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NOT **Wythe** STANDING

THE NEWS

WELCOME BACK!

A Confederacy of Dunces

By *Special Contributor* John Alford (2L) and Mary-Carson Saunders (2L)

Hi. I'm John. My buddy Mary-Carson and I are going to kick around different perspectives on law school. I love Mary-Carson; she brings wine to parties and shares it with everyone. I just finish my flask of bourbon, and then raid the fridge for beer. Anywho. This week's topic: Survive Law School.

Welcome to Marshall-Wythe High; buy the T-shirt. Let's begin. Dating in law school is different than dating in the real world. With a class of roughly 200 people, everyone knows who kissed who last night. So if you are looking for any level of privacy with a hook up, then make sure you have a long discussion detailing the ground rules. For instance, does "do not talk to anyone about this" mean I get to tell my roommates, because, like, they have to know. MC might have some better insight into this whole longer-than-casual dating scene. PRO TIP: Never trust a bro/bra.

Social life also gets tricky based on this place's small size. People in law school are super smart, sexy, and interesting. So for the first little while it's the time of your life. After about a month, you will find your niche and everyone will settle into place. Pay close attention to how people act after you tell them something sensitive. It is important to learn who the gossips are fast. PRO TIP: If it does not concern you, then keep your mouth shut.

Most of all, do not forget about life. There is so much more out there than what is in front of your face. I was stuck in Williamsburg for the past year and I let myself get caught up in this epic nonsense. Do not forget that law school is not your entire life. PRO TIP: Call your mom...She misses you.

So that is that. Get out there and rock it. Till next time, look for the guy with nice glasses or the brunette with the perfect smile.

Mary-Carson Saunders

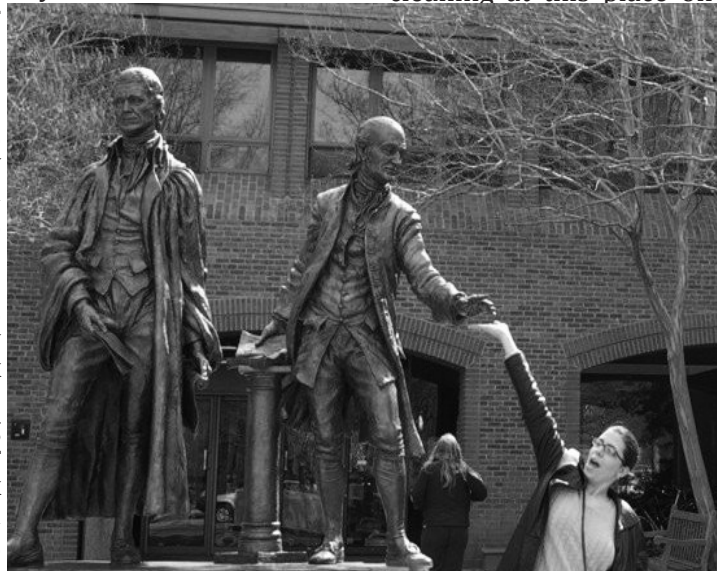
WOAH. As you all may recall, we applied to this school and must have somehow heard about the small social scene. We live in Williamsburg, the birthplace of this great nation and one of the only cities in America where you can share a beer at the College Deli with a man wearing a ruffled tie-up khaki long-sleeved shirt and buckle-toed shoes and then look out the patio and say to your fiend, "Hey! Is that Thomas Jefferson driving an Excursion?" I love it. I drove back to the 'Burg from Washington, D.C. a week ago, dropped off my dry cleaning at this place on Jamestown Road (Berkeley

Cleaning - check them out), and literally walked over a huge pile of woolen pants and vests to approach the counter. We love history and W&M loves the studious individuals who choose to live and learn in this triangular throw-back.

History-ridden city or not, W&M is a small school already; the law school, like most other law schools, has the typical small population by default. Therefore, I ask, why complain about the small, close-knit community that welcomed us a year ago and continues to accept you today? Sure, there are

gossips, frauds, and weirdos everywhere, but the point where small communities differ is also what gives them the irreplaceable and exciting quality that I love - there's no possible way to hide or avoid anyone. I think it's this special breed of accountability that could (and does!), If we stop complaining and let it, effortlessly create a supportive and productive learning environment, from which we can all benefit.

Law school is the training camp for legal professionals. Our peers are your first career network. Make friends, find people who share the same hobbies and interests, and most importantly, support one another as we all try to learn as much as we can before law school ends. You never know, you may end up starting a practice with the people in your class. It's really simple: Don't forget that the bridges that you inadvertently burn can burn your career later. Instead of talking trash about the petty social scene that exists in all small communities, embrace it. We are all adults here, so why let it get to you? People know your business? Who cares! People always know everyone's business in the life of a small town. Own up to your choices and



Kelci Block (2L) giving Wythe a high five



John Alford (2L) on a bicycle

celebrate them. The only people I know in this school who care about the drama are those that find their way into something of which they aren't proud. Drama is what makes life exciting - it's what makes all books, movies, and TV shows addicting. Dolly Parton, one of the South's greatest country legends and a personal favorite sassy icon once said, "Own your crazy." Did I apologize for dressing up in a dinosaur costume at the Ho-House last year and harassing people on the dance floor with my gorgeous tail? NOPE. Did I worry about what other people thought about my prehistoric dance moves? NOPE. I love dinosaurs. PRO TIP: Unexplained costumes are awesome.

The whole dating scene thing is a no-brainer and kinda like a 5th grade puberty lesson: Keep things to yourself that are personal and intimate. If you can't do that, keep your hands to yourself. Dating does work in law school. It can be wonderful and fun and should not be discouraged because you're worried about people knowing that you went out to dinner or to a movie with someone. In the real world, which, despite what everyone thinks, still exists even in Williamsburg, people go about their business every single day without worrying about and over-analyzing other people's choices. Let's see if we can't keep that self-sustaining tradition alive this year at W&M law school, eh?

Episode One: Welcome to BAMFsville

By *Contributors* Andrea Faatz (2L) and Barb Marmet (2L)

So you're probably thinking to yourself, "What is BAMF, other than a fitting descriptor for Samuel L.

Jackson?" BAMF is the story of two 1Ls who decided to be roommates 2L year and live in an apartment called BAMF (a snazzy acronym combining Barb Marmet and Andrea Faatz). Two small-town girls brought together in law school and the Student Hurricane Network (now Volunteer Service Corps), we're making our way through, exploring the wide and dazzling world.

The mission we have chosen to accept in writing BAMF is to surprise and delight you, gentle reader, with the wild, wacky, and (mostly) true shenanigans that take place this year under our roof.

Not much has happened because we only moved in two days ago and several wall decorations still have yet to be put up (except for the mirror that already fell down and broke...awesome). Still, we decided that as new roomies, we should probably set some ground rules.

Rule One: The first rule of BAMF is don't talk about BAMF. Writing about BAMF is totes legit.

Rule Two: In an effort to protect the rest of the household from tropical worms, no fertilizing the houseplants with human feces. Andrea's summer took her to exotic locales such as Cambodia and Morocco. She may

NOT WYTHE STANDING

THE NEWS

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

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<i>Articles Editor:</i>	Dan Reeves
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Thanks to our Contributing Writers

John Alford
Mary-Carson Saunders
Matt Turtoro
Joshua Stiff
Barb Marmet
Andrea Faatz
Sean Reneghan

We are looking for new writers and editors! Please email me at Scavil@email.wm.edu if interested.

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Vlada Soshkina (2L) in Phnom Chisor, Cambodia

have picked up a couple of intestinal hitchhikers along the way. Awaiting medical results.

Rule Three: When experiencing a sense of infatuation most familiar to young ladies in their tweens, a proper solution is to text each other rather than bombard crushes with unreciprocated communications. Improper solutions were demonstrated by Barb's experiences during a family vacation to Iceland.

Rule Four: Never mock Channing Tatum.

Yes, Andrea's piece de resistance decoration in her room is a 2'x3' photo-quality poster of Channing Tatum. Yes, it cost more than a month of food in Cambodia. Maybe not a full month if you have to share with worms... But it was worth it.

Rule Five: Never leave Nemo the Water Bottle behind.

Last spring during finals, Barb's water bottle leapt out of its holder during the Muddy Buddy race in Richmond. Rather than accept the loss, BAMF re-tracked the 6.7 mile course to "never leave a man behind." And, well, we found Nemo.

This may not be scientific proof of the aforementioned parasites, but in the time it took us to write this article, Andrea has gone from full to hungry to full...to hungry. She doesn't want to talk about it. For now, gentle readers, that's all the BAMF news that's fit (and some that is unfit) to print.

Food, Glorious Food

By Staff Writer Matt Turtoro (2L) and Diana Cooper (2L)

It's been a long day. Eight hours of classes and studying followed by an interminable internship search sending out mass emails for whatever campus associations you

just blindly joined at the activities fair. You're plagued with an overwhelming and nearly unbearable ennui, and simply want a place to relax with the movers and Shakers of Colonial Williamsburg. (Did you get the random reference to historical Quaker religious sects? No? Well you're obviously not as amazing as we are). But where do you go? Here are five places that you can relax, grab a drink/food, and zone out. In no particular order:

1. *Paul's* – by Matt

Truly a king among bars...or at least our favorite of the rather meager pickings within walking distance of campus. One part Cheers and one part Dukes of Hazzard, with just a splash of vermouth...oh, no wait, that last part was my martini order...Paul's is the place to see and be seen (at least it would be if the dim lights and preternatural haze made seeing reasonably possible). I cannot say enough good things about this establishment, located next to Green Leafe on Scotland Street. The bartenders (Joe, Mark, and the lovely Kate just to give a few shout-outs) are consistently solicitous and can make one mean martini. And when you tell them specifically that you want an extra dry martini, the Sahara of cocktails, a drink so dry that camels deliver it amidst swirling clouds of stinging ochre sand, they actually deliver it promptly and with a smile. If the olive in your drink for some reason didn't quite satiate your hunger, the loaded fries are a perennial favorite. Bacon, sour cream, cheddar, scallions, and more bacon makes this selection both good tasting and somewhat akin to health food, at least down here south of the Mason-Dixon line.

2. *Green Leafe* – by Diana

Note from the Editor

To all the new 1Ls: Welcome to law school! Bask in the laid back first month when you don't have to do anything more stressful than fighting off your fellow 1Ls (and some 2/3Ls) to get free pizza at some organization's interest meeting. Welcome back to all the 2Ls, 3Ls, professors, and staff. We graduated several of our main contributors and last year's editor-in-chief, but we have a whole new batch of talented people who obviously don't have enough to do if they're wasting time writing articles (some of them may or may not have been coerced...). We look forward to entertaining, and occasionally educating you on the goings on at this stupendous school deep in the hippest town in America (...in 1695). Take a break, laugh, forget that you have 100 pages of dry, boring reading to do and instead complete our crossword puzzle on the last page. And most importantly, have a great year!

All of us at NOT WYTHE STANDING

There are two locations for the Green Leaf. The Old Green Leaf is on Scotland Street near Richmond Road. The New Leaf is in New Town on Monticello (beware, Townies!). There are pros and cons to both, but generally speaking, there are two benefits to going to the Green Leaf. First, the beer selection is great, and second, the food is also great. Their fries could possibly be the solution to every first-world problem you have during the year, and the ribs have a savory smoky sauce that will almost help you ignore the fact that they serve ribs without giving you hand wipes. Almost. This is the place to go when you want to chill with some friends and watch a game or two.

3. Aromas – Matt

Interested in hanging out with undergrads who seem to have Williamsburg, VA somehow confused with the darkest hipster recesses of Williamsburg, Brooklyn? You can do this while simultaneously dodging large crowds of befuddled and paunchy tourists at Aromas. Located right next to Colonial Williamsburg at 431 Prince William Street, Aromas is the place to head to if you're a W&M student sick of the mass commercialization of America, but also tired from a marathon shopping spree with daddy's AmEx at American Apparel. The coffee is indisputably the best in the 'Burg, and is reasonably priced. My favorite is a simple skim, no foam, sugar free vanilla latte with one Equal and an extra shot of espresso (friends routinely critique this supposedly effete order). The homemade biscotti are a nice snack alongside any coffee order, and the lunch/dinner menu is surprisingly chock-full of options that are both budget- and palate-friendly. The shrimp and grits made even this Yankee's heart run Confederate gray with delight. One final suggestion: just a few doors down to the right is Berry Body. Fro Yo and yoga in the same place, though hopefully not at the same time.

4. Home – Diana

Let's face it, we're law students and we're constantly broke. As many times as we go out to grab a quick lunch, a couple of beers, or have a nice group dinner, we spend an agonizing 20 minutes trying to figure out how to mix ramen noodles, mustard, chives, and spam into a delicious dinner... or lunch... or breakfast (don't judge me, books are expensive!). Every so often you have to ignore the voice that tells you it's ok to drop another Jackson on dinner, and you should just go home instead. Anyway, what better place to chill than in your own living room/bedroom? Turn on some music, dim the lights, throw on some sweats, stretch out on your couch, and relax in the comfort of your own home. Grab a drink, be a chef for the night, or both! Let's face it, so much of your time will be spent in the library that it's never a bad idea to go home and enjoy your own personal space.

5. Wawa – Diana

"It's 3am and I just finished a hard-core day of classes and studying. I want a sandwich, and I refuse to go home and make my own." At 3am your choices are essentially limited to 1. Make your own darned sandwich at home; 2. Ihop/Dennys, and; 3. Wawa. Of all three, only Wawa has delicious made-to-order

food that can be ready within 5 minutes of ordering. Also, it's a local hangout for our fellow drunken William & Mary students, crazy townies, and the occasional affable police officer. What I'm trying to say is that Wawa is the place to go when you're hungry for a quick meal and want a bit of entertainment on the side. The last time I went to Wawa I was delighted to see a local police officer playing paddy cake with an obviously drunk, and ridiculously silly "bro". Both of his collars were popped (how 2006), but his paddy cake skills were obviously top notch. After the game, the officer asked if the bro and his friends needed a ride home. "No thanks," he slurred, "my girlfriend is coming with her Vespa." I never got to see the aftermath, but I like to imagine four people packed on a Vespa riding down Richmond Road... Either way, if you want fast, delicious food and awesome entertainment from 2:00-5:00am, Wawa is the place to go.

Take a Break and Listen

By *Contributor Habeas Raucous*

Law students receive way too much advice. Take this class, join this club, and be sure to apply to



Barb Marmet (2L) in Iceland

every internship imaginable. Go to this bar or that bar or the other one... oh wait, there are no bars in Williamsburg. So go to the delis for the 764th Saturday night in a row and end up at the Ho-House rapping "Jump Around" with the Dotes.

Fortunately, you already took my advice by reading this article: you're taking a break. My only further recommendation is that you add some tunes. Here are some suggestions from this summer's releases to help you in your selection:

Portugal. The Man - *In the Mountain, In the Cloud*

I felt that this summer lacked good releases... except for this album. My favorite music generates a guttural reaction that begins with warm fuzzies and ends with me drumming on the shoulders of a stranger while riding the bus to my summer internship in DC. Embarrassment be damned: *In the Mountain, in the Cloud* inspires nothing less.

Do not be distracted by the strange punctuation in Portugal. The Man's name. These Alaskan psychedelic rockers weave an immense diversity



Volunteer Service Corps. in New Orleans

of sounds into a cohesive, catchy whole. There are guitars, drums, synths, cellos, violins, and rattles. The parts meld into head-bopping rhythms, powerful melodies, and begs the question, What else is hiding up in Alaska? From start (So American) to finish (Sleep Forever), this album is worth the pause noted in the band's name.

Foster the People - *Torches*

Torches is Foster the People's debut album. You may have heard "Pumped Up Kids" played 6,734 times on the radio this summer. The first time I heard it, I hated it. Then I didn't hate it so much, then I started liking it. Then I started driving to it, dancing to it, eating to it, showering to it, sleeping to it, killing myself to it.

I generally stray away from pop music like Foster the People. But avoiding "Pumped up Kids" is like not eating the Loaded Fries at Paul's: someone's always got a plate. They're cheesy, you know you'll regret taking a bite, but you do, and the next thing you know, you're lying on one of the bench seats covered in bacon. Needless to say, check *Torches* out,

because you will...eventually.

Jay-Z and Kanye West, *Watch the Throne*

There are so many reviews praising this album that it's superfluous to write my own. All you need to know is that it is out and is one of the best albums of the year.

If you're interested in extending your break to a live show, then I recommend checking the listings at any of the following venues:

The Norva, Norfolk, VA, www.thenorva.com

The National, Richmond, VA, www.thenationalva.com

Charlottesville Pavilion, Charlottesville, VA, www.thentelowsirelesspavilion.com

9:30 Club, Washington, D.C., www.930.com

There is a Foster the People concert at the National on September 23. Feel free to take a break and join me. You'll find me covered in bacon.

Want to Make a Difference?

Dear Members of the William & Mary Law School Community,



Andrea Faatz (2L) in Volubilis, Morocco



Amelia Vance (2L) in Spain's Senate Building

On behalf of the Volunteer Service Corps, I would like to welcome all of our new 1Ls, LLMs, and transfer students, and welcome back members of the 2L and 3L classes. Over the past several years, dozens of William & Mary Law students have dedicated their Spring Break to service by working on Hurricane Katrina relief projects in New Orleans as part of the Student Hurricane Network. I am excited to announce that, this year, Student Hurricane Network has both a new name and an expanded mission. Going forward, the organization will be known as the Volunteer Service Corps, or VSC. The VSC will not only continue to organize and sponsor an alternative spring break trip for members of the W&M Law community, but it will also seek to improve the lives of our neighbors by organizing volunteer events locally.

Like in the past, our primary event for the year will be an alternative spring break trip within the continental United States, however, the location will now vary from year to year. Additionally, we plan to organize small local volunteer events on a monthly basis, as well as a local day of service during one weekend each semester. These local volunteer events will be open to all members of the W&M Law community, and we hope that all law students will feel comfortable taking just a few hours out of their semester to lend a hand.

Service is not only a great way to strengthen connections with the community around us, but it is also a great way for us to take a step back from being law students and regain the perspective that often eludes

us after long days, weeks, or months running between classes and the library. These events will serve as great opportunities for new and returning students alike to meet law students that share similar values, to fulfill service pledges that many of us made during Legal Skills, and, at a minimum, to add some valuable community service to our resumes.

To hear more about our upcoming service opportunities, please join our mailing list by sending an e-mail to wmvsc@email.wm.edu. If you are interested in become more involved in VSC or would like to find out more about this year's alternative spring break service trip, please also plan to attend our general interest meeting on September 13 at 1pm in room 127.

We hope to see you at one of our events this semester!

The VSC Board

Around the World in 95 Days*

*because that's all the work visa allowed

By *Editor-in-Chief Sarah Aviles*

I learned many things this summer as a world traveler...

Tell us what you learned, you say? Well, I suppose, if you really insist. But I don't consider myself an expert. Do some say that my wisdom is deep and profound? Do



Laura Bain (2L) in China



Sarah Aviles (2L) by Mont Saint-Michel, France

people come to me seeking knowledge and advice? Has my tiny apartment room - which is actually supposed to be a den - become the destination of a pilgrimage for people seeking truth?

No. But if I weren't qualified, would the editor-in-chief of this fine newspaper, this pinnacle of journalism, this publication of truth and BAMF, allow me to share my travels and the wisdom I have gained?

During my summer internship in Switzerland, I decided that I would take advantage of the weekends and all the holidays that Swiss people celebrate every other week to cut down on their 30 hour work weeks. I traveled the world (within six hour train rides of Geneva and two flights to Rome and London). During my travels, I met many people: French, Italian, Chinese, Taiwanese, Russian, German, British, Canadian, and even a couple Swiss. I sampled twenty three kinds of chocolate and ate exotic foods like cheval, vitello tonato, and pizza. And from these experiences I became what some might call a travel expert. (I also became significantly poorer, but that's not the point of this article.)

I learned my first lesson of world travel while still in these United States - albeit, in the British Airlines bag check line. Never try to prove that your carry-on is in fact the correct size by shoving it into the metal display used to demonstrate the correct size of luggage. Did it fit? Yes. Did she let me carry it on? No. Did I spend ten minutes with two elderly British people and one Ameri-

can backpacker trying to pry the carry-on out of the metal frame? No, it was more like eight minutes.

So, I arrived in Geneva ten hours later, sixty dollars poorer with an extra checked bag. It was then that I discovered something very troubling. Everyone spoke French. Should that have been obvious? Yes, but I thought I was prepared. I had spent an entire two months studying French, except the month I spent studying for exams, and the week I spent on the JJC competition/watching X-files. But by the end of that almost month, I had learned, "Bonjour, ou est la gare?" and "Vous avez un toilette?" However, it appeared that my education had a severe deficiency. Lesson two: when learning a foreign language, learn not only to ask the question, but to understand the answer (or limit your travels to the UK and Australia).

Never fear. After only four hours of walking, I did find my hotel. Carrying my fifty pound luggage, my laptop bag, my purse, my backpack, and the carry-on that wasn't actually a carry-on was a good work out. I didn't actually pass out when a friendly stranger told me in Franglish that my hotel was at the bottom of the two flights of stairs I had just climbed. No, I soldiered on. Which is the third and perhaps most important lesson: When you get lost, keep walking. Even if you're hot and sweaty and the street you passed had prostitutes setting up for the noon shift. Because eventually you will get somewhere. Europe is quite small; eventually you'll run into the ocean. In the meantime, if your feet throb so much that your body rebels against you and refuses to continue walking, cafes offer both a respite and gelato.

I quickly developed a strategy that involved getting on the first bus that pulled up nearby. While this is clearly a winning idea, after considering it for several hours (while sitting on the incorrect bus), I came to the conclusion that perhaps it might have been better to learn to read a bus map, or to wait five minutes for the correct bus. It's the roulette wheel of buses: thrilling, while involving absolutely no skill. Sometimes you end up in a sketchy neighborhood at midnight and sometimes you accidentally find yourself in Italy. I have done both.

Lesson number five: Switzerland is really cool. No one thinks of Switzerland when planning their European tour. Oh, maybe you'll consider it if it's winter and you like to ski. Or maybe if you have a chocolate addiction and asked your roommate to bring back all the different varieties of Swiss chocolate in existence. But otherwise, you view Switzerland as "that stop we made between France and Austria." But Switzerland is more than that - it's also the stop between Germany and Italy.

If you wanted to, you could spend all of your time in Europe climbing winding staircases that could replace Sisyphus's punishment, substituting the boulder with

a large, sweaty tourist who keeps leaning on you. Sure the view at the top is nice, but after awhile churches and museums run together.

Switzerland is the getaway country of Europe. Want to hike through mountains? Want to swim in a lake as clear as glass? Want to learn to yodel? Visit Switzerland! You can even choose which language you prefer: French, German, or Italian. (This ad paid for by Swiss Tourism.) But seriously, two of the most beautiful places I visited in Europe were Lucerne and Locarno, Switzerland, walking along the edge of a lake surrounded by the opening scene from *The Sound of Music*. So if you enjoy beautiful scenery, vineyards, lakes, mountains, chocolate, and paying three times the usual price for food, Switzerland is your country.

I suppose I should include lessons from my internship. I did actually do work. You may have surmised, when

I said I worked in Geneva, that I worked for an NGO - if not, you've clearly never been to Geneva. The company I worked for was amazing, the people I worked with were really cool, and the work I did was fun. So I suppose the lesson here is get out and do something new and exciting with your summer! I was unaware that there were people who actually liked their jobs - this summer, I was one of them.

Final lesson. I'm torn - I have so much great wisdom to impart. Should I include something about avoiding London during the riot season? Maybe an anecdote about why Mont Saint-Michel suggests you follow a guide when walking in the quicksand infested sea between the two islands at low tide. No... For my final piece of wisdom, I will leave you with the secret to happiness when traveling through Europe:

Dr. Scholes.

Completely Acceptable Adult Fun Page

That's right future lawyers, this is NWS's version of what is so often degradingly referred to as a "Kid's Page." This is not for children. This page is for mature, grown-up students who want something to do during class. So feel no shame for taking half an hour to do the crossword puzzle (feel some shame for taking several hours...).

We are currently looking for a comic strip to add to our Fun Page. If you have any interest, talent, or a sense of humor, send us a sample! You could be famous!

WORD SCRAMBLE

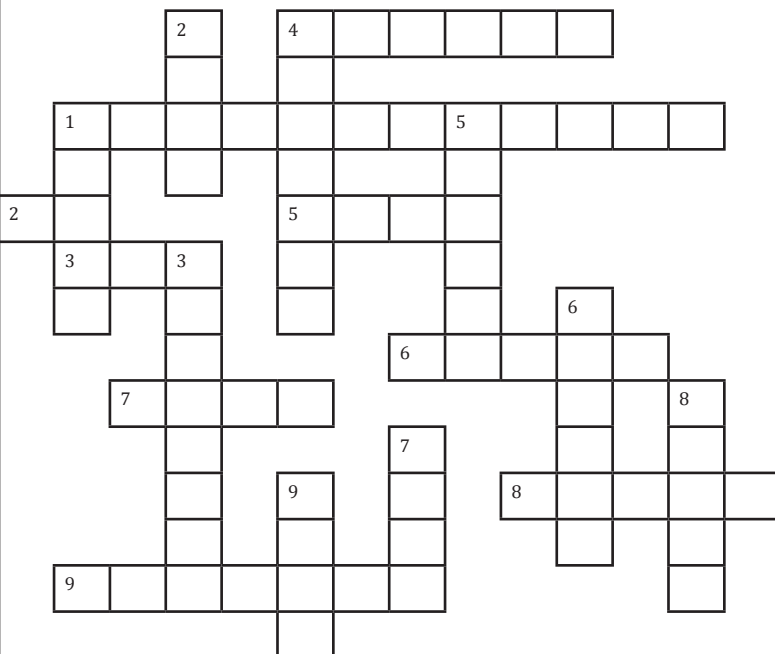
See how many of these legal terms you can unscramble in two minutes.

TEGLAELRISU
TYEART
RHOON
GLENNCEIGE

TROST
INTERSPOOCU
LAITR
BILLYTAH

MURSEEP CROTT
SITUCEJ CALASI
REDECOURPE
DEMOICHI

CROSSWORD PUZZLE



Across

1. Home of the Tribe
2. Cool hang out: ___ House
3. Yakko, Wakko, and ___
4. Blue Muppet or W&M Professor
5. Baby horse
6. Recently appointed Supreme Court Justice
7. Miss Peacock in the conservatory with the revolver!
8. First year class - don't kick your neighbor
9. LOTR: ___ the Grey

Down

1. Toy Sheriff
2. Great Italian restaurant next to Blooms
3. Old cartoon: bears, a jungle, and an airplane
4. W&M Mascot
5. Catwoman's first name
6. Elementary, my dear ____
7. New column in NWS
8. Poetry: A Light in the _____
9. Greek Myth: Callisto was turned into this