

## The Man in the Yellow Hat



JAMES M. PHILLIPS

Well, it's that time of year, folks. In the dorm rooms of seniors all across campus, there lingers in the air a heavy scent of graphite and perspiration as our lovely "older" (and by older I mean cooler) students scramble to finish college and scholarship applications. Now, for the most part, college applications are incredibly boring and mundane, comprised of little blanks to be filled with Social Security numbers and other such nonsense. However, there is one section of the application that allows the applicant to completely express him or herself, and allows the college in question to understand the person behind the numbers. I am of course referring to the infamous college essay, which I myself am awaiting with bated breath and great anticipation to write this year. Actually, I am a horrible procrastinator and have not really started any applications or essays, but I have begun the important process of "formulating ideas" (procrastinator speak for sitting around, playing video games), which I plan to share with you, my lovely reader.

Perhaps the most typical topic for an application essay is "Describe a time/event that greatly changed you as a person" or some more complicated version of that statement that basically means the same thing. There have to be a great deal of equally typical responses that colleges receive. This probably makes reading these applications extremely boring and tedious. How many essays about community service and helping others can one college admissions councilor take before he or she suddenly snaps and goes postal? So, keeping that in mind, I have attempted to formulate a response that will make colleges understand my exceptionality, and make my essay stick out from the pack. I want to transcend stereotypes, be seen as a complete individual, and write the perfect "unique" college essay to express my "unique" self while I sit in my room wearing a pair of Abercrombie jeans, listening to Blink 182 for inspiration.

So here I am, sitting in my room, trying to figure out some truly distinctive event in my life to bestow upon the colleges of America in the form of written word that will make them say, "Wow, this fellow James Phillips is perfect for Ivy University. In fact, let's pay him to come here, name a building after him, and change our one hundred year old insignia to resemble his handsome visage." As you can tell, I do not want to be seen as any regular guy off the street. Of course, being the brilliant and talented individual that I am, an idea has come to me. That idea involves Twizzlers. That's right, Twizzlers, that delicious cherry flavored licorice candy, were directly involved in an event that greatly changed me as a person, and were integrally involved in the shaping of my personality, so much so that I am willing to write my college essay about the event that brought Twizzlers into my life.

Well, I guess I should start from the beginning. I have one sister, Anne, who is two years older than I. We have always had an interesting relationship. We get along very well now that I go to boarding school and she goes to college, but in the days when we still lived together, we fought like Pygmy warriors. We were always at each other's throats, and there was nothing our parents could do about it. Invariably, we would have at least one fist fight a week, and the bickering between us never ceased. The sad thing was that Anne would always win the fights. Anyway, one year around Thanksgiving, my family and I went to Pennsylvania to visit my grandparents for the holiday. As was usual, Anne and I fought for the first half of the trip about delineating sides of the back seat. By the time we arrived to our grandparents, we were in rare form, even though blood had yet to spill. The next day, our aunt took us to a movie to calm our restless spirits. At the theater, Anne bought a half-pound bag of Twizzlers with some allowance that she had saved. I was never one to save money, so I could not buy any candy.

I still vividly remember asking Anne if I could have a Twizzler, and her refusing just to torment me. By the end of the movie, Anne had eaten half a pound of Twizzlers by herself, just so that I would not get to eat any, and I was extremely angry. We got back to our grandparents' house and we went about our separate business, avoiding each other. I was deeply engrossed in organizing junk

mail, one of my favorite hobbies, when I heard a sound from the dining room. I ran to see what was going on and [Reader Discretion Advised] when I got to the dining room I found my sister throwing up sweet smelling red vomit all over the carpet. The scent of Twizzlers was overwhelming. My first response was that of any good brother; I started laughing at her.

From that day on, Twizzlers have been my favorite candy. I started liking them so much because I could use them to torment my sister, since she could no longer stand the sight of them. Her attempt to make me jealous of her candy had backfired into something I will be able to bother her with for the rest of her life. My use of Twizzlers to annoy my sister evolved into a true love for the candy. I am now a Twizzler expert. I can tell the exact expiration date of a package of Twizzlers by tasting them. I open the package and carefully smell them to tell if they are from a good vintage or not. I am a true connoisseur. I will eat only the best. That story, told much more carefully and in better detail, will be what gets me into college, I guarantee it. It demonstrates a great change in my life, and the event that inspired it. What more could they ask for?

Wanna know why  
The Man in the Yellow Hat  
is also referred to as  
"Naked James"?  
Find out:  
[www.ncssm.edu/stentorian](http://www.ncssm.edu/stentorian)

## Mentorship

FROM THE FRONT PAGE

implement a mentorship fair. The fair will be akin to an interview process where students can find mentors in a special area of study. As a side benefit, it will give more exposure to corporate sponsors who are interested in taking mentorship students.

"I also want to somehow tie Mini-Term into this," he said. According to Mr. Trocano, it may even be possible for students to come during the summer to take advantage of summer opportunities or learn the basics of their topic before the start

of the school year. In order for this to happen, though, students will have to have found their mentors by the end of the junior year.

"Through this program, students have a unique chance to design their own program and learning contract. I think it's an awesome program. It's a valuable experience because students can find out what they do or don't want to do," said Mr. Trocano.

Who is taking advantage of the mentorship program?

Web Design  
Kelly Hoops works with the webmaster of Frank Porter

Graham Child Development Center. Right now she is helping with the design of a search engine.

Nuclear Engineering at NCSU  
Gabe Campell works on surface modifications of materials with plasma. Plasma treatments are used particularly in the textile industry, and they are a relatively cheap and safe alternative to chemical treat-



Mr. Trocano: Chemistry teacher by day, mentorship director by afternoon.

ments. Plasma can modify the w a t e r repellence, strength, etc. of fabrics.

"Basically, I put stuff in plasma and see how it changes properties...it's purple," Gabe said.

Neurosurgery at Duke: Shan Tang works with the head of the Neurosurgery Department Allan Friedman, shadowing his brain surgery. "Brains pulsate," she said.

Chemical Engineering at NCSU: Allison Trott looks at biological processes in order to find their chemical components and mathematically model them. Her field of research is biomimetics, which NASA is working to develop. It involves manipulating the properties of materials in order for them to remember shapes.

## Nightmare on ALT Day

JESSICA JEAN HUDGENS

SL101. Five syllables that strike fear into the heart of every junior. The one hour on every ALT Day devoted to learning about sex, drugs, and diversity. We all know about these things, anyway. Instead of spending this hour on homework or something more academic, juniors at NCSSM must waste an hour in a classroom listening to lectures.

Most Science & Math students have taken a class dealing with sex or drugs. Every health class in North Carolina has a section dealing with drugs, and a section dealing with sex. What are we going to learn in one hour that we haven't learned in the past few years, either through a health class or personal experience? Chances are that every student here

came from a school that had a few druggies or teenage parents. State tax dollars could be better spent than paying for Student Life classes.

Diversity is a totally separate issue. The purpose of the SL101 diversity courses is to teach tolerance for the different people in the world, and in this school. It is understood that everyone has different backgrounds. It is very hard to believe, however, that any one of us came from a school totally devoid of diversity—blacks, whites, Indians, Asians, gays, lesbians, Muslims, Jews. The cities and towns we came from are not stuck in some sort of time warp. We don't live in the 50s. Our neighborhoods and schools are not solely one race anymore. Every student is exposed to different people in his or her life—at school, work, even

just going to the store. Living in the dorms here with thirty other students of different races, religions, and lifestyles is a lesson in diversity in and of itself. At any rate, tolerance for diversity isn't something that can be taught. Especially not in one hour.

Theoretically, SL101 is a great idea. Everyone needs to learn about sex, drugs, and diversity. And everyone does—through personal experiences. The juniors here have little influence, however, in decisions regarding whether or not they must take these classes. So, for the next ALT Day, we will once again take a class on sex, drugs and alcohol, or diversity. Starting in December, we'll learn about the "wellness model." I'm sure the entire junior class shares my excitement.