

OPPOSING VIEWPOINTS

give it up ALREADY



Megan Morrissey

My face fell as I witnessed the tall, gangly teenage boy elbow his way through the mass of anxious, sugar-craving younglings. He shoved away a small Buzz Lightyear, a miniature Hannah Montana and the cutest little cow you've ever seen in order to reach the front door.

"Trick-or-treat!"

"What are you supposed to be?"

"I'm a football player."

"How creative."

I reluctantly handed him and his comrades some candy and watched them run noisily to their next destination. Seconds later, after being forced aside, I heard Little Lightyear mutter something along the lines of "big kids are so mean."

Heartbroken doesn't even begin to describe my emotion. Although this instance probably didn't ruin Little Lightyear's entire Halloween, there isn't a doubt in my mind that this occurrence was a blemish on the face of his trick-or-treating experience of 2009.

Situations similar to this are the primary reason that I don't think it's completely appropriate for teenagers to go trick-or-treating. An important factor to consider is the adolescent's motive for going door-to-door in the first place. Do teens really have such a huge craving for sweets? Or is the potential for other, more troublesome shenanigans a more prominent incentive?

I am aware that not all teens who go out to trick-or-treat end up smashing pumpkins, scaring little kids and wreaking

havoc throughout the neighborhood streets, but it seems logical to deduce that these hooligans most likely come from the teenage demographic.

I understand that sometimes teenagers are unfairly called out as being delinquents and constant troublemakers, but there are instances where the shoe does fit. In some cases, trick-or-treating is used as an excuse for teens to lurk around outside and eventually cause some hubbub in the suburbs.

There are plenty of other fun things to do on Halloween that don't involve bothering parents and children who are roaming the streets. Watching scary movies, having costumes parties or going to a haunted house are just a few alternatives. Halloween can still be a fun, exciting holiday without the element of trick-or-treating.

Trick-or-treating should be reserved for those young enough to still look cute holding out a hollow plastic orange pumpkin, rather than simply out of place.

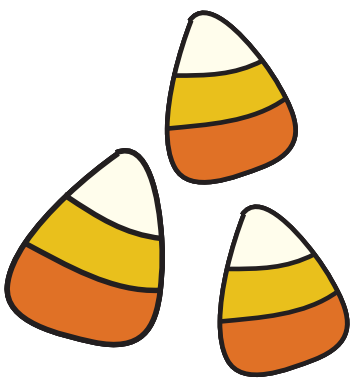
I'll admit, there was a day where I proudly brandished my Halloween candy bag and squealed in delight with the other girls from my neighborhood as we inspected our recently-earned treasures.

But I was 9.

And even though I have wonderful memories of going from house to house, that is all they will ever be. Memories. Although we can try to desperately cling on to our past, it's time to let a new generation make some memories of their own.

TRICK-OR-

TREAT



Graphic by Molly Misek

always
SWEET

Kyra Lindholm

"Trick-or-treat, smell my feet, give me something good to eat..."

That catchy little chant was the background music to my days of trick-or-treating as a kid. As I've grown older, I have become much too cool to get caught saying it...out loud. Yes, I am proud to say that I, Kyra A. Lindholm, most definitely went trick-or-treating with a group of friends last year.

I was 17-years-old for my latest round of trick-or-treating, and the tallest Minnie Mouse walking around my neighborhood. I ran from door-to-door and sang out "trick-or-treat!"

I couldn't wait to get to the street corner to peer into the depths of my pillowcase and see the treasure trove of candy it contained, mentally taking a note of which yucky ones I would trade out later.

Before judging me too harshly, allow me to clarify a few things. I was not some hooligan sneaking around my neighborhood on Halloween night snatching candy from unsuspecting Buzz Lightyears and Snow Whites. I was in full costume myself.

I was ever so polite at every house I knocked on with the traditional greeting of "trick-or-treat." I also kindly ignored the double takes that people gave me while they looked around for the little siblings they thought I was surely chaperoning.

I strongly believe that if a teenager is willing to dress up in a good, old-fashioned costume (free of the word "sexy" placed in front of it), then there's no reason why the fun of trick-or-treating should be off-limits. I would not hesitate to pass out candy to teenagers who rang my doorbell on Halloween if they were dressed up for the event.

However, if any PlayBoy bunnies or boys in hoodies and jeans dared to ring my doorbell and call themselves trick-or-treaters, they would not receive half as friendly a welcome.

The fact of the matter is that no magical "Halloween Book" exists that dictates when the doors of trick-or-treating are closed to a kid forever. If they make costumes for people larger than 8-year-olds, it's only logical that someone has to wear them. I have chosen to extend my rights to trick-or-treating on

Halloween for as long as I please. Come on, free candy is not something you pass up lightly.

Aside from the free goodies, I find other benefits in trick-or-treating every year. I am not into the truly frightening parts of Halloween-time. I have literally collapsed in fear while walking through a haunted house before. And don't even try to get me to sit through a movie scarier than "The Sixth Sense." Trick-or-treating has been a fun, alternative way for me to spend Halloween.

I have been a fairy princess, Cleopatra, Hermione Granger and Minnie Mouse for Halloween in recent years. I have eaten more fun-sized candy bars than I would care to admit. I have rung more doorbells than I could count.

When Oct. 31 rolls around this year, I can honestly say that I'm not sure what I will be doing. If it turns out that I am not dressing up and shaking out a fresh pillowcase, I can honestly say that the thought of trick-or-treating will be on my mind that night.

FORGET the ACT

I got a 36 in LIFE

MollyMisek

Recently, I was talking to a friend from Prep.

Oh, did I say talking? I meant "viciously arguing." As always.

It had only turned into an argument after he'd thrown out the timeless "Marian's a daycare" remark. In fact, we hadn't even been on the topic of school; I'm pretty sure I had been struggling to open a string cheese wrapper when he had decided to insult my intelligence, not to mention the intelligence of my classmates.

If my lovely Prep friend had simply ended the taunting at that point, I would have brushed off the remark; after all, it's not like I hadn't already heard the joke 45 times that week.

However, he took it a step further, asking how many girls in my class had achieved a perfect score on the ACT. According to him, there are six students in his senior class who managed to score a 36. Obviously, Prep rules and Marian drools.

I realized that I didn't know how many Marian seniors had perfect ACT scores. I still don't. And you know what? I could care less.

After that conversation, I began to question the concept of intelligence. Should I bow down in servitude to the glorious institution known as Creighton Prep, just because it is home to six boys who know how to master a standardized test?

Or should I instead look to my own school, my own classmates and recognize the true intelligence that resides at Marian?

In my time here, I've become friends with some of the most brilliant young women I will ever meet. An ACT score cannot measure the full extent of these ladies' passions, talents and beautiful personalities.

In my eyes, true intelligence is measured

not by what someone is born with but by how she utilizes what she is given. Numbers like 22, 27, 31 or 36 are greatly overshadowed by each person's unique traits.

I've met artists who create masterpieces in their Advanced Design classes, swimmers who can finish a 200-meter relay in 1:47.35 and future politicians who can whip out arguments that could make the best lawyers flail.

I know a girl here who can make anyone look gorgeous with a few dabs of mascara, blush and hairspray. Although she isn't a master ACT test-taker, she is a master at what she loves to do. I consider that a form of intelligence, even though standardized test companies may beg to differ.

My closest friend is the most compassionate, curious and genuinely friendly person I know. She may not be in the top one percentile of the nation's students, yet I have learned more from her than I could have learned from any kid with a 4.5 GPA.

It is ultimately superfluous to base someone's intelligence off of a two-digit number.

I wonder what Martin Luther King, Jr.'s ACT score would be. Perhaps his math or science reasoning skills wouldn't be up-to-par, but he sure would get a 36 in civil rights.

Regardless of what my friend at Prep may think, Marian is full of intelligent women who showcase their gifts every day.

So stop worrying. Put down that report card or ACT test booklet, and question the deeper meaning of the term "smart." Realize that a student cannot truly be defined by how accurately she fills in bubbles while in an uncomfortably chilly classroom on a Saturday morning.

Instead, aim to score a 36 in life.

Who do you think is **TRULY** intelligent?



Kelsey Murphy, senior

"[Senior] **Christie Mitchell**. Not only is she booksmart, but she's driven to accomplish her goals."



Emily Rouw, junior

"My sister [freshman] **Carolyn Rouw**. She shows her personality through her drawings and paintings."



Alayna Stokes, sophomore

"[Sophomore] **Kellyjo Steier** because of her wisdom. I love how she's nice to everybody and just so open-hearted."

Graphic and Photos by MollyMisek

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The Network is a monthly publication of the journalism students at Marian High School, Nebraska's only Class A, Catholic, North Central Accredited college preparatory school for girls. The Network is a member of the N.H.S.P.A., N.S.P.A., and the C.S.P.A. It is our goal to provide an accurate and informative news source for the student community. Opinions expressed on the opinion pages do not necessarily represent those of the entire community. Students, faculty, and friends are invited to voice their opinion in Letters to the Editors.

All letters must be typed, signed, and sent to:

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An electronic version of this paper can be found at:
www.omahamarian.org/netpaper

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COLUMNIST

AnnaWoods

On a Friday night at the beginning of my freshman year, I was having the time of my life at Mystery Manor, until things went awry.

It wasn't the fear of the supposedly real ghost in this house, nor was it the screeching sound of chainsaws inches away from my face. It was something much worse- something with overdone makeup, a creepy smile and a pajama- like outfit.

It was a clown.

I remember this day like it was yesterday. My friends found my extreme fear of painted faces, giant red noses and enormous shoes hilarious. I begged to differ.

The clown followed me to the outhouse, shaking it as I stood trapped inside shedding tears of fear. He followed me throughout the house of terror. He would pop out inches in front of my face, giggling creepily and smiling

with satisfaction at my screams of horror.

He always found me. It didn't matter if I stood in the middle or the front of the line. He never ceased to lurk around every corner.

This was the day that I discovered that I am coulrophobic, afraid of clowns. My life has never been the same.

My nightmares are flooded with clowns. I have ceased attendance at local circuses, and I turn in horror at the sight of clowns on the big screen.

Some people believe that my condition, like that of many others, is simply a fear. I am afraid of other things, such as AP Statistics tests or being on the dance floor during "Sandstorm," but those are nothing compared to my problem. My problem is a phobia.

In the United States as a whole, public speaking is the number one phobia. Victims suffer from extreme anxiety, and some even

begin to shake. They face a phobia that cannot be avoided; it is simply a matter of life. I can hide from the made-up monsters, but glossophobia victims have nowhere to hide.

According to the Leinster Hypnotherapy Clinic, "Phobias are most definitely real. They are overwhelming inhibiting fears that are triggered by something outside oneself. They tend to be formed during childhood, and when they remain bottled up, form into something incurable."

People who oppose the idea of phobias believe that individuals over-exaggerate the fear, but what would be the motive behind such an action?

I did not enjoy singing happy thoughts in the outhouse at Mystery Manor just to get through the night, nor do I find pleasure in the taunting picture messages of clowns that my friends like to send me.

I am still terrified.

It is a psychological matter that is deeply embedded in my mind. My phobia is real, and I can only imagine the experiences of people whose phobias are worse than my own.

The good news is that I survived my first encounter with clowns.

I can now endure Ronald McDonald Posters at McDonald's, and I can stand seeing clowns in class on the smart board.

Still, I will never be able to look a clown in the eyes.

My relationship with clowns can be summed up very simply; I don't like them, but they seem to love me. This isn't a relationship where "absense makes the heart grow fonder," nor is it one that I enjoy.

It's a lot like orange juice and toothpaste; they are both fine by themselves, but together they are awful.