

Movie reviews

by Sarah Bainbridge
Culture Editor

降世神通 AVATAR

Avatar the Last Airbender

Based off of the successful animated series, this movie captured audiences with its dazzling lack of accuracy and beautifully scripted emotionless acting. The transformation from animation to live-action was accompanied by stunningly atrocious special effects, a few of the best being water that doesn't make things wet and fire that doesn't burn. Director M. Night Shyamalan crafted useless 3-D to accompany these effects and make the overall viewing experience something that viewers described as terrifying and unbearable. Critics from popular movie review sites such as Rotten tomatoes applauded the movie for its "incomprehensible plotting, horrible acting, and detached joyless direction." Audiences were entranced by the obvious white-washing of characters causing one moviegoer to exclaim, "I enjoyed the racism so much; I can hardly wait to never see this movie again!"

THE LIGHTNING THIEF

Percy Jackson

This summer hit drew in audiences of all ages who had enjoyed the series written by author Rick Riordan, and they were certainly not disappointed. Chris Columbus, the director of this film, artfully cut out main characters and plot points to keep the audience guessing about whether or not he was capable of reading. Percy's graceful aging from 11 to 18 for the movie was not lost on the audiences, and Columbus took the opportunity to add romantic tension where the author had wisely chosen not to. Columbus is a leader in the field of tying movies to their books as loosely as possible, and other directors congratulated his genius at changing the setting, plot and nearly every other element of the story. Fans of the book were glad to be unable to recognize the story that was deeply hidden under humorless acting and cleverly made mistakes.

THE LONE RANGER

The Lone Ranger

Tonto once said, "From the great Beyond, a vision told me that white men would once again ruin another movie." And thus, the Lone Ranger was born. This old favorite of grandparents and great grandparents alike was recently brought back to the light by Director Gore Verbinski. In this rendition, Verbinski skillfully walks the line between comedy and racism with Johnny Depp playing the Native American sidekick with a dead bird on his head and makeup to hide his race. The gratuitous action and bad jokes overwhelmed the possibility of good acting from the main duo, and left audiences stunned.

Grandpa watches the VMA show

by Violet Wallerstein

World Editor

Last Sunday, I was just sitting down in my E-Z chair, getting ready for another night of falling asleep in front of the television. I already had my slippers on and my dentures out when I clicked my way to the animal channel. There was the strangest program on that had a leopard with blue eyes and some sort of black mane! It was quite frightening the way it stared straight into the camera, I almost jumped out of my adult diaper.

At one point in the show, all these great big bears were in a room and started moving in the oddest way. It was like they were trying to dance without any concept of music because, well, they're bears. Those movements certainly did not look natural enough to be on the animal channel. I think the scientists must have been testing new seizure medication on the animals. Maybe I should try that one, my doctor keeps switching my meds... am I rambling? My grandkids say I ramble.

I vaguely remember something that looked like Beetlejuice show up on the screen, but it wasn't very interesting and I was half asleep. I think this flesh colored bunny with awfully stubby ears was trying to mate with him on screen. Anyway, they had some really weird background music. It was not my taste, but kids these days would probably say it was



S. Clark

"rad." Every so often though they interrupted the soundtrack to comment on something, but they just kept mumbling. Those "announcers" need to learn to speak up; we old folk can't hear so good anymore. It was all very confusing, with the animals' twitching and flapping going.

I'm pretty sure a naked mermaid was on the screen, though I may have been dreaming. She was gorgeous and had a wonderful bottom either way. There was also a group of penguins that was featured that the rest of the animals got very excited about. They were very well choreographed for penguins. It didn't sound like those penguins could swim properly, the narrators kept saying they would "sink." I liked them; I hope they're on again soon.

They also had a tiger who started boxing. I don't know how you would have trained it, but it was, as kids would say, "awesome." Hopefully I didn't miss any interesting facts my bird watchers club would have liked because they kept showing shots of these very unhappy looking birds moving their feathers back and forth that all had very strange feathers on their heads. They were probably unhappy to be in the same room with those awful bears. They're the kind of birds that would peck your eyes out if you weren't watching.

Overall, I do not think that these programs should continue, they were far too disturbing and confusing. Animal Planet should really rethink what it allows on television.

Hannah reacts to Miley's behavior

by Reagan Rizio

Sports Editor

Dear Miley,

I cannot even begin to express how disappointed I am in you. Have you completely gone off the deep end? No wait, don't answer that. We, Miley Cyrus and Hannah Montana, were fine, Miley. I won't say perfect, because, after all, nobody's perfect. Everybody makes mistakes, and everybody has those days (although, unfortunately, your "bad days" have kind of graduated to "bad years").

Anyways, back to my point. True, we were a little... overtaken by the Disney image. But we were fine. And then you had to go and change everything! First of all, your little performance on the VMAs. I'm all for self-expression, but we really need to talk about that outfit. We have a giant, revolving closet. You couldn't find anything even slightly classy? Maybe something polyester, or cotton? Maybe a shirt or some pants? Or at least a tasteful one-piece.

And that not-so-private soiree with Robin Thicke... first of all, that was just uncomfortable. I realize that



Courtesy Wikicommons

in your song, you say things like "It's my mouth I can say what I want to, It's my body I can do what I want to," and all that. But it's not. It's our mouth, our body, and I think that we both need to have a very important conversation about this little factoid. I am extremely uncomfortable with the fact that I was onstage, being touched by Robin Thicke. Everything about him is dirty and icky, quite frankly, and I feel like I need to bathe in kerosene to cleanse myself. Maybe even douse myself in alcohol and light myself on fire. I don't know! I'm willing to take it to extremes.

Also, I really like using foam fingers to "cheer on the team," and all that stuff. But now, you've taken what should be a delightful accessory, a fun toy, and turned it into... well, still a "fun toy." But you've given it a different con-

notation, and I do not approve. I do not want to be mixed up with your new "party" lifestyle. I'm still here, wanting to do the Hoedown Throwdown, and I really think that you should join me as well. Your dancing ability is really suffering, you don't even stick it or glide anymore. Seriously Miley. Do we need to talk? I'm always here, at all times. You're literally never alone. Like, literally. Hoping you are well.

Sincerely,

Hannah Montana

courtesy Wikicommons

Brandy Melville brainwashes students into satanic cult

by Justine Reyes

Graphic Designer

Disclaimer: I actually really, really like Brandy Melville.

Throughout my teenage years, I've seen numerous clothing stores dip in and out of fashion. Abercrombie and Fitch, Hollister, and Aéropostale have all formerly been the subjects of such teenage affection, each of which I have been infatuated with. Though multi-colored polo-shirts with the infamous moose logo are long gone, they are being replaced by new simplistic basics, and t-shirts that are printed with phrases like "No Diggity, No Doubt." But this time, I won't be fooled. I think I'm old enough to know the difference between classic styles and brief trends.

However, as my senior year began, I started seeing these graphic tees and open-back dresses everywhere. I couldn't help staring at clans of freshman, sophomore, junior, and even senior class girls who seemed to be dressing in unison. There was something eerily harmonious about the trend, like they were all a part of a society that was unknown to me. Where were these clothes even coming from? WHO was responsible?

After briefly interrogating a group of freshman ("Your dresses are like, super dope. Yeah, I totally used to shop there all

the time, I think I just like, forgot the name of the store! WHAT IS IT CALLED AGAIN?") they revealed the mecca of all that is teenage fashion: Brandy Melville. However, I felt reluctant about going into the store, worried about what I was getting myself into. This feeling continued for days, then weeks, and eventually months. Something inside of me craved these clothes. I was in love. I was in love with Brandy Melville.

Nothing compares to my first Brandy Melville trip. I felt like an Elvis fan visiting Graceland, a Christian visiting the Holy Land. Employees wore Brandy Melville layers, consisting of "Marion" kimonos, "Jada" dresses, and "Heather" skirts. My dream of course was to have a line of denim circle skirts graced by my own name. For once in my life I felt like I belonged somewhere. Brandy Melville not only fulfilled my aesthetic needs in fashion, but also brought me to a place of like-minded, cool and hip teenage girls (and thank god for that.)

My trips to Brandy become more and more frequent, and I eventually dropped my "Forever-21 friends" for some people who actually had some class. Soon enough, I befriended the entire staff, who all eventually agreed to bring me to "The Cellar," where the founder of the company brought all new employees to learn the tricks and trade of the establishment. I was beyond excited- I wore not one but two entire coats of mascara.

We descended down suspicious cobble-stone staircases, deep

down into a dark and damp cave that was filled with hooded figures and candlelight. Something was up. We made our way through the swarm of people who seemed to be repeatedly whispering the words "one size fits MOST" into the center where a woman was standing in front of a large pentagram carved into the ground. The woman introduced herself as none other than the famous Brandy Melville, puppet-master of countless teenage girls around the world, and she indeed was operating under her own hidden agenda. She described the devious work to me in detail, and claimed that the clothing was just the first step of an international takeover. Numerous demonic possessions, charms, spells, voodoo, and skirts made of light-blue tulle were only a few of the many tricks she would use in order to gain a literal cult following for Brandy Melville. "No wonder they all acted the same..." I thought to myself. Suddenly and swiftly, Brandy looked up at me with her evil, red, putrid eyes and offered me the position of her assistant. I unintentionally let out a nervous laugh and proceeded to sprint as hard as I could up the stairs, only to be tackled by a group of 15 year olds in floral blouses. That was the last time I ever saw a large group of people.

I write this from cell 5806B5, where they've been keeping me all these god-forsaken years. From what I overheard from Chip and Barry, the two security guards, Brandy Melville's master plan was indeed successful. And here I am, sitting in this damp cell, surviving off of second-hand Gap clothing, stale bread, and issues of Seventeen magazines from 2002. I often think about what my life could've been if I had taken that job with Brandy Melville. Massaging my leathery forehead wrinkles, I realize that there is probably a brand new world out there right now, one filled with fashionable, satanic teenagers fighting to become the next big "it" girl and assistant to the head demon herself, Brandy Melville. Well, I guess I had my chances. Now if I could only find out what year it is...

