



Features



Editorial Briefs

By MARIEL BAUCOM and BETH NEEL

Remember when early October rolled around and you made plans for your Halloween costume? You and Mom worked on it for days. When Halloween finally came you proudly marched up those steps of the school building showing off your pride and joy. During school you could hardly wait to get home and carve the jack-o-lantern and then get ready for trick-or-treating. That night after the jack-o-lantern had been carefully placed on the front steps and you were once again donned in your costume, you eagerly left on your annual fantasy trip around the block, holding Dad's hand, and leaving Mom to tend to the other neighborhood trick-or-treaters. You went from one door step to the next carrying your orange plastic pumpkin or plastic bag in one hand and using the other hand to fix your costume that seemed to be coming unpinned or tearing. With flashlight in hand, Dad led the way around the block until you had made the whole round trip and were back at your own house. A little weary from the trip, you trudged in the house, took off your mask, and dumped out all your goodies on the floor. You marveled at the candy that was all for your eating. Mom quickly told you you could only have several pieces tonight, for you would get sick if you ate it all now. You ate a few pieces and then, tired from all the excitement, got undressed and crawled in bed, dreaming of the pleasant evening you had spent with Mom and Dad. Nice story, right? For kids these days, I doubt it quite goes this way. Halloween is no longer the nice parent/child event that it used to be. In most neighborhoods now the houses that are lit are scarce. Occupants clear out of the house to avoid the bother of this whole "trick-or-treating hassle." Many make plans so they specifically won't be at home that night. Others just turn off all their lights on the front side of the house to make it appear that no one is home.

With the scare of candy being poisoned, kids and their parents now must be very careful that all the candy they have is safe before they eat it. Some hospitals even x-ray candy for kids in order to find the razor blades and cyanide that sick-minded adults and not-so-funny teens have slyly placed in the candy. This and other pranks take away even more of the fun and excitement of the holiday. Why can't people just cut out the harmful pranks on this kiddo hey-day? And what's the big deal? Is it so much trouble to buy a few bags of candy and let the neighborhood kids visit you? Why not give kids today the same chance to have the fun that we had on Halloween?

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Senior Year. A year of college applications, preparing for graduation, many good-times, and, for the class of '88, final exams!

Excuse me if I sound a little upset, but what will it benefit us to have to take final exams? The argument is the usual one: "Seniors get lazy and don't work!" Do the members of the School Board actually believe that making seniors take exams will threaten them into studying more? I think not.

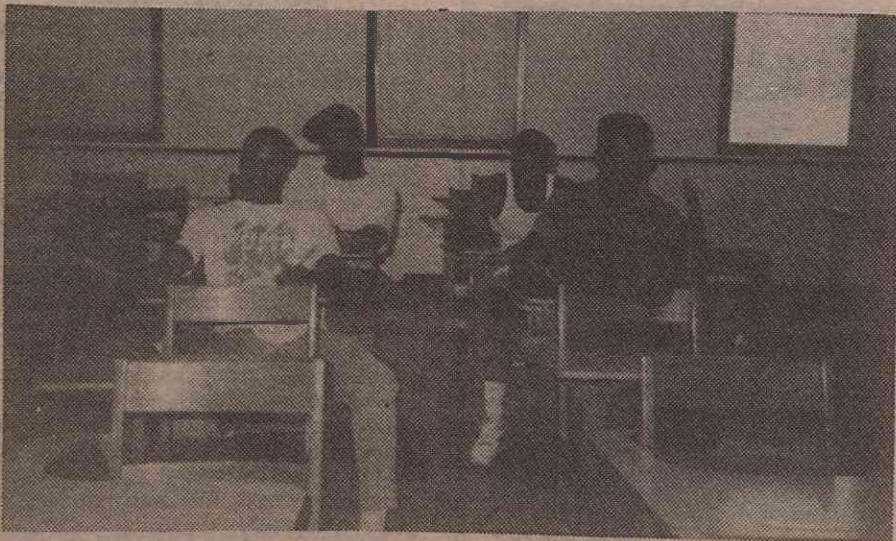
Besides the "study" argument, what about tradition and "senior privilege?" Back in the good 'ole days, seniors didn't take finals just because it was their privilege as seniors. This exemption was an honor for finally completing school. Now, however, with these new time-on-task laws, we don't get any breaks anymore.

Slowly, each year, seniors lose a little more of their freedom at school. Where will it end? I was almost surprised when I found out about seniors taking exams, but then I realized that this was no more absurd than leaving us in school in 96 degrees weather and making us make up two snow days in June.

Oh, well, c'est la vie, right?!

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The editors of the *Full Moon* welcome your suggestions of improvement, commendations, criticisms, or opinions on happenings of ASHS in our "Letters to the Editor" section of the paper. Your letters, however, must follow these guidelines to be published: 1) Letters must be signed but can be published as anonymous if desired. 2) Letters must be tactful, constructive, and reasonable. 3) Letters must not damage someone's character or reputation. 4) You must agree to let your letter be edited. It may need to be shortened to fit the layout of the page. We encourage you to write because your opinions improve the quality of our paper and allow different viewpoints to be expressed. Please let us know your opinions and comments on all aspects of our school.



Students Joe Wall, Carlos Gould, Tim Smith, and George Atkins see no need for final exams.

The Trials and Tribulations of Halloween

By WARD MISENHEIMER

Why do we as human beings resign our bodies to the physical anguish of a "pagan ritual" — Halloween? By personal experience I am not yet certain why I go through the hectic preparation or grueling frustration for one night on the town! I will state the main problems and major tribulations of Halloween in this very informative but brief exposition!

Every Halloween I go through the same thing — What do I wear? Finally, after an indefinite search for a costume, I end up in the Express Lane of Sky City with my \$5.00 Halloween attire. Extremely displeased and dissatisfied with my rushed costume selection, I leisurely put it on and begin my voyage into the night. Only after a few blocks, I begin to notice the uncomfortable fitting of my outfit. As I find it hard to breathe I begin to maneuver my body into a position which is more suitable for respiration. By changing my body position, I then quietly notice a rip through the crotch of my uniform. Now, being displeased with the quality of my suit, I begin to debate returning it for a refund or continuing into the night. Deciding to

voyage further, I come up on my first lighted porch and begin a fast gait toward the doorbell.

As I wait for what seems like an eternity, I eagerly listen for the sound of footsteps. Finally, an unfamiliar, disgusted face appears at the lighted doorway. After a long hesitation and drawn out explanation for my unexpected visit, the first victim of my candy infatuation leaves at my request, later returning with a look of offensive anger and a handful of Halloween "goodies".

As I quickly "haul anus" off the porch, I look in startled dismay at the cheapness of my Halloween "treats"! Enraged, I scream, "They cheated me!" Two Tootsie Rolls and a half-eaten Baby Ruth is a little ridiculous, even for an ungrateful teenager!

After such an unpleasing discovery, I find it's close to my "bedtime", so I pick up the pace and make an insane dash toward my front door. After finding out that my "wrist clock" was two hours fast, I crawl to my couch and look forward to the next Eve of All Saints Day.



Oscar the Grouch is this year's costume choice.



Cameron Speights and Samy Lamp in the act of pumpkin-busting.

Running With The Devil

By SAMY LAMP

My Halloween nights as a child began like those of all other young children preparing for a night of trick-or-treating. I decked out in my favorite devil costume and skipped door-to-door in choice neighborhoods. But, as the years passed, the number of porch lights inviting trick-or-treaters dwindled, and the families that did have their lights on gave out apples or bananas. At this point, my interests turned to activities that were more fun.

One Halloween, the Speights and I scratched the traditional trick-or-treating for a night of traveling from one haunted house to another. This, too, became boring, so for the next few Halloweens I took up the sport of pumpkin-busting. But, this also came to an abrupt stop when I had to hide from the police for plastering a sneer-

ing jack-o-lantern to the side of a prominent citizen's car.

However, by the time the next Halloween rolled around I was up to my mischievous ways again. Deciding that I needed more humor in my nights, I planned and schemed to achieve a Halloween to remember. That night several friends and I crammed into a car, along with three dozen eggs, and cruised the town, egging cars (Adrienne's, of course), houses, schools (Junior High School, to be exact), and most of all, trick-or-treaters. We even pulled a few trash cans behind the car, and watched as the cans tumbled, wildly dispersing all their contents. Boy, was that a night! We had some fun, especially going downtown and being booked for malicious damage to private property. So, if you get bored on Halloween night, give me a ring. We'll raise havoc somehow. But don't call until next year. This is my Halloween off.