

What the... High School Musical 2



MEGAN BROWNLEE
Mt. Spokane

Giving Pocahontas and other heroines the bodies of strippers, and ending many flicks with a moral that if you can find a prince to save you, all will be well, Disney has made lame choices. None of these compare to the atrocity that is High School Musical 2. The original High School Musical arose with massive success, achieving the titles of one of the most-watched Disney Channel movies, a successful concert tour, a number one album, and the creation of stage and ice productions. The sequel however, is not about a High School Musical. The film illustrates teenagers working together

at a country club for the summer and aiming to participate in a talent show. The title should have been "Talent Show for Working Teenagers." With shockingly optimistic teenagers frolicking around like chickens on LSD and chanting songs about "being in it together," the film serves to unite teens in a warm environment of love and support. If teens were ages seven-nine, this movie could perhaps be successful at that. But it fails. All the movie made me do is realize that our generation is zooming fast into a downward spiral that will eventually engulf all of us in its brightly colored corporate clothing and lip syncing. I never truly understood how screwed society was until I realized that people actually get off on this crap. Because of this production, we will all have to deal with middle schoolers ultimately going nutzoo and giving us all head-

aches from their whiny crackling singing voices whilst their parents watch in amazement and talk about how blessed they are to have such pleasant and happy children. Yeah, thanks Disney Channel. The film's characters also show an apparent fixation with self-tanner. Troy Bolton (played by Ken Barbie look-a-like Zac Efron) is always a toasted brown color while Sharpay Evans (played by 22-year-old Ashley Tisdale) resembles Lindsay Lohan pre-rehab. The self-tanner sunk into character Troy Bolton. Troy is always afflicted with something, and he appears to be an emo-whiny poster child who only wants a job so he can purchase black clothing and Bright Eyes CDs. The movie is centered on how Troy gets a promotion and his friends become envious, which ultimately makes them not "all in this together." At one

point, Troy realizes how shameful accepting a job promotion is and that the best thing to do about it is...sing. In one of the more entertaining numbers, Troy, clad in all black, angrily stomps around a golf course singing and attempting to dance, inevitably looking like a flamingo participating in intense Tai Chi. However, all of his anger is understood due to the fact that he maintains an unhealthy relationship with a clingy, PDA obsessed girlfriend. The show quite obviously matches high school stereotypes well. All girlfriend Gabriella Montez (played by Vanessa Hudgens and who is the real-life girlfriend of real-life flutterbum Troy) does is prance around in her red swimsuit, express a yearning desire to eat cheeseburgers and be with Troy. She even wears a "T" necklace, which might as well be a "T" branded on her with a cattle

prod. The definitive highlight of the movie is in part thanks to said clingy girlfriend and a PG-rated rabid chick fight. Sharpay and Gabriella make this moment magical when they publicly yell at each other, fighting, of course, over Troy. This is probably because, at one point, Troy expresses a liking for Sharpay's balls (during a touchy golf practice). However, don't watch the movie based only off of this. This can be seen in any high school in Spokane without having to watch the rest of the painful production. The movie, according to New York Times writer Virginia Heffernan, is, "a wonderful throwback, a candy-colored song-and-dance extravaganza set among teenagers for whom A.D.D. is rhythmic and early-onset puberty is romantic comedy." Word, Virginia.

He Said • She Said

Exercising is overrated



ETHAN HVAL
Mt. Spokane

The sound of heavy weights clanking loudly, the sour stench of sweat seeping from the pores of strained bodies and the guttural grunts of men in the heat of exercise are the phantoms that stalk my nightmares. I have an aversion to exercise. Many of my male friends are obsessed with their physical fitness and it amazes me how much time and effort they put into their exercise regimen. I, for one, believe fitness obsession is overrated. I am more comfortable in a dark room with my portable DVD player and a gallon of Rocky Road ice cream.

"The loud banging of weights, the sweat and blood put into an intense exercise routine just does not appeal to me."

care either. Why not be lazy? As long as my metabolism keeps working at this rate, I have nothing to worry about.

Obesity is a problem in America, but it is not my problem. I will admit that many of the people in this country who are overweight became that way because they shared my attitude towards exercise. It is just too bad they do not share my body. People who are fat have the power to change that. They just need to get off their butts and do something about it.

I look at my life and the lives of my friends who possess bodies more sculpted than I and ask myself: would I be any happier if I looked like that? The answer is no.

I am satisfied to be the way I am. Why waste so many countless hours working out and eating healthy while you can go out and experience life?

Maybe for some of my friends it's a girl issue. That has not been a problem for me. I am walking proof that big personality beats a big body to a bloody pulp. My girlfriend seems to be satisfied with my physical condition, at least she hasn't complained.

Anyways, the point I am trying to make is that you have to do what is right for you. I don't care much for physical activity that involves more time than it takes for me to use the restroom.

I have strived for a social life that keeps me moving. I say yes to every volunteer opportunity presented to me. These things keep my body active. I just do not find it necessary to continue to change my body for whatever reason. I am just as God made me and I'm fine with that, thank you very much.

I just do not see myself as a guy with the body that resembles the Incredible Hulk. The loud banging of weights, the sweat and blood put into an intense exercise routine just does not appeal to me. It does not work for me.

I'd rather spend my time snuggled up to my girl, my arm around her shoulder, watching a movie and sharing a bowl of ice cream. I'm happiest there.

Perfect bodies aren't everything



KRISTEN LINDSAY
Lewis and Clark

Every day a girl looks in the mirror or stands on a scale and hates what she sees.

As sad as this may seem, it is reality. Look at magazines, reality shows or even girls at your own school: skin and bones are in.

Some girls want to be the new "Nicole Richie" while others just want to be fit. Our society has mutilated this line to the point

that collar bones and "snap-able" ankles have become the new athletic body. So what does this portray to girls?

Each year \$40 billion dollars are spent on dieting and diet-products by Americans. It's hard being a teenager these days. There is all this excitement with obesity and how to "cure" it, and teenage boys and girls are pressured every day to be a certain weight for their height, and within a certain percentage range for body fat. We are the next generation, so it seems that the teenage population is expected to be the "perfect Americans."

But I have known a good handful of my peers with eating disorders, suicidal thoughts and drug problems. Instead of becoming the new "perfect Americans" it seems that this teenage population is being corrupted.

Almost all girls live by magazines. They look at them every single day to check up on the new upcoming styles, the new celebrity gossip and the new dating advice columns on how to get your crush for the new school year. But it doesn't seem to be the words that influence these young girls the most. It is the models and the small clothing they wear that appeal to the eye.

What happened to "pleasantly plump" and sexy curves? Now everyone is trying to achieve a straight, no-hipped body with as little fat as possible. This new goal usually leads to either anorexia or bulimia, both which are life threatening diseases

Today, girls would even risk their lives to become their ideal body weight and look like the models who were already born with tall, skinny bodies. It's funny how people have the power to manipulate minds and mess with your emotions

It's like those diet commercials are trying to make you feel like you could have a great, new life if only you were thirty pounds lighter, and at the same time make you feel lousy for becoming lazy and fat. But let me tell you, girl: love yourself the way you are. Sure, it's easy to say, but hard to do. I realize that it's hard to look at yourself from the outside and like what you see. It's hard to take the first step into accepting yourself

and the shape that God has given you. Once you do take that first step, the rest comes easy, and you will live happily once more. No more stressing over the extra five pounds you had just gained, no more feelings of guilt over that chocolate you just ate and no more feeling like crap because the shallow jerk you like doesn't think you're pretty enough for him. Accept yourself, and you'll find those who accept you for you as well.



Maddie Weatherhead / Staff Photographer

Some girls live by magazines, and the bodies portrayed in them can be obsessively strived for.

A job is not necessary quite yet



SARAH REYES
Rogers

Here we go once more into the start of a new year in high school. For some, it will be the last.

So on top of AP classes, Running Start, sports, dances, friends, relationships, parties and the everyday drama that high school presents us, who needs a job?

Certainly not me. I really don't plan on having a job until I am forced to live on a street corner in a decently insulated box somewhere with a sign and a hole in my sock that my big toe can stick out of, or maybe until college.

On one hand, jobs are imperative for the kids that have to make car payments or who truly do need the money for one reason or another. Then, there are the really important things that working gets you like money to save for those oh-so important, overpriced shoes that you will wear once.

If you stop to think about it, what does having a job really do for you? On the plus side, you will learn responsibility and people skills that can be used to your advantage in future careers. You will also know what it is like to not have to depend on parents for every financial need that comes about.

Then there is the other side of a working teen such as having their life revolve around a job which takes time away from friends and other social events.

I cannot even count how many times I have asked a friend to do something and their reply is, "Oh sorry I can't make it, I have to work." When this kind of thing happens, I feel like I should be working too, but then I think of all the things I would be missing out on that someone my age should be doing.

I do not understand how working kids give up so much time that could be used for friends and other things. Especially when a job is not necessary quite yet.

Apparently though, I am not the only person thinking like this when I say I don't want a job. According to the U.S. Department of Labor, the teenage workforce has been on a steady decline.

Since the late seventies, the amount of teens working has dropped from an almost solid 50 percent to a present day 30 percent. Friends and social outings are not the only reason I am an unemployed statistic, as I am sure is the case with most non-working youth. These days, kids are involved in more activities than you would think are humanly possible. Of course there is the academic side of things to keep busy with, such as keeping up grades in your core classes. A few overachievers might even have Running Start classes to worry about on top of high school classes.

Then there are electives, which sometimes require time outside of school to improve on, such as orchestra - any music credit for that matter - or even art. These, along with other classes of the sort, all need practice if you're going to reach your expectations of enhancing your skills.

Moving onto sports, after school practice is a big enough commitment excluding all other factor such as games, tournaments, jamborees and outside practice. If you choose to keep playing a sport when the school season is done, club sports demand more practice for longer amounts of time than a school sport ever will.

So when all of these factors, not counting the social part, are put together, it is amazing that some do not just drop dead from exhaustion.

I do not see a lot of teenagers coming home from volleyball practice after school and having a few minutes to themselves before having to head off to work, then coming home and doing homework at 11 o'clock at night. Sports practice, homework and rest are normal things that teens should have in their schedule of the day, but not something as time consuming as a job.

Incredibly enough, many teens do this every day and that in itself is remarkable. I think that as a teenager, when house payments are not yet a necessity in our lives, we should be free from responsibilities such as a part-time job.

At this moment in time while we are at this age, it seems that our only jobs should be to keep good grades and to ensure that we have no regrets when we are older about something we did not do in our teenage years.

School photos are beyond me



SAM ULIANO
Gonzaga Prep

Let me say it before anyone else has the chance to: I take terrible school photos. I can be perfectly perky and photogenic any other day of the year. Candid shots I can do. I am not the girl who shies away from the camera lens. But school photos are somehow beyond me.

Let me just say that I have a history of bad photos. I can practice and practice in front of a mirror all summer, yet no matter what happens, when it comes time for that flash, I always end up looking like a deflated chipmunk with very bad bangs and roots that belong on a tree rather than a head. Yet I do not care. I've been able to build up a thick skin concerning the misery of my school photos. You just shouldn't let such a small thing

get to you. One day, in middle school, when I received my photos with a scowl, the boy sitting next to me patted me on the arm and offered me a bit of comfort.

"If you think yours are bad," he said, "just look at mine." He pulled from his pocket his school ID. As I looked at his picture, I saw not his charming face, but one of a drooling green blob. After this, for some reason, my complete inability to take a good school photo hasn't bothered me.

The point is: no matter your grade level, no matter how lovely you are, sometimes school pictures just come out terrible. The point of these pictures is not to catch you in your best light, not to catch your smiling eyes and perfect teeth or that light just glancing beautifully off your hair.

The purpose they serve is purely business. In all honesty, school photos are taken mainly so that they can be entered into a computer system so teachers can put a name to a face.

"...when it comes time for that flash, I always end up looking like a deflated chipmunk with very bad bangs and roots that belong of a tree rather than a head."

When it comes down to it, your friends and classmates will remember many more wonderful things about you than the captured portrait of your bad summer haircut or the acne outbreak that just had to happen the day of the photograph.

They'll remember such flattering things as your willingness to pee your pants for a bet, or

the time you shut your head in the back of a Subaru.

Perhaps they will even remember the events leading up to the taking of the pictures, rather than the actual thing, such as when I was a freshman and my dad shouted in front of my future classmates, "Don't forget to tell them that the flash makes you barf!" (It isn't true, for the record; however, it did give me my favorite "Worst School Picture Ever" story, still told today).

It is moments that make memories, not pictures. So, this year when your school photos are returned, there is no need to sulk over them or beg your parental units to dole out cash for retakes. You'll get your chance to look beautiful, and there are many more terrible things in the living world than bad school photos.

Try not to take it too hard. Just remember: yours definitely will not be as bad as mine.