Not Wythe Standing: The News (Vol. 2, Issue 7)
The Final Duel!

By Contributors Lauren “L.T.” Andrews (3L) and Andrew “Coach” Gordon (3L)

How has it been 3 years? It seems only yesterday I walked through the doors into the “Meet the Dean” reception, donning my souvenir Class of 2011 hat. Upon entering the reception, I recall seeing a strapping lad clad in tapered yellow pants, a blazer, and of course, a bowtie. I remember thinking to myself that this individual was surely a conservative douchebag. My suspicions were confirmed when the gentleman cordially welcomed us to our “legal education” and assured us that with hard work we would see “financial success.” It’s f****** law school, and none of us have jobs, ass. My God, what a tool.

Luckily, this individual was the exception and not the rule at Marshall-Wythe. Indeed, we are generally awesome people, and we don’t let our political inclinations turn us into jerks. You readers have consistently turned to The Dueling Andrews to help you through your days here, and we would be remiss without offering some parting advice. So, we leave you with some very simple rules. Follow them and you might avoid being a caricature of your political ideology.

ON THE LEFT...Andrew “Coach” Gordon:

Rules to avoid being a CONSERVATIVE DOUCHEBAG LAWYER
1. Never wear a bowtie, even if you own one and know how to tie it, unless your name is Fitz Beckwith Collings. Wearing a bowtie means one of two things; 1) you want people to know you are conservative, or 2) you want people to know you have, or intend on having, money. Fitz is cool enough to wear anything he wants, you are not.

2. Use one hand to shake hands; do not clasp a second hand on top. No explanation needed.

3. Do not put a copy of Atlas Shrugged on your bookshelf. No way you read a 1000 page book, and you look pretty stupid praising the free market after the economy just imploded from it.

4. Do not drive a Hummer. We get it, you don’t buy into scientifically proven concepts like global warming – just get a bumper sticker, no need to take up so much space.

5. Occasionally get your “news” from a source other than Fox News or Talk Radio. This might be the hardest one of all for you republican chumps. I realize that when your precious world-view gets tarnished with a dose of reality you may go into a frenzy and start drinking too much, but a little NPR never hurt anyone. Christ, all I’m asking for is like 1-2% variety. Please.

ON THE RIGHT...Lauren “L.T.” Andrews:

Rules to avoid being a LIBERAL HIPPIE SMART-ASS LAWYER
1. Do not pretend that practicing environmental law means you’re changing the world. Let’s face it, you’re not. Everyone is still driving giant trucks, SUVs, and drinking out of (and not recycling! Gasp!) plastic bottles. Go work for oil companies and make more money.

2. Do not brag about your organic-vegan-hemp business suit. The 5 year old in China had to work EXTRA hard on that one.

3. Keep the Smart Car in your garage. Seriously. Have you seen one of those things in an accident? I promise you will never drive one again.

4. Do not act like Fox News is “beneath you.” We all (republicans and democrats alike) go to the same law school (read: same grades; same LSAT; same intelligence level). I am not dumb. I watch Fox News. You don’t have to watch it. But don’t pretend you’re smarter than me because you get your news from MSNBC.

5. Move to the South. This will force you to: (1) Change your world view; or (2) Move elsewhere and never bother us again (git ‘er done!).

Well, thanks for reading, friends, you don’t know how much we’ll miss this place. Go ahead and archive our articles for the day one of us decides to run for office, and then please talk us out of it. We love you all, and remember,

Death to all moderates.

The Dueling Andrews

Marshall-Wythe High School: Most Likely to be a Lawyer

By Contributor Rob Murdough (3L)

So graduation is almost here. Three years of staving off reality are about to come to a conclusion. You’ve had your prom ( anywhere else there’s a word for someone in their mid-20s who goes to something called a “prom”), you don’t even lie to yourself anymore about pretending that you’re “going to be prepared for exams THIS time,” and you start looking forward to signing yearbooks.

But there’s one more time-honored high school tradition that, much like prom, student council, and other time-honored school traditions, matters most to the twelve or so most popular people, while the remaining several hundred don’t care at all- voting for superlatives! As if those people weren’t already in the yearbook enough, we need to tell them that they’re the
Most likely to be fired for thinking sweatpants were ok on Casual Friday.
Most likely to be fired for taking four months to write a nine-page memo on the Statute of Frauds.
Most likely to become a judge or hiring partner who insists on only hiring journal members, if nothing else to validate his/her own decision to work on a journal. And the cycle continues!
I’d say “most likely to come back as a full-time professor” but no one who graduates from here is good enough to teach here (except the classes that actually teach how to practice law—we all know those don’t count). As they say, if you love something, set it free. If it comes back tell it “sorry, there are no job openings at this time.”
Class of 2011, congratulations and good luck.

Habitat for Humanity in El Salvador
“most” something or other. (Although, let’s be honest, we all know that most of you were voted most studious, most intelligent, most nerd-like, most likely to get lunch money stolen by middle school girls, or however your last high school phrased it).
I’m honestly not sure if they’re going to do superlatives this year. I remember my 1L year they did it, and I couldn’t believe it. When I received the email telling me where to file my ballot to vote for 3L class superlatives, I was physically angry and remember exclaiming “How can we make this even more like high school?!”
But it did give me fodder for my graduation-themed MWHS column. (Disclaimer: two years ago my friends and I had a field day coming up with dozens of these, so if I inadvertently copied your idea I apologize; it wasn’t intentional.) So pull out a pencil and fill in the names of people who best fit the description. Just like in last year’s column about spotting a gunner, if you can’t think of anyone who matches the description it’s probably you. Then, take the form and...well, I honestly don’t care what you do with it.
Most likely to alienate everyone in his/her firm within the first week by always beginning sentences with “When I was on Trial Team, we did it this way…”
Most likely to have latent political ambitions irreparably crushed by unfortunate tagging in Facebook photographs of a school-sanctioned event.
Most likely to not need the JD thanks to a successful three-year “sugar daddy” hunt. (I’d say daddy/mama, but come on, we know how it is…) Most likely to refer to 2L year as “the best time of my life.”
Most likely to include “intramural champion” on his/her resume for the next decade.
Most likely to return as a legal skills adjunct—er, um, I mean, “senior partner.”
Most likely to show up on TV promising to fight “the insurance company” and get me the money I deserve.
Most likely to attend a law school prom the year after graduation.
Most likely to continue exclusively using his/her email. wm.edu address.

Plan F
By Staff Editor Dan Reeves

Most people have some idea about what they want to do with their lives if everything works out the way they want it to. They call this Plan A. Many people also have a backup plan to follow in the event that Plan A doesn’t work out. They call this Plan B. Being law students, who

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Not Wythe Standing

Patricia-Joy Mpasi (IL, left) in Maryland

are of course very goal-oriented and realistic people, many of us at Marshall-Wythe probably even take it a step further and have plans for what to do if Plan B fails. This is, of course, Plan C.

But, though we as law students are reasonable men and women, and though we do almost thrive off of our natural abilities to plan for the most unexpected and unlikely of contingencies, I am forced to wonder how many students at Marshall-Wythe have a Plan F. F for failure.

Plan F is the plan that is devised for how to live our lives when all the other plans have fallen through and the circumstances of our lives have generally collapsed around us. It is the plan for when you didn’t get that job with the big international law firm . . . or the small local law office with only two attorneys . . . or the public defender’s office. It’s the plan for when the guy or girl of your dreams ends up with somebody else. It is the plan for when you are so poor that you can actually legitimately get out of your student loans in bankruptcy court by showing truly undue hardship. (Whoa, that’s serious.) In short, Plan F is for when you fail at life.

So if Plan F is for failures, why should any studious, industrious, ambitious law student at the prestigious William & Mary School of Law (ranked 28 in the country, last time I checked) waste even a minute of their precious time devising such a plan? Because making Plan F can be a lot of fun.

The interesting thing about Plan F is that it is the only plan that can be made without restrictions. Plans A through C always require lots of hard work and commitment on our part. If I want a job with the largest law firm in Washington, I must graduate in the top ten at law school; if I want to be a judge, I must complete a judicial clerkship; if I want to become a professor at William & Mary, I must earn a law degree from a school ranked higher than William & Mary. And so on.

But with Plan F, the possibilities are endless. This is because the likelihood of you ever actually needing to resort to Plan F is statistically insignificant, meaning that you can completely discount any of the qualifications or training necessary to achieve success in your new path in life. You want to be the first astronaut on Mars? Of course, Give guided tours of the Amazon? You got it. Start your own business from scratch? Definitely. (I recommend selling ham, cigarettes, and fireworks—a trifecta of strongly interrelated products that are apparently essential to anyone living in Northern Virginia—from a small metal-roofed hut strategically located adjacent to US Highway 13.)

Furthermore, since we’ve already acknowledged that Plan F is never going to happen, we don’t need to be realistic about it. Go ahead, make it as idyllic or dramatic or epic as you like. Actually, the more unrealistic, the better.

What is my Plan F, you say? Well, I’m glad you asked. If and when everything in my life should fail, I will leave civilized society to become a lighthouse keeper of the most picturesque lighthouse I can find. I’ll wear sweaters 24/7 and grow a manly beard and tell stories of the sea to casual passersby. When I’m not too busy keeping the light shining, I’ll spend my time flying around in the sea plane that I dock in the cove beside the lighthouse. And I will be happy. That’s important—Plan F involves no bitterness whatsoever.

So what will you do with your Plan F? The sky’s the limit. That’s the point; F is for encouraging yourself when things don’t seem to be going well at the present moment. I got a B- in torts? Fine, I’ll just go make a living as a door-to-door novelty stamp salesman. I didn’t make the law journal I was hoping for? No problem, I’ll just move to Hawaii and become a fire dancer. Could I actually die of boredom if I need to sit through another minute of contracts? Maybe it’s time to go pursue my dream of being an alpaca herder and wearing ponchos I wove from their hair. Be creative, because Plan F is for failure, but also for fun.

Note from the (Future) Editor

I’d like to acknowledge the work and dedication of several amazing and amusing 3Ls. First, the Dueling Andrews, Lauren “LT” Andrews and Andrew “Coach” Gordon, whose columns are always hilarious and thought provoking and who complement each other perfectly. Second, last month’s fill in “Andrew” and every month’s Sports guy, Bob “Bob Tells you about Sports” Benbow, whose unique insights into the sporting world will be missed. Third, Rob Murdough, who exposed the hidden drama in the law school community. A special thanks to Hannah Carrigg, our wonderful editor and one half of the reason there is still a Not Wythe Standing to provide you with hours of entertaining and informative reading (well, maybe not hours…). And finally, the other half of the dream team, Joy Einstein, our amazing, hard working, extremely patient Editor-in-Chief. Thank you for all the work you’ve done these past three years and we wish you all the best in your careers as lawyers!

All of us at NOT WYTHE STANDING
I find the environment at W&M to be interesting. And don’t get me wrong, you into thinking she can out-liberal wacky ways of the new-age, tree-male versus female, North versus South.

Growing up in Alabama taught me a few things about tradition, conservatism, and manners. Living in Colorado helped me learn the wacky ways of the new-age, tree-hugging hippie. Time will tell if Mary-Carson’s left-wing training in Maine pales in comparison to my immersion in Boulder. Don’t let her passion for environmental law fool you into thinking she can out-liberal me. At my core I’m the red, white, and blue elephant in the room. Roll Tide.

So here is my issue: community. There are many aspects of law school that I find quite appealing: restrictive covenants, Rule 11, meeting of the minds, malfeasance, commerce clause, and that darn Mr. M’Naughten make things interesting. And don’t get me wrong, I find the environment at W&M to be tiptop; I could not have asked for a better group of peers and for that I am blessed. My concerns stem from the how people perceive the present. Is law school merely a means to an end?

For instance, last week I showed interest in an executive position within an organization here on campus but bowed out at the last moment in light of the circumstances. Objectively, this was a smart move because my opponent was better qualified. Afterward, I was asked to take on another role within the organization that did not match my desires. I declined, stating that my interests were rooted in something deeper than resume stacking. The response? "Think what you want, but that resume is important.”

Perhaps I am blindly bucking the system for no good reason. I seek ways of improving my community on a daily basis, so it just makes sense that my future benefits from these projects. Yet therein lies the rub. I want to help others to help myself. I get it, I really do, but the concept of Citizen Lawyer seems to contradict this thought. The community I seek is full of life. Passion. Self-respect. Law school sometimes appears as a dimly-lit room where everyone is knocking elbows to get onto Law Review.

If this is indicative of the legal education, then what lies in store for our work environment? Right now I expect my peers to constantly reiterate their hidden agendas through good deeds in the hopes of making Junior Partner, Federal Judge, or what have you. I fail to see at which point we sink back into a community of real people living real lives. That is all I want. Have I lost track of reality?

Take this opinion with a grain of salt, a simple distraction from the looming finals. In fact, I did accept another role within that organization, I am excited about the upcoming week of JJC, and I just added “Not-Wythe-Standing Contributor” to my resume. But in case anyone out there agrees with my sour attitude, MC will set us straight.

Mary-Carson:
I shall set y’all straight and I’ll start with your posture. Now, go ahead, sit up straight and act like you are somebody! This instruction was given to a sleepy and bored high school me by my 90 year old great-grandmother during a family birthday dinner. Big Mamma was blind and yet, like any other Southern family martyr cut from a Faulkner novel, she could see the smallest hint of complacency in a person, and make you feel like an idiot for a) not being able to cure blindness like she clearly could and b) disrespecting the family name. What I know now, almost 10 years later, is that we Saunders’ are not lazy and we are not slackers, but most importantly, even when the medical world says otherwise, we are not blind.

I am in law school. I get it. I am in a specialized school to become a member of the professional elite, but I also understand that I am, to many, just a number in the ranking system. This system now defines the painful process that in turn enables the legal profession to exist. We are walking this fine line of codependency that to my knowledge, has shockingly not yet been exploited by the lowly law school student. (If you know otherwise, please come find me ... like, now.)

Earth to John: you signed up for this. I knew this was going to happen; I walked through those impossibly heavy glass doors of our school ready for the challenge. I knew I was going to grow to hate the library—even with its beautiful, teasing windows. I knew I was going to look forward to running because it was not reading or outlining. I knew I was going to “have no life.” And, John, unlike you, I knew I was going to be different from many people in this great law school.

I too am disappointed that some
peers participate in activities they may seemingly not give a lick about. But really, who am I to judge whether some one feels morally motivated by their resume heading? Society exists and thrives on people doing things they may not want to do, because they think it can help them in the end. If it helps them, good! It will probably come back around and help someone else along the way. In an Utopian world *cough* commune *cough* individuals’ actions are pure and go unquestioned. In the real world, people should care more about improving upon and keeping their own actions in check. You can feel sorry or sad about what you have perceived as the loss of the individual purpose, but you cannot be so naive to think it will not, or should not, exist at this law school.

So, let us assume that “this girl” was elected for a leadership position and you know that she does not plan on practicing law, but instead she wants to graduate, move to Hollywood and become a star. (Job market might be the same...) Meanwhile, you are freaking out because “that guy” who truly does care about the position more and would use his skills to best improve X organization, graduate, and become the most epic citizen lawyer of all time. Well, I ask, what did “that guy” do to promote himself and insure that everyone knew he was the most committed to the task? Clearly, not enough!

Ladies and gentlemen, life is a battle. Your whole life you will have to fight for the things you are passionate about and you will present yourself to the world in a manner that says, PICK ME - I WILL DOMINATE THIS JOB. Whether you are petitioning to chair a strategic planning committee for a senior partner in your firm, head a working group for a local civic league, or coach your daughter’s youth basketball team, you will need to win people over. Sure, a resume is just a silly piece of paper, but for most of us numbers, it is all we get. At this stage in the game, many of us do not even have a face to employers, let alone a voice. I am going to receive a number at the end of this semester and it will define my spot in this game, this race, nay, this long and tedious marathon in which we are all running. Ask yourself, do you want to be the hare? The tortoise? Fairy tales are fiction, people, even if the moral often rings true. The ugly truth of the matter is: everyone will be something different and that's the way the cookie crumbles. So sit up straight, grab the bull by his horns, git' er done, insert proverbial tag-line here. Just do it.

What am I? I choose not to race. To quote one of my favorite inspirational speakers, Kenny Powers, “I play real sports, I’m not trying to be the best at exercising.”

I Lived in the Library
By Anonymous

It wasn’t until 8:15 am when I realized that I was not in my bed at home. Perhaps I should have known since I was in an upright position and my pillow felt like a treatise. When I finally opened my eyes I knew that I had done something dreadful and depressing: I had fallen asleep in the library.

The night before, I had been hard at work on our latest legal skills memo (no comment). I know I wrote until at least 1 am, but I guess that is when I fell asleep... By the time I woke up, I only had a few minutes before my wonderfully timed 8:30 am class, so brushed myself off, washed up in the bathroom, and got coffee at Java City. I had classes and meetings all day, so I didn’t get home until around 6:00. I wanted to take a nap so bad. I wanted to watch TV. I wanted to do anything except go to the library, but I knew finals were close and I had to start on outlines. So off I went to the library. This time, I brought a couple of energy drinks and snacks to make sure I didn’t fall asleep. The next morning, my alarm goes off, and I roll out of bed and fall to the floor. That is because I was sitting in a chair. In the library. FML.

I went home the next day, and slept in my warm, comfortable bed. It was heaven! I got some reading done, but I was so distracted by my TV and the random stuff in my room that I decided that I HAD to go back to the library. FML.

I went home the next day, and slept in my warm, comfortable bed. It was heaven! I got some reading done, but I was so distracted by my TV and the random stuff in my room that I decided that I HAD to go back to the library. That was the third night I fell asleep in the library. As my exam date got closer, I started falling asleep at the library more often; from two or three nights to full weeks. I had to start getting creative so people didn’t think I was a creepy homeless
I offended, but tried to brush it off as 'I understand about the library? My right?), and about a month's supply of energy drinks. I didn't want to sleep over, but I almost couldn't help it. Damn you finals...

By my third week I noticed that I was not the only one living in the library. I saw the top 2% of my class (I swear they didn't sleep), random people who had no internet at home, and - most suspiciously - a lone professor wandering the halls. My daylight friends didn't understand what was going on with me. I hardly ever left the library (except for classes and ration refills), and begun to smell like the Columbia Law Review books in the basement. I envied their ability to go home and bask in the sun, but I couldn't leave my beloved library.

A month after my first night, an upperclassman pulled me aside and tell me about the dangers of staying in the library so long. He told me that I would lose my friends or go crazy. He even went so far as to say that I was turning into the wolf law library, a student goes there, and is never heard from again. The student was usually one that stayed in the library for extended amounts of time, and one that could be described as a "loner." What do they understand about the library? My precious...library.

But one thing stuck with me: the myth of the Wolf Library. Apparently, every year since the creation of the wolf law library, a student goes missing, and is never heard from again. The student was usually one that stayed in the library for extended amounts of time, and one that could be described as a "loner." When I asked why it happened, my friend only replied that it was needed for a good harvest. A good harvest of what, I guess I'll never know...

The week before exams, I finished my outlines, E&E's, and practice problems. I could finally be free! But then - I would miss my nightwalker friends. I decided to stay for one final week. In the meantime, the one professor offered me a TA position for the summer! I'm so excited! I'm supposed to help with law matters relating to recruitment, IP, and general research. I'm supposed to wait for final confirmation, but I'm stoked to know that I can stay in the library all summer! I'm going to ace these exams, and ride the wave of victory to my new job!

***** NOTE: This entry was found on the laptop of a missing 1L student. The parents of the student allowed for publication of this private narrative to help deter students from studying in the library too long, missing out on life, and eventually becoming the possible victim in a multi-year kidnapping/murder investigation. In other news, William and Mary Law has moved up a spot in the rankings, our oral competitive teams are more impressive than ever, and our journals are becoming more prestigious. GO W&M!

Foodie v. Average Joe: Pierce's BBQ
By Staff Writer Diana Cooper and Contributor Matt Turtoro

Foodie:
My first thoughts upon entering Pierce's: A murder has been committed. RIP good taste. Simply put, the décor of Pierce's is an assault on the eyes. Ketchup red and mustard yellow booths clash with the formica-swaddled walls. Together these choices make me wonder if the Hamburgler was responsible for the color scheme.

After entering, Diana and I moseyed on up to the order in counter. I was hungry—it was 4:30 on a Thursday, and my breakfast and lunch together had consisted of 3 cappuccinos and an espresso. There may have also been a swig of Pepto Bismal to chase down 2 aspirin around lunchtime; I don't recall. Suffice it say that I was famished. I ordered two large pork sandwiches with coleslaw on the side. Diana followed suit, but with a more rationally sized selection.

Beer. I honestly needed a large, cold beer to get through this meal. But all I could rustle up was a large diet Coke. Damn, this was going to be a long and arduous dinner made tolerable only by the smiling face and witty repartee of my compatriot Diana.

A cashier, possibly moonlighting as a Paula Deen-impersonator, shouted "Order #108 up"—my number. I picked up my sandwiches, wrapped in barbeque sauce soaked wax paper and contained within a red plastic basket—presentation really matters here—grabbed some extra sauce and settled down to eat. One bite and I was hooked. The bun was admittedly soft, and the meat falling all over; (why did I decide that white linen pants were the correct attire?) but the combination was beautiful. I doused both sandwiches with extra sauce and settled into an ethereal, pig-induced coma. The pork was moist and the sauce a perfectly balanced blend of tart apple-cider vinegar, tomato, brown sugar/molasses, and mustard. It was neither too sweet, nor too hot. And the bun...stupid me - I had thought it too soft! But sopped in the sauce, it became a thing of beauty.

Within seven minutes flat, both sandwiches were gone. Apparently Pepto Bismal would be both my appetizer and dessert today. I intended to close by saying something disparaging about the colorful local patrons but the food won me over. Go there, blindfolded if necessary, and
eat as much pork as is physically possible. By the way, sorry if my tone has seemed a bit acerbic—I watched 3 hours of Anthony Bourdain’s *No Reservations* and the booze-addled cynicism may have sunk in.

**Average Joe:**

Every Average Joe knows good BBQ. You know the feeling you get when you’re biting into a tender, juicy, pulled pork sandwich. It’s like a little taste of heaven. Needless to say, I have had some good pulled pork in my short life, and I was excited to try the best BBQ pulled pork that Williamsburg has to offer. My foodie friend Matt and I went to Pierce’s on a Thursday at 4:00. I thought the place would be empty, but I would say they were at least 65% capacity. The air was filled with idle chatter, and it felt comfortable. Pierce’s décor consists of bright red, orange, and some yellow tables and chairs. It reminded me of a 70’s truck stop, and I loved it. We had 3 people in front of us, but were at the front of the line within 4 minutes. The cashier was nice, and gave a brief explanation on how the process worked. I ordered the J.C. Special, which came with a Jumbo pulled pork sandwich, fries, a drink, and a cookie for about $8.

We had to wait about 4-5 minutes for our food. Thankfully it was enough time for us to get our drinks and to fill little plastic containers with extra BBQ sauce and ketchup. We grabbed our food and found a nice orange and red table/chair combo, and gazed lovingly at our food for about 3 seconds- just enough time to take a picture. Then we ate everything. Overall, I would give the meal a 6.7/10. The fries were OK- crinkle cut and fairly tasty... But they were just fries. The Cookie was a cookie- chocolate chip (but there were other options). The Pulled Pork Sandwich was... Good... Probably not the best I’ve ever tasted, but pretty solid for a town known for having 10 pancake houses on every block. The meat was tender and juicy, and had little pieces of burnty meat goodness. I think I had a slight problem with the BBQ sauce. It was good, don’t get me wrong. It had a sweet/tangy combination, that was nice, but the tastes changed too often for me. It would start off sweet and tangy, move to a small blast of sweet as you chewed, and turned tangy into the aftertaste. I think Matt liked the combo, but I wasn’t too keen on it. I do think that most people would be pleased by the sandwich, but it just didn’t meet my BBQ palate. That being said, I would probably go back for three reasons: 1. Pierce’s feels old school, and I love old school. 2. The price is really, really good for what you get. 3. If I ever have a hankering for decent BBQ, this would probably be the best place in Williamsburg to get it.

**Pierce’s BBQ**

www.pierces.com

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Williamsburg, VA 23188

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**Recovery is Complicated**

**By Contributor Barb Marmet**

When I returned from the Student Disaster Relief trip to New Orleans, a friend asked me if there was still a lot of “destruction” down there. My answer was yes. More than five years after Katrina, there is still plenty of work for volunteers like us.

Houses remain under sagging roofs, walls pierced with holes and doors boarded shut. Entire blocks stand empty, the homes washed away and their former residents scattered across the country and globe. Ongoing environmental challenges like coastal erosion cast a shadow of uncertainty over the future of New Orleans. Connecting all of those problems is the fundamental question of how should we respond.

For those of us who have never been personally touched by disaster, it can be easy to send a donation somewhere and feel satisfied that we have done our good deed. However, beneath the surface, the prospect of “doing good” is not quite so simple. We worked on a number of different projects while in New Orleans—planting trees in wetlands to try to help stop coastal erosion, preparing a city amusement park for its opening, and clearing overgrown lots in the Ninth Ward where blocks of homes were washed away during Katrina. Each project raised legitimate questions of whether we were doing the right thing—doing the right work, helping those who need it most.

One lifelong resident we met while planting trees in the wetlands told us that in his opinion, we were wasting our time; the coastline has been disappearing, and it was going to continue to do so, regardless of what we did. A
taxi driver told some members of our group that
the lot clearing we did was counterproductive:
what we were doing was keeping the land in the
hands of owners who did not want to return and
preventing it from being sold to somebody who
would actually use it.

Still, while I think it is essential to keep engaged
and avoid falling into a complacent belief that
any action is productive action, I feel confident
when I look back on the trip that what we did was important for a number of reasons. As
we were told during our time spent planting
trees, the alternative to what we were doing is
doing nothing. When given the option between
activity that might produce positive change and
inactivity that will produce no change, I will take
my chances and try to do something.

In the Ninth Ward, I’m sure the taxi driver was
correct—in some cases. Some people left New
Orleans in the wake of Katrina and have no plans
to ever return. Yet I was struck by a map we saw
at a community center in the Ninth Ward. That
map showed that though there are some people
who do not plan to return, there are still people scattered
across the country who were put on buses, not told
where they were going, and have not been able to return
to their homes. For some, the problem may simply be
finances—even if they had the money to return, they
may not have the money to rebuild. But there are other
structural problems. Some homes were passed down
through families or sold without formal recording of
deeds. The last recorded owner could be somebody who
died long ago. The people who own that property now
have the added obstacle of somehow proving that they
are entitled to the property before they can get loans or
other assistance to rebuild. So yes, what we were doing
may not have been perfect, but if it could help buy some
time for somebody who is struggling to get back to their
home, personally, I’m OK taking that chance.

At minimum, clearing vacant lots at least helps free
the community from overgrowth and debris. But joy
of people who honked, waved, and stopped to thank us
suggests that the work we did was more valuable than
just that. For those whose lives have been touched by
disaster, the continued presence of volunteers conveys a
powerful message: You have not been forgotten. You do
matter. Somebody cares.

**Completely Acceptable Adult Fun Page**

By **Staff Writer Sarah Aviles**

That's right future lawyers, I've added what other papers
degradingly refer to as a "Kid's Page," never mind that
we all like the jokes and the easy to read and always
pleasant news topics. So feel no shame as you spend
twenty minutes on this puzzle (feel some shame if you
spend a couple hours). You deserve mindless fun - even
if it may be in the middle of class...

**FUN FACT**

Cherophobia is the fear of merriment and fun.
Papyrophobia is the fear of paper.

So if you suffer from either of these fears, this section is terrifying.

**WORD SEARCH CLUES**

1. Betty ___, old cartoon
2. Jedi master, I am
4. ___ v. Neff
5. Old WM mascot
6. We all live in a ___ submarine
7. Editor in chief
8. Chuck – Zachary ___
9. X-Men card shark
10. Elf in LOTR
11. Blue furry Muppet
12. Famous alumna owned Monticello
13. Oldest Supreme Court Justice
14. First name of "Bones" Brennan on Bones
15. Rock, paper, scissors, lizard, ___
16. Superman's dog
17. Mr. Popper's ___
18. Professor and Rhett ___
19. "Hell hath no fury like a woman scorned" author
20. Movie: Dustin Hoffman, Robin Williams, Julia Roberts