



## Foxtrot fiasco

7th grade  
Casanova strikes  
himself out

Jack B. Quick

Hey—you dance with a girl at this thing tonight!”

That was the dagger. It was my first 7th-grade dance at my new school in Kansas City—a Halloween costume party—and I’d been anticipating a leisurely night of camping in the far corner with my fellow wallflowers, texting my serious girlfriend from my old school in Dallas whose number looked strangely similar to my mom’s. But with those words

my dad uttered before I walked out the door, it became clear, to my chagrin, that I was actually going to have to try.

But, it wasn’t like I had no shot. 2010 was a different social time—years before Congress passed the Monotonous Dance Act of 2012. Though most of the night would consist of jumping into each other like zombies having muscle spasms and doing the Soulja Boy, we were guaranteed the DJ would

cue the Adele at least once for the “snowball” dance.

If I had to ask someone to do the deed, I knew who it would be: Alison Burmeister.

Her name had a lot of syllables and I dug that, but she was also mysterious. I rarely saw anyone talking to her at school, and the only way I knew her at all was by getting stuck as her gym partner time and again. She was hardly anyone’s No. 1 pick in the 2010 snowball draft, but she seemed nice—and 7th grade Jack’s sole criterion was *female*.

So that night I lingered over to her quadrant of the dance floor, looking fine in my Tony Romo jersey. We proceeded over the next hour to give each other all of the 7th grade signs—the excessive fake laugh, the awkward half-smile, and the random conversation over whether or not *iCarly* was better than *Drake and Josh* (D&J was vastly superior). But then she tipped her hand: she told me she hated this music and really preferred the slow dances.

Oh baby, The Chief was foxtrotting tonight!

So, right on cue after “The Hamster Dance,” Adele’s “Someone Like You” wafted through the speakers

and coupling commenced.

I took the multi-syllabic Ms. Burmeister to the center of the floor and remembered my training from Junior Cotillion—right, forward, left, back, right, forward, left, back. I was clearly *en fuego*, and remember vividly thinking “wow, these Cotillion skills will really help me out a lot at high school dances.”

She fell right in step, and we gazed into each other’s braces. I didn’t want that moment to end—but we’re talking about *me* here. Something had to go wrong.

And that something was one of my football teammates tapping me on the shoulder.

“What do you think you’re doing?” he cried in horror.

“Having the time of my life!” I thought to myself.

“No, no, no,” he sputtered out, “not with her. Have some self respect, bruh, she’s hideous. You play football, you can do so much better. *Nobody* dances with *that*.”

At this point quiet a crowd was growing, and I was stuck with Alison in the middle of a tribal circle.

“Don’t listen to them,” she broke out in tears, “we can still dance. We can go behind the pavilion where nobody can see us. *Please*.”

It was a dilemma straight out of *Grease*: the girl making you choose between her and your status with the boys. So which do you think I picked? I’m a pretty nice guy, right? Probably told my friends to pack sand and let me live my life? Went and fox trotted behind the pavilion, became steady boyfriend and girlfriend, and still stay in touch to this day?

No, man, I was a coward.

I brushed her off and went and did the Cupid Shuffle with all of my cool and popular friends while Alison spent the night behind the pavilion alone with tears in her eyes. It’s funny because I honestly couldn’t tell you any of those best friend’s names anymore, but I’ll never forget all of those beautiful syllables in Miss Burmeister’s. In fact, I’ve never gone to a dance since where I didn’t think about what I did to that girl in the 7th grade. But hey, at least I was popular for one night.

If anybody reading this knows an Alison Burmeister from Kansas City, MO, tell her Jack Kieffaber would still really like to foxtrot behind that pavilion—if somehow she’d be willing to dance with a jerk like me.

—Jack Kieffaber



By | Jack Kieffaber

# POP TO THE TOP

With Pop Star frozen treats now sold in the Eagles' Nest, and paletas served after chapel, handcrafted pops are catching fire on campus—even as the days get colder. One bold, sugar-loving staffer sampled fare at four standout popsicle joints around town, trying strawberry, coffee and one eclectic flavor from each.



The Upper School was pleasantly surprised at the end of last Thursday's Hispanic Heritage Month chapel talk with two full carts of paletas, a Mexican popsicle variety cited as the original influenced for pops like those at Berrynaked and Steel City. Authentic Mexican Paletas, however, have a much more diverse range of flavors—featuring such tasteful aberrations as horchata rice, agua de pepino (cold cucumber) and dill pickle. Not much of a vegetable ice cream man myself, I went with the classic strawberry cream flavor. It was by far the best of the lot, with an icy, seed-filled texture reminiscent of the one at Berrynaked.

This 2-month old upstart is the new kid on the block in the popsicle world. Its frozen treat recipes originally meant to trick owner Heather Kim's young children into eating fruits and vegetables—I can safely say their concoctions tricked me, too. Though I never thought I'd down a sweet potato-cinnamon popsicle sans gagging, I not only engulfed it but ordered three more. Their strawberry cream popsicle is chewy and seed infused. Berrynaked's raw flavored method is very simple: crush up the ingredients, put them in water and cream and freeze them. It lives up to its name, because nothing is added to alter the natural flavor.

Pop Star's cold brew coffee pops have the right combination of thickness and juiciness while retaining that quintessential slush we've come to love from other more mainstream options. Though coffee is my perennial favorite, the strawberry flavor stacks up nicely with a pulpy, seed-filled texture that reassures you that it was made with real fruit. The one thing that Pop Star lacks is variety. Its most obscure option offered at ESD is a fairly pedestrian Madagascar Vanilla pop that tastes more like ice cream on a stick than a handcrafted popsicle. But as long as I can get my coffee pop every day, I won't be complaining.

Steel City offers by far the priciest pops on the market—but it's worth it. Conveniently located at the nexus of the universe (Greenville Avenue), this far out location has established a reputation for its ability to get outstanding taste out of outlandish flavors—such as rhubarb and pineapple jalapeño. I didn't go full-on eclectic though, sticking with the classic strawberry and coffee options. The strawberry had a nice combination of iciness and juiciness, a difficult balance to maintain that I didn't find at other venues. The coffee wasn't quite at Popstar level, but had a rich flavor with a satisfying melty texture.

## Paleria La Super

3031 S. 1st St.,  
Garland  
Price | \$1.50 to \$2.50  
Sunday-Saturday |  
10 a.m. to 10 p.m.

## Berrynaked

5560 W. Lovers Lane  
Price | \$3.50 to \$4.50  
Sunday-Thursday |  
10 a.m. to 10 p.m.  
Friday & Saturday |  
10 a.m. to 11 p.m.

## Pop Star

Eagle's Nest  
Price | \$2.75  
Monday-Friday | 7:30  
a.m. to 4:30 p.m.

## Steel City Pops

2012 Greenville Ave  
Price | \$4  
Sunday-Thursday |  
Noon to 10 p.m.  
Friday & Saturday |  
Noon to 11 p.m.



# Staff Stance

## Campus culture discourages open political dialogue, masks actual liberal majority



Art by Margaret Siu

This campus flaunts a vocal conservative student base. If this wasn't already clear enough, election season has brought out the Republican in a commanding majority of Upper School students.

But, according to Eagle Edition's most recent poll, the presidential front-runner among students is Bernie Sanders and 22 percent identify as "definitely a liberal"—more than the 18 percent who claim conservative.

Polarized reactions to Pete Sessions' address to upperclassmen two years ago were proof enough that not all embrace Tea Party radicals. New data reveals the student body is, in fact, more

left-leaning.

So, where exactly are those espousing that point of view?

It's time we, as a community, put aside insecurities about holding different opinions than our peers. Especially with presidential nominations and platforms at stake, it's crucial students engage in open political dialogue.

Enter the idea of the Invisible Liberal. No, it's not the ghost of Al Gore come back to haunt emerging right wingers, but rather a term to describe more progressive-minded individuals who feel obligated to hunker beneath the Republican umbrella to fit in.

This might be foreign to prep school students in solidly blue

New York (think the "invisible conservative") but to more progressive, socially inclined thinkers here, it rings all too true.

In high school, popularity and conformity often go hand and hand—political uniformity is no exception. If a new student is surrounded by friends rabid about rounding up illegals and dumping them over an electrified wall back into Mexico, acceptance might trump humanitarianism and force students underground. Stretch this effect over a variety of hot-button issues, and liberal Democrats morph, in public, into moderate Republican.

If Invisible Liberal Syndrome stemmed from just peer pressure,

then this piece could ride off into the sunset with a simple "be yourself" message. But when parents' political views enter the equation, the issue becomes a bit more complicated than self-esteem issues.

How many times since the Reagan era has Texas voted blue in November? Here's a hint: it's the same number of inches of snow Dallas received Christmas Day 2015.

This means the majority of Texas parents have been voting Republican since they turned 18, and ESD's demographics match this trend as closely as any other private high school in North Dallas.

It makes sense a majority of Upper Schoolers grow up ingesting ideologies through a GOP feed tube—and there's nothing wrong with that. But, as kids start making the leap to high school, they become afflicted with a contagious, incurable disease known as "independent thought." And, while this may lead to a deeper, re-affirmed understanding of beliefs, it can compel others to question inherited ideas.

It's one thing to disagree with a close friend over the morals of gay marriage or abortion, but having the same dust up with the pair who taught the "right" view can be complicated. Consequently, a liberal-leaning teenager in a staunchly conservative house may take the path of least resistance and profess

Republican learnings—or cop out or just opt out.

Either way is just a means of avoiding the discomfort of throwing the only "yes, but..." into political discussions. That's the problem with Republican versus Democrat/Conservative versus Liberal, they're blanket labels that select by self-stereotyping. As much as teenagers want to group together for identity's sake, it's probably not a good time to do so on political terms. This only serves to discourage dialogue.

High school is perfect for all ideas to be open for debate and introspection, not dismissed because they're unpopular or unknown. Though granting amnesty to illegal residents and defunding Planned Parenthood won't appear on the same platform this year, that shouldn't stop a teen from supporting both causes.

"Invisible Liberals" aren't just depriving themselves of a voice, but of exploration into what they believe and why—not to mention the opportunity to provoke thoughts in others who may have never considered another point of view.

So if a company refusing to serve an individual based on sexual preference is immoral, voice that. If someone believes gay marriage is a sin, explain why.

And if someone disagrees with our stance, write a letter.

**Josiah  
Hamid-Khani  
for president**

With what's being called the greatest chapel talk to not use the words "Roger" or "Bannister," one soft-spoken senior roared to life in the Mrozek Advisory's service. He made us laugh, cry, in some cases laugh until we cried, and single-handedly establish "the crew hoodie" as 2016's hottest accessory.

**Sadies  
promises to  
be 'Out of  
This World,'  
Feb. 20 in the  
Aux Gym,  
8 p.m.**

Though the reveal video had more of an "Out of Our Minds" sort of vibe, the new theme touches a chord with the sci-fi fanboy and girl in all of us. *Star Wars* costumes are sure to dominate the scene, but be careful with the Wookie garb—we know how Darth Laba can be with those facial hair demerits.

**All Saints  
goes marching  
down, down,  
down, down**

The Saints got canonized by all four mens and womens sports teams Jan. 19, thus making the longest school night bus ride in SPC a bit more manageable. If we can just do the same against St. Mark's tonight and Hockaday Thursday, we'll be in business.

**Hot  
or  
Not**

Julius Stener had the idea, Alex McElya handled the leg-work, and the senior Powerball pool, with \$1.3 billion on the line, won \$12 total—which, distributed between 27, comes out to 48 cents a pop. We recommend they use the winnings to donate two chip bags from the Eagles Nest to the annual fund in honor of the Class of 2016.

Off campus lunch, neutral colored outwear, and a host of other requests by Junior Class officers were shot down by Dean Herrick and Co. Meanwhile, humming awkwardly through a speech on respecting veterans got seniors a whopping two days without off-campus lunch before the privilege was promptly reinstated.

In the classic Zen tradition, some detained students must arrive by 7:40 a.m. to sit in a room without speaking or doing homework. Combine that with fatigue and it's the perfect middle way to Nirvana—or mind-numbing boredom.

**Seniors win  
the lottery...  
in the most  
technical  
sense**

**Juniors  
denied  
privileges,  
seniors  
slapped on  
wrist for  
chapel  
antics**

**New morning  
detentions  
perfect for  
meditation**



# smart list

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1

Fundamentalist Christians offended by offensively red Christmas cups at Starbucks... to satisfy those dismayed, they'll only be offering wine from Eucharistic chalices through December 31st.

2

New research reveals original draft beneath Mona Lisa... some say the draft looks like a slightly different person, while others say it resembles a Dan Brown sequel.

3

Texas refuses Syrian refugees... we were fine with the Ebola guy, but this is where we draw the line.

4

Facebook debuts new post-breakup filtering tools to limit what you see from your ex... the system is also set to make the same adjustment after 10 years of marriage.

5

Kim and Kanye prove directionless in naming their second baby... the name "Saint" was confirmed over Twitter, which only makes sense for the son of Yeezus.

6

In his latest daily gaffe, Trump questions the existence of Muslim sports heroes despite having met Muhammad Ali, Shaquille O'Neill, and others... consequently, many Muslim's are doubting the existence of a brain in Trump's head.

7

Marlins hire Barry Bonds as new hitting coach... rumor has it they're also considering Biogenesis' Tony Bosh as head trainer.

8

Schwartznegger summoned to climate control meetings in Paris... but no one's buying the governor's plan to create a legion of heavily armed, eco-friendly robots to repair the ozone.

9

"Real Housewives" series is coming to Dallas... based on typical demographics of the cast, it seems likely to become "The Real Housewives of Specifically 75220."