

SHORT & TWEET

A peek at Marksmen's tweets

- @atrain_pearson

Just flipping thru the channels. Landed on Disney. Can anyone tell how could *That's So Raven* turn into *Dog With a Blog*
— Sophomore **Avery Pearson**
- @charlieobrien22

If the @dallasmavs can somehow win the championship, I'll get a buzz
— Senior **Charlie O'Brien**
- @sammysanchez_19

In case you were wondering, yes. My Nintendogs are alive and well
—Sophomore **Sammy Sanchez**
- @CorbinWalp1997

any1 down for HBO Go & relax?
—Senior **Corbin Walp**

hot or not?

Quick thoughts on some recent events at 10600 Preston Road.

Heating up | McDonald's Week

The theme evoked many nostalgic memories, and no doubt allowed for more hours played of vintage Nintendo games. The best part: thousands of dollars raised for Austin Street Center.



Alight | Christmas decorations

From inflatable dreidel-bears to sparkling snowflakes to an iconic 'XVI' sign, this year's Christmas decorations truly impose the holiday spirit. Working through the cold and rain, the Senior Class deserves a commendation.



Cool | Science lounge noise

From A\$AP Rocky cranked up one notch too high to belligerent freshmen "roasting" each other at full volume, the science lounge has gotten out of hand. We know it's no library, but tone it down for those of us trying to work.

Icy | The weather

If we're socially obligated to wear shorts, can we at least have weather that won't frostbite our unprotected legs?

THE MATRIX

Our musings of happenings around campus condensed into single boxes

UNEXPECTED

Assembly announcements

Let's do the numbers. Of the approximately 400 students who attend assembly, six go to Chemistry Club. Do the other 98.5 percent of us need to know it's canceled?

Text alert system

It's good to know that students will no longer have to speculate on the stickiness of snow and the proximity of tornadoes before leaving school early.

New vending machine

In a dark, sport equipment-infested alcove in the commons lies a new snack dispenser that offers unhealthy, cheap, glorious edibles.

No-shave November

There's something inherently gratifying about seeing male teachers' beards accumulate over three weeks. Student beards, however, leave much to the imagination.

Gift drive buttons

The cost of the buttons may have increased, but the quality certainly didn't fail to meet the new price. Making the yearly sale into a trading card venture seems deceptive, however.

Chick-fil-A cookout

The succulent sandwiches were the only sufficient reward to us for sitting topsider-to-spine for half an hour during the Thanksgiving convocation.

TIB talks

Having a mature, captive audience willing to hear about your beliefs, hobbies and ideals is an incredible opportunity that not many students get.

Follow up video

I don't think anybody was disappointed to hear this year's McDonald's Week provides not one, but two videos of teachers' cameos and inside jokes.

Surprise ice cream

Some may question whether the ice cream was worth the stress induced by Head of Upper School Scott Gonzalez. Of course it was.

Alum: Kudos and a sobering reminder

To the editor:

A soul-felt congratulations to the entire staff of *The ReMarker* that put out the recent Focus insert, "The Civil Rights Movement Of Our Time." And a massive thank you to David Dini and his administration for letting this subject finally be dealt with openly and in print. If the current students (and readers) don't know, the idea for an issue like this has been kicking around for over two decades and has gone nowhere. Until now. Bravo!

One important correction is required, however. In at least 27 states, gays do not enjoy many basic legal protections such as the job security mentioned in the "Newlyweds" article. For example, in most of the country, a gay man could get married in the morning and then be fired in the afternoon when his employer hears about it. There are many protections at the federal and state level that are still missing, this being one of the most important.

I am optimistic that the current generation of students will grow up with all of this being a non-issue and hopefully near-future generations will look back at the recent court cases as an obvious and welcome evolution. But as is evidenced by a county clerk in Kentucky, the backwards-moving Prop. 1 in Houston and the recent uptick in violence against the LGBT community in Dallas (and around the country), "The Civil Rights Movement Of Our Time" still has a lot of moving forward to do.

Josh Einsohn, Class of 1990

Something I have heard many times before

She hands me a book.

The first two pages are dotted with the scribbled signatures of 16 classmates under a note from Mrs. Lanigan, complete with SeDarrien's backwards "n" and Jordan's unfortunate misspelling of the one thing she should spell right.

Poor Jordna.

On the cover there's a short title. Italicized to give it that "fancy" look.

Lifetimes: The beautiful way to explain death to children.

Mrs. Lanigan stares at me, pursing her lips and scrunching her eyebrows in that way adults do when they try not to cry. She forces out the two most confusing words anybody has ever said to me. The more I think about them, the more meaningless they become.

"I'm sorry."

Five years old, I blurt out what's on my mind.

"Why are you sorry?"

I just don't understand the obligation.

...

The sorrys never stop coming. Normal conversation. I ask about their parents. Like usual, people ask about mine.

I tell them my mom is a pharmacist, and like usual, people ask about the one I didn't mention.

Like usual, I tell them about Daddy, who died when I was in kindergarten.

I'm sorry.

Within the first few years, the confusion and

sadness bring their not-so-distant cousin, anger. I stop questioning the automatic responses. Eventually, I start giving them, too.

I learn to say "Thanks," look at the ground, and change the subject. Feigned gratitude becomes my pre-loaded defense for feigned apology.

A fake for a fake.

After switching schools in first grade, those who ever knew Daddy slowly become few and far between. But the sorrys? The sorrys never leave. I learn to hate sorrys.

So I get mad. All those sorrys just don't seem real. How could they be sorry?

Maybe if they were in the limousine on the day of the funeral service and heard me, too young to fully grasp the situation, proudly tell my mom that I'd already cried all my tears, so I didn't have to cry that day.

But they never heard. Never saw. Never knew. They were just "Sorry."

I never understood the obligation.

...

Until I'm on the other side. Eleven years after my dad passes away, I get a text from one of my best friends.

2:18 p.m.

Dont mean to drop a bomb on you guys but my dad has had cancer for about a year and a half and he passed away last night.

It takes everything not to say the words that

haunted my childhood. I'm not going to take a chance at making him feel the same way I did.

Two weeks later, his house fills with people, flowers, and catering. I practice our conversation over and over in my head.

So much I could say. Could I write him something? Let him know I'm there for him? I'm supposed to be good with conversation. I'll just tell him what comes to mind. Honest, that way.

I'm the only kid here who really knows how to say the right thing.

On my way out, I find him making his way through maze of loved ones. I look him in the eyes.

"Hey, man. I... I'm gonna head out." He thanks me for coming. I walk out the front door, tears coming to my eyes by the time I reach the car.

I walked away. After years of struggling with the death of my own father, I thought I understood the experience. It was an experience that I had internalized, but here at my car door, I learn — the hard way — that coping with an issue is not the same as overcoming it.

I'd dealt with my own sorrow, but failed to make him feel any better on his worst day. I wish I said something. Anything.

A childhood of dismissing those two words again and again and again. But now I have one regret.

I wish I said I'm sorry.

AVERY POWELL

