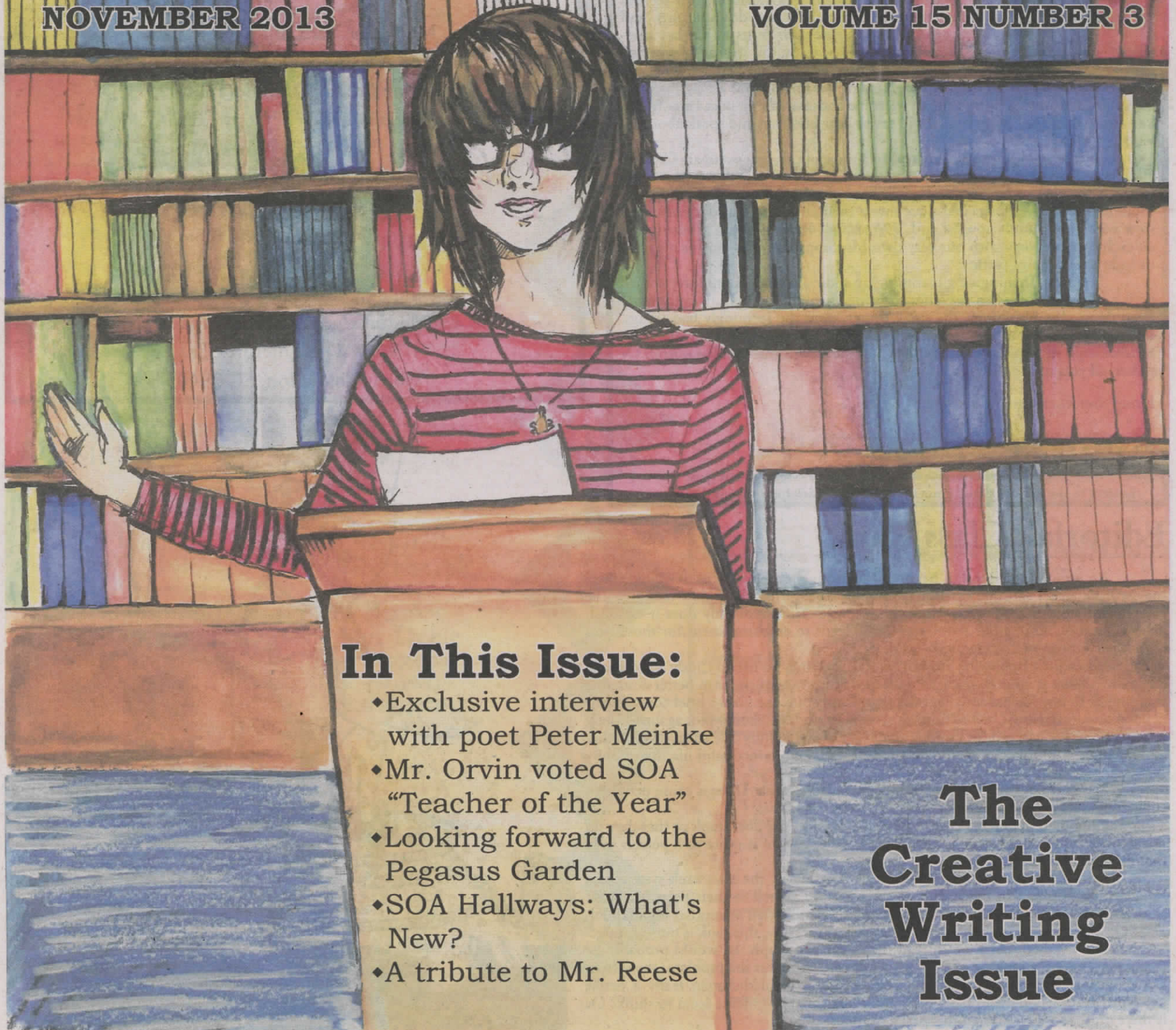


# APPLAUSE

School of the Arts 5109-B West Enterprise Street, North Charleston, SC

NOVEMBER 2013

VOLUME 15 NUMBER 3



## In This Issue:

- ◆ Exclusive interview with poet Peter Meinke
- ◆ Mr. Orvin voted SOA "Teacher of the Year"
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- ◆ A tribute to Mr. Reese

## The Creative Writing Issue

## Letter from the Editor

Ted Anastopoulos



"The consequences of our actions are always so complicated, so diverse, that predicting the future is a very difficult business indeed." Brought to you by Albus Dumbledore, these are words to live by, especially when laying out this newspaper it seems. Although it seemed as though we would not make the deadline, my staff pulled together and busted their butts at the last minute. As to why they choose to do this instead of working steadily over time, I have no clue, but here we are again, for a third time, this time bringing you a magnificently assembled Creative Writing issue to welcome award-winning poet Peter Meinke's arrival at SOA. I hope you all will get to hear him read and speak about his work.

In case you had not already realized, most of this year's staff are Creative Writers, so pay special attention to their reviews and reports this time around to catch their witty remarks and comments; they are always there, but they should be specially appreciated since this is their issue. Look also for an interview with young adult novelist and SOA alumni Ryan Graudin. There is also an exclusive interview with our very own Mr. Scapellato that may or may not include a very...hairsty picture.

Seeing as Thanksgiving is coming up soon, I would like to leave you all with a bit of advice when it comes to being thankful: appreciate everything. Everything. The big things, the small things, even the seemingly bad things. Everything has its purpose in bringing about the best outcome for our lives, so remember to be grateful for the ups *and* the downs this holiday season. Or rather, all year round. Always.

Enjoy your Thanksgiving everyone,

**MADELEINE VATH**

Letters to the editor? Email your thoughts to [madeleine@soa-applause.com](mailto:madeleine@soa-applause.com)

## Editorial: Class Rank

As juniors and seniors begin the daunting experience of IGP meetings, they will be either satisfied or dismayed upon discovering their class ranking. The class rank system is truly what it says in its name: rank. Not only does it establish dehumanization among our peers, but it also leads to embarrassment for those who do not perform as well academically as others.

When little Bobby Joe finishes his IGP meeting, his friend Cindy Sue casually asks him, "What is your class rank?" in hopes of learning if she is in better academic standing. If Bobby Joe has a higher rank than Cindy Sue, she gives a brief compliment of congratulatory nature before turning around to devise a plan to plot against Bobby Joe. If Bobby Joe has a lower ranking than Cindy Sue, Cindy Sue turns away with a look of smug complacency, confident she will lead a more successful life than Bobby Joe.

Is this really what the class rank system does to us? Does it cause people to compare others only to a number and not personal qualities?

Nobody is saying that these students did not earn their rank or that they do not deserve some recognition academically, just that there is more to a person than that number may suggest.

Aside from dehumanizing our fellow classmates, the class rank system also brings embarrassment to those who do not stack up as well to their peers. At SOA, somebody who has a ranking of 90 can easily be valedictorian at another high school. Yet, SOA only considers a ranking of 90 average. In reality, this rank is outstanding.

If a valedictorian were to read the above paragraph, he would probably be disgusted. To him, a ranking of 90 is horrendous. But that is the problem: the system brings notions of inferiority that are misleading. Is a valedictorian really a better person than somebody who has a ranking of 90 as many students seem to think? Or is there more to a person than this pesky number?

## Applause

the official student publication of  
**Charleston County School of the Arts**  
*Founded in 1995 by Rose Maree Myers*

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Thanks to our patrons for keeping *Applause* clapping!

## Upcoming Events

November 21 - 6<sup>th</sup> grade monologue show in BBT @ 4pm  
 November 21 - Junior Dance Comp in RMMT@ 6:30pm  
 November 22 - MS Dance Performance in RMMT @ 6:30pm  
 November 26 - Grub on the Green  
 November 26 - Powder Puff Football Game  
 November 27 - 29 - Thanksgiving Holiday

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 feedback!

Cover art by  
**Caroline Cash**

## SOA welcomes esteemed poet Peter Meinke

by Suzanne Jackson

*Peter Meinke, award-winning poet, will be visiting the SOA campus on Thursday, November 21st and Friday, November 22nd. He will give a reading and discuss his work during classroom visits. Creative Writer Suzanne Jackson interviewed the poet a few days before his visit.*

**Suzanne Jackson: When growing up, did you face any discouragement from teachers or adults when you shared your ambitions to write poetry?**

**Peter Meinke:** When I was young—a long time ago!—I avoided discouragement from teachers and adults by not sharing my poetry writing with anyone (to call this “ambition” would be an exaggeration). I was a closet poet. This was long before there were writing workshops in schools (an ironic fact, I have never taken a writing workshop). Some teachers told me I was a good writer, and I often had to read my essays to the class, and a couple of times to the whole high school in assembly. But for murky reasons I felt it best, growing up in a blue-collar section of Brooklyn, to keep my poetry writing secret. When I first showed a poem of mine to anyone, it was to a professor at Hamilton College, who looked at them and told me to go out and read the poems of John Donne.

**SJ: Who is the poet who has most influenced your writing style and why?**

**PM:** In a way, the aforementioned John Donne helped turn around my writing and my life. I stayed up all night reading Donne's Selected Poems—the first poetry book I ever bought. Ever since then, I have liked poems that were passionate, serious, witty, and formally accomplished at the same time. That led me to love the work of Howard Nemerov (1920-1991), an American poet whom I got to know personally. My first “book” was my Ph.D. thesis, a study of Nemerov's poetry which was published by the University of Minnesota Press.

**SJ: Is there a particular poem you have written that holds great significance to you personally?**

**PM:** I probably change my mind regularly about which particular poem of mine holds greatest significance to me, but, if forced, I would pick the poems written to the two women who have most supported me: “Artist of the Heart,” about my Irish mother Kathleen, who—when I finally came out of the poetry closet—loved the idea of my becoming a poet, and “The Secret Code,” about my wife, the artist Jeanne Clark, who has always supported me and my writing, and has beautifully illustrated a great many of my poems and books. I will make sure to read both of these to the SOA assembly.



Provided

Poet Peter Meinke will be visiting SOA on Wednesday and Thursday.

## SOA Hallways: What's New?

by Madeleine Vath

*Applause interviewed Visual Arts teacher Ms. Cimballa about the art being put up all over campus.*

**Madeleine Vath: What is being done to SOA's hallways?**

**Anne Cimballa:** The hallways are being transformed into galleries similar to those that you would find at an art museum. We are hoping to present students with art that spans from Ancient Greece through the mid- to late-20<sup>th</sup> centuries.

**MV: What is the purpose behind this project?**

**AC:** By featuring works of art from key time periods and by reproducing iconic works of art, we are exposing students, faculty, staff, and visitors to a visual history of art. The arts help document historical events. Art not only provokes thought and emotion – it allows a civilization, a society, a single person to leave their mark in this world and through that mark we learn about the world.

**MV: Who came up with the idea?**

**AC:** A team of teachers worked with Dr. Cook to come up with an innovative way to make our halls more dynamic. One of the things former students and veteran teachers said they missed most about the old campus were the murals on the walls. We wanted to put that energy back into the school, but we wanted to use the project to educate as well as beautify our campus.

**MV: Who are the main painters/muralists?**

**AC:** Students worked with muralist Rick Alexander to get a jump on creating murals on a grand scale. Visual Arts majors in Mrs. Nichols' 8<sup>th</sup> grade class and high school Visual Artists in Mr. Moore's and Ms. Cimballa's classes worked on a few of the key pieces. This year, Ms. Cimballa's 8<sup>th</sup> grade class is continuing to learn about art through the ages by creating reproductions ranging from a still-life found on a wall of a Roman villa dating from the year 50 CE to paintings by van Gogh, Degas, and Kandinsky. Students in Visual Arts 5 will be re-working a ceiling mural from the 15<sup>th</sup> century and students in both Mr. Moore's and Ms. Cimballa's high school classes will work on various pieces throughout the year in mediums such as colored pencil, watercolor, oil paint, and acrylic.

**MV: What are the themes for each of the hallways?**

**AC:** The earlier eras will be featured in the middle school building, taking us from Ancient Greece through the Medieval and Pre-Renaissance periods. High school will feature works ranging from the Renaissance through Neoclassicism and Romanticism. The fine arts building will have works from the late 19<sup>th</sup>-century through the 20<sup>th</sup>-century.

**MV: When will this project be completed?**

**AC:** This project will be on-going as students continue to learn about the styles of artists and art through the ages. We are installing gilded frames donated by Mr. Younts in the hallways to prepare for the works as they are completed. There is so much art that affects so many of us on so many levels – our goal is to fill the halls with images that we can all make connections with. Ideally, it would be great to have enough work that we can rotate images out, just like they do in art museums around the world.

## Pegasus garden: we did it!

by Desiree Horlbeck

Congratulations SOA! We did it. Through the generosity of students, faculty, and other members of the community, we managed to raise \$36,000 in 30 days for the construction of our Pegasus garden. A garden dedicated to “sustainability for the earth, mind, [and] spirit,” it will serve as an outdoor classroom, reflection, and performance area. Not to mention a striking area for grub on the green for all the lucky underclassmen.

Several students will have their time at SOA immortalized through the addition of a personalized brick that has their name and graduation year inscribed on it. The garden will also be lined with bricked “muses,” the idea developing from the tale of the nine muses – the nine goddesses that represented the arts and knowledge – in Greek mythology who were friends to Pegasus.

These muses will have the names of some of the most influential people in that subject area and art. They include Rosalind Franklin, Pythagoras, F. Scott Fitzgerald, Nelson Mandela, Henry Fillmore, W.B. Yeats, Wolfgang Mozart, Twyla Tharp, and many more. The garden sections will be softscaped with recycled tumbled glass, and many plants native to South Carolina – such as lowcountry perennials, grasses, small groves of river birches, a live oak, and other flowers – will be planted and grown. The goal is to create a space where outreach programs and plantings can be coordinated with SOA clubs and elementary schools in the area and where lessons on ecofriendly behavior and sustainability can be taught.

*Applause* was pleased to sponsor one of the four garden benches.



Provided

SOA students standing in the area set aside for the new garden.



Suzanne Jackson

Eight grade Visual Artists work on one of the future murals for our hallways.

## Fighting Gnomes take the wildest trip in their history

by Ted Anastopoulos

On October 12<sup>th</sup>, SOA's Fighting Gnomes Improv Troop traveled to Marion, South Carolina, to head an improv workshop with students from Marion High School. What was originally supposed to be a simple day of "yes and-"ing quickly turned into one of the wildest trips in Fighting Gnome's history.

The Gnomes were required to arrive at SOA by 6am. Following Mr. Younts' rule of "Early is on time, on time is late," the Gnomes trudged on the Theatre Department's recreation bus at 5:30am with bags under their eyes deep enough to hold groceries. Mr. Younts pulled out of the parking lot no later than 5:35am.

After an hour on a desolate highway somewhere in the backwoods of South Carolina, Tiny Tank **Rachel Hungsinger**, senior, had to release her bladder. The Gnomes pulled into a foreboding gas station covered in "Jesus Saves" signs, only to find the bathroom walls were covered in dark, mysterious stains.

The Gnomes also found a wayside garage sale next to the gas station where the gnomes overpaid \$3 for a small ashtray with a gnome smiling above it. That ashtray continues to rest on the dashboard of the Theatre Recreation Bus.

The Gnomes followed the garage sale with two hours of being lost in a vast wilderness of cotton fields. Hoping to never reach Marion High School, the Gnomes sat in the back of the bus, offering no direction help to the struggling Mr. Younts. The Gnomes did, however, convince Mr. Younts to stop at a Dunkin' Donuts for a quick breakfast break. After ten donuts, eight mocha's, four strawberry chocolate cookies, and three breakfast burritos, the Gnomes realized that so much caloric greatness might not have been such a good idea.

Pulling up to Marion High School an hour late, the Gnomes were in desperate need of pepto bismol. Upset stomachs might have hindered their performing skills, but the Gnomes continued to fight through six hours of nonstop improv. Frustrated at times with the lack of participation from Marion High School students, the Gnomes felt that this bunch of pickles just were not game enough to hang. Not even during a special performance of **Mattie Smith's** junior solo piece did they laugh or even remotely crack a smile.

"Why didn't the Gnomes just use the bathroom at Marion High School?" you might ask. Unfortunately, the bathrooms at Marion High School were equally as disturbing as the ones in the "Jesus Saves" gas station. Also, the stalls did not exactly qualify as stalls: they had no doors.

Upon finally completing their improv workshop, the Gnomes began to board the recreation bus. However, as they started to leave the parking lot, **Mattie Smith** noticed something peculiar on the side of the road. Walking closer to the odd object, Senior **Clayton Rosenbaum** realized it was a dead cat. Appalled at the treasure they had discovered, the Gnomes immediately began taking pictures of their new furry friend. Was it run over by a truck? Did it catch a bad case of polio? The world may never know.

Prepared for their three hour trek home, the Gnomes boarded the bus exhausted. "In my four years of Gnomes, I have never been on a trip this crazy. I don't think anything can match this," said Rachel Hungsinger.



**Mattie Smith** poses next to a peculiar sign outside a sketchy gas station.

## Junior class receives their class rings

by Anna Kalik

On November 9th, nearly every junior made their way to the Black Box lobby and lined up by teacher for the Junior Ring Ceremony. Those who usually sported athletic shorts, t-shirts, and sweatpants wore button down shirts, nice dresses, and heels (some higher than others).

The teachers presented in alphabetical order, aside from Ms. Catangay who was the last teacher to present. Toward the beginning of the ceremony, groups of students stayed on the steps waiting until their teacher called them over, and one by one they would walk across the stage. It was not until the middle of the ceremony that the groups of students would collectively stand on the middle of the stage, which took some of the individual spotlight off along with the pressure.

The audience consisted mainly of parents and other juniors awaiting their turn on the stage. It was very interesting to see what the teachers had to say about the students they had gotten to know, especially those students who I know personally but do not have classes with. The ceremony was almost three hours of rings, ring pops, and some teachers who gave particularly long speeches, however the ceremony was continuously interesting.

Teachers said only positive things about their students, flattering them in an exaggeration of compliments. Vocal major **Raven White** asked Mr. Rogers to present her ring, and he told her that if she were to look up perfection in the dictionary her face would be there. Band major **Jarby Brown** asked Mr. Clark and he said that he had grown to be an honorable young man. Vocal major **Callie Hatcher** asked Mr. Taylor, and after calling her an angel he got down on one knee and presented her with the ring.

Although most of my thoughts that night consisted of hoping I would not trip and wondering if other people would, nothing particularly went wrong for such an unrehearsed ceremony. Although I do not personally understand the importance of the ring ceremony I do think that it is a great tradition that hopefully SOA will continue for a very long time.

## Creative Writing Juniors impress Pat Conroy with incredible writing skills

by Suzanne Jackson

**Zoe Abedon, Maddy Seabrook, and I** all headed up to Columbia on Saturday, October 19<sup>th</sup>, to compete in the next level of the University of South Carolina Honors College writing contest which was to be judged by legendary novelist Pat Conroy. Our original prompt was to write a piece describing how we could change South Carolina. Our submission could be any genre, as long as it was under five hundred words. Two weeks later, we were invited to Columbia to tour the Honors College, meet with Pat Conroy, and compete in the second part of the contest along with twelve other juniors from around South Carolina.

When we arrived, we banded together as the only three students from the same school. After an introduction by the Dean, Pat Conroy spoke to us, reminding us of the importance of our individual memories and how lucky we are to have grown up surrounded by the unique culture and beauty of South Carolina. As inspiring as his speech was, the idea that we would soon be presented with a second prompt was quite unnerving. But after forty five minutes, we walked out of the room in a daze, relieved that it was over.

I speak for all of us when expressing my gratitude to Mrs. Miles for being a constant source of support and motivation throughout the whole process. Although we have yet to be informed as to whether or not any of us have placed in the final round, SOA has a good chance at being the school of at least one of the finalists!



Juniors **Victoria Vanderpool, Anna Kalik, and Emilie LaPlante** standing in front of the ring ice sculpture.



(From left to right) **Maddy Seabrook, Pat Conroy, Suzanne Jackson, and Zoe Abedon** enjoying the writing convention

Provided

Edward Jackson

## Congratulations to the Visual Arts Department

for winning 17 ribbons at the Coastal Carolina Fair. An alumni, Jazzy Jordan, also received 3<sup>rd</sup> place in the adult division.

### 1<sup>st</sup> Place

Rachel Burnett  
Kenneth Brabham  
Halie Stevenson  
Chloe Hogan  
Meghan Slowey

### 2<sup>nd</sup> Place

Amanda Kasman  
Hallie Garrett  
Leo Horton  
Jackson Averil

### 3<sup>rd</sup> Place

Sade Adewale  
Zoe Hyman  
Bella Fulk  
Michael Convertino

### Medallion Awards (awards with cash included)

Exchange Club Medallion - Piper Schaber

Judges Award Medallion - Abby Rumph

Tavaris Brooks

Graham Martini

Emma Kryway (our first 6<sup>th</sup> grader to ever get a medallion award!)

Congratulations to these students for their outstanding artwork! Also, congratulations to Ms. Cimballa's 8<sup>th</sup> grade artists whose paintings hung at the entrance and throughout the Flower Pavillion.

## Creative Writing juniors and seniors had a blast on their annual trip

by Noah Jordan

As a Junior Creative Writer, I consider the Lake Logan trip to have been an incredibly monumental event in my high school career. Choosing to treat it with the right amount of severity and a willingness to enjoy myself, the trip was, is, and will be a major influence on the constantly shifting paradigms of my high school mind.

Lake Logan is a place where writing presents itself as an actual viable option for your future through both a stimulation of writing enthusiasm and an immersion into the technical mindset of a body of writers which I have known with relative familiarity over the last four years.

Provided



Creative Writing Seniors and their teachers

The biggest impression the trip made on me was the reading of the Senior Theses in progress, which filled my mind with a flurry of fresh ideas and new-found inspiration to semi-concededly type myself into oblivion.

There were, of course, more sentimental and heartwarming moments on the trip, such as piano ballads in the conference room talent show, or Ms. Miles' teary farewell as we sat in the last conference-room meeting of her last Lake Logan as a teacher. Though there is good news, she will be back again next year as a happily retired guest writer.

The trip was also partial to the lighter side of life, including a surprisingly hilarious and at times scolding satirical news report about the students put on by the teacher for the infamous Suppressed Desire Talent-Show. Where subjects made fun of ranged from physical abnormalities to budding romances, a true show of the kinship between the Creative Writers, and a call for some to embody the humility which seemed to be in good show amongst most of the students.

It is this jubilant spirit taken with a grain of severity which I think sets creative writers apart, with such small classes and an art form which often times lays ones inner-most feelings on the table I think it is hard not to be close to your fellow writers and so on trips like these we develop deeper relationships with one another, rather than furthering the awkward and boring sentiments which seem to be associated with most school trips.



Creative Writing Juniors and their teachers

## Middle school Visual Artist receives great honor

by Desiree Horlbeck

A seventh grade Visual Arts major here at School of the Arts has been awarded a huge honor. **Sophie Estoppey** has won the "Youth In Philanthropy" award for the low country for her volunteer efforts. Three years ago, Sophie and three others started a charity called "Keys for Hope" to raise money for the new shelter at Crisis Ministries. In that time, Sophie has raised \$50,000 by painting old recycled keys, decorating them, and selling them on weekends at the farmer's market downtown and various other places. Each key symbolizes "shelter" and the hope for a better future for Charleston's homeless men, women, and children. The new shelter will include a soup kitchen, a free health clinic, case management offices, an education and learning center, job placement services, and a veterans' dorm. Sophie's donation will be a major contribution to the shelter's fund and will improve the quality of life for Charleston's unfortunate.



Sophie and friends display the decorated keys they are selling.



The Liberty Hill Angel Tree is back! Support NHS's Liberty Hill program by sponsoring a child this holiday season! Pick an ornament off the Angel Tree and buy gifts for the child it represents.

The Angel Tree will be put up outside of Mr. Lingren's room on November 25<sup>th</sup>. There will be 60 ornaments up for the taking along with a poster of information and instructions. The presents are due between December 9<sup>th</sup> and December 15<sup>th</sup>.

There will be an opening party on Wednesday, December 18<sup>th</sup> at the Felix Pinckney Community Center.

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# A TRIBUTE TO THE GREAT REESE

by Ted Anastopoulo

*Although we will all miss Mr. Reese, we must acknowledge that he has moved on from SOA.  
In his honor of his memory, Applause presents some of his finest moments.*



Reese Washington crossing the Delaware during the Revolutionary War.



Reese Napoleon, emperor of France.



The Reese calendar predicting the end of the world after his final exam.



Reese Delano Roosevelt attending the Yalta Conference with Winston Churchill and Joseph Stalin.

## We love you, Mr. Reese!



Egyptian Reese protecting the tomb of King Tut.



Samurai Reese prepared to protect Japan from Kublai Khan and the Mongols.



Reese Sacagawea guiding Lewis and Clark on their expedition following the Louisiana Purchase.



Reese Franklin contributing to the construction of the Constitution.

## Beauty and the Beast enchants the Middle School Piano starts off the year in full force

by Harris Lynam

The SOA Vocal Department debuted their rendition of Disney's enchanting *Beauty and the Beast*, this past month, starring Senior **Jess Rames** as the Beast, Junior **Abbi Floyd** as Belle, and Senior **Ethan Courville** as the self-obsessed Gaston (a perfect casting). Through the initial technical difficulties and some scrambling for lines, the Vocal Department managed to competently conquer the huge project in such a short amount of time.

The play itself required a startling amount of acting for Vocal, who memorably delivered an astonishing performance last year with their production of *Les Miserables*. Almost surprisingly, though, all members of the cast preformed at a caliber far beyond what they made us think they were capable of. Belle and her father conveyed their relationship beautifully; their motivations were clear and their dialogue felt real and emotional. Gaston was portrayed almost precisely to the movie in an almost shocking display of arrogance and pig-headed obsession that felt so true that I almost felt uncomfortable. And the Beast - with opening line *UGH* shouted from the back of the stage upon discovering Belle's father in his castle - was able to capture the frustration and pain in his curse.

Admittedly, I did not walk into the theater expecting much in the way of acting, intending to focus more on their always above average singing ability. I was completely, and happily, proven wrong. Though weak points are always inherent in a production, especially one put on in such a short amount of time, they were easily over looked for the enchanting and captivating performances of all cast members. I was truly honored to be their guest for the evening.

## Freshmen Theatre majors performance puts a twist on Hamlet

by Ted Anastopoulos

In the first performance of their high school careers, the Freshmen Theatre majors brilliantly put on the production *Hamlet, Zombie Killer of Denmark* on November 4<sup>th</sup> and 5<sup>th</sup> in the Black Box Theatre. Taking the traditional Shakespeare play *Hamlet*, the Freshman Theatre majors cleverly incorporated a contemporary theme of zombie slaying to ease the intricate language of Shakespeare.

Fog machines, serene lighting, and clever jokes kept the audience alive in the proscenium layout. Costumes were also a large part of the production. Actors like **Ally Vanderpool** and **Matthew Grant** said they spent hours creating their zombie costumes. Matthew Grant said, "Tissue paper and red paint plastered to your face make it look like your skin has been shredded to bone."

Perhaps the best part of the show came when all members of the cast performed their own choreographed dance to the song "Radioactive," by Imagine Dragons. Throwing in a mix of Michael Jackson's "Thriller," the Theatre majors created a unique dance to both begin and end the show.



Susan Lloyd Photography

The Vocal Department put on an impressive performance complete with authentic costumes and changing sets.

by Madeleine Vath

The middle school Piano Department had their first classical concert of the year on November 7<sup>th</sup>. I am continuously surprised at how much talent these middle schoolers have, and how much more they develop their talents between each concert. This recital was no exception.

The recital opened with Copland's *Jazzy* from Three Moods, performed by seventh grader **Vance Powers**. This piece consisted of many different clashing chords. Sixth grader **Robert Gourdie** played one of the next pieces, *Sonata in A Minor* by Benda, with particularly good dynamic contrast and calculating precision.

After his piece, seventh grader **Will Cunningham** beautifully performed one of my favorite classical pieces, *Prelude, Op. 28, No. 4* by Chopin. I could tell that Will was already in the perfect state of mind for this piece when he calmly walked on stage and sat down, saving his emotion for his piece, although it too was calmly presented.

The next piece, *Sonata in D* by Albeniz, performed by eighth grader **William Hepburn**, also was played with powerful emotion. William's body language and dynamics clearly showed it. I had never heard any of Rebikoff's music until eighth grader **Quinn Wilder's** performance of *Valse Melancolique, Op. 2, No. 3*. Her interpretation of this piece was a nice and calming introduction to his music.

Madeleine Vath

Later in the recital, I could feel the urgency coming through parts of seventh grader **Yuna Zhao's** performance of *Arabeske, Op. 18* by Schumann. This piece constantly changed moods: from cheerful to relaxed to swingy and even to jumpy. Yuna did a good job conveying these different emotions while maintaining the flow of the piece as a whole.



Another one of my favorites, *Fantasy Impromptu* by Chopin, was performed

toward the end of the night. seventh grader **Frederic Chen's** hands were like spiders on the keys, moving swiftly to tap the right notes at just the right times during his performance of this beautiful piece.

I really cannot comment on my little brother because, well, he is my brother. And because I have had his song, *Sonata in D Minor, K 1-5* by Scarlatti, drummed into my head so many times over the past few weeks that I could probably play it at this point (and that's saying something). I must say though that I do admire his dynamic contrast; if only every performer could play with such a range. Oops, I commented. Good job, **Keegan**.

Beethoven must have written *Sonata, Op. 7 (Rondo)* with eighth grader **Fanny Cheung** in mind. She brought the feeling of this piece to the audience perfectly through her emotions and dynamics. Her song may have been long, but never once was it dull because of the atmosphere she created with her performance.

Closing out the recital was eighth grader **Jenny Yao** with *Hungarian Rhapsody No. 4* by Liszt. She completed her performance and the recital with a flourish of her hand. Simply amazing. A stellar performance indeed.

Although I do not know all of the students, I could tell that they each brought a little piece of themselves to their respective pieces. It is always stunning to me how such complicated pieces can be performed by our middle schoolers. A concert such as this one is a perfect showcase of all the talent we have here at SOA. Bravo, middle school Piano.



Ted Anastopoulos

Matthew Grant and Ally Vanderpool pose in their freaky zombie costumes.



## Metamorphosis: a truly changing performance

by Ted Anastopoulo

In their last performance as a class, the Senior Theatre majors performed the play *Metamorphosis*, written by Mary Zimmerman. A collection of Greek myths focused on depicting the origins of the earth, the production included numerous acting choices that helped create an aura of conceptualism.

Using narrators to establish the background of each myth, the seniors rendered famous stories such as Midas, Orpheus and Eurydice, Phaeton and Apollo, and Baucis and Philemon. Each was portrayed as a different scene and presented unique characteristics in their plot and acting choices.

The story of Midas, played by **Corey Popowski**, served as both the opening and closing scenes. Midas, a materialistic king, finds himself the opportunity to have any wish he desires granted by a drunken tramp, played by **Clayton Rosenbaum**. Due to his covetous personality, Midas chooses to have anything he touches turn to gold. His wish is granted, but includes grave consequences when he accidentally turns his daughter, played by **Isabel Jurr**, to gold. To turn his daughter back to human, he must bathe her in a hidden spiritual pool. As the play progresses, King Midas eventually finds the pool and transforms his daughter back to her human form. This final scene ended the show on a positive note.

Throughout the play, a large pool of water occupied center stage. With two ramps on either side, the pool served as another way for the senior class to express their theatrical talent. Not only did it serve as a pool, but it also served as a wedding alter, a house, a reflection pool, and a candle-lit walkway.

When asked to describe how the seniors felt they performed, **Brook Bazemore** stated, "We nailed it. It was awesome. Rehearsal time was a big problem for us, so it was great to finally see it run so smoothly."

With part one of Senior Thesis under their belts, the seniors will now turn their focus to group pieces, which will take place February 27<sup>th</sup> and 28<sup>th</sup>.

## High school orchestra's "Thankful" concert set the season

Desiree Horlbeck



The symphonette prepares to perform their first composition.



Timothy Shaw shows off his representational acting skills on stage.

Ted Anastopoulo

## Wordfest: entertainment for all ages from all ages

by Anna Kalik

On Saturday, November 16th, Creative Writing majors arrived by class to the Barnes and Noble in Mount Pleasant for Wordfest. Wordfest, the annual Creative Writing reading, changed around its exact location in Barnes and Noble, this time exhibiting the writers toward the front of the store and directly in the middle of the travel section as opposed to blocking the entrance to the music section.

For the readers, there was a tumultuous attack of noise and people walking in and out of the store. Those in line were so fortunate as to listen to the poetic words the writers had to offer while buying books, though there was the occasional person who did not appreciate it and plugged in his headphones for the two minutes while in line.

The writers, myself included, took a seat in front of a podium and slowly made our way up when it was our time to read. The audience consisting of mainly parents, friends, and siblings, were devoted to every word, remaining silent when appropriate and clapping after each reader. Every grade had an hour time slot and read works that corresponded with what was being taught in that particular class.

The day was long for Barnes and Noble workers and Creative Writing teachers alike, but filled with incredible poetry, realistic stories, and a happy crowd.

## Mr. Younts ready to perform one-man show of *A Christmas Carol*

by Ted Anastopoulo

Chestnuts will soon be roasting over an open fire, and that means SOA's very own Theatre teacher, **George Younts**, will begin performing his renowned one-man, holiday show, *A Christmas Carol*.

Mr. Younts has always had a personal connection with the story of *A Christmas Carol*. As a little tyke in 1970, Mr. Younts said he would always watch the musical film version starring Albert Finney. Mr. Younts said, "Finney's performance was my first experience of watching an actor, along with being totally terrified by that third ghost."

In the year 2000, Mr. Younts played the role of Scrooge in the Charleston Stage Company's adaption of the play. Eventually deciding to perform his own adaption, Mr. Younts condensed the entire plot into a one hour time frame, using both the original source and Dickens' reading manuscript. It debuted in 2008 as the *Annual South Carolina Christmas Carol Tour*, and has received state-wide recognition.

In last year's annual tour, Mr. Younts booked over 15 performances to a variety of locations including retirement homes, juvenile detention centers, correctional facilities, homeless shelters, libraries, middle schools, high schools, and professional theatres. Mr. Younts said from his tour, he hopes to bring "the spirit of Christmas to audiences who have limited access to the arts or where live theatre is not frequently thriving."

Interested in seeing Mr. Younts playing Scrooge as he meets the ghosts of Christmas past, present, and future? Go to [www.touringchristmascarol.com](http://www.touringchristmascarol.com) for a complete schedule, plus insider access to pictures, memorable shows, the history of *A Christmas Carol*, and critic reviews.



Noah Jordan reads his writing to his peers.

Anna Kalik



Mr. Younts as the dreaded Ebenezer Scrooge.

Provided

## They Sold Them Down The River for a Song

by Senior Miles Counts

I.  
This story belongs to Granddaddy,  
though he tells it with reluctance,  
and sour mash bobbing in  
his coffee mug.  
He leans his right arm slick against  
the kitchen's marble counter-top,  
his left hand embedded in the fabric  
of his pocket.  
And he begins slow and hot,  
tongue tied to each phrase,  
chewing the sediment of his youth—  
the topsoil and forehead sweat,  
iron hoes and cotton—  
each word pulled taut  
like the strings of a steel guitar.

The scene set:  
blackened faces strained against a windowpane.  
Children.  
Their heavy overall cuffs wet with blood  
and cotton brambles,  
toes bent and calloused,  
straw hats and t-shirts shield them from the sun,  
the vast earth immobile beneath their feet.  
My granddaddy and his five brothers  
watched as electricity trickled into Hahn's Village,  
a shriveled crop-lien on Carolina's western border.  
There were blue star petals and box elders,  
Confederate banners,  
sweet as cherry juices running down creased lips.  
Their shack wedged deep in a ramshackle, two-bucket,  
farming town scarred by rust and Governor Johnston's  
runny gaze.

II.  
A single bulb.  
white as lye soap.  
Pregnant with light,  
cleansing.  
The family's Bible underneath,  
its spine fired leather  
its pages yellowing teeth.  
A single bulb:  
swinging back and forth,  
a manacle in the country wind,  
which whistled lovely and fine  
that summer  
in 1938.  
That wind colored with the snap  
of nooses against bark.  
And my granddaddy,  
the bravest son,  
the tin soldier as  
gaunt as one of Thurmond's bony fingers,  
puffed out his chest and wandered  
into the cabin  
as the company-man rigged the wire  
through the walls.  
And he approached the bulb  
in a sort of stone-faced trance of wonder.

III.  
And I wonder now,  
sitting at my writing desk,  
far removed from those killing fields,  
by a half-century,  
if he reached out and cupped each bright ray,  
if he let the light flood his body,  
envelop the synapses aflutter in his skull,  
held together the longing tucked within his ribcage,  
that blue thing his mother called a soul.  
I wonder if he touched the bulb  
and felt its blanket-warmth,  
wonder if he shielded himself from the  
faults and cracks that linger in the bones of  
all Black southerners.  
Those shadows,  
with funny names  
like Plessey  
and Till  
and Vesey  
and Norma Jean,  
the girl my granddaddy courted  
in the summer of '44,  
the girl he found stamped into the earth  
one day,  
face-down, sweat and blood pooling  
and undulating like the muck  
of the Mississippi,  
a girl made a rag-doll by the Reconstructed South  
and its tendrils,  
all fire and torn lace,  
tattered at the seams  
like the old coat  
Joseph was sold for,  
down the River Nile,  
his canoe gently rocking.

IV.  
From time to time,  
my granddaddy tells me,  
the bulb flickered off,  
the light and warmth leaking  
from the shack,  
a story in tributaries and rivulets.

## Fall

by 6th grader Loulou Hranowsky

Cardinals  
perch  
on  
picket fences

auburn leaves  
rake  
into  
trash bags,

wheelbarrows  
fill  
to the rim  
with rain water.

## Ma' Thobbnix (you do not love me)

by Sophomore Marija Giglio

Car rides there were long, but I liked having the wind slap against my cheeks because then I didn't have to talk and so my mother and I sat rigid in the seats and the wind kept rushing, rushing doctors and secretaries were rushing in and out of doors, we were in a room that was much too small with a chalkboard that was no longer black but multicolored with chalk dust and children were pushing and pushing shapes into holes, and we were pushed into a dim room with three chairs one for my mother one for me and one for the psychiatrist. She had a pen that touched the surface of her clipboard too much, and then my mother's feet touched the surface of the floor and she was yelling "You do not love me!" Ma' Thobbnix You do not love me. And then it was my turn to stand up and I said Of course I love you! You're my mother! And as the words erupted from my mouth I realized that was the best I could do this woman who had raised me in her womb would know until she went to her tomb that that was the best I could do. Never mind that she separated the nuggets from the peas and the sky from the sea no. She was my mother, and that was it. And my dear mother like Joan of Arc was there to lead the French, you were there, on the front battle lines of our Hundred Years War, but I claimed you a heretic because at the time I cared more about push-up bras than push up popsicles Mac more than making up Revlon more than resolving boys more than you. Oh, boys, Even if they lied to your hopeful face, It was wonderful to hear them tell you you were beautiful Because suddenly your mother telling you wasn't enough I did not kiss my mother goodnight for one whole year. And as she came into my room I wished I had looked up from the screen of my phone, My brow furrowed in concentration to see your brow, furrowed in confusion, not recognizing your daughter. I wonder if you recognized me then in the room, The day you told me my love was non-existent, With the three chairs and the clipboard and the psychiatrist I wonder if you ever looked at me and saw your baby again. I wonder if you ever saw me, Three years old, looking out through the window at the glorious thing that was snow and wonder when did that window become a mirror? A mirror that I spent 90% of my time in front of Trying a side braid a top bun a fishtail a waterfall a high ponytail a French braid a German braid I was spending so long trying to fit those pieces of hair into one another I sort of forgot That my mother and I weren't really fitting, we were more like squeezing, Squeezing like my thighs into those oh so slimming jeans, I want a child. I want a daughter. But will I be able to hold a tiny body in my hands, hold her pinkie and know that one day she will push my hand away. And will I be able to hold her head in my hands, stroke her hair, and know that one day, she'll stop asking me to French-braid her hair every morning. And will I look at her petal lips, the top with a sharp cupid bow like yours and the bottom large like mine, and know that one day the words "I hate you." might come out. They say we grow up too fast, But I cannot wait to grow up, So that one day I'll be sitting across the table from my teenage daughter We will be eating something I made, maybe pasta, We would've just had a fight and the only sound will be our forks hitting plates She will be twirling her fork and suddenly she'll stop, Look up, And say "Jiddispjacini, ma." Sorry mom.

## s showcase their work

in honor of this Creative Writing issue.

### Runaway Prince Writes Home

by Senior Alex Peebles

thanks to you father,  
 providing me with shelter,  
 good fathers must do,  
 putting a roof above my eyes,  
 that I never saw a star  
 ever once wondered  
 were some grand puppet master  
 upon it, controlling us through strings.  
 building my palaces high,  
 did not see the dissolving people in the street,  
 ever learned the word "suffering" in my studies.  
 filling my pockets with coin,  
 that I may purchase pleasure.  
 ways keeping something beautiful  
 out of my face,  
 ever had to witness a man hunch over  
 iron gray with time.  
 ever saw a child fall ill  
 corpse rot away into soil.  
 snatching me into a king,  
 to hold all others in his grasp.  
 placing me on your knee,  
 good fathers must do,  
 telling me that I am superior  
 of those wandering outside my palaces.  
 keeping my throat dry of humanity  
 emptying its bottle with a skull,  
 saving my barricaded young mind,  
 saving me from taking the smallest drink.  
 none my surprise when I discovered  
 a front door.

### excerpt from: The Empty Photo

by eighth grader Jessica Bride

Blaire Sophia Hardee was not always my  
 favorite friend. For three years, she was my sister, but I  
 used to watch her grow up long after her death. June  
 2000, was the day our dad punched a hole through the  
 wall. I awoke that morning to the sound and found mom  
 in Blaire's bedroom. She sat in the rocking chair, cradling  
 her, patting her softly and whispering, "Hey, don't cry. It's  
 just sweetie." Only Blaire wasn't crying, or making any  
 sound. She just stayed still in our mother's arms.

"Daddy," I glanced over at where he sat hunched  
 over the crib beneath a crumbling hole, "I'm hungry."

He stopped picking up pieces of the wall off the  
 floor and looked at me. "What, Rowan?"

"I'm hungry," I repeated, turning to my mother.  
 "Is Blaire still asleep? Why is there a hole in the wall?"

Mom held a finger up to her lips, "Shh, you'll wake  
 her up!"

### Storming

by Junior Zoe Abedon

On a night devastated by lightning and wind,  
 I dreamed of sipping snake venom  
 from a tall blue glass.  
 I sat in a puddle of sunlight on my rug,  
 unmoving as if afraid to break  
 the surface tension,  
 and watched as the venom caused my toes  
 to curl and wither like dying leaves.  
 I shriveled into nothing  
 on that halo of warm carpet.  
 I never felt so quiet.

Subconscious death woke me  
 to a world set in wild motion.  
 A storm warped the air,  
 howling and howling across the creek,  
 moving like angry phantom hands  
 dragging their fingers  
 through the marsh grass,  
 scraping over the sides of my house.

There was no comfort in blankets  
 and light from my bed-side lamp took away  
 from the deep vacuum of the dark.  
 My blood clattered like marbles  
 through my veins as the lighting  
 tore and tore at the fullness of the sky  
 and the thunder rolled through my lungs  
 until it was so familiar  
 that it became an absence of sound  
 I could feel rooted and dormant in my stomach.  
 Everything was ringing with the deep, charged  
 silence.  
 I searched for the quiet of dreaming.  
 I tried to erase myself,  
 but it was impossible to replicate the feeling  
 of nothing.

Swept up in the darkness,  
 I wished that anger could be as brief as a storm,  
 raging and violent and then slipping away,  
 like the soft return of sleep,  
 but it lingered like a closed fist  
 held tight against the body.  
 All through my house,  
 people were stagnant in paradoxical slumber,  
 hands momentarily relaxed  
 but I could only think of the faces I knew  
 and how many of them I have wronged,  
 a familial storm front raging and raging  
 in my head.  
 I thought of how empty the streets were at night  
 and what it would be  
 to walk until I knew no one's anger,  
 only the fury of my tired feet,  
 the silence of uninterrupted sleep,  
 and the solitude of dreams during a storm  
 blossoming like an opening hand  
 with the steady release of white noise  
 from thunder-filled lungs.

### Ars Poetica

by Freshman Tessa Abedon

Each idea in my mind is a prisoner  
 kept in a two by four cell with iron grates.  
 Before they were imprisoned  
 I forced them to commit a crime  
 when I threw them thoughtlessly onto paper.  
 Some of these prisoners like to flaunt their felonies.  
 Number 0017 embodies anger issues.  
 Number 0288 suffers from addiction.  
 Number 0920 has some psychedelic home problem.  
 Other ideas stay silent as death.  
 Like Number 0443: Love-who just "never knows what to say."  
 When I let him out for the people to scrutinize,  
 he shies away, not wanting to be seen or heard.  
 These ideas disguise themselves in suits and ties because  
 that is what the people, readers, want.  
 All my ideas pray for is to be wanted.  
 Each likes to think that they are better than the next,  
 that they have a better chance of getting out,  
 to get back on their paper lamb.

### Cemeteries of the South

by Junior Dmitri Grigorieff

I wonder if they ever hung niggers off Angel Oak.  
 It doesn't matter much anyway,  
 the roots still spread  
 under Charleston  
 like the aqueducts of Rome.  
 And they too make us a little dizzy.  
 It's not lead poisoning;  
 what made Nero play his fiddle,  
 but it made black boys swell up like  
 dark soufflés cooked in the river.  
 It pulled em trussed like dead hogs  
 from the back of flatbeds where they writhed in dust  
 like earthworms on hooks.  
 One died from a brick half buried in the dirt.  
 Sunday the congregation raised what was left of him  
 on the trembling back of their gospel.

And under us the roots still hold  
 and the water still runs  
 and a white grandma clutches her  
 Fendi bag she bought in Venice with a family fortune drained  
 from dead slaves and swaying cotton.  
 And dark fingers popping open in exasperation of the day's work,  
 blood red like the 2013 Lexus, or the manicure that is the  
 whip of the 1950's housewife.  
 And the county still kicks  
 the babies who crawled outta the wombs of massuh's dead girls  
 down the well of public school  
 where it becomes a mass grave.

## Where Were They Then: Mr. Sean Scapellato

by the Illustrious Graham Crolley

Seeing as this is the Creative Writing issue, Applause snagged an interview with the only Creative Writing teacher who had still eluded our grasp.

Provided

**GC: Where did you grow up?**

**SS:** I was born in Charleston, West Virginia, but at nine months old my family moved to Atlanta, where I lived until college.

**GC: What was your favorite book to read as a kid?**

**SS:** Tough question. There were so many. I remember devouring *The Lord of the Rings* when I was about ten. After that, in high school, I went nuts over *Catcher in the Rye* and *The Great Gatsby*. Then, when I was about sixteen, someone gave me a copy of Pat Conroy's *The Lords of Discipline* that got me thinking I might like to write stories of my own.

**GC: What was your first job?**

**SS:** My first employment experience was making biscuits and cinnamon swirls at Mrs. Winner's Fried Chicken in Clarkston, Georgia. Perhaps more interestingly after that, I was hired at Piedmont Hospital in Buckhead (downtown) and worked as an orderly and later as an E.R. tech and phlebotomist. And, boy, do I have some stories.

**GC: Where did you go to college?**

**SS:** I went to Furman when UNC Chapel Hill turned me down. I was Pre-Med/Biology until my junior year, when I switched to English. The thought of reading books did not seem like work to me.

**GC: At what point in your life did you decide you wanted to teach Creative Writing?**

**SS:** Yeah, who would ever decide to teach Creative Writing? Hammes, maybe? Seriously though, I never planned to be a teacher until I was jobless at age 21 and I happened to be standing next to the secretary's desk in the Languages and Literature Department of Austin Peay State University. A small private school across the street had a teacher walk out on them in October and they needed an English teacher immediately. Because I had a pulse, I got the job. I had no idea I even liked teaching until I discovered that running my mouth was easy. Twenty-two years later and, as they say, I am still at it.

**GC: Lastly, what are your views on F. Rutledge Hammes?**

**SS:** Do you mean the "Great Consumer of Bacon" Hammes?

**GC: Yes.**

**SS:** Okay, I think he is a paranoid, schizophrenic genius and I want to be his best friend.



Mr. Scapellato playing the drums in his earlier days.

## Where Are They Now: Ryan Graudin

by Suzanne Jackson

Creative Writing graduate Class of 2005 speaks to Applause about her inspiration and success as a young adult novelist.

**Suzanne Jackson: What style of writing do you prefer to read? Does it influence what you choose to write?**

**Ryan Graudin:** I am a literary omnivore. I will read anything I can get my hands on! Poetry, memoirs, young adult novels, classic literature, travel guidebooks. In my experience, the more widely read you are, the richer your own work becomes. My very first love has always been the young adult genre. Growing up I devoured books like *Harry Potter* and *The Dark is Rising* series. I carried this love into my own writing.

**SJ: What aspect of growing up in Charleston do you believe most influenced your writing content or style?**

**RG:** Charleston is such a unique place to grow up! And while it definitely nurtured my writing with its beauty and artistic soul, the thing that has impacted my writing the most has been traveling! I love exploring other places and cultures. It feeds my imagination like nothing else. My debut novel *All That Glows* (out 2/11/14 with HarperTeen) takes place in Britain and second novel *The Walled City* (out November 2014 with Little, Brown) was heavily influenced by the time I lived in Asia.

**SJ: Do you believe that attending School of the Arts for Creative Writing was beneficial to your career as an author?**

**RG:** OF COURSE! SOA was a place that really challenged me to explore different facets of writing. Poetry, non-fiction, fiction, the senior thesis course... every single one of these classes has played into my growth as a writer. The senior thesis was by far the closest experience I had had to the challenges of being a full time author. Finishing a project of that length is a huge first step into becoming a novelist.

**SJ: If there was one piece of advice you could give to any aspiring authors in the Creative Writing Program, what would it be?**

**RG:** Work your butt off. All of you are talented—you would not be in the creative writing program if you were not—but talent is only one part of the equation when it comes to being published. You need discipline and determination. Write every day and if you do not have time, make time. Wake up an hour early, or cut out that TV show you watch every night. Push forward and never give up.

Provided



Ryan Graudin speaks enthusiastically about her passion for writing.

## Mr. Orvin voted "Teacher of the Year"

by Anna Kalik

**Anna Kalik: What do you love most about teaching?**

**Heath Orvin:** Well, what I love so much about teaching is the day to day contact with young people. I am just a big kid at heart and I enjoy the relationship that we have that is based on mutual respect. When my students see I am having fun, they have fun. It is contagious. My grandmother was a teacher; my mother is a teacher; my sister is a teacher; I guess it is in my genes. Financially, you will not reap any rewards. Emotionally, physically, mentally - other rewards are untouchable. It is something that is intuitive; it is easy for me. If you find a job you love, you will never have to work again.

**AK: Why do you think being a good teacher is so important to kids' education?**

**HO:** Because we are their ground zero contact. We are where it all starts. All careers start with the teaching process, but always remember it takes a long time to understand nothing. I am just a big version of you. Those that think they are better than you are wrong. I learn from you as you learn from me.

**AK: How would you describe your teaching style?**

**HO:** Spontaneous. The best plans are no plans. I figure out what I am going to do during that day whether it is a current event or relating Cleopatra to Marilyn Monroe or relating the Battle of Hastings to what is going on today. It is relevant spontaneity that makes it interesting. We have no homework, we rely upon each other.

**AK: Do you think your teaching style is similar to or different from that of other teachers?**

**HO:** Different. Very different. I do not like to be fenced in; my style is a lot more outside the box. I like the old philosophers such as Socrates that always ask *why*. One question leads to another, there is no answer. The real learning process takes place in that banter that I share with you because, as you know, I never sit down. I sit out there with you. That is what the enjoyment is, learning from each other. Not learning from one person, not learning from these computers, which all you guys know I still cannot type with. But look where we have come as we discuss things. History is not memorization; it is interpretation.

**AK: What do you think is the best way to teach kids so the knowledge stays with them?**

**HO:** Talk. Discussion process. Give and take procedure. I make a point of tearing up scantron cards. It does not get me in favor with the administration by tearing up school property, but you are not a bubble on a sheet so I would much rather give essay questions, and short answer discussions. There are always questions on my exam such as "Why? What is time? [What is the] beginning of the end?" - questions to provoke the thought process. So when people say, "Oh, Mr. Orvin, he is just old school," but what is old school? It is new school. People do not forget old school, so to me, you remember the teachers that influenced you. I remember those at USC and Porter Gaud that took the time to talk to me. I do not remember those that did not have time for me, that would hide behind a newspaper or give me busy work so they could balance their checkbooks or send emails. That does not happen in here.

**AK: How do you plan to utilize your position as teacher of the year?**

**HO:** To represent the school in forum meetings downtown as Ms. Bronk and Mr. Lindgren have done in the past. I am a big advocate of retaining the traditions that we have had and enjoy. The day-to-day concept of student teacher relationships is being lost; technology is washing over everything. Now textbooks are going digital. Now they said you can look up everything online, but unless you have a blood and guts person standing up there with you, that is what it is about. It is the human touch in relation to communication, eye-to-eye contact, that is what it is all about. I will use this teacher of the year to represent SOA and what SOA is. To me, it is probably the best high school there is, not only in South Carolina, but also east of the Mississippi. Because where do you find not only the artistic abilities you have with the intellectual capacity to expand, but also the environment that is created to nurture that process?

**AK: Do you think winning teacher of the year will affect your teaching style in the future?**

**HO:** No. I am who I am. You know when someone changes to get attention or to get an award, that is a phony. I told you right when I met you your freshman year that you can spot a phony a mile away and you can see a real human inches away. I will never change.

Madeleine Vath



Mr. Orvin standing by the door to the Underworld.

## Club of the Month: Horticulture Club

by Suzanne Jackson

*Jack Martini, Junior Vocal major, shares with Applause what Horticulture Club is all about.*

**Suzanne Jackson: Chlorophyll me in on everything cool about the Horticulture Club.**

**Jack Martini:** The Horticulture Club is the place to be if you are an individual who is passionate about plants. Our main mission is to beautify the campus and teach students about the art of planting, growing, and propagating plants.

**SJ: What are some interesting things you have going on in the club currently?**

**JM:** Because the growing season for most plants is coming to an end, we are working on a few indoor projects. We are propagating African Violets via leaf cutting, as well as growing many types of bulbs indoors. One big project that we are working on is preparing the campus for spring. Soon we will be planting many varieties of bulbs. When spring comes around, the bulbs will be in full bloom, and School of the Arts will look immaculate.

**SJ: This might be a difficult question for you to answer, but if you were to pick your absolute favorite plant, what would it be and why?**

**JM:** Oh my... well I wish there was a definite answer to that question. It is impossible to pick my favorite plant, but if I had to choose, I would choose the Ghost Orchid. I think I like this plant so much because it does not have leaves; All of the plant's photosynthesis is done in its roots. At some point I would like to grow one, but because the plant is very rare, it is very expensive.

**SJ: When and where does the Horticulture Club meet?**

**JM:** The Horticulture Club meets every 2nd and 4th Wednesday of the month. We meet at 1:00 pm in Mr. Short's room at lunch.



Junior Vocal major Jack Martini

## 6<sup>th</sup> grade Now and Then: Favorite Video Game

by Anna Kalik

*The love for gaming connects us all, regardless of age or gender. Bridging the gaps between the generations, two SOA students share their favorite video games in the sixth grade.*



Senior Dancer **Ben Rindge** preferred playing Mario Kart on his Nintendo DS when he was in 6th grader.



Sixth grade Vocalist **Alyssa Nickles** keeps in shape while playing her video games with Wii Fit."

## 'Dear Pegasus' Advice Column

Anonymous



Dear Pegasus,

So there's this guy. Everyone says it's obvious that he likes me, and even I've picked up some of the more obvious hints. But he refuses to make a move. We've had so many 'almost moments' it's actually painful. What do I do to give him the push?

-Confused and Crushing

Well, Confused, I am going to let you in on a little secret. It is kept deep in the vault, so this is going to be a good one. There is *no* rule, written or unwritten, that a girl cannot ask out a guy. I have actually heard that a lot of guys appreciate it, because they, like snakes, are just as afraid of us as we are of them.

Guys are afraid of rejection too, and putting yourself out there is never fun or easy, so he is probably just as terrified.

If it is really so obvious and he has really dropped so many hints, the likelihood of him saying no is really slim. I say go for it. You really do have nothing to lose, and it is important to remember that this is only high school/middle school, and relationships should be fun at this point anyway. Do not put so much stress on yourself over this.

Any guy would be lucky to have you, Confused, and I am sure taking the step and asking him out would be just what you both need.

Send your problems to  
pegasus@soa-applause.com

## Coastal Carolina Fair does not disappoint

by Desiree Horlbeck

It is a highly anticipated event that occurs every year around the beginning of the fall season. That is right: I am talking about the Coastal Carolina Fair. There is something to be said about multiple metal structures meant to hold the weight of many human bodies safely, but built in only a few days' time, that turns barren land into a virtual playground for both children and adults alike. It is both remarkable and a bit scary.

Personally, I find that the risk factor is one of the most exciting parts of going on any fair ride beyond the obvious thrills the rides are designed to achieve. Aggressively friendly ringmasters that lord over the various attractions and attempt to persuade each passerby to spend every last cent on weirdly addicting challenges, a number of wondrous anomalies that are actually kind of sad (the tiny woman is the first one brought to mind), and rickety rollercoasters that leave the parting gift of terrified or elated screams as it rushes overhead: the fair is unlike any event ever experienced.

My favorite ride this year, the first year I was actually patient enough to wait in the extremely long line to go on it, was the Gravitron. Vomiting speeds and no real safety implements because the speed is enough to keep you stuck to the wall is a recipe for a good time. According to various reports, the Mega-Drop was as exciting as always but the ride terrifies me and I have vowed to never ride it as long as I live.

Besides the obvious magnetisms, there are also a number of cultural events and competitions that occupy those that prefer to keep their feet on the ground. Mini-pageants, bull riding, equestrian demonstrations, art and photography competitions (in which a number of visual arts students have won awards), and more. The fair is always something to look forward to every year.

## Sass Attack

by Harris Lynam



Madeleine Vath

Okay, this two part epic is brought to you by my eternal frustration. Here we go.

I. Busywork. As. Homework.

I think I speak for the entire student population when I say that homework should never be a teacher feeling like they need to assign work just to assign work. Asinine material that keeps me working hours to absolutely no real gain is pointless and flat out *stupid*. It is so rampant here, that I actually thought all homework was like that until this year. Now, the bulk of my workload is independent study and homework necessary to advancing my understanding of the material. It is not just fifty five problems I could have understood the concepts to in *ten*, it is articles and short stories that actually make me learn something and help me understand the class.

II. I do not have limitless time.

No one does, but *especially* not high school students. I work for this school an average of 35 hours a week and then go home and do another 5-6 hours of homework *nightly*. That is a problem of proportions I cannot even begin to explain to you. The fact that you, as a teacher, seem to believe that a) you are the only class I have, and b) that I will sacrifice as much time as humanly possible to read and annotate your forty page material by the next class. The amount of stress and anxiety you put on the average student is absolutely criminal, and there is only so much one person is able to handle.

The end.

## LIFE HACKS

by Madeleine Vath

For those who, like me, are most likely going to be living on your own or with a roommate this time next year, here are some helpful tips for saving space, saving money, or for just being plain awesome.

Take pictures of friends holding items you've lent them with your iPhone, so you will remember down the road.



USE A CAN OPENER TO OPEN BLISTER PACKS AND AVOID CUTTING YOURSELF.



## “Fast and French:” the Lowcountry’s *Rap Album One* quintessential piece of France

by Graham Crolley

On the fall Charlestonian night of Friday, November 8th, I found myself on the wintry and cobblestoned streets of our beloved downtown area, on the prowl for a good meal. My travels landed me on Broad Street, approaching a quaint city building with a sign outside exhibiting the pig and chicken emblem, recognized as a sign of fine local cuisine amongst the well-versed foodies of the peninsula. Yes, I am referring to the “Fast and French,” more traditionally known as “Gaulart & Malicet;” colloquially as the “Pig & Chicken.”

Upon stepping inside, I was hit with a wave of familiarity, as the “Fast and French” has been a favorite haunt of mine since my primary abilities were to cry and draw on walls with crayons. Now that I am a grown journalist with the intent to review this fine French eatery with a purely objective view, I am delighted to say that I have nothing but the fondest praise for the “Fast and French.”

The atmosphere is appropriately homey and reminiscent of a French bistro, with long bar-like tables situated eclectically yet stylistically through the length of the restaurant. Customers can sit and admire the collections of antique French champagne bottles lining the sidings of the walls, as well as the artfully arranged collages of pictures of the friendly faces of Gaulart & Malicet and various pieces of “Fast and French” memorabilia.

A glass display case of French pastries and cakes adorns the end of the front table, and the place exudes a feeling of comfort as much as it provides the essence of French dining.

As far as my meal is concerned, I was delighted with my choice of an elegantly prepared 10 o'clock: two slices of toasted Canadian rye bread topped with cream cheese and smoked salmon, with a fresh slice of lemon available to accent the already fabulous taste. Though they are famous for their cold soups, most notably cool cucumber and gazpacho, I chose to order the ham and potato soup to warm me up and was not disappointed in the slightest with its rich and savory broth and vegetables.

Moral of the story: anything you order from “Fast and French,” from fine brie, to escargot, to a croque monsieur, to what I ordered on that Friday night- ANYTHING- will be a delicious example of fine French cooking, in a location and venue that is nearly impossible to beat.



Provided  
The front door of “Fast and French”

by Noah Jordan

Jon Wayne, alternative rapper from Southern California, known by his pseudonym *Jonwayne*, has just released his first full length rap album. Simply called *Rap Album One*, this beauty of a project was produced by “Stones Throw,” a popular independent music label based in California.

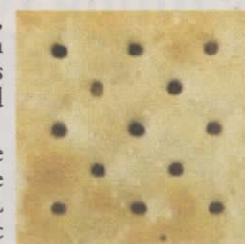
Jonwayne is widely known for his production; his first release was called *Bowser* and was fully composed of beats made by Jonwayne who has several times brought up the fact that he works fully in FL Studio: a very basic program for producing music which gives his music a lo-fi sound which Jonwayne uses to his advantage to induce feelings of nostalgia in songs like “*After the Calm*” and with faster percussions he clearly portrays his anger in songs like “*You Can Love Me When I’m Dead*.”

With wonderful use of videogame sounding synths complimented by hard percussion lines and clever vocal sampling Jonwayne successfully builds tension a tension which is let loose through his wonderful lyricism.

With a background that seems to consist of slam poetry, Wayne brings the heat with lyrics of a depth which is not usually seen in today’s hip-hop scene, questioning reality, discussing topics from bullying to politics or Wayne’s views on the current state of hip-hop.

Jonwayne’s lyrics are characterized by their poetic nature, with perplexing lines that take couple listens to understand, even a possible read through. For instance, in the song “*Reflection*,” where Jonwayne seems to be talking about his childhood, he gives us this chorus: “You can see me now cause there ain’t nothing else left/My brain is a disaster, I hold panic in my breath/If you saw me then you could never see who I am/I’m 100 years of torture with the bullet in this hand.” Though the lines are complex, they are far from meaninglessly abstract. He is discussing this idea of being completely forward and true when he raps. He is confused about his life. He then references his past and how different he was back then, and supposedly making some reference to becoming more confused as he ages, he then predicts that this torture of confusion will continue throughout his life. The last line is vague but the rest of the song suggests that this is an illustration of his distress through an image of suicide contemplation. The track ends suddenly with a shout out to wayne’s label as he yells “I throw stones at ‘em, I throw stones!”

Overall I really loved this album. I give it a 7 out of 10 after first listen, though I think I will come to like it even more after further listening.



Rap Album One’s cover

## Book Review : *On the Road*

by Harris Lynam

Everything is holy. The sound your shoes make on the linoleum, the smell of fall wind through open car windows going seventy on the interstate, the smoke a stranger holds in his lungs, children smiling in grocery stores, everything. And coming to this realization, even if it’s just a passing phase in your life, floors you with the knowledge that this is life, and you’re living it.

This is what *On the Road* by Jack Kerouac teaches us. The story of Sal Paradise, drawn hopelessly back to the promises of the highway and the raw, open America he finds there, *On the Road*, was published in 1957, when the younger generation began rebelling against the conformity demanded by the older. Written in the style of rhythmic expression Kerouac himself named ‘beat’, *On the Road* captures the humanity and hope of an endless west, the restless need to *move* personified in Dean Moriarty, who makes it all seem more viciously real. Fascinated by the consuming need Moriarty has to find a sacred ‘it’ (with the help of poet Carlo Marx), pushes the two of them, not always together, to cities, and highways, and back alleys, and apple pie and that shining perfect truth that the road is ever stretching, and there is always someone willing to go out on a limb and open their car door to pick you up.

The reverence that is given to even the mundane aspects of life, as well as the consuming, restless style it’s written in, compel the reader alongside Sal, until we’re all trying to find that ‘it’. Be it happiness or security or a golden west or an open highway. We’re all reaching after Dean Moriarty, hoping to find what he’s looking for and see the world the way he does.

And when there seems to be nothing but the confines of school and your house and your own crowded head, please know, “There was nowhere to go but everywhere, so just keep on rolling under the stars.”



## Graham Crolley Goes to the Movies! This Issue—Ender’s Game

Rating: 6.5 out of 10

I am a bit reluctant this time around because I am here to review “Ender’s Game” - one of my all time favorite books. But, I must remind myself, dear readers, that giving the movie an honest review, even if it is a bit on the scathing side, it is not doing the book an injustice.

Adapted from the 1985 sci-fi novel by Orson Scott Card, “Ender’s Game” is a movie that stays fairly faithful to the book. It is set in Earth’s future, where mankind is threatened by alien foes called the Formics. The movie follows the story of Andrew “Ender” Wiggin, a child genius who has been monitored by the International Fleet and is put into Battle School, a military program meant to train young minds to be the next commanders of the war against the aliens.

My main sentiment concerning this movie: “Ender’s Game” is a VERY complex story. It sounds simple from the outside, just another plot about humans vs. aliens, but the themes represented are ranging from intellectually thought-provoking to heart-wrenching. The sense of adventure and action is very palpable in both the book and movie. But what it comes down to is this: armies of *children*. The movie does a great job at portraying the same unfairness as the book, that these brilliant-minded children are being crafted into perfect killing machines - that Ender’s destiny is to win a war, to destroy and feel nothing. Here is the breakdown:

Pros: stuck close to the book, good choice of actors with Harrison Ford as Colonel Graff and Ben Kingsley as Mazer Rackham, effective outerspace cinematography, perfect representation of the computer mind game Ender plays, kept me on the edge of my seat, did a good job showing the personal struggle of Ender (his compassion vs. his violent ability)

Cons: predictable dialogue, casting not very likeable besides the two actors mentioned above, very fast paced to the point where someone who had not read the book may become a little disoriented, not enough character development with any of the main characters besides Ender

So, if I were you, dear reader, and I had not read the book or seen the movie, I would recommend doing both. Though the movie may fall short of the grand story the book portrayed, it is still representational of the world of Ender’s Game.

## West Ashley Girls Basketball gaining two SOA standouts

by Ted Anastopoulos

Two SOA seniors will be contributing to the West Ashley girls varsity basketball team this season in hopes of winning a coveted State Championship. The Wildcats will be hearing the roar of the latest addition to their squad, as Senior Band major **Shakaila Laribo** secured her spot on the elite team on November 4<sup>th</sup>.

"The tryout was basically a test of skill," said Shakaila. "I knew that as long as I played my own game and did everything I had been working on, I would be on the radar."

To help her strength and conditioning skills, Shakaila joined the SOA Rugby team. Come the tryout day, Shakaila knew she was ready to put the clamps down to assure herself a position.

Last season, under head coach Maria Williams, the Wildcats posted a 7-1 record, losing only in the regional playoffs to Aiken High School. "I am honored to be offered an opportunity to play on such a great team. I know that a lot of pressure is on us to do well, and I hope to contribute to the team's success," said Shakaila.

Shakaila will be joining Senior Theatre major **Alexis Fletcher**. Last season, Alexis was forced to sit out of the Wildcat's lineup due to a leg injury, but she hopes this year to become a prominent competitor on the court.

"I am so excited to have Shakaila on our team this year!" said Alexis. "I know her sassy attitude is going to win us a ton of games. In all honesty, when Shakaila is in beast mode, not much can stop her. Better watch out..."

## Marc DeLoach leads SOA to victory at Lake Norman

by Ted Anastopoulos

The SOA sailing team reached what could be considered the highlight of its history on October 19th, coming in second place overall at the Lake Norman Yacht Club High School Regatta. Divided into an A Fleet and B Fleet, SOA came out victorious as the best coastal team in the completion.

Both the A Fleet, consisting of **Nick Heinen, Fiona Lewis, and Marc DeLoach**, and B Fleet, consisting of **Sarah DeLoach and Noah Rigsby**, finished in first place twice in their six races. These proficient statistics were enough to propel SOA past 13 other teams, including cross-town rivals Ashley Hall and Bishop England.

"This was a huge success for our team," said team captain Marc DeLoach. "We executed well enough to be personally invited to a regatta at the New Orleans Yacht Club."

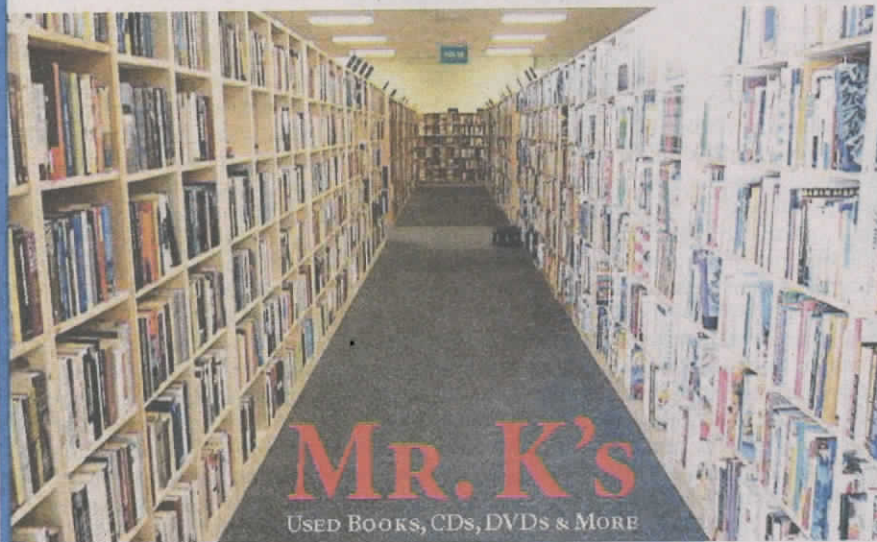
The fun did not end at Lake Norman for Marc. On November 10th, Marc earned first place in the Midlands Regatta and Southeast Regional Regatta in Columbia, South Carolina, absolutely obliterating his competition. Marc finished first or second in five of his six races. To put that in perspective, the second place finisher only managed to do that once.

From his outstanding race performance, Marc has now cashed his ticket to be the final participant in the 2014 World Championship Regatta, which is to be held in North Carolina.



Marc DeLoach receives the Willard Davis Trophy and an automatic bid to the 2014 World Championships.

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# HOROSCOPES



**Scorpio** (10/23-11/21) - Carly Rae Jepsen is a Scorpio as well. You know what this means? If you are interested in someone, you should just go for it. How, might you ask? Idiot, if you are asking that then you do not deserve to date anyone. You thought I was going to quote "Call Me Maybe?" Well, you were wrong. Keep spending your weekends alone.



**Sagittarius** (11/22-12/21) - This month, you will follow the pattern of the life of your fellow Sagittarian, Britney Spears. Everything might be going all fine and dandy, but it will become too much to handle and you will breakdown in public. Hey wow, "oops, I did it again," I gave you a really bad horoscope. Oh well!



**Capricorn** (12/22-1/19) - I am sorry about that comment about capricandycorn last month, Capricorn. If it makes you feel any better, this month will be one of the best months of your life. All because I said so! Is that cool, how I can control the future and everything? Wow, astrology. Wow.



**Aquarius** (1/20-2/18) - Kid Cudi is an Aquarius, which means that this month you should spend every "day n' nite" trying to be on the "pursuit of happiness." Word.



**Pisces** (2/19-3/20) - Justin Bieber is a Pisces. That is all I have to say.



**Aries** (3/21-4/19) - Brenda Song is an Aries, so if you ever feel like starring in one of the spin offs of *The Suite Life of Zack and Cody*, then you will definitely be able to embody London Tipton's divalicious attitude. You act like that anyways, so...



**Taurus** (4/20-5/20) - Your Disney Channel star astrology BFF is Miranda Cosgrove. So, this month, do not stress about anything. Because if Ms. Cosgrove has taught us anything, it is that we should "live life, breathe air, I know somehow we're gonna get there, and feel so wonderful."



**Gemini** (5/21-6/21) - Kanye West is a Gemini. Give this month your Kanye Best. Study for every Kanye Test, and when it is over, you can get some Kanye Rest. Kneel beside your bed tonight and pray to Yeezus for all your wishes to come true.



**Cancer** (6/22-7/22) - You share this sign with Selena Gomez which means, if you wanted to, you could date Justin Bieber. Are they even still dating? Wait, no one cares. Okay, but in all seriousness, if you find yourself doubting your boyfriend or girlfriend, remember that they "love you like a love song."



**Leo** (7/23-8/22) - Barack Obama is a Leo, which should definitely make you feel inferior because you could never win an election. Say goodbye to your dreams of being head of the neighborhood watch committee or PTA or whatever things adults are elected to in order to make them feel important.

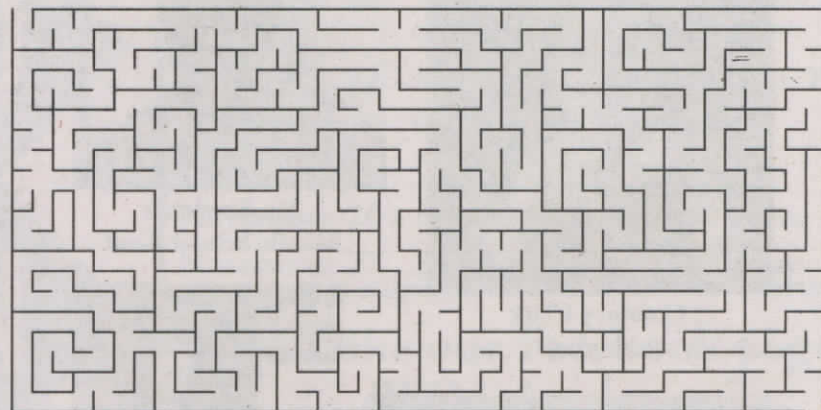


**Virgo** (8/23-9/22) - This is what I like to refer to as the month of the boy bands. This sign is held by Nick Jonas, Liam Payne, and Niall Horan. So, if you are a guy, this month is the month to actually get together with some of your bestest bros and start that band that everyone will tease you about for the rest of high school!



**Libra** (9/23-10/22) - Kim Kardashian is a Libra. This means that unless you name your firstborn child after a direction on a compass, then your life will be plagued with misfortune. Keep this in mind and have a nice month.

## Help Graham find his movie!



# FROM THE ARCHIVES

*Each issue we will be bringing back segments from past years in honor of Applause's 15<sup>th</sup> year.  
Thank you all for reading!*

## VOL. 5 NO. 2 "WHAT FREAKY THINGS CAN YOU DO WITH YOUR BODY?" 2003

What freaky things can you do with your face or body?

by Jeanne Albinger



Jenny Kleiman  
11th grade



Daniel Antony  
7th grade



Courtney Clark  
12th grade



Mr. Singleton  
Middle School Band



Kala Ward  
11th grade



Miles Merritt  
6th grade

## VOL. 10 NO. 9 "QUESTION OF THE MONTH" 2008



Mark Reed, because I'm related to him and he's a really good person.  
Brandon Kerr, 7th Band



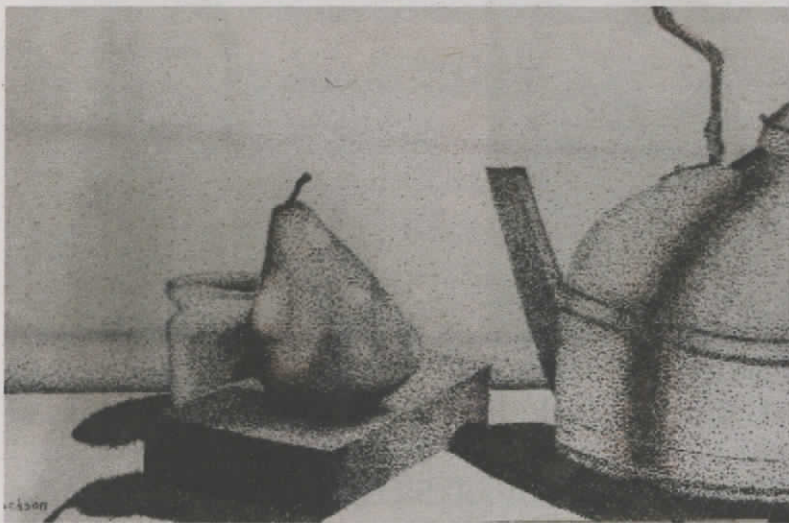
Samantha Wilcutt, because she's very hardworking.  
Ashtyn Liserna, 7th Dance

## VOL. 11 NO. 4 - "QUESTION OF THE MONTH" 2009



The new recording studio!  
Ethan Courville, 8th Vocal

## STUDENT ARTWORK



By Senior Visual Artist Jackson Knowlton



By 7th Grade Visual Artist Mahogany Christopher

## The Trivia Challenge

by Suzanne Jackson

In many ways, luring kids into the idea of participating in Trivia is like that scene in Charlie Brown where Lucy tells Charlie to kick the football and then pulls it away at the last second. "Trivia is fun," I say, "You are full of potential that has yet to be released because you have never participated. Come on, give it a try." And those poor fools will fall for it, thinking they might have a fighting chance at beating the reigning Trivia Empress Maddy Seabrook. You would think that Charlie Brown had learned his lesson the first time Lucy betrayed his trust, just as my fellow classmates should have learned that it is impossible to defeat Maddy. Instead, you will make a fool out of yourself and it will be published for the whole school to see. In the spirit of this blinding desire for glory that is shared by both Charlie Brown and SOA students, this month's questions are centered around Charlie Brown and his gang of pals. Good luck Maddy and Nikita!

### Questions:

1. What is the name of the girl with the short black hair who wears glasses?
2. Who voiced Charlie Brown in the original 1973 airing of A Charlie Brown Thanksgiving?
3. What color is the blanket that Linus carries around?
4. True or false: Linus and Rerun are siblings.
5. Who is infatuated with Schroeder, the blonde boy who is always playing piano?
6. What term of endearment does Sally use towards Linus?
7. Who is Schroeder's favorite composer?
8. What breed of dog is Snoopy?
9. What is the name of the little yellow bird who is considered to be Snoopy's friend?
10. Who is the composer who created the music that appeared in A Charlie Brown Christmas?

#### Maddy Seabrook

1. Peppermint Patty
2. What an excellent question!
3. Blue
4. True
5. Lucy
6. Hillary Clinton
7. Beethoven
8. Beagle
9. Woodstock
10. I don't know



Suzanne Jackson

#### Nikita Narodnitskiy

1. Hillary Clinton
2. Jim Carrey
3. Salmon
4. True
5. John
6. Carpet
7. I have no idea
8. German Shepard
9. Woodstock
10. Bone Thugs n' Harmony



Suzanne Jackson

#### Answers:

- |                |                         |
|----------------|-------------------------|
| 1. Marcie      | 6. Sweet Baboo          |
| 2. Todd Barbee | 7. Ludwig van Beethoven |
| 3. Blue        | 8. Beagle               |
| 4. True        | 9. Woodstock            |
| 5. Lucy        | 10. Vince Guaraldi      |

### And the winner is... MADDY SEABROOK

Why do I ever pick Nikita to do anything? Not surprisingly, Maddy wins again! Nikita, you ought to be ashamed of yourself. You are a disgrace. Next month, I will not tolerate this lack of effort. We need someone smart, someone cunning....someone who is familiar with the color of Linus's blanket. Seriously, Nikita? Salmon?



Noah Jordan

**"Mr. Southwick because he has no table manners and it would be fun."  
Malachi Jones, 8th grade Creative Writing major**



Noah Jordan

**"Mr. Younts because you would never know what is coming next."  
Molly Hunsinger, 7th grade Theatre major**



Noah Jordan

**"Mrs. Fairchild because I would like to pick her brain. She is very smart."  
Mr. Williams, High School Math Teacher**



Anna Kalik

**"Mr. Johnson so he can watch me eat a lot of unhealthy food."  
Sierra Crossetti, Junior Dance major**

## What teacher do you want to have Thanksgiving dinner with the most?

By Noah Jordan & Anna Kalik



Anna Kalik

**"Mr. Orvin because he always shows us a good time."  
Caleb Hurley, Freshman Band major**



Anna Kalik

**"Mr. Clark because he always has an interesting selection of food."  
Manny Byas, Junior Theatre major**



Anna Kalik

**"Ms. Crawford because she makes the best food."  
Madelyn Knight, Senior Vocal major**



Noah Jordan

**"Mr. Hunt because he has so many cool stories, his jokes are really good, and he is really nice."  
Jordan Southard and Caroline Salisbury, 6th grade Band majors**



Noah Jordan

**"Ms. Reed because she treats everyone equal."  
Nick Roddey, 6th grade Band major**



Anna Kalik

**"Ms. Bronk because I am sure that the entertainment would far outweigh the meal."  
Mr. Grant, Middle School Principal**