

# THE TATTOO

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Joe Keo / The Tattoo

## Hello! Ban lifted

By MOLLY HORAN  
The Tattoo

Finally, students can carry cell phones in Bristol schools without breaking the rules.

Until this year, cell phones and beepers weren't allowed in the city's schools because they were considered drug paraphernalia, according to Superintendent Michael Wasta.

Many students carried them anyway. This year, a new policy shows that school board members believe times have changed.

Before school started this fall, the Bristol Board of Education created a new policy that allows students to carry cell phones with them during the day as long as they're used only before and after school, according to Wasta.

But with this new freedom come harsher punishments for students who take their phones out during class.

Teachers at Bristol Eastern High School told students during the first week that they could confiscate phones if they see them.

But even when they hear a ringing phone during class, some teachers just glare. Others tell the student to turn the phone off, but don't take it away.

School officials told students at the onset of the year that phones should be turned off, and not visible.

Wasta says reaction to the new rules from both students and parents has been positive.

"Parents want to be able to reach their children after school to work out rides or find out about changes in after school plans," Wasta said.

Amber Brown, a junior at Eastern, said she believes the new policy is fair. "Students are in school to learn, but sometimes cell phones are a necessity," Brown said.

## Learn to stand up to a bully

By MICHEL LEE  
The Tattoo

I'd just counted the ballots for the science club officer elections, and I wasn't supposed to tell anyone the results.

I walked into my orchestra classroom and was promptly attacked, er, greeted by one of my classmates who is also a member of the science club.

"Hey, so how'd the ballot counting go? What were the results?"

"Oh...heeyyy. Well, actually, I'm not supposed to say. Sorry."

*Oh, great. I can tell what's coming next.*

"Aw, come on. I'll know the results anyways. I just didn't help to count the ballots."

"No, sorry. I really can't say." *I'm sticking to my guns.*

"It's okay. Tell me!"

"Nope. I'm sorry, but I'm not going to tell you. I wish you'd stop asking me."

"Oh my gosh. You're so dumb. Humph. Fine."

She mutters under her breath as she stalks off. *Great. Just what I need on a Friday.*

I'm feeling pretty bad after orchestra. It's not that I don't have a spine, but I really don't like people to be mad at me. Plus, she glares at me for half the class period. Just my luck that she sits right across the room from me. The other half, she's ranting about me to her friend.

"Um, can I talk to you for a second?"

"Sure! Yeah!"

"L...I really handled that situation badly. I'm sorry. The reason was..." *Ugh. I can't believe I just told her the election results. I'm such a pushover.*

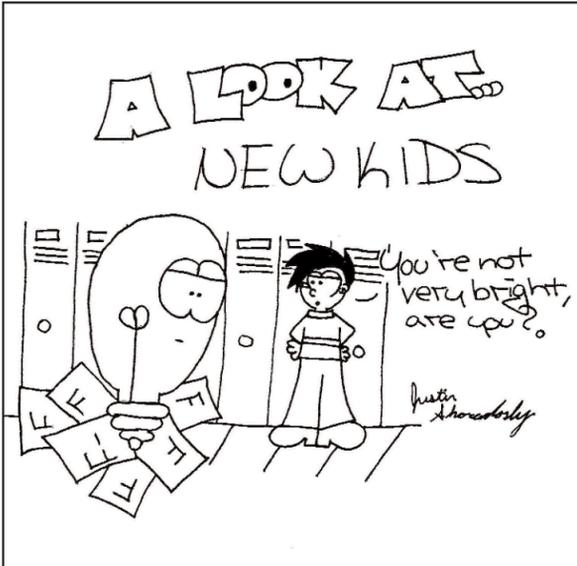
In retrospect, I really shouldn't have said anything. For one, I wasn't supposed to. And secondly, I let her trap me again with that age-old ploy - bullying.

I'd always thought that once I'd gotten to high school, I wouldn't be subject to mean remarks and teasing anymore. In a way, I'm not. Well, at least not in the elementary playground sense. In the high school sense? Definitely.

Bullying is altogether too common in our schools. It happens on a daily basis. Sometimes we're the bullies without realizing it. Sometimes, the others are. Whatever the case, someone always gets hurt. In my situation, my friend bullied a secret out of me by making me feel bad enough to want to ameliorate the situation. So I told, blew my responsibilities, and probably lost my teacher's trust.

So, as prey of the Bullying Machine, all I can say is, stay within reasonable limits when dealing with others' comfort. Don't push it. If you're getting bullied, stand up for what you believe in. Sure, it's as cliché as throwing the baby out with the bathwater, but it's definitely true. You just never know what the consequences might be, and I guarantee you that you'll feel better about yourself. Next time that meanie comes around, you'll handle the situation beautifully.

Hopefully, the same holds true for me.



Justin Skaradosky / The Tattoo

## Swimming with sharks? Get fins!

In high school, sometimes you find yourself swimming with sharks. We can help you get ready, stay on the alert and stop sweatin'. At least until P.E. But we've got advice on that, too. This is the last *Insider's Guide to High School* for this year. Check out the complete *Guide* on our website for years of tried and true words of wisdom, with a twist, and watch for more editions of *The Tattoo* coming soon.

## Bling improves school uniform

By MARESE HEFFERNAN  
The Tattoo

Thick gold chains, large hoop earrings, multiple diamante rings; jewelry is, of course, an essential accessory for every teenage girl. After all, who doesn't love the "bling bling" style of today's youth? Well, teachers, of course!

For me, being forced to wear a standard navy uniform going to school every day decreases my sense of individuality, and makes me feel far too conformed. So at the beginning of my first year in the school, I thought to myself, "What can I do to express my personality, without breaking any school rules?"

The answer came to me in a pair of silver hoop earrings.

After a few weeks of wearing only minimal jewelry to school, I felt it was safe to test the waters first by wearing a slightly thicker, and more jeweled necklace over my school jumper. No one seemed to take much notice, though walking through the

halls one day, the vice-principal spotted me and told me nicely to tuck my chain into my jumper. I did so, only removing it when she was totally out of sight.

The next week I upgraded to an even more stylish and "blingin'" necklace, and added my hoop earrings. These brought me

**The answer came to me in a pair of silver hoop earrings.**

a little more attention, with many teachers telling me to tuck in my necklace, and an occasional few making me take out my earrings.

They couldn't punish me though, because the prohibition of excessive jewelry is nowhere to be found in the school rules.

## Victory over vending machines

By ZACH BROKENROPE  
The Tattoo

Sometimes I think that high school is a prank, a really cruel one played on us by our parents, perhaps. That, if it was our real life, it would have come with a better set of instructions.

No such luck.

I've been a sophomore for one month now, and for the first time I'm officially in the high school. Our school has some weird thing where the freshmen are still in the middle school.

So far, I've learned more about the art of war than anything about biology.

In high school, it seems that everything is out to get you. Even inanimate objects, such as the damned vending machine, have personal beef.

It was the first day of school and I forgot to pack my lunch. No problem, some might say, just go to the cafeteria.

No thanks.

At Aurora High School, the cafeteria resembles one of those Discovery Channel shows where smaller animals are viciously ripped apart by the older, more dominating creatures. And as a sophomore, not matter my actual size, I'm the smaller animal.

So instead I choose the vending machine, God's own little gift of quick food with no nutritional value.

"Are you hungry?" the screen on the machine read. Why yes, I thought to myself with a chuckle.

As my stomach grumbled, I decided that cinnamon sugar Pop-Tarts with brown sugar frosting would best suit my needs.

I entered my dollar. It popped back out. I then went through the motions of laying it flat and pressing it up against the edge, smoothing it out with the utmost care. This time, the machine accepted the dollar.

"Sorry, this machine will resume operation at 3:30," suddenly appeared on the screen and my change shot out of the coin return.

"What the hell," I think. "It asks me if I want food and then tells me I can't have any?"

I hate admitting defeat, but as I dragged my feet against the floor I admitted that the smart ass machine had beaten me.

"Problems?" my friend Miriam asks as I sit down next to her at my locker.

I mumble something inaudible about the vending machine.

"Here," she laughs and hands me a granola bar.

I tear it open and take a bite.

It's cinnamon sugar. I win.

## the sophomore chronicles

Ready for the homecoming dance at Aurora High School in Aurora, Neb. in the photo below are, Justine Newquist, 15, of Aurora High School, in the front, wearing a toga. In the second row are, from left: Tony Bick, 15, of McCook High School, McCook, Neb., Marcela Rodrigues, 15, a Brazilian exchange student attending Aurora High School, Sarah Vrana, 15, and Jenny Pickering, 16, both of Aurora Middle School, and Eric White, 18, of Aurora High School. In the third row are Jake Fullton, 15, of Aurora Middle School, Suzy Nelson, 15, of Aurora High School, Maggie Schroeder, 16, of Giltner High School, Giltner, Neb. and Neil Leininger, 15, of Aurora High School. In the back row are Max Kugler, 15, Chris Patton, 17, Eric Hunnicutt, 17, and Zach Brokenrope, 15, all of Aurora High School.



Justine Newquist / The Tattoo

Monty Nelson / The Tattoo Sophomore Zach Brokenrope.

