One little known fact about me... I was a pacifist biker. If anyone has ever seen my college ID, they would instantly realize that.

The last time I went to a fastfood chain... was this past Sunday. I went to Chipotle, but the trip wasn’t for me. It was for someone close to me, relatively: my wife.

My first date was... a double date going to a movie theater. I was with a friend of mine that played in my band. We were not dating each other, but we were with girls.

The last time I went shopping... I was looking for groceries, or as psychologists say, engaging in food-seeking behavior.

The most embarrassing moment I ever had was... at my own wedding, and it was not my fault, but rather, the minister’s. The minister gave me this ring [he points at his own wedding ring] by mistake, made me place it on Judith’s [my wife’s] hand, and said, “With this ring, I thee wed”. The whole time, I was just thinking, “Oh Wow! This ring is going on so easily!” Suddenly, he [the minister] stopped and said, “Let me have that ring back,” and he gives me the other ring and says, “Try it on with this ring.” He points to the ring and says, “With this ring, I thee wed.”

My favorite chicken based dish is... I don’t really have one, because I typically don’t eat a lot of meat. That was a fowl question.

As a child, my favorite hobby was... Reading. It was the fastest way out of town. When I opened a book, I was gone somewhere, no matter what book it was. Reading really was my favorite hobby. Television was also another favorite, partly because it was practically the same thing.

In my worst ever nightmare I was... getting killed and wanting to smoke cigarettes. I was in a ‘horror movie nightmare’ because it was a horrible dream where many ghouls, vampires, werewolves, and even some zombies were trying to get at me and a small group of friends. We were in this house, and finally, we had fought off the monsters. We had all the windows covered and boarded, but then I made a crucial mistake. I was wearing a crucifix in the dream, and I saw myself saying, “OK, we’re safe now; I’m taking my crucifix off.” My conscious self was yelling, “NOOO!!!!” to my dream self. As soon as I took my crucifix off, all of the horrible creatures burst through the boards over the windows. A huge ghoul is about to rip my face off with his claw, and that was when I started to wake up. However, in my sleep, I did not know my hand was in front of my face on the pillow, so I woke and screamed like a fangirl! I felt so much like an idiot after that dream.

My biggest pet peeve is... possibly wasting time, or having my time wasted. No, there’s a lot, there’s more. I hate bad drivers because they’re stupid. I really hate stupidity in general, especially if the person performing the stupid act is not typically stupid. The thing I hate the most, however, is when I mess up.

The funniest moment as a teacher... was while I was teaching at MTSU, and I was lecturing. One of my students got his daughter to walk in and yell, “Daddy!” It was funny because I wasn’t married or dating. The students asked me if it was my daughter, and I replied, “No, of course not!”

CONTINUED ON PAGE 8
“They who give up essential liberty to obtain a little temporary safety deserve neither liberty nor safety.” —Benjamin Franklin

Honour is somewhere near the top on a great long list of dogmatic buzzwords I hear and see sputtering across our campus like the road-sign light bulbs of a desert roach motel—“clean beds, softest in town”—glowing out like an oasis of human decency. But we’ve all heard Hotel California and we all know the American Dream is dead. I thought for a moment it was alive here, in this tiny corner of Tennessee—in this bitter slice of academia, and having seen the blue and gold road signs flashing “honour”, I thought it was—many did I’m sure. But there’s a sucker born every minute. Honour has been ripped from this consecrated ground. We’ve had those stitches jerked from our skin, and with every one that pops, the fissure on our chest expands. Without attempting to be too apocalyptic I can say we have seen the climax in the tragedy of Webb’s honour.

Integrity is sightless; it’s there as a blind bond between individuals. A salute to some ghostly form of essential human goodness. They say chivalry is dead, never honour, though we know it is. We watched its execution. “Precautionary measures” are not harmless—forms of surveillance, intrusion, scrutiny. With every occasion you overstep the privacy of the individual, but also destroy the trust you granted him when he stepped onto this campus in a polo bearing its name. We will not cheat; we will not steal, we will not lie. But they will watch you—will place cameras, inspect you closely. We’ve heard their vigilance is not aimed our way, but in the way of the outsiders—the savages—the natives, at least at first. “They will infect our puritanical lifestyle”. But now you are the enemy. By virtue of living you have become suspect. You are guilty until proven innocent. We must keep watch—you are too meek to be the master of your fate.

If honour is to be kept alive, one must let slip, even for a brave moment, their gripping fear of existence, and let the bond between people, the contact of a handshake or the scratch of a pen serve as a metaphorical agreement of parties. Honour, being so integral to this institution, is certainly inalienable—no change in tide, time or action—no change in populous could possibly change or move this power. Stand out in the savage wind of paranoia, and let them bend around you as the last great sanctuary for faith in human decency. The day you set cameras across The Webb School was the day it’s no longer Webb’s school.
Gattica: Ideal Society or Terrifying Future?

by Lucas C. Wiesemann

In 1997, a new sci-fi motion picture was released titled Gattica. This movie is set in the future United States, but a lot has changed. People have finally discovered all of the secrets of the body, and with this new knowledge, they have begun to create "perfect" people.

People are now not only able to decide how their children will look, but they can also completely customize the person that will be created. Along with appearance, potential parents can choose their child's personality, intellect, and could even extend their lifespan by preventing medical conditions.

Defying the status quo, two adults decide to conceive the natural way, making Vincent Freeman, the protagonist of the story. Vincent is an "In-valid" by society's standards. Since he had not been customized by the eugenics program, he is susceptible to medical diseases. With this vulnerability, he obtains a genetic heart disease.

Having either of these traits would keep one from being successful in the society depicted in Gattica. Having both, however, means that Vincent will be destined for a life of cleaning up after others as a janitor and being compared to all of the "Valids", including his younger brother.

Vincent does not accept this fate. Throughout the movie, Vincent goes against society's standards and follows the dream that everyone had told him was unrealistic for someone like him.

In modern society, there have been similar breakthroughs in genetic engineering. Many medical centers, including those of Dr. Jeff Steinberg, have begun to participate in the research and practice of this technology.

Thousands of parents have paid to have their baby born with a specific sex, eye color, hair color, or skin color, though the accuracy is not yet one-hundred percent guaranteed. Some scientists are even able to prevent genetic diseases that are likely in certain embryos.

Research continues, and Steinberg and other scientists in this field hope to further advance the opportunities that genetic engineering can offer. Though many see these practices as great scientific advances, there are others who are against it, protesting that it is immoral, unethical, and an abomination.

I personally am terrified with the idea of our society turning into one similar to the one depicted in Gattica. As we continue our progress in genetic engineering, it will become more and more common for people to participate in it, slowly morphing us into having the same expectations for bringing life into the world as in the movie. If this were to happen, future generations would be filled with "perfect" people, living lives that are determined for them by their parents; that they are made for.

The flaws that each of us has are what makes us different from everyone else. Our personal interests and how we find our own way in the world are what make us who we are.

Sit and really think about what this means - about how your life would be different if you were born in this situation - about what this genetic engineering is and what it can potentially lead to. Can you imagine living in Gattica's society, possibly the society of our own future?

Review of It’s Kind of a Funny Story

by Zoe Speers

Craig Gilner has to get into the right high school and make the right grades so he will get into the right college and then get the right job so he will have the right lifestyle. Ned Vizzini’s It’s Kind of a Funny Story, tells the story of how Craig handles himself when the pressure of failure becomes too much.

Depressed and out of options, Craig decides to end his life. This decision causes him to end up in a mental hospital, where he meets a compelling group of people that teaches him more than he ever learned at Manhattan’s Executive Pre-Professional High School.

Whether it’s his roommate Muqtada, best friends Bobby and Johnny, the girl with the scarred face, Noelle, or the art he creates from the maps inside someone’s head, something inside Craig shifts, leading his life exactly where he wants it to be.

Ned Vizzini manages to write a captivating story about the struggles and victories every teenager has to go through, making the characters relatable and charming. It’s Kind of a Funny Story, a New York Times Best Seller, is a book I recommend to any fellow book nerds. Hope you enjoy the superb story.
Webb Cross

by Andrew Cooper
and Jim Sherwood

ACROSS
1. Armed conflicts
5. Federal regulatory agency
8. Sneaky rodent
11. Cartel of petroleum producing nations
12. Old non-SI unit of luminance
14. Comes before beauty
15. Elevated flat hill
16. “In ______ of”
17. “____ whiz!”
18. Where the Umayyads got hammered in 732
21. “Gotcha!”
22. Family room
23. Napoleon’s downfall
27. Harry Potter messenger
31. Cheer for a matador
32. Blues Song Lyric: “____ Grave with a Silver Spade”
34. Owl sound
35. Pioneer’s direction
37. Credit card reckoning
39. Anger
41. Allow
42. Makes a math error
49. World’s leading petroleum consuming nation
50. Bring together
51. Surfeit
52. Virtual city
53. Prefix meaning “opposed to”
54. Blended word for Loser + Nerd
55. Opposite WNW
56. Obtain
57. Cupid’s Greek counterpart

DOWN
1. Baby holder
2. Kept the princess from sleeping
3. Says again
4. To harm or injure
5. Up to the task
6. Group of three
7. Medieval estates
8. Spaghetti sauce brand
9. Latin word for field
10. Golfer’s driving helpers
13. Renaissance instrument
19. Essential gravy ingredient
20. John Lennon’s widow
23. Interjection of surprise
24. Fermented brew that leaves one in good spirits
25. “______ and Prosper”
26. Eyewear frame company
28. One who carves out his own destiny
29. Laughing text
30. Spanish sun
33. Southern contraction
36. Nervous twitch
38. Hunting dog
40. Indian prince
42. Homer’s inspiration
43. Terrorist Org.
44. Not different
45. English teacher’s command: “____ your sources!”
46. Army division
47. Luxembourg currency
48. Gifts that keep on giving
eBook Adoption Sees Sharp Increase in Scores, Consumerism

A recent study conducted by Webb faculty members reveals that eBook usage is associated with a sharp increase in scores and consumerism. Webb senior Joshua Sizemore is one of the many beneficiaries of the transition: “During sophomore year, I got really behind on my gaming. However, ever since I started using eBooks, my scores have skyrocketed! Now I have a perfect time slot for gaming — 8:00 to 3:05 Monday through Friday.”

Another Webb senior, Jasmine Ilarde, observes that eBooks also benefit America’s economy: “I can surf Amazon and purchase everything I need right at school. I was able to complete all of my holiday shopping before Labor Day. It’s amazing!”

The only indicator that declined with eBook adoption was academic performance, but according to Webb Headmaster Ray Broadhead, “That’s a small price to pay. We’re benefiting the economy and having fun. I’m looking at it from the ‘glass half-full’ angle. As long as my students are happy, I’m happy.”

Student Ostracized for Going to Extra Help

A Webb freshman was ostracized by her classmates for going to extra help, sources confirmed Wednesday. The female student was spotted leaving Sandra Truitt’s geometry extra help session wearing sunglasses and a wig to disguise herself.

Her ruse failed to fool her friends, however, who made her wear the letters “EH” embroidered on her Oxford. She was also forced to wear a pointy hat declaring, “I went to extra help, so my ‘A’ doesn’t count” by her geometry classmates.

“Let that be a lesson to the rest of you,” warned her former BFF.
Watching the World Wake Up from History

by M’Kenzy Cannon

As students of Webb, it’s our goal to be honest, intelligent, well-rounded citizens, of not just this academic community, but — some day — citizens of the world. It is for this reason we study endless amounts of math, science, English, language, and — one of my personal favorites — history.

Okay, yeah, history. To some, history is a compelling story of the human race, more real than a novel and more intriguing than a movie. But to others, it is their bane of existence. Even for me — a self proclaimed history nerd — it can be boring sometimes, and it often seems completely irrelevant.

We history students often find ourselves asking in exasperation:
What does it matter if Nebucadnezzar had hanging gardens?
So what if Emperor Wang Mang established the Xin dynasty?
What’s the difference between Sophocles and Socrates?
How am I supposed to pronounce, much less remember any of these names?

And yet, we are taught history in its various forms all through school in the name of becoming well rounded citizens of the world. Because, as it is repeated in almost every history class, those who do not learn from the past are destined to repeat it. We are given information on past blunders and victories and experiments with the hope that we will all be better people because of it.

But how many of us pay attention to the news? How many of us really know what’s going on with Gaza? Or Scotland? What do we know about Ebola in Africa? Or landfills in Moscow? How many of us care?

These are just a few topics recently covered by The New York Times. In other words, this is what is happening in our world — today. Sure, we get bits and pieces of news from Tumblr, Twitter, and Facebook, but a 140-character opinion or a link to a single (likely biased) news story is hardly sufficient information surrounding the world’s much larger issues. While we learn about the Peloponnesian Wars or the American Revolution, it is rare that we actively seek out facts about the history that is being made right now. Essentially, we’re learning about the past and largely neglecting our present.

Now, I would be the last person in the world to say that studying history is unimportant. But, while we’re focusing on being well-rounded, why don’t we — as students — utilize our vast knowledge of history and apply it to studying current events? I’m not just saying to go out and read a CNN article or watch a Fox News report and call it a day. The media is fraught with bias — so why not analyze and study modern issues with the same mindset that we would historical ones? It would certainly make the study of history more interesting and relevant, and it would better justify the years spent studying ancient empires and eras of invention if we were then able to apply that knowledge in our everyday interactions with — and reactions to — the world around us. If we can graduate high school with ample knowledge of the events and issues present in our world, we’ll have a better understanding of society as we become adults.

Eventually, I think that schools should start incorporating current events into their courses, and even integrate a current events class into the curriculum. Academic endorsement would be the best way to ensure student motivation in studying current events, just like any other course.

Until then, let’s think of ways to expand our study and understanding of the present. Let’s read the news — but vary our sources to get different viewpoints on issues and events. Let’s discuss what’s happening — but beyond stunted social media posts. Let’s educate ourselves about the present.

An Excerpt from the Diary of Rue

by Doobee Tarhule

To whomever,

I’ve never felt such pathetic despair as the day the draft began. To be devastated so helplessly my stomach twists as a dying fish does in its last inevitable breaths is unbearable. I never want to feel as I did again but every day I do. There are simply moments in life when horror bestows to you his eyes and his glare holds your soul. You can never look away and those black and endless pits you call eyes for lack of a term, they strangle your breath. Terror, anxiety, panic, desperation, rebellion, they swarm your senses and cloud your view. Yet the only one I could firmly grasp was cold terror. Wherever I ran it hunted me down as a hound stalks the forest ever so eagerly to maul a rabbit in its hungry fangs. It tore my heart and my soul. I felt it tear my existence, stealing the sensibility in my mind forever.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 8
This article’s main purpose is to bring up a devastating issue and arguably one of the most controversial matters within the premise of high school, particularly Webb. Now, does a proposition that advocates the freedom of beards everywhere sound like a plan?

Beards have been a part of human culture for centuries on end, and they continue to grow in popularity. Many people are even going so far as to receiving beard transplants, and this is only a description on a national level!

So this brings up a basic concern: Why does Webb have a strict ban on the issue of facial hair? I have some conjectures:

A) They make you look dirty and unclean. They also give off a look primitivity, resulting in natural condescension from others.

This, although true from an intraregional perspective, isn’t generally the case. There are some, however, with the scraggy disarray of keratin. These are the people that give the overall consensus of beards a bad name.

B) They provide a distraction in class, causing disruption and entropy of the persons’ grades around them.

Unless you fail to keep your beard well-groomed and under control, this wouldn’t really be seen as a problem. Keep in mind that freedom to grow a beard is only an idea I am proposing for high school (unless there are some really creepy middle schoolers out there...like me). In addition, the length of the beards wouldn’t be that drastic. The average length of whiskers for high schoolers is only 1-2 inches. Only curious glances would shoot towards your mane, and then they’d go back to focusing on what really matters, whether it be their classwork or their social repertoire.

C) They are a significant fire hazard, and would add a needless threat to the school.

Really? Well, related to this, beards could actually be healthy. Why? The sheer presence of a beard blocks 90% of UV rays, slows the aging process, and reduces risk of skin cancer.

D) Beards are boring, and they lack creativity. All of them are the same.

Who ever has told you this clearly has never had a beard before. Beards are simply a means of self-expression. They can be an outlet for your time or a trophy to show off your manliness. In high school especially, people are striving for ways to stand out and be their own individual selves. What better way to grant their wish than to unlock the chains holding them back all this time?

And the statement saying that all beards are the same? It fails to take into account the face that’s wearing it. Focusing on the beard rather than the person wearing it seems like clouded judgement. The whole point of a beard is to let loose what mother nature bestowed upon you, and to do with it as you please. Prohibiting beards inhibits a person’s independence and self-confidence, causing young men to lose an attribute they think gives them “pizzazz” they seek in themselves.

So come on! Let it Grow!

I Can’t Beard to Shave It
by Rohan Kaza

STAGES OF STUDYING
by Ashleigh King

Stage 1: Denial
I can do that later! It won’t take long!

Stage 2: Self Indulgence
I’ll just watch one more episode on Netflix...

Stage 3: Time Evaluation
It’s midnight already?!

Stage 4: Rage
Destroy everything in the way.

Stage 5: Sorrow
Cry many, many tears.

Stage 6: Bargaining
I can do half of it in the morning if I wake up early and the other half during lunch!

Stage 7: Natural Disturbances
Sleeping and eating sounds like a good idea.

Stage 8: Acceptance
It’s ok, I’ll take a missing grade.

Stage 9: Sudden Death
Class time.

End Result: Anxiety issues and mental breakdowns.
Super-Official, Superficial Questions: Mr. Jones - CONTINUED FROM PAGE 1

If I weren’t a teacher… I would probably be dead. I was convinced that I would be dead by the age of thirty; I had dropped out of college more than once. I had some professors that were mentors, and they thought I would be a really good college teacher. I decided to reinvent myself, and I lost a hundred pounds in the process. I went back to college, did really well when I was serious about it, and started teaching other college level students. I loved what I was doing, and despite having worked in many other fields, I was determined to be a teacher.

My guilty pleasure is… occasionally eating food that is bad for you, or eating cheese. I really love cheese. I can pass on sweets; I don’t like them that much. Another guilty pleasure I have is watching trash movies, such as bad sci-fi. I saw Sharknado One and Two. When the first one came out, it became a huge social media event. I remember seeing my Facebook account, and everyone was saying, “Did you see Sharknado? See, this is crazy!” It was such a horrible movie; it was so bad that it was good. I really like good cinema, but I also enjoy watching bad cinema.

In one sentence, the meaning of life is… 42.

An Excerpt from the Diary of Rue

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6

That black train, how it ate so greedily! How it lumbered on and devoured the land with it’s belly full of seated carts only to return empty. Then it would eat more, one by one, until no one was left but the woman and children, and we would die of grief and sorrow. Then the land would eat us, and the train would eat the soil we died upon, and thick pavement would cover up the scandal. No one wants tragedy in war stories. They look for glory and heroes to forget it all. They drink up their wine glasses filled with lies and distorted tales. Who would know? The fat stones will be layered on so heavily our very ghosts will be crushed and die again. Not a scratch of our existence will remain. Not a whisper.

A Reflection on Physics...
by Ryan Xia

A ball is thrown toward the earth and bounces off as shown below. What is the relationship between α and β?

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