big ol' ham, and I have never seen the majesty of the Macy's Thanksgiving Day Parade sullied with the presence of a big, fat, dirty pig running around in lieu of the famous turkey float. So go ahead, prepare yourself a ham, and have fun eating it alone, without any of your Jewish or Muslim friends, as both religions do not allow ham's consumption.

It seems that the turkey has a monopoly on the falltime festivities, and why stop it? Ben Franklin was no fool when he suggested that we make the wild turkey our national bird. Although the other founding fathers didn't agree with Benny, I don't think that anyone could argue that turkey is not our nation's most delicious bird, and the other founders clearly didn't get a taste of the bald eagle before they made their choice; that skin is rough as nails.

This year, everyone ought to sit around the table and give thanks for the gobble-gobble; there's plenty of time for a juicy ham in the winter, but autumn is turkey territory.

HAPPY THANKSGIVING FROM THE APPLAUSE STAFF!

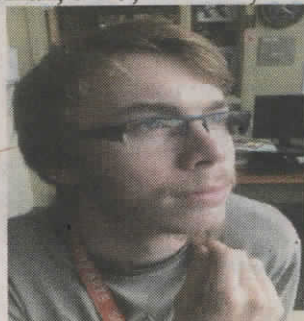


Movember gets scruffy by Shelby Oltmann

Every November, thousands of men (and even women) take the "no shave November" challenge, going approximately 30 days without shaving. Most people do it for fun; however, most don't know that "Movember" is to raise money and awareness for men's health. In 2011, about 854,000 people officially registered on www.movember.com and collectively raised around 299.7 million dollars.

Many of you may have noticed a new abundance of facial hair (or in the case of a certain Applause writer-- leg hair) around campus. While these students aren't necessarily officially registered, they show their support by sporting their moustaches and beards with no shame.

Via the moustache, Movember aims to fulfill its vision of having an everlasting impact on the face of men's health by continuing to spark conversation and spread awareness of men's health issues each year. We may be small, SOA, but every little bit of support counts.



Senior Will Issacson and science teacher Mr. Southwick have grown out their beards to majestic new lengths

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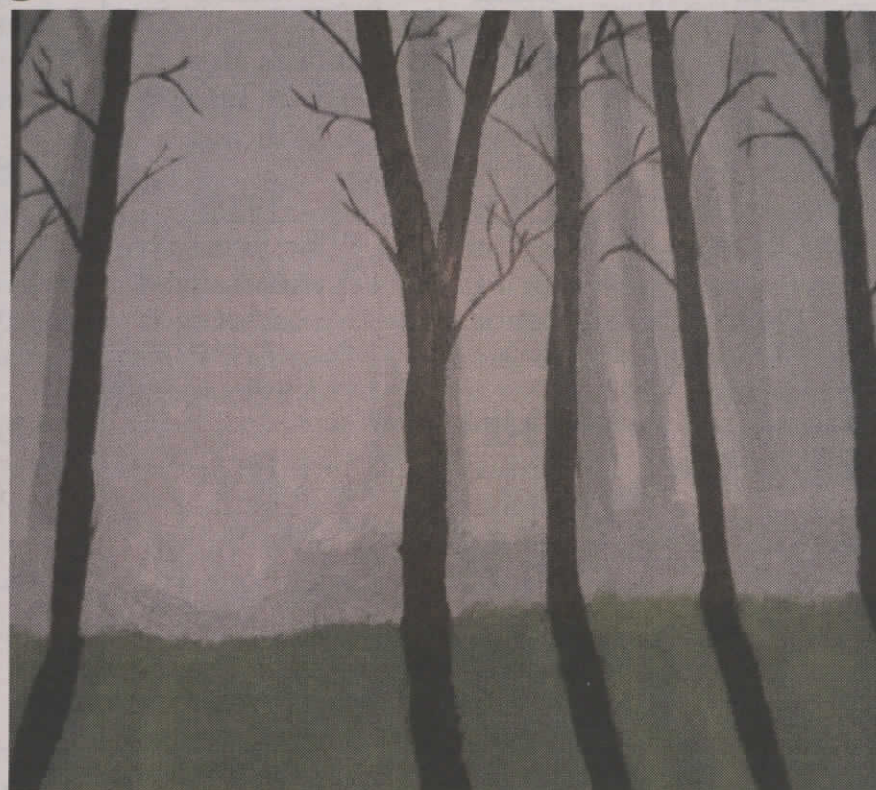
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E-Mail: DrBohac@AngelOakEyeCenter.com

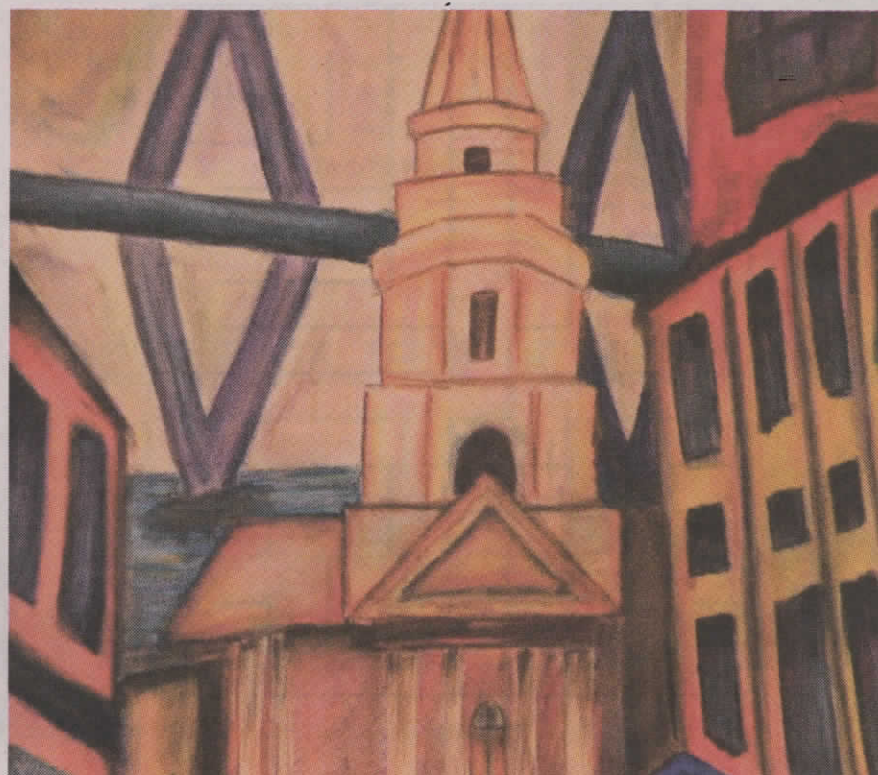
Hours: Mon-Fri 9-6 • Sat by Appointment

Student Artwork

Katy Welborn, 7th Grade Jen Smith, 12th Grade



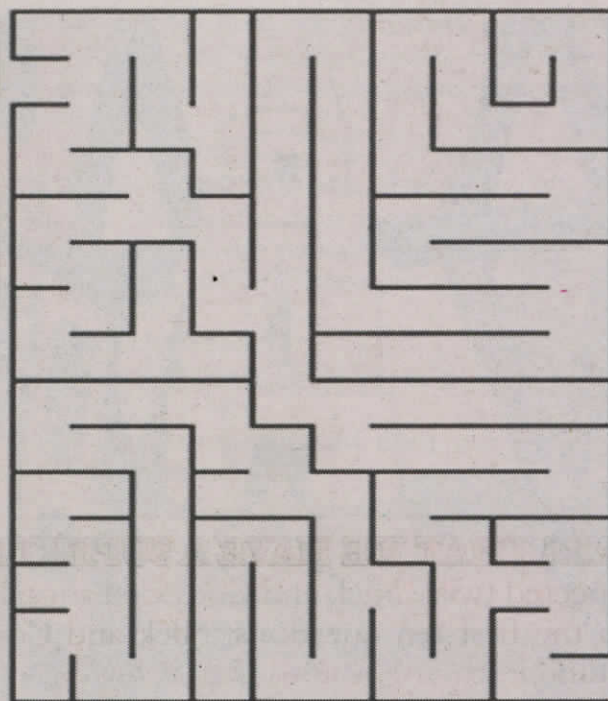
Fred Horton, 8th Grade Hannah Demos, 10th Grade



This Week in History by Madeleine Vath

FRI 11/16	SAT 11/17	SUN 11/18	MON 11/19	TUE 11/20	WED 11/21	THU 11/22
<p>1272: King Henry III dies</p> <p>1907: Oklahoma becomes the 46th US state</p> <p>1945: Cold War Operation Paperclip is put into effect</p> <p>Button Day</p>	<p>1558: The Elizabethan era begins with the death of Mary I</p> <p>1753: Gotthilf Heinrich Ernst Muhlenberg is born</p> <p>1849: Prince Alexander of Hohenlohe-Waldenburg-</p>	<p>1307: William Tell shoots an apple off of his son's head</p> <p>1928: The first fully synchronized cartoon, <i>Steamboat Willie</i>, is released</p> <p>1963: The first push-button telephone goes into service</p> <p>Occult Day</p>	<p>1831: James A. Garfield is born</p> <p>1863: Abraham Lincoln delivers the Gettysburg Address</p> <p>1962: Jodie Foster is born</p> <p>Have a Bad Day Day</p>	<p>1925: Robert F. Kennedy is born</p> <p>1945: The Nuremberg Trials begin</p> <p>1985: Microsoft Windows 1.0 is released</p> <p>Absurdity Day</p>	<p>1694: Voltaire is born</p> <p>1789: North Carolina is admitted as the 12th US state</p> <p>1985: Carly Rae Jepsen is born</p> <p>World Hello Day</p> <p>False Confessions Day</p>	<p>1718: Blackbeard dies</p> <p>1963: President John F. Kennedy is assassinated</p> <p>1984: Scarlett Johansson is born</p> <p>Start Your Own Country Day</p>

Help Ms. Miles find her Bricksquad chain!



Sudoku

	2						8
		5	6				1
	6					9	7
			4				2
			1	3	6		
	3				7		
2		4					1
3					8	4	
5							3

HOROSCOPES



Scorpio - The neighbor's new puppy is going to wander into your yard soon; I recommend keeping a spare pair of shoes with you at all times.



Sagittarius - While blowing out your birthday candles, your hair will catch on fire



Capricorn - Saving your work to the student network is considered stupid, but you're going to lose your USB drive, the same one that has the really important project on it., so I would advise backing it up.



Aquarius - It's time to reconsider saying "Hi" to the creepy guy who is always walking around your neighborhood. This is a friendly warning.



Pisces - Expect the Radish Spirit to visit you in the middle of the night.



Aries - I don't recommend giving your friend a rose; they will probably beat you with it.



Taurus - Start wearing a belt... just in case.



Gemini - Nothing particularly unfortunate, mysterious, or angering will happen to you this month. Consider yourself lucky.



Cancer - People are going to find out that you watch that really trashy reality show; you might as well just admit it now.



Leo - Over Thanksgiving break, you shouldn't eat the stuffing that your aunt brought... don't ask for an explanation, just trust me.



Virgo - You're going to go bald this month (if you haven't already). You should wear a hat so you don't get frostbite.



Libra - Most of your friends don't like you, I am truly sorry.

THE TRIVIA CHALLENGE

by Jakob Lazzaro

Do you consider yourself a trivia expert? Then sign up to compete in The Trivia Challenge! Each month, two SOA students will be picked to compete against each other. Whoever wins will return next month to compete again! If you want to compete, stop by room 1115 in the high school building during your lunch period to sign up. All winners will receive a \$15 Barnes & Noble gift card in recognition for their achievement. Both high and middle school students are welcome!

THIS MONTH'S TOPIC

It's time for Thanksgiving! It's the time of year for pumpkin pie and turkey dinners. To celebrate, The Trivia Challenge is all Turkey Day themed trivia.

QUESTIONS!

1. On average, how many turkeys are eaten on Thanksgiving?
2. Which president made Thanksgiving an annual national holiday?
3. Originally, Thanksgiving was on the last Thursday in November. However, Franklin D. Roosevelt pushed it back to the forth Thursday in November. Why did he change the day?
4. In what year did the Mayflower arrive at Plymouth?
5. When was the first Macy's Thanksgiving Day Parade held?
6. True or False. The Pilgrim's original Thanksgiving feast probably did not include turkey.
7. What was the original name for the pilgrims (what did THEY call themselves)?
8. When do Canadians celebrate Thanksgiving?
9. How many days did the first Thanksgiving feast last?
10. What is the dangling skin under a Turkey's neck called?

Contestant A: Cody Beasenburg, 9th Grade Vocal

1. 300 million.
2. Abraham Lincoln
3. Because they did not know the real date when the Thanksgiving celebration was held, so they approximated when it was.
4. 1675
5. 1983
6. True
7. Protestants
8. September 13th
9. Five
10. I used to know this... A Gobbler?



Contestant B: Nick Bentz, 12th Grade Vocal

1. I'd probably put it at about 30 million.
2. Washington. George Washington
3. Because of umm... daylight savings time.
4. 1647
5. 1908
6. True
7. Puritans, I guess.
8. 3rd Saturday of November
9. One
10. A Gobbledygook



ANSWERS

- | | | |
|--|--|----------------------------------|
| 1. About 46 million | 4. 1620 | 8. On the 2nd Monday in October. |
| 2. Abraham Lincoln | 5. 1924 | 9. Three |
| 3. He did this to extend the Christmas shopping season and thus stimulate the economy. | 6. True! It was mostly seafood and deer. | 10. A wattle. |
| | 7. Puritans | |

IT APPEARS THAT WE HAVE A SUPERTIE!

In a completely unexpected twist, Nick and Cody tied a total of ten times in a row! Along with the first ten questions, Nick and Cody tied every tiebreaker question (nine in total)! Due to this, it has been decided that they will BOTH return next month to play again. Stay Tuned!



"Katniss Everdeen from *The Hunger Games*. She is very clever and it would be fun."
Davis Hattler, 8th grade Band



"Jay Gatsby from *The Great Gatsby*. I feel like he would have some amazing stories to tell." - Sophie Ferguson, 11th grade Vocal



"The high school history teacher from *Waterland*; he seems very intelligent."
Ms. Rich, Student Teacher



"Luna Lovegood from *Harry Potter and the Order of the Phoenix*. She is funny and would make me laugh!" - Roey Leonardi, 6th grade Creative Writing



"The Grandma from *A Long Way from Chicago*. I believe she would be very spontaneous."
Mrs. Mitchum, 6th grade English Teacher

Which literary character would you invite to Thanksgiving dinner?

By Danie Johnson & Cameron Lloyd



"The Mad Hatter from *Alice in Wonderland*; he is so goofy, and dinner would be exciting."
Elise Blackburn, 7th grade Creative Writing



"Big Bird from *Big Bird Brings Spring to Sesame Street*"
Parris Byars, 9th grade Band



"Pippy Longstocking so we could compare socks."
Madeleine Vath, 11th grade Vocal



"Jacob Jankowski from *Water for Elephants*, because I admire his independence." - Gabby Dizon, 10th grade Dance



"Darth Sidious from *Star Wars*. He is really cool in it!"
Austin Worth & Henry Cain
12th grade CW/Strings