

The Scholar

April 2010

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Editors:

Paige Mason

Erin Creech

Hey guys! I can't really believe I'm saying this, but this is the last edition of *The Scholar* for the year. By the time you read this, journals will be finished and turned in, finals will be studied for and taken, and summer will have begun. Paige and I would like to thank all of you who have submitted throughout the year. We've put out four great editions during our first year as co-editors and couldn't have done it without all the wonderful writing and pictures you have contributed. Thanks for getting us off to a great start!

—Erin Creech and Paige Mason

Your 2010-2011 Scholar officers:

President: Erin Coates

Vice President: Adam Ryan Travis

Secretary: Mary Layne Harrell

Treasurer: Chad Holmes

Historians: Amber Watson and Danielle Cavender

Goodbye seniors! Best of luck with whatever you choose to do in the next chapter of your lives. You will be greatly missed.

Kid, you'll move mountains!
So...be your name Buxbaum or Bixby or Bray
or Mordecai Ale Van Allen O'Shea,
you're off to Great Places!
Today is your day!
Your mountain is waiting.
So...get on your way!

—Dr. Suess

As a child. . .

--Brittini Brewer

As a child, I often sat perched on the edge of the staircase with thoughts swimming through my head. The voices that were so loud surrounded me and seeped into my mind, making me wonder even further. What did everything mean? I was so confused. As my parents continued their battles, I began to wonder if I wasn't the source of all of their painful screaming. How could this have ever happened? Tears were constantly running down my cheeks as if it was normal to feel that way all the time. Fight after fight had been the same and nothing had changed between them. What could be done to stop this torturing of my heart and my mind? Night after night I would sit and wonder these things to no end and to no answer. I guess that is just how relationships are supposed to work? Little did I know that these arguments would last for a large portion of my childhood and teen years.

Looking back, I can finally see the major differences that I faced growing up in relation to the manner in which many of my cohorts experienced childhood. It did not take me long to figure out that what I had understood to be a normal relationship was anything but normal in every aspect. Attempting to grasp this understanding caused me many sleepless nights and struggles. My struggles stemmed mainly from inadequate means of therapy and the inability to talk about what I was feeling with my friends, since none of them had parents who fought as often as mine did. Healing was due solely to quality alone time and my speedy growing up process. Since my parents spent most of their time arguing and avoiding each other, my childhood was cut short and my emotional maturity was forced to blossom early.

It is only after years and years of thoughtful debating in my head that I realized the true meaning of love and I am able to recognize a healthy relationship and that I realized some of the crucial parts of my childhood development in which I was not able to partake. I often wonder about and question what exactly it was that helped me get through all of my many struggles without giving up completely. Every time I sit and think about things I always come to the same conclusion, it was only by God's grace that I was able to get through all of my struggles and the hardships that I faced on a daily basis. Thanks be to God for allowing me to stand with Him underneath His umbrella while the rain was pouring down all around me.

Ode to the Laundry

--Elizabeth Stokes

Laundry is a necessary task,
One of which my distaste I cannot mask.
It piles and piles with each passing day,
Until I must cart it away
Down to the Utility Room it must go
To be washed and dried and hung.
Oh it seems like this task is never done!

A lost sock there will always be,
Never to be seen again after the cleaning spree.
Somewhere between the washer and dryer of clothes,
No one ever knows where this sock goes.
It simply disappears into the thin of air.
Try looking for it and you'll pull out your hair!

And then comes the stain that will never come clean,
From grass to juice and everything in between,
You can scrub and scour and spray and wash
But only your hopes of it coming out you will squash.
For this dratted stain will never come out,
Even if you scream and shout!

Once it finally seems like you're finished
And the need for this task has almost diminished,
You enter your room and see the pair of jeans
That for tomorrow you must have clean.
They somehow escaped your previous thought,
And now the sight of them makes you distraught.
For you know that it all starts again.
The washing and drying that you so much hate
Seems to again be your fate.
Oh it seems like this task is never done!



Photo courtesy of Google Images

A Good Cause

-- Abigail Castleberry

Every fall, a group of students and I travel to Nashville to participate in the Tennessee Intercollegiate States Legislature (TISL). TISL, a mock legislature, requires that each delegate write a piece of legislation that is to be presented on the House and Senate floors. This year, I have decided to write my bill on a novel subject that will be beneficial to both society and the budget. I want to legalize prostitution.

Prostitution being labeled an illegal act is in no way beneficial to society. As the world's oldest profession, there has been little deterrence by making prostitution an illegal act, and instead it has been forced into the underground where female sex workers are placed in dangerous conditions. Furthermore, any financial benefit from the sexual transaction between client and prostitute go to criminals and criminal organizations. The female sex workers are also often the victims of rape and physical abuse by both their clients and their pimps. These women are often having unprotected sex with multiple partners who put them at risk of being diagnosed with STDs or HIV as well as their clients. When we discuss sex workers, we are not talking about mostly adult women, though. The average age that women enter into prostitution ranges from fourteen to sixteen, and 42% of these women begin working as sex workers before the age of eighteen. These women often have drug addictions which are fueled by their pimps in order to make them cooperative and in their service.

By noting all these factors, it is obvious that the state has a compelling interest to regulate prostitution. In countries such as New Zealand where prostitution is legal, vast improvements have been seen in the sex trade. Few brothels in these countries are operated by human traffickers and criminal organizations. Instead, they are independently owned businesses, and sex workers are even covered under a version of workers compensation (Accident Compensation Corporation). Furthermore, these sex workers have to be tested for sexually transmitted diseases, and cannot continue to work without providing their employer with a copy of their results. The conditions of these brothels are exponentially better. These facilities are clean, with areas for the both the worker and client to bathe, and there are emergency safeguards in every room that are available if the sex worker feels threatened. The legalization of prostitution would also be beneficial to the states budget, bringing in a significant amount of tax money. Prostitution is legal in the state of Nevada, and State Senator Bob Coffin has suggested a five dollar tax on each sexual transaction. It is estimated that this tax would bring in roughly \$2 million dollars to the state, and would help fund a counseling organization for sex workers.

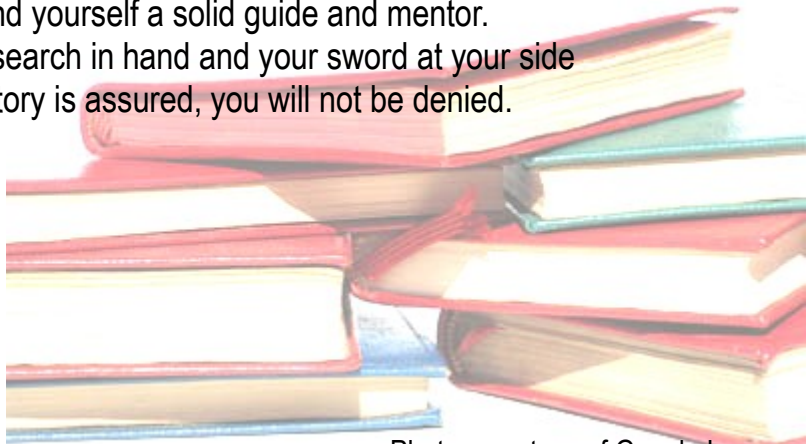
I am thoroughly excited about proposing my legislation. Noting all of the advantages, the legalization of prostitution would be a significant improvement to the present system of criminalization. If my bill passes both the House and Senate of TISL, it will be placed in a book for the state legislators to read, and maybe then our political leaders will see that there is genuine support for abused and mistreated sex workers in our country.



The Junior Defense

--Luke Sprague

The life of a third year is one with some fear
As the dreaded Junior Defenses draw near.
The threat of not passing is up in the air
Of being devoured in that dangerous lair.
But there is a way that some of us know
Of how to conquer this most dreaded foe.
In order to arm yourself up for this fight
You must let your mind begin to take flight.
The sword of knowledge and the shield of research
Will end the defense without as much as a lurch.
So choose a topic on which you want to know more
And find yourself a solid guide and mentor.
With your research in hand and your sword at your side
Your victory is assured, you will not be denied.



Photos courtesy of Google Images

Artistic Review

-- Marissa Wood-Sternburgh

A Bigger Splash

David Hockney, 1967. Acrylic on canvas, 8' x 8'.

Dear Mr. Hockney,

In viewing your piece entitled *A Bigger Splash*, I came up with several questions about the piece that seem to have more than one answer. My first question is what is causing the splash? My second question is why is there only one chair sitting outside the house, a good distance from the pool? And my third question is why is there no movement or sense of life in this picture?

Back to the first question, the reason I ask what makes the splash is that it looks too big to be something so insignificant that it would not be seen below the water. There is no indication of anything that could have made the splash through a shadow in the water or the diving board wobbling still from someone or something falling off of it into the water. It makes me wonder why the diving board is in the picture but apparently unused, and why the object creating the splash is hidden.

My second question, should there not be more than one chair sitting in a spot more relative to either the house or the pool? It seems that at a pool there is normally plenty of furniture to lounge in, eat on, or just sit at. Having one chair makes it feel like quite the lonely place in that the owner is uninviting of other people or he or she does not know anyone to invite. At any rate it seems that the chair isn't close enough to the house or the pool. It's in the middle of the space between the two, as if the owner is undecided about whether to sit by the pool and swim, or sit near the house and read or watch the apparent city beyond the pool. I can't decide why this strikes me so strongly, but the chair placement just seems awkward, as does that of the diving board. Neither is being used, but it seems they both should be, because of the splash location and the beautiful day depicted.

This picture seems completely stagnant except for the splash. At first I thought this was very odd. It seems to be a desert scene, which makes me think that the wind should be blowing and kicking up dust, rippling the water, and swaying the palm trees. It seems that there should be movement by living objects as well seeing that it appears to be a nice day to spend outside with friends, especially by a pool. The diving board also lay utterly still even though the splash could have been made from an object going from the diving board to the pool. At first I didn't catch the reasoning behind the complete stillness, but now I believe that it is to fully emphasize the splash after which the piece was named. It leads more to the mystery of the splash in that there seems to be no source, inside or from outside the pool which created it.

This piece provokes a lot of thought and puts emphasis on different aspects according to the rule of thirds as of photography. The splash is mysterious in itself in

that there is no source for it, which makes the stillness of everything else seem puzzling. The placement of the chair and the diving board, the unexplained splash, and the total stillness of the piece all come together to make an *almost* normal scene. The subtle quirks about the piece make it interesting and thought-provoking, and sets it apart from a photograph which would not be able to fully capture these elements. Overall I like this piece because of how it so engages the viewer if they care to look and evaluate the piece close enough to notice that it is not as truth-telling as a photograph, but has different messages because of this.

-Marissa Wood-Sternburgh



A Bigger Splash

David Hockney, 1967. Acrylic on canvas, 8' x 8'.

Run To Bed Now Child

--Ryan McBride

Run to bed now child
Run away to sleep
To dream of things unseen
And count the cloud born sheep

Run from day now child
Leave it far behind
Hide yourself in a land
Created by your tender mind

Run towards darkness child
Like a mother's warm embrace
It will keep you fast and safe
In this dangerous place

Close your eyes now child
And dream of many things
Like why the sea is boiling hot
And whether stars can sing

Remember not the day now child
Already it has passed
Hold not to cruelties of life
For each night may be your last

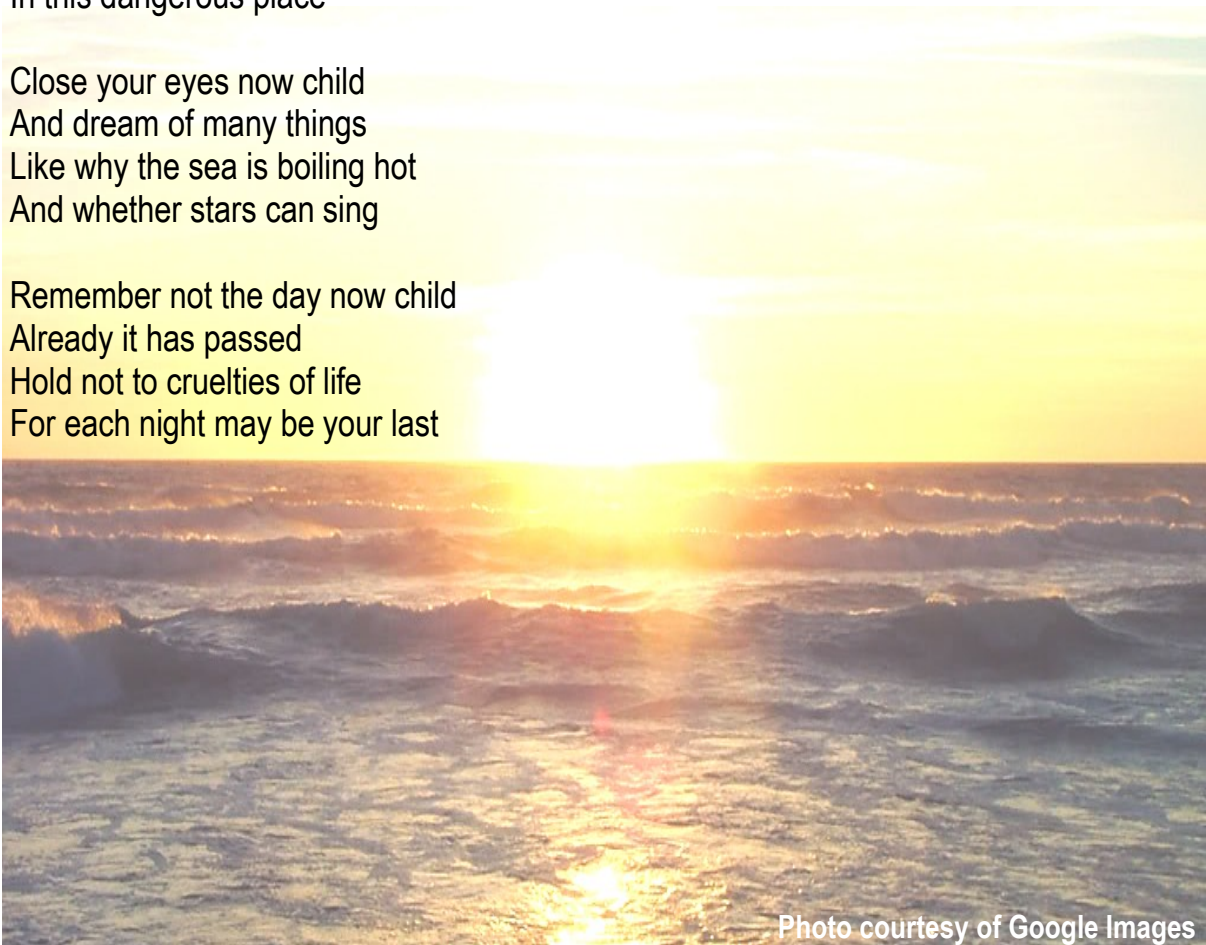


Photo courtesy of Google Images

Personal Reflections

--Kris Newsom

When considering what to publish in *The Scholar*, I can't help but think that this is the third time I've submitted, the third year I've been in Scholars, my third year in college, and most shocking, my second to last time to do everything. When did I cross the "humpday" of college? Did I miss that monumental occasion? Am I really that close to "the real world"? It has seemed to fly by... Ok, so long story short, I would like to take a glimpse of my past to share a little of my insight. I know you might be thinking.... "Umm and I care why?", but I have a point! Promise.... for maybe some of you! Ha!

Livestock has been a prominent part of my childhood and has made me the person I am today. My family has raised and exhibited registered sheep flocks for over twenty years; although I wasn't allowed to show until I was in the 4th grade and a member of 4-H, I was always tagging along with my sisters to the barn and to all the shows, participating in pee wee showmanships and Wool and Woolies. Starting this extracurricular at such a young age allowed me to learn life skills and my interests before most. These experiences not only taught me the importance of responsibility, hard work, and determination, but also made me realize what I wanted in life and what it would take to achieve my goals.

Growing up on a farm and managing a flock of registered sheep has sparked my interest in medicine and its effects. As long as I can remember it has been my duty to read all medicine labels while vaccinating our livestock and ensure that they will be safe to use. With this responsibility I learned the importance of medicine in our flock, but as I got older this responsibility also made me aware of the importance of medicine to the population. Research from past scientists and pharmacists have made the population, as a whole, healthier and has extended the lifespan due to pharmaceutical and medical breakthroughs. As a result of this, my future professional goal is to enter pharmacy school.

When it came time to choose a major for my years in college, I was torn. I knew most pre-pharmacy students were Biology or Chemistry majors; however, I wanted to stay close to my love of agriculture. I knew I would better succeed in college if I had a certain degree of interest in what I was studying. Since most Animal Science majors are pre-professional for Veterinary School, most prerequisites are similar to Biology and Chemistry majors. I also chose animal science as a major because agriculture majors are much closer and are on a more personal basis with their classmates and their professors.

I say all of that to say this, it's especially scary to be entering the world as an adult in this economy and job situation so it's important to keep an open mind and take all opportunities thrown your way. From the very beginning of college, I began my own path and have stuck with it. It's different, and I love that! It's been a wonderful experience, and I wouldn't change it for anything! I feel like I'm ready for the world because of it. For those younger than me, I advise you to take risks, try new things, and keep in mind it's ok to stray off your path from time to time! Take some classes you would have never thought you would like, join organizations you know nothing about, and most importantly, do what's best for you despite any varying opinions from your friends, family, and acquaintances. Life is about your contentment and happiness so take advantage!

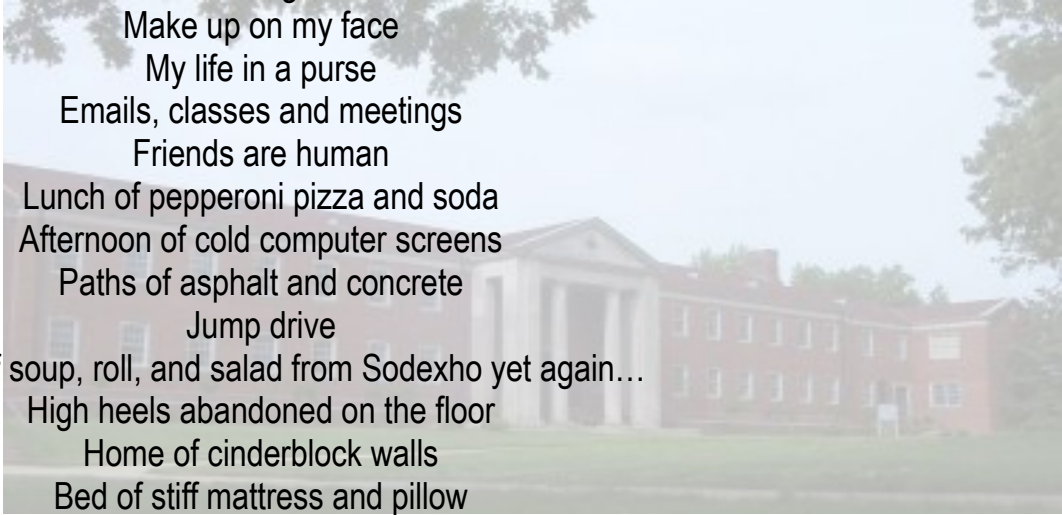


Photo courtesy Tiffany Brewer

Here and There

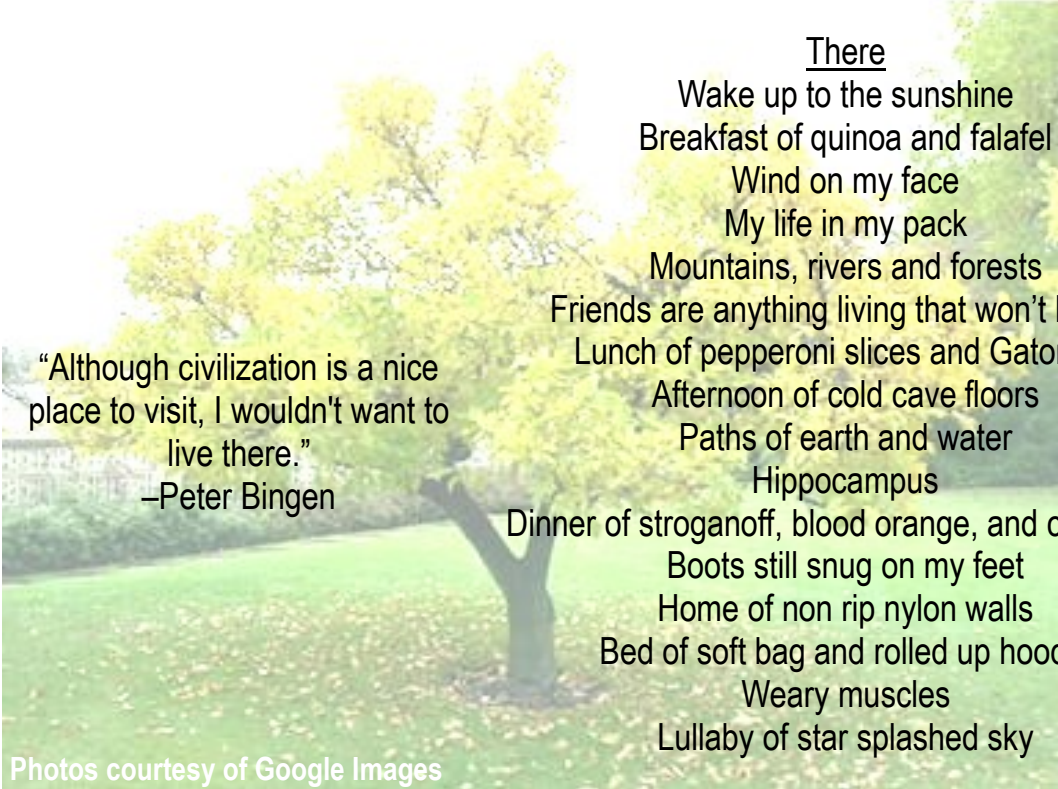
--Erin Coates

Here



Wake up to a cell alarm
Breakfast of sugar and lard
Make up on my face
My life in a purse
Emails, classes and meetings
Friends are human
Lunch of pepperoni pizza and soda
Afternoon of cold computer screens
Paths of asphalt and concrete
Jump drive
Dinner of soup, roll, and salad from Sodexo yet again...
High heels abandoned on the floor
Home of cinderblock walls
Bed of stiff mattress and pillow
Weary soul
Lullaby of star splashed sky

There



Wake up to the sunshine
Breakfast of quinoa and falafel
Wind on my face
My life in my pack
Mountains, rivers and forests
Friends are anything living that won't kill me
Lunch of pepperoni slices and Gatorade
Afternoon of cold cave floors
Paths of earth and water
Hippocampus
Dinner of stroganoff, blood orange, and cornbread
Boots still snug on my feet
Home of non rip nylon walls
Bed of soft bag and rolled up hoodie
Weary muscles
Lullaby of star splashed sky

“Although civilization is a nice
place to visit, I wouldn't want to
live there.”
—Peter Bingen

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