

2010

## Not Wythe Standing: The News (Vol. 2, Issue 3)

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# NOT *Wythe* STANDING

THE NEWS

## The Baby Issue: What is it Really Like to Have a Baby in Law School?

### Babies or Law School? Both.

By *Contributor* Ambrosia Mosby (3L)

I became pregnant with my daughter, Arianna, during my first year of law school, and I went into labor at my summer internship in the Commonwealth's Attorney's Office in Richmond. Five weeks after she was born, I started class again. Now Ari is fifteen months old, sleeping through the night, eating all grown-up food, drinking out of sippy cups, and walking. So much change in two years!

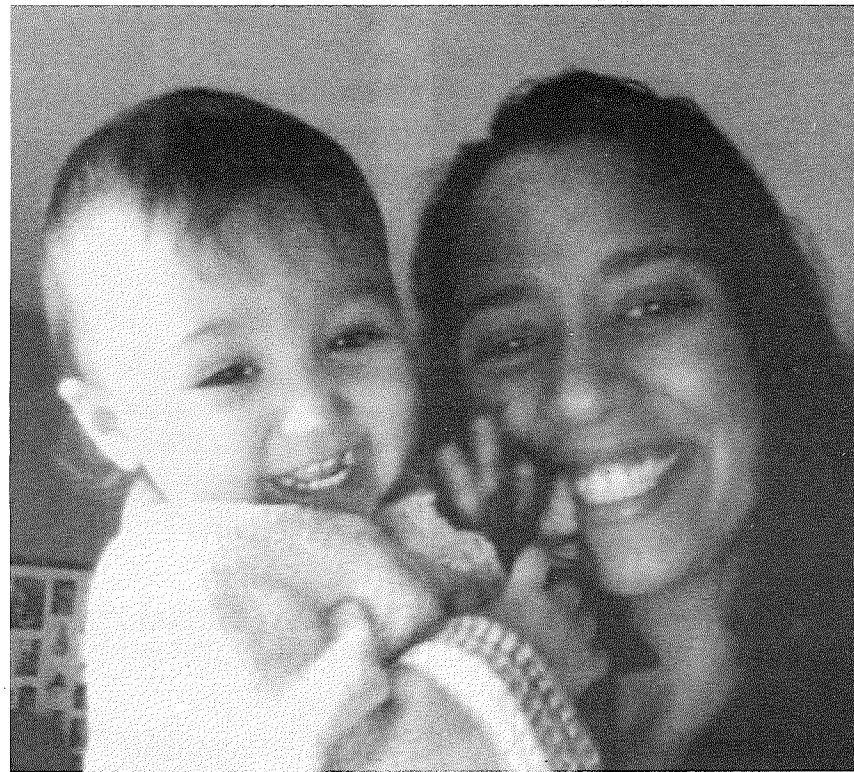
Having a baby in law school probably isn't very much different than having a baby and a full-time job, but it does change everything. Sleeping becomes a luxury. You no longer miss class (or work) for personal sickness if at all possible, because you know baby sick days are coming. Studying in the library becomes a distant memory, and exercise only happens on days that are nice enough to take out the jogging stroller.

Combining a baby and law school is difficult and not much fun. That is why baby time and school time need to be completely separate. I have learned from experience that doing anything school-related when Ari is awake will almost definitely end in disappointment and possibly in a screaming/crying disaster. Homework happens during naps and at night. I also try to accomplish everything while I'm at the law school, so that I don't have to bring Ari back with me later. Unfortunately, a trip back cannot always be avoided. During those times, I am lucky to have a great group of girlfriends who are usually able to help me watch her for a few minutes while I check out a book, use the computer in the library or go to a pretrial

conference (like I will be tonight—thanks Alison!).

Baby time, on the other hand, is the most fun time of my day. Arianna loves walking our Chihuahua, Lucy, going to the playground, and reading books. She can't show you where her nose is, but she *can* bark like a dog and find every book on her bookshelf with a picture of a dog inside it. She has to say hello to every person at Wal-Mart before we are able to leave the store, no matter how much of a hurry Mommy is in. I think she is the most wonderful person I know. I hear that all

parents think the same about their kids, but I am truly blessed to have Arianna in my life.



Ambrosia Mosby (3L) with daughter Arianna

### The Top Five Reasons Why I Like Being Pregnant in Law School

By *Contributor* Kate  
Dafoe (3L)

Below are the top five reasons I like being pregnant in law school. Every pregnancy is different, and every person is different, so if you attempt pregnancy in law school, results may vary.

#### 5. Buying and receiving adorable baby things are great ways to take a break from studying.

Nothing brightens up a day spent reading the Internal Revenue Code like an adorable pair of baby shoes. Even writing thank you notes describing adorable baby things is enough to make you forget about law school for several blissful seconds, before you again wonder what on earth IS going on in Federal Income Tax with all those random numbers on the board. Here, look at this cute little hat and matching mittens, and don't even think about evil words like "basis." And



Kate Dafoe (3L) at six months pregnant

whatever you do, don't try to figure out if I've derived an economic benefit from any of this, or the IRS will be taxing baby showers to the hilt, and the Internal Revenue Code will be even longer than it is now!

**4. Planning your new life with the baby can distract you from other stressful things, like worrying about passing the bar.**

Who cares whether PMBR or BARBRI knows best when you're worried about whether one parenting method is more likely to produce an angelic child? Questions like "Can you jog with a baby in a jogging stroller before they're eight months old?" "Will you be able to tell why the baby is crying?" and "Why are there so many recalls of baby products and formula?" will consume your thoughts and force you to just pick whichever silly bar review course you signed up for

1L year. I'm still wondering if maybe my six month-old will understand enough to sit in on the *other* bar review course for me so we don't miss anything. In all seriousness, being pregnant gives you a helpful sense of perspective when bar review companies threaten that if you use the *other* company you will not only fail the bar, but you will only be able to get a job teaching typewriter maintenance at the Rocco Columbo School for Women, since you were so galactically stupid to use the wrong bar review course. Give me a break.

**3. The walk from the parking lot (or the spot you had to find because the lot was full) is good exercise.**

If you've been cleared to exercise during pregnancy, walking is commonly listed as one of the best exercises. So at least that trek from the parking lot is good for you. It's also efficient since you don't have to

**NOT WYTHE STANDING**

THE NEWS

*The Newspaper of the William & Mary  
Marshall-Wythe School of Law*

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set aside extra time to work out, which is particularly beneficial for someone whose body now insists on ten hours of sleep a night. If you get close to your due date and become impatient, I'm told that walking can also induce labor. I try hard to think about all these benefits while I'm using one of George Carlin's "Seven Dirty Words" to describe the director of parking services and his inability to do simple math, particularly during a Williamsburg monsoon strong enough to drive away even the hardiest tourists. Good thing swimming is also a good exercise to do while pregnant...

**2. You can blame your apparent ADD on pregnancy, rather than just pure 3L burnout and laziness.**

No one told me before I was pregnant that hormones released during pregnancy can actually make you less focused and more likely to forget things, but apparently that's true. It could also be the fact that you become worried about being responsible for the care of another human being, or are distracted by cute baby things. *See, e.g., supra* reason 5. Oh, did I mention that pregnancy even makes it comfortable to sleep on airplanes, because sitting upright prevents heartburn? Wait, what was I supposed to be writing about here? Right, it was forgetfulness. Since being pregnant, I've thrown my credit card away by accident, left my grocery list in the refrigerator after going shopping, and I make about fifty trips a day up and down the stairs of my apartment to retrieve things I forgot on the other floor. So it's no surprise that I remember basically nothing about this semester's classes, and don't even remember if I did the reading or anything from it.

**1. You can feel the baby kicking, and it's awesome.**

This has absolutely nothing to do with law school, except that counting kicks or trying to figure out whether a limb or elbow is bumping you can make a long lecture go by more quickly. It is seriously the most awe-inspiring thing I have ever felt. I really do enjoy law school, and find many classes interesting, but nothing I have done here compares to knowing that a little foot is pummeling you in the stomach from the inside. Many parents will tell you that there's never a "perfect" time to have a baby, and they're probably right, but when I feel the baby kicking me, it's hard to not feel that the perfect time is right now. And I don't know that any book can prepare you for that feeling.

**Marshall Wythe High School: When Kids Become Parents**

**By Contributor Rob Murdough (3L)**

"Having children is a life-changing event that you may want to postpone until after the bar. Your years in law school will test your relationship with

your spouse and your family." William D. Henslee, *How to Survive the First Year of Law School* 16 (2009)

When I was asked to write about being a parent in law school, I had to think about it for a second. Normally I just write about the pointlessly juvenile parts of life here at MWHS- and there's no shortage of material. But the more I thought about it, I realized, I can make this work. Why? Because, in actuality, there are a few similarities between having a child in real high school and having a child in MWHS. (Of course, I in no way mean to make light of the serious difficulties, both social and personal, that accompany teenage pregnancy, and I am serious enough to mention this in my column in which nothing is sacred).

Just like in high school, the students with children are somewhat on the outskirts of the social life. They don't go to the prom, they aren't on student council, they don't go to parties (although at least at MWHS they probably don't feel like they're missing out on anything). They do their homework in between classes, because the time after school is consumed by taking care of their children. And like other high schools, MWHS seems to treat children as an afterthought—we have nine social events per month geared toward the young and single, but there is no organization or support network for student-parents, and good luck trying to get into the day care with its year-long wait list. (Are you supposed to predict a pregnancy three months in advance?)

When, on the first day of 1L year, I read the above quotation in the handy little pamphlet they hand out to intimidate the crap out of already nervous 1Ls, I laughed. My wife and I weren't getting any younger, and for the first time in our then six-year-old marriage I wasn't working insane hours. I was skeptical that we'd go another three years without children. (An aside for Ruzic: in my last job, where I

**The Editor's Brief**

**By The Editor-in-Chief Joy Einstein, 3L**

We are always looking for new writers and new ideas for monthly columns, so if you think you might be interested, please email me at [NotWytheStanding@gmail.com](mailto:NotWytheStanding@gmail.com).

We are also still looking to fill the Business Manager position. This person will handle advertising, billing, expense reimbursements, and related issues. No specific experience is necessary.

We are also always on the lookout for photos to include in each issue. If you have any pictures from various law school events or if you would like to take pictures for the paper, we would love to have your contributions!

worked for a government agency, I worked eighty-four hours a week, Monday through Saturday—make whatever you want out of that.)

At first, we had thought we would wait until after law school to start having kids. That soon seemed like a dumb idea. Why? Because I'm in class for maybe twelve hours a week, and by the most generous estimates I do about another twelve hours of work outside of class. Oh, and I get a summer vacation, spring break, like a month off at Christmas, and every single weekend free. I haven't had this much free time since I was in high school (the last time). Compared to the real world, where you're A) expected to work full-time and B) held accountable for the quality of your work, law school is a vacation from reality. The more we thought about it, the more we realized this was the perfect time to start a family. And, as my friends (all three of them) already know, my son was born this summer.

Okay, go ahead and get it out of your system—"that's easy for you to say, you already have a job." Feel better? Now stop and consider your life's trajectory. I'll definitely agree with the first part of

that quote above; having children is indeed a life-changing event (for the better, in my opinion). And it might be true that for some, law school will test their relationships with spouse and family. But even if law school is hard, it's nothing compared to what comes next. Here, if the kid is up late screaming, you can zombie-shuffle your way through seventy-five minutes of class and call it a day. After this, you'll be working for ten hours a day, five days a week, leashed to a blackberry, at a place where you can't even wear sweatpants! (If we're lucky, which we won't be.)

Of course, whether and when to have children is an important decision and there is no one right answer for everyone. But if you and your spouse keep waiting until the next milestone in your lives, eventually you'll be in your sixties with your teenage kids still living in your house. For those who are on the edge, I can confidently say, from experience, that you are probably more ready than you think you are.

I know this was a more serious topic for me. Not to worry, next month I'll be back to making fun of law students and you can delude yourself into thinking that I'm talking about everyone else but you.

### **An Open Letter to My Daughter Shortly (or two months) After her First Birthday**

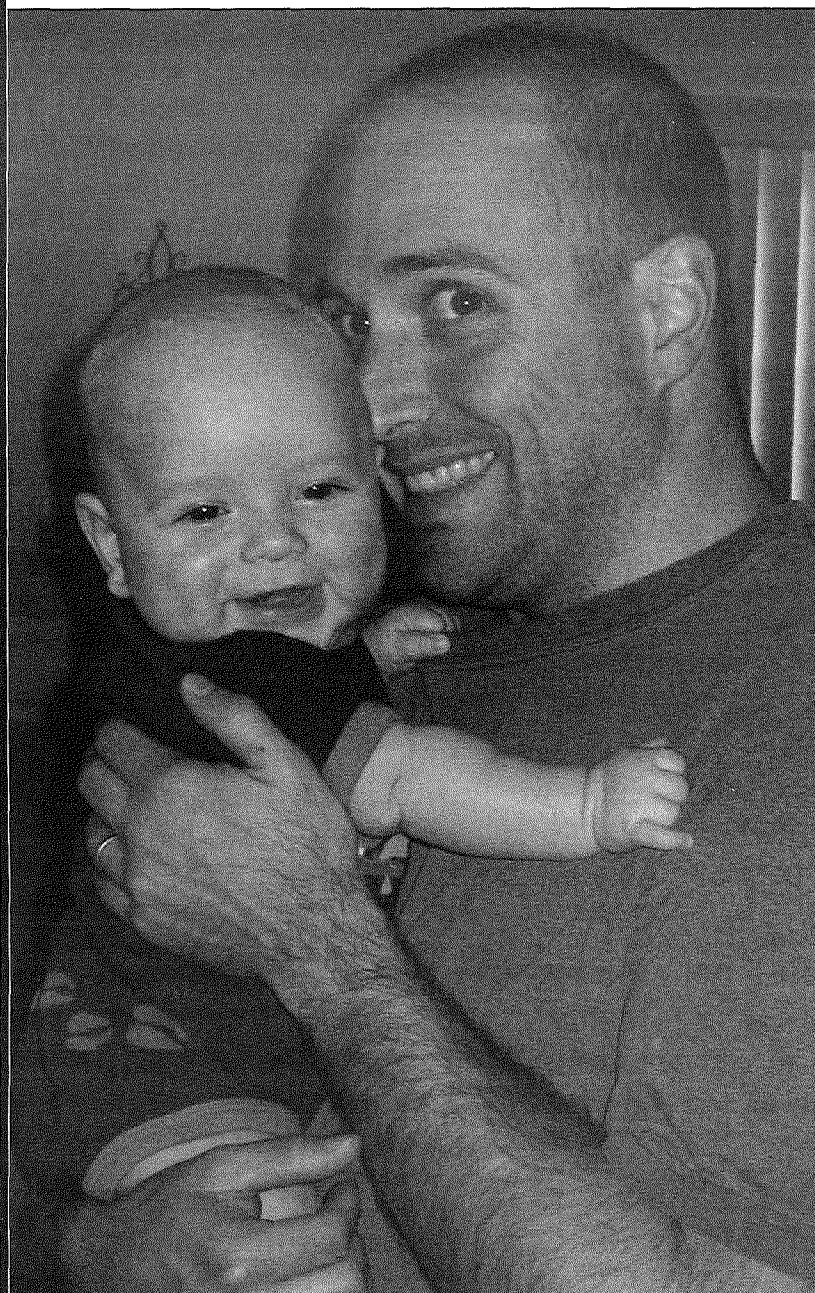
*By Contributor Justin Meyer*

Dear Guppy,

The following is a partial and accurate list of things that you and I have survived together: Your mother, my mother, cite checks, note, 29 credits, job interviews, plane flights, moving to a one-bedroom apartment in College Park for the summer, and an overnight stay in the hospital for croupe. I ate your hospital food, and you can thank me later for allowing you to dodge that particular bullet. You were considerate enough to be born mere days before the semester started so I was able to go through my first cite check, and most of the fall, somewhat sleep-deprived (but who needs evidence anyway). I watched you watch the ceiling fan, and you watched me read.

Perhaps most incredible has been just watching you grow. In a single year, you moved from tiny thing that slept all day to a walking, babbling little human. If you were a bit taller, you could be a law professor. It's great to see you smile when I come home (if I manage to get home before bedtime) and in the morning, and those moments with you are the best time of my day. And even though I sometimes find it hard to let go of everything else that I need to do on any given day, I try to be at least mostly there with you.

It's not easy being the daughter of a law student. I leave early and I come home late. I am perpetually stressed. And I have subjected you to more bedtime stories from my federal income tax casebook than



Rob Murdough (3L) and baby

should ever be allowed. Sometimes, I have to pencil you into my schedule and hope that you don't get bumped. Other times, I have to watch you go do things without me, because I can't find the time to join you. You and I have both made sacrifices. I can only hope it's been worth it.

Still, watching you puts a lot in perspective and helps keep me with two feet on the ground. You provide motivation to do better and try harder. You also provide motivation to leave things at school and come home a few minutes earlier. There is not a day that goes by that I don't look forward to seeing you and that I don't thank whichever deity brought you here for me. If I had the chance, I'd do it all exactly the same (though I might study my Disney movies a bit first).

Love,  
Daddy.

### **SBA Updates**

Greetings from your SBA! It is our great pleasure to welcome your newly elected Representatives: Spencer Bryson (1L), Patricia Kim (1L), Lee Tankle (1L), and Ali Sayyid (LLM). They have already become productive members of the SBA, and we have appreciated their helpful input and fresh ideas. We would also like to draw your attention to a couple of important upcoming events:

SBA Open Board Meeting – Wednesday, October 20, 5 p.m. (Rm. 127)

Once a month, the SBA hosts a public meeting, as a forum for you, our fellow students, to voice concerns or ask questions of your representatives. Please join us on Wednesday evening. You bring the comments and queries, and we'll bring the pizza. (Yes, there will be PIZZA.) If you cannot attend but have an issue that you would like to raise, feel free to e-mail SBA President Tamar Jones ([tljones02@email.wm.edu](mailto:tljones02@email.wm.edu)), Vice-President Stephen Barry ([spbarry@email.wm.edu](mailto:spbarry@email.wm.edu)), or any of your SBA representatives.

Fall From Grace – Saturday, October 23, 9 p.m. (Holiday Inn Patriot)

Our annual semi-formal dance is fast approaching! We hope you'll take the evening off from studying to be a part of this longstanding tradition, a night of good food and drink, good music, and—on occasion—some surprisingly good dancing. We look forward to seeing you for a fun night! Please note the NEW LOCATION – the party is on at the Holiday Inn Patriot @ 3032 Richmond Road (near Yankee Candle). See you there!

On a separate note, you may have noticed that Java City is improved this semester! After considering your responses to last semester's survey, William & Mary Dining Services has worked with the SBA to offer a wider variety of food and drink products. Keep an eye out in the SBA Announcements for upcoming special offerings throughout the semester, including

hand-carved turkey sandwiches, asian salads, and a dessert bar! If you have further suggestions regarding Java City, please them share with us.

Lastly, please know that the SBA is here for you. To that end, we have asked every SBA member to commit to "office hours," during which times we will be visible and accessible to you in the SBA office (across the hall from the café area, near Room 127). We encourage you to stop by and say hello, and let us know how we can better serve you.

### **Call to All 3Ls!**

For those of you who've been wondering what all those bake sales and wine & cheese events in the lobby have been about, wonder no more. Every year the SBA Graduation Committee is responsible for raising money for the hella big bash at the end of the school year for all the 3L's and their proud families. Don't like to boogie on the dance floor? Don't like your family? It doesn't matter. Just reach deep down inside to find that "citizen lawyer" within who will contribute to the graduation committee fund. In an effort to raise money we are asking all 3Ls to either "bake or buy." What does this mean? Every week we throughout the semester we will be holding bake sales and we are relying on 3L's to make a contribution to the 3L class by baking some goods. If you have no intentions of baking, we would really appreciate it if you buy our goods or attend our events. So look out for an email from the graduation committee at some point in the school year in our attempt to recruit bakers. Or if you are interested in baking, please contact Whitney Marshall at [wamarshall@email.wm.edu](mailto:wamarshall@email.wm.edu). Speaking of events, here's what we have in store for the rest of the semester-

### **October**

#### **-October 25<sup>th</sup>-28<sup>th</sup>: Halloween Candy grams**

In the spirit of Halloween you can buy candy bags for your friends and have them delivered straight to their hanging files!

### **The rest of the semester**

-Bake Sales in the lobby: Look out for grad committee bake sales and help out the class by baking goods if the committee reaches out to you.

-Koozie Sales: Look out for koozies anytime you see the committee tabling

-Donate Points to Lexis Nexis: just email Shelley Landfair and tell her you want all the points you earn by using Lexis to go towards the Graduation Committee.

-Chili Cook-Off

-Food Nights at various restaurants

-Much more!



# Sports and Leisure

## Bob Tells You About Sports

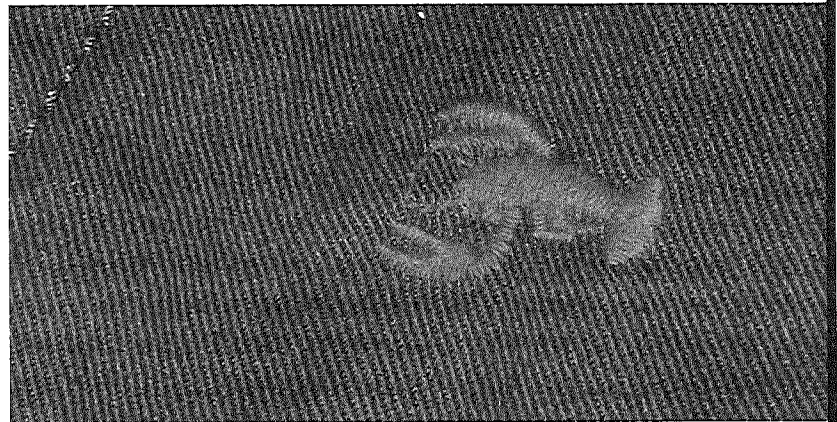
By Contributor Bob Benbow

I'm writing you this in the grips of a three day struggle with the prescription drugs I was given to lessen the pain of my shoulder surgery. I had tried to tough it out, but the waking up at 5AM screaming about being upriver in Da Nang with Charlie in the trees all around us proved too much for my roommates, and so I gave in and have been taking the magic pills the Doc gave me. So far so good, and this purple leprechaun who has been tickling me all morning was kind enough to hand me my laptop so I could meet my deadline. HAHAAHAHAHA, STOP IT LENNY! This guy, what a card, I swear. You should meet his brother.

In sports news, Liverpool Football Club has been locked in a legal battle between demonic horned hellspawn American owners George Gillett and Tom Hicks and the independent board of the club that was appointed after their hopeless mismanagement drove the team so far into the red that bookies took a pipe to Steven Gerrard's knees. You may remember Hicks as the bumbling idiot who drove the Texas Rangers into bankruptcy, before trying to double down by doing the same to Liverpool. Thanks to the 500 million dollars of debt the pair had loaded onto Liverpool, the bank had been preparing to declare the club bankrupt and take control of it, until NESV, owners of the Boston Red Sox, swept in with a takeover offer. Tom Hicks took time away from roasting the souls of innocent children over a bonfire of bones to say this: "This was a conspiracy of the British establishment and our own [club] employees," he snarled, licking the tears of orphans from his tentacles, "It is a tragic development that others will claim as a victory. He said this without a trace of irony, ignoring the fact that he and his worthless turd of a partner teleported in from the Gates of Hell to urinate on the ashes of a once-proud club, in the process sucker punching the hopes and dreams of children everywhere. Thanks, Tom Hicks, and I'll hate you with every fiber of my being for the rest of my life. Rat bastard.

In Duke athletics news, the whitest, preppiest school in the South continues to cover itself in glory with the release of the so-called "Duke F\*\*\* List" on Deadspin.com. (Yeah, I have to asterisk it—this is a family publication.) In it, a Duke co-ed grades her sexual encounters with 17 members of various Duke sports teams, including categories like "stupidest

backwards mesh hat" and "most embroidered lobsters on J.Crew shorts." The saddest thing was that she met every single dude at one bar outside campus called Shooters, where, apparently, this sort of foul behavior is common. In other news, I'll be sponsoring a school trip to Shooters this weekend. If you need a d-bag disguise, borrow clothes from Kyle Elliott or other UVA grads. Their clothes tend to be indistinguishable from those of Duke Alumni on the Weisenhall-Hunt A-hole Spectrum.



Embroidered lobster shorts

## '80s Fest!

By Contributor Sarah Aviles

At first sight *Easy A* looks like a *Mean Girls* wanna be. However, by the end of the movie you are left with the pleasant belief in the joys of youth and young love reminiscent to those inspired by those eighties hits *Ferris Bueller*, *16 Candles*. The movie follows Olive (Emma Stone): a smart, funny girl who has neither popularity nor notoriety. She simply exists in a high school that must have been much smaller than the one I attended because everyone seems to care / know who she is when a rumor alleges that she lost her virginity. This rumor quickly spirals out of control as she first pretends to sleep with a gay friend to save him from torment and then is seen receiving money for her "services" – however fake those services may be. The plot is amusing and not without its unique twists that start to resemble the aforementioned eighties teen romances.

Plot aside, the dialogue is witty and, at times, hilarious. The exchanges between Olives' parents are some of the best scenes in the movie. The high school and archetypical cast Olive portrays are close enough to the reality to allow one to empathize with and mock these familiar characters. Just as *Ferris Bueller* and perhaps *The Breakfast Club* touched on sensitive issues

without being sickening and mushy, so too, does *Easy A* adeptly deal with complicated situations with humor and sincerity. *Easy A* has everything a stressed student might want – comedy, nostalgia, a random musical number, and a happy ending.

Bottom Line: Good study break *Easy A* is rated PG 13 for excessive teenage angst. 1 hr 33 min

Continuing my '80s fest, and because it's the month of Halloween, I braved a scary movie: *Let Me In*. It turned out that the scariest part of *Let Me In* is looking at the appalling eighties haircuts. I haven't the faintest idea why they chose to set the movie in the '80s except to add to the scare factor with hideous clothes and outsized glasses. Apart from that, the general feel of the movie is a distasteful creepiness – and not from the vampire girl. The vampire, Abby, complements of Chloe Moretz (*Kick-Ass*), is totally rad! (To use the eighties vernacular) Even when she morphs from cute little blond girl to blood smeared killer, you're sitting there thinking, Man, I want to be that cool.

The premise is half *Twilight*/half classic *Dracula*. A young, aloof girl moves into the apartment next door to that of a lonely boy suffering through terrible bullying and a haircut that must have been done by a chimp with a saw. He and Abby bond over their mutual lack of friends and a love of puzzles. Meanwhile, Abby's elderly guardian wanders the town killing people to drain them of their blood to feed her. A surprising twist in the movie is the burgeoning sympathy you feel for this old man who only kills because he loves a vampire. (At several points in the movie, you wonder why he just doesn't rob a blood bank.) The touching/icky demise of her guardian and the resulting investigation leave Abby as uncertain as the twelve year old she appears to be. Either out of loneliness or a need for someone to keep the blinds closed during the day, she clings to the boy and he to her as his bullying gets worse.

This movie explores the depths of true friendship and loyalty. It also revives the traditional vampire myths – these vampires don't sparkle in the sun, they become fiery infernos. While I would not recommend spending the money to see this in the theatre, it was pleasant to see the old vampire myths revisited and, despite my guilty fondness for *Twilight*, a movie not based on a helpless female in love with the sparkling undead.

Bottom Line: remember that there are such things as blood banks. *Let Me In* is rated R for mild mauling, 1 hr 56 min

**A Review of the Many Theaters of Williamsburg**

Because I care so deeply about your

entertainment pleasure, this intrepid writer attended all two of the local theaters to determine the benefits and failings of both. (I might have gone to the Kimball too, but I wasn't interested in seeing a historical documentary of the revolutionary war) First of all, I was here as an undergrad when the only theater was about thirty minutes away in Hampton. So, the closeness of both the New Town Cinema and the Movie Tavern is already a plus. Furthermore, for those carless pedestrians, the Williamsburg Trolley stops at both locations.

In terms of price, at \$6.00 for students, the Movie Tavern is the better deal. New Town charges \$7.50 for students. However, a recent stricture at New Town has limited the days student prices are available to Sunday-Thursday. So you're out of luck if you wanted to see a cheap movie on Friday or Saturday night. Furthermore, matinee prices end at 3 o'clock; after that, tickets are \$10.00, \$11.00 for 3D.

Both theaters still adhere to the tradition of ripping off of customers in food sales. The food counter is where the Movie Tavern makes its money. The Movie Tavern's major selling point is that waiters serve you as you sit and watch the movie. You still have to wait in line to order, and the menu is limited to small portions of deli type foods: burgers, pizza, wings, and wraps – along with the traditional popcorn and candy. The food is neither especially delicious nor awful, so if you wanted a one stop outing, this is as good as any. Where you're likely to spend money is on the \$9.00 tankards of beer or the \$4.00 drafts. I am told that the "Blue Thing" (a frozen margarita) is worth the \$5.75 price, but I can't vouch for it. New Town's popcorn and soda are similarly priced to that of the Movie Tavern, so no loss there.

The atmospheres differ dramatically as well. New Town maintains the common, stadium seating of most new theaters. But the Movie Tavern seats you in rolling desk chairs at a long counter with a miniature light to allow you to see your food. This atmosphere is more attuned to comedies where an excess of light and food noises won't mar the movie.

On the whole, either theater is fine if you know when to go to get the ideal price. I prefer New Town's atmosphere with its big theaters and comfortable stadium seating. But Movie Tavern is nice when you really want to go to a movie on Friday or Saturday night – though the giant menu tempts you to spend more than you would have at New Town anyway, so be aware of how you want to spend your money.



**FREEDOM** is \_\_\_\_\_

By Contributors Lauren "LT" Andrews and Andrew "Coach" Gordon

"Freedom." Invoking it wins any debate. It is the messiah of American politics, and one of the four main subjects in all country music (the others are guns, whiskey, and women who drink whiskey while holding guns). It is the unholy love-child of John Adams and Thomas Jefferson. Why is this magical concept claimed by both the Right and the Left? The Dueling Andrews will settle once and for all, what "freedom" is, and more importantly, who it belongs to.

**On the Left ... Andrew "Coach" Gordon**

**Freedom is:**

**Gay.** It's being able to marry who you want, as long as it's one at a time and human. It also means serving your country without hiding your sexuality. Just ask my American military hero (we'll call him "Ben"). Ben claims he can curb his insatiable love of the male part while he's fighting on the battlefield. Maybe he can, maybe he can't—but dammit he should be allowed to try. And take me—I plan to adopt Lauren's future son and then gay-marry him. It's gonna happen.

**Doing Cool Sh\*t with Science.** Why shouldn't we clone people or splice creatures together? There's no good reason not to. Human-dolphin hybrids would

be funny to look at and would probably vote Democrat. Seriously though, the war on science (i.e. stem cell research, teaching evolution) just wastes our time and prevents Grandma from beating Alzheimers. Stop it.

**Excessive Drug Use.** Lets face it, D.A.R.E. doesn't work for everyone, and those kids should have a good time too. I am very much a pro-gun liberal, but if we let people walk around with guns, is weed really that bad? I was never cool enough to be offered drugs, and that just doesn't seem fair. Here's hoping my future kids will

be offered drugs by someone we can trust—Uncle Sam.

**Offending People.** If we haven't offended you yet with Dueling Andrews, then we truly haven't done our jobs. What makes America great is that you can say ridiculous things week after week without getting too much crap for it. (See Glenn Beck, Dueling Andrews, Joe Biden)

**On the Right ... Lauren "L.T." Andrews**

**Freedom is:**

**Reward.** Freedom is not being punished (aka taxed) for working hard and making money. People who go to work each and every single day deserve their paycheck. Since when is any other result fair? Think back to when you were 10. What if you mowed your neighbor's grass for an agreed-upon price of \$20 and, when you completed the task, the neighbor gave you \$12 because Little Johnny down the street is obese, sick, and unable to mow any of the other neighbors' grass because he needs a riding mower and only push mowers are available. Your 10-year-old self would have been PISSED.

**Bootstraps.** Freedom is nothing but a chance

to better oneself; a chance to pick oneself up by the bootstraps and kick some ass. Broke? Jobless? Homeless? Lonely? Hungry? Get off the couch! Stop feeling sorry for yourself! Stop thinking someone else (or the government) is going to take care of you! No, really, stop thinking that. The government's job is (1) education and (2) national defense; not you. America is the land of opportunity. Freedom is the ability to pursue



The Dueling Andrews living up to their name

those opportunities—a decent job, an affordable home, a cougar on match.com, or Taco Bell's Value Menu.

**Shotguns.** Freedom is being able to protect yourself with a gun. Think I'm wrong? Go live in rural America for a while where it takes the police MUCH longer to respond. Then we can talk. Victory, LT.

**Gingerly.** Freedom is the right to be a proud, proud Ginger. Gingers are people too (see, e.g., the amazing CONAN commercials on TBS—November is oh-so-close).