

Manners Shmanners

By Amanda Connell
A&E Editor

I recall my second grade class in which the knowledge of manners was so freshly implanted in our brains that we would say "thank you" when someone handed us the paste, regardless of whether it was the weird kid who smelled like cheese or the kid we were best friends with. Manners weren't subjective. They were just a normal part of our lives.

Yet here I am today, in a high school filled with people nearly ten years older than second graders, and I can't even get a simple "sorry" after they knowingly

run me down in the hallway. "Please" is just a word we say when something is ridiculous, and "thank you" is a sarcastic saying that we say when someone acts toward us in a way we are unhappy with. The real thing is reserved for those that we feel are deserving of them, or simply just those that we like. What happened to genuine manners toward everyone, despite your feelings toward them? The problem is caused by a

combination of two things, both of which are annoying: ignorance and egocentric ways. It is all too common for high school students to hold themselves higher than other people. That girl that sits next to you isn't in your circle of friends so you are obviously much better than her. This often leads to the selective offering of manners. If you don't know someone and you automatically think you're better than them, then being polite to them isn't worth your time. At least that seems to be the popular outlook on a situation like this.

I understand that not everyone was brought up in a

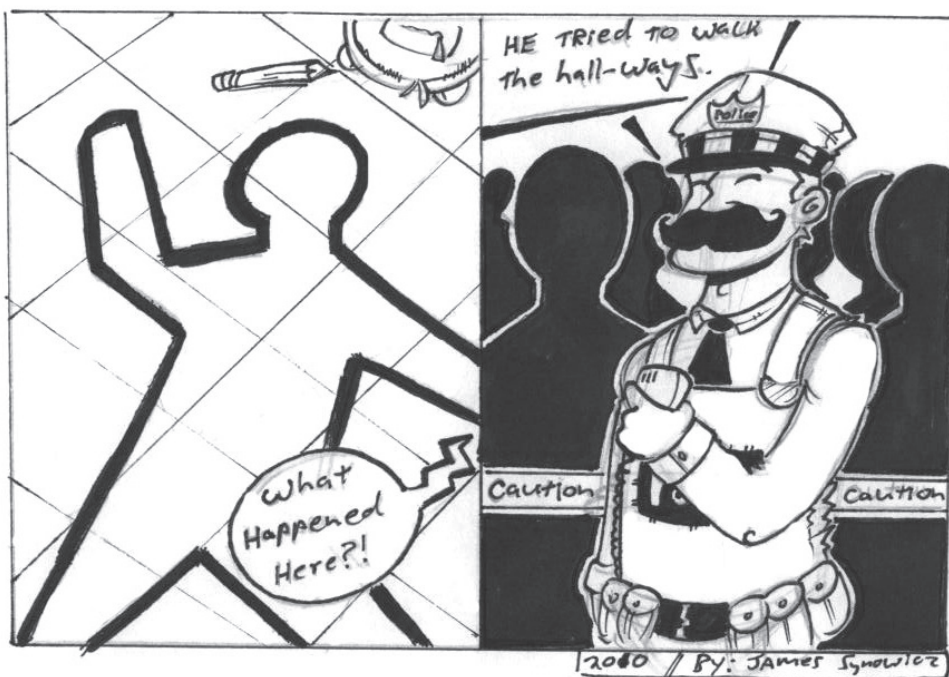
household where manners were of much importance, but you are surrounded by people for most of the day, every single day, so I would imagine at some point you would have noticed that the words "please", "thank you", and "sorry" are thrown around a bit after certain situations and I would appreciate it if you'd all take a second to stop thinking about video games or your "awesome" hair/clothes to acknowledge this.

If your paper airplane misses its target and collides with me, I would appreciate it if your acknowledgement consisted of more than just "oh, wow...." and walking away. Apologize.

I don't even care if you mean it, but I want it to be said.

If I, without being asked, pick up your binder and hand it to you while you are struggling to get through a maze of desks to get it yourself, say "thank you." You can even shorten it to "thanks" if you don't want to put forth that much effort. Thanks as in, "thanks for not making me drag my ill-mannered butt over there to do it myself." But no, go about your day without acknowledging the good deed and next time I'll be sure to make direct eye contact, make a sad face at your situation, and then turn my attention back to my homework, because in all reality, at least my teacher shows some semblance of appreciation for me doing that.

Also, if you ask me to do something, how about adding a pretty little "please" to the end of your already-dripping-in-disdain words, so that at least I have some small reason to comply with the request of someone who obviously hates me for a reason that I am not aware of. And maybe if you get some manners I can take you a tiny bit more seriously when you're pretending to be better than me...then again, probably not.



DOOR IS THE ENEMY

Callie Bretthauer
Copy Editor

We all know that bodily functions are hard to control. But luckily, technology has developed enough for people to maintain the odors that arise as a result of these functions. Let me familiarize you all, the bright students of our school, with a few of these items: deodorant, air fresheners, body sprays, flowers, or any other type of antiperspirant.

There are various places throughout the school where these items would be especially

helpful. The weight room, for example, has the most horrid of smells, particularly when there is any boy sports team. In addition to the loud banging of dumbbells dropping and grunts of manliness, there happens to be a large amount of smelly perspiration. For those of you lucky enough to not have your locker room directly across from the weight room, let me create the aroma for you: stifling sweat, unrecognizable socks, unwashed gym shorts, and of course, musky Axe that is sprayed in failing attempts to cover it all up.

On that note guys, try to be a little more creative on the cologne. Axe is everywhere and has been on male bodies everywhere since the fifth grade. I am also sorry to inform you that despite what the commercial advertises, women will not fling to your body. Another turnoff is that it can be smelt on creepy stalkers, middle-aged swingers, and forty year-old men who still live with their mothers.

However, I must point out the flaws of the ladies. Do not, for the decency of those around you, spray an entire bottle of

perfume in the middle of class. I know it is important to smell pretty, but please refrain from filling the entire room with some fruity fragrance. Everyone around you does not feel the need to bathe in the same scent.

This is an issue the student body needs to be aware of. As I go about my day, the smells my nose unfortunately has to take in are atrocious. A majority of them are unclassified. Please take responsibility for your body. For the benefit of us all here, apply some deodorant and make the school a little bit more bearable.

LETTER to the EDITOR

Yearbooks should be distributed in spring, not the fall

There has always been an issue about Lakes' yearbooks that has left me puzzled and upset. Our school's system of when to distribute yearbooks is completely absurd. I had ordered a yearbook my freshman year and I did not actually receive it until my sophomore year. The thing that makes a yearbook so special is all of the signatures and comments of the people you knew that year. Lakes students do not have

a chance to do that because we do not get our yearbooks until the following year. By that time, friends might be changed and the seniors have graduated.

I understand that it takes a long time to distribute the yearbooks because of pictures that are taken at the end of the year. Pictures like Prom and graduation. But it ruins the whole idea for the yearbooks, which is to remember the good times of high school with the signatures

on the back signature pages.

My solution is that students should receive their yearbooks at the end of the year. If students would like other pictures, then inserts could be made of those, but the purpose of the yearbook remains the same. To have something to look back at and enjoy, with the signatures and comments of friends.

-Haley Sherwood



All year long the rant has been complaining about all of the stuff that sucks. This month, we're doing something different. We're going to say all of the things that we like about Lakes since the seniors are leaving it for the summer.

- The text books were always heavy enough to work my back muscles as I walked up the three flights of stairs! Hooray physical fitness!
- The fact that Lakes was smart enough to know that hats distracted from my learning environment. They know me so well.
- I'll miss the school cafeteria, but the fat they served me will always stay in my heart.
- Hannah Ford.
- The fluorescent lighting was always the right hue of white. It made me feel confident.
- All the teachers that are eye candy (Mr. Rowells).
- Spanish Class, or as they say in Spanish ¡el Spanish-Classo!
- All of the fights.
- Indoor Celebration Day, all of the fun of Celebration Day with the added fun of taking a test!
- The pool, the Speech Team, the Debate Team, the extra field trips...oh wait, we didn't have any of those things because of Antioch. I'm not going to miss Antioch.
- All of the diversity.
- The use of the second floor library entrance.
- The new, more unhealthy lunch menu.

By Paul Twarowski

