

# OPPOSING viewpoints

# Let's get SILLY

Brooke **Urzendowski**

“Excuse me, but what is that new Silly Band you have on your wrist?”  
“It’s The Unicorn,” my friend told me as she slid the elastic rubber band off and held it in the air. “I just got it a week ago.” There it was, just as she had said, dangling in the air with its magical shape and purple color.

“Good for you,” was the only meager response I could muster up at that moment. But deep down, I was seething with jealousy. How dare she obtain the coveted unicorn Silly Band. I had wanted that for so long and knew there was no chance that she would trade it. I made a promise to myself right then and there that I was going to get a purple unicorn if it’s the last thing I do.

From the moment I saw my first true Silly Band this past summer, I was hooked. I don’t just like Silly Bandz; I love them. No other silicon rubber band has the power to liven up a day in such a way that a Silly Band can. There is an exhilarating and intriguing feeling I get each time I see a new one, which has spawned my obsession for Silly Bandz (doesn’t the “z” just spice it up a bit?). Silly Bandz are pure fun, and we could all use a little more fun throughout our day. Even the few silly band haters have to admit they’ve been caught asking themselves how a Silly Band always keeps its shape?

Remarkable, I tell you.

Silly Bandz come in handy for other reasons, too. For example, awkward silences. “What’s your Silly Band?” is a great conversation starter and guarantees at least five minutes of thorough discussion and boasting about each other’s Silly Bandz. If you’re lucky, you might even get a good trade.

Yet, there is more to a Silly Band trade than what meets the eye. When you make

such a trade, there is a certain bond you share with the other person. From that moment on, a particular Silly Band will always be a reminder of the special connection you made. Silly Bandz are teaching kids everywhere the value of salesmanship at an early age.

They’re not just for children, either. Just last week at Mass, I spotted two older women in choir sporting their own colorful Silly Bandz. Even here at Marian, is it just me or does anyone else wonder what type of band math teacher Ms. Rochelle Rohlf’s always has on? Oh, the possibilities. It could be anything from an elephant, a drum set, letters in the alphabet, a football, Justin Bieber... the list goes on. Whatever your interest, I’m sure there is a silly band for it. In Rohlf’s case, it was a princess band she bought for her nieces and wore at their request.

When it comes to fads, I am not one to just blindly hop on the bandwagon. But who could resist joining such a wagon when it’s filled with cute little rubber zoo animals? Certainly not I. How else will you ever get the chance to own your own farm, or even spell out your name, just within the limits of your wrist?

In the end, I did obtain my own purple unicorn, an incredible accomplishment I hold very dear. It was the best \$3.42 I have ever spent. But like most fads, Silly Bandz might not be around forever-gasp!

So cherish them while they are here and easily accessible. Wear them with pride. Look for an opportunity to trade any chance you get, and never be fooled into thinking they are “pointless” by someone who just hasn’t caught the Silly Band bug.

There will come a day in the future when I will wonder what ever happened to that little purple unicorn and all of the memories it’s been through with me.



Cartoon by Allison **Dethlefs**

Source: <http://www.usatoday.com>

# The BANDZ I can't STAND

## The Silly Bandz Sensation

The Origins of the New Fad  
Graphic by Molly **Rakoczy**

**PLACE OF ORIGIN:**

Brainchild Productions Imports in Toledo, Ohio

**INVENTOR:**

Robert Croak, CEO of Brainchild Products Imports

**INSPIRATION:**

Croak saw them in China and began to sell them in the USA in 2008

Erin **O'Brien**

I was busy polishing silverware at work one day when a coworker of mine practically skipped up to me and asked, “Wanna see my new Silly Band? You’ll never guess what shape it is.”

Before I could even reply with a sarcastic remark, she ripped a shiny, purple bracelet off her arm and set it on the counter, waiting for me to decipher its hidden meaning.

Naturally, I had no idea what it was. It looked like a rubber band with tumors growing out of it. I was not amused.

“A giraffe,” I guessed.

“No.”

“A dinosaur.”

“Nope.”

“Seattle.”

“You’re never gonna guess it!”

Realizing that my annoyance had grown exponentially over the last 30 seconds, I finally gave up and let her reveal to me the great mystery of the purple Silly Band.

“It’s a drum set!”

She was right. I never would have guessed.

This occurrence is just a stepping stone in my personal journey of being the sole member of what I like to call the Anti-Silly

Bandz Brigade, a group I created in my head 10 seconds ago but still hold very close to my heart.

Now, I’m aware of the risks to my personal health and well-being from revealing that I cannot stand Silly Bandz (Really? A “z” on the end? Really?). I can only imagine the number of Marian girls that will be staring me down in the hallways or stuffing hate notes in my locker. Even so, I will stand my ground!

You must be wondering how I can condemn harmless rubber bands that can magically turn into puppies, kitties and Seattle, but I must admit something first: I despise bandwagons. “Glee,” “Twilight,” The Jonas Brothers- I don’t enjoy doing things just because everyone else is doing them.

So when the Silly Bandz craze swept the nation and I started seeing forearm after forearm practically having the life choked out of it from dozens of colored rubber bands, I was turned off. It was like nails on a chalkboard but more colorful and elastic. The fact that “everyone has them” is not going to do much for me. Unless Silly Bandz can help me pass Calculus, I don’t really see the appeal.

I’m not the only one who has a problem with the Bandz, though. Schools across the country have banned them due to distraction in the classroom and “trades gone bad.”

Trades gone bad? Is Little Timmy getting beat up behind the jungle gym because Billy and his gang of seventh-graders didn’t think an elephant was a fair trade for a glow-in-the-dark gorilla?

What is this world coming to?

All kidding aside, there is one detail that cannot be overlooked. Silly Bandz- like the Beanie Babies, Furby’s and Pokemon trading cards of years past- are on the path to becoming just another fad. They started out small; they spread like wildfire; they became the hottest toy in America. Soon, they will probably fade into obscurity just as quickly as they peaked.

If you don’t believe me, research “toy fads” on Google. Silly Bandz are one of the first images to appear on the screen. Already the blogging powers of the Internet are anticipating their demise and doubting their ability to become timeless treasures rather than hopeless has-beens.

Now, if Silly Bandz are the one hobby standing between a teenager and a Friday night of vandalizing public property, he or she can go ahead and buy a pack. But 30 rubber bands covering the arm of a 16-year-old doesn’t exactly scream, “Come have a mature, adult conversation with me!”

It’s not as though I think Silly Bandz are necessarily a bad thing. I just don’t believe there is anything so unique and revolutionary about these bracelets that can make millions of children, teenagers included, treat them as though they fell from Heaven itself.

For lack of a better phrase, I just don’t see what the big deal is. These are not The Beatles of bracelets, people! Is it really worth losing all circulation to your hand just so you can look like an 8-year-old?

But there is a light at the end of the tunnel for my Anti-Silly Bandz Brigade. In a few years, when Little Timmy is leaving for college, he will look under his bed, and next to his Slinky and Mr. Potato Head he’ll find an old box of rubber bracelets.

“Hey, Mom!” he’ll shout. “Remember when I used to wear these Silly Bandz all the time? I can’t believe I got a black eye over these.”

# homework can't be HAPPY

Anna Woods

I walked out of the gym, bruised and speechless. We were having a terrible volleyball practice. I remember it like it was yesterday. We had been doing defensive drills for what seemed like forever, and my knees were black and blue from diving over and over again. Everyone was tired. We all wanted water, and we all were struggling to catch our breath.

Water break, finally! As we stood around talking like we always do, I commented, "Wow, this is gay." But the reaction wasn't what I expected.

My teammate looked me dead in the eye and said, "Anna, it really makes me mad when people say that. Seriously, I don't go around screaming, 'That's so heterosexual,' so please be quiet."

And believe me, I did. I didn't talk the rest of that practice.

Her reaction isn't anything out of the ordinary. Many people take offense to the misuse of certain words, myself included.

I remember the days when I would wake up extremely early to watch the Flintstones. I would be filled with joy, singing along with the theme song, "We'll have a gay ole' time!"

This was my first encounter with the word "gay." It's strange. My mom never told me I couldn't say it, nor did she ever tell me that it wasn't okay to say. It makes sense that she didn't though, because the Flintstones were gay. Bam Bam would run around slamming things, giggling all the way, and Pebbles would always have a smile on her face. They were happy. Down in Bedrock, it was cool to be gay. Sometimes I think we should all take a visit to Bedrock; all of us could have a gay ole' time together.

Unfortunately, I think that sometimes we forget about what this three letter word can do. Although I am sure that none of us mean to degrade or make fun of a group of individuals who are attracted to those of the same gender, that's

exactly what we do every time we say, "That's so gay!" or "Wow, you're gay."

When we walk through the halls complaining about our next test or the long-term homework assignment in Baker's psychology class, sometimes it slips. This has to stop. That homework assignment is neither happy nor homosexual, so why is it continually portrayed as so?

There is no difference between using this word and using the word "retard," using the Lord's name in vain or using derogatory terms for different races. All of these words offend a certain group of people, even if it is not intentional. Marian Head of School, Mrs. Susan Toohey, addressed this issue at our all school assembly, and now teachers should be enforcing the rules about respectful language. Instead of turning "gay" into a negative term, maybe step-by-step Marian girls can turn it back to its original meaning.

Everyone has been offended at some point in his or her life. "Gay" is one word that is used to offend others. Extremely intelligent people are sometimes considered nerds, and cheerleaders are periodically considered air-heads. Not only are these stereotypes offensive, but they also aren't true. Intelligent people can be hilarious, and cheerleaders have the same mental capacity as everyone else. But for some reason, people still find a way to degrade them.

The truth is, "gay" is an offensive term as well. It is also used out of context.

I know that I offended my friend. We have all done it sometime. We have also all been on the opposite side, and it's not a great feeling.

My friend did something for me that I can never repay her for. She showed me that what I was saying wasn't okay.

I guess I am gay. I am happy with my life. I love my friends, and I couldn't be better. I am guessing that we all are a little bit gay in a way.

Not everyone will have an experience that mutes him or her of the word forever, but maybe, just maybe, "gay" can reach the point of happiness, once again.



COLUMNIST

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ARE YOU  
OFFENDED  
BY THE WORD  
"GAY"?



"No, it doesn't offend me because I'm not gay."  
Alyssa Neneman, junior



"No, but I wouldn't use it myself. I wouldn't think less of a person who said that, but I don't think you should say it."  
Eileen Baca, sophomore



"No, because I know you might be joking."  
Bailee Moylan, freshman



"Yes, it offends me because I have friends that are gay and I know how it offends them. And, it's derogatory these days."  
Corie Fleming, senior

Photos by Kaylee Asche  
Shelby Stefanski

STAFF EDITORIAL

discovering  
what's  
WITHIN

There is a story about a Marian girl at her first college class. Her professor asked a question in the auditorium, and no one stood up to answer. Coming from Marian and gaining the confidence you need to succeed in life, the Marian girl stood up and answered the question. Following, the professor asked the girl if she went to an all girls' high school prior to the university. That is only one example of the self-confidence with which Marian girls carry.

When you hear the words "super powers," what comes to mind? Flying, freezing, super strength or invisibility? When you relate "super powers" to Marian, the phrase develops a new meaning. Not only when you are at Marian, but outside of Marian it is easy to tell if a girl was or is in the Marian community. Marian girls have super powers; there is no denying that.

Throughout your years at Marian, you undoubtedly develop as a person. From freshman retreat to senior retreat, you

discover something within. Numerous experiences and activities make us more diverse and open-minded. You discover your super powers. It's not something that just develops overnight, and it's not something you can make happen. A true Marian girl has always had the super powers in her; it's just a matter of discovering them.

Marian teaches us to be ourselves, no matter what. The atmosphere at Marian makes girls leaders. It makes us comfortable with not only ourselves, but also others. It helps us accept diversity and to not be afraid to speak our mind. You get comfortable with stating your own opinions to large and small groups. Marian helps you grow and relate to the people around you, too.

No matter what kind of person you were before Marian, or where you came from, when you leave Marian you will have uncovered your hidden super powers. You've always had it in you. Marian just helps you find it.

