

# True Life: A Diary of Homecoming- You Think You Know...

by Tony Zupancic

What a game. Ignatius football just blew out the reigning Pennsylvania State Champs and our cheering has never been better. A constant battle of intensity and wit, capped by the entire section uniting in a "trail of cheers" ended in a decisive win for the Ignatius student section for the



Emma Kozan eagerly awaiting some chow

first time of the season. Now I was relaxing in a pool, looking forward to the night ahead and the frenzy that would accompany such great plans.

6:00-

I'm finally on the road, heading back to my house. Mike took forever to get ready and we're expected at Scott Rainsbergers' in 30 minutes, and I am at least twenty minutes away from his house. No way we make it on time, but I floor it anyway and trust my car will somehow maneuver the treacherous potholes of Carnegie. I arrive at my house five minutes before I expected and minus 4 shocks I hoped

would survive. I jump out and leap into the shower seemingly in the same motion. Mike takes off to get his date and our race against time begins.

6:45-

Like Johnny Unitas, I'm renowned for my clutch performances. In ten minutes I'm clean, dressed, and smelling bet-

ter than ever. Gum? Check. Camera? Check. Corsage? Crap. There is no time, Mike is in the drive helping his date into the spacious back seat of my 1986 Honda Accord. I think quickly, immediately snipping some floral beauty from my mother's garden, and we're off. People claim fifteen minutes from Lee Road to Green via Cedar. I know this is not the case, by 6:50 we roll up to my dates house. Time to meet the

7:00-

Back on the road. Finally we are heading toward Scott's. We have called several times by now, so we know a couple other

couples are late too. This is great. Now I can floor it and not be the last there and will have the luxury of pinning our missed reservations on some other poor pair. Not quite. The last of us roll up around the same time. We walk in the front door and immediately out the back. Hundreds of pictures are taken, hellos exchanged, and the caravan again sets off.

7:30-

Parked and on our way to dinner, the group of twelve now approaches the Waterstreet Grill. My dear friend Jackson assures a great dinner, but I'm skeptical because it looks expensive. We are seated at a long booth. Waters all around for the guys, the ladies diet cokes. The menu is exceptional. The blend of fancy and comfort foods is great and the prices reflect it. The spinach dip came highly recommended by the waiter so I went for it—phenomenal. It was so good that when the crackers ran out a spoon was commissioned for service. The fish was weak, but everyone else seemed to like their entrée. The ladies of course went with the Chicken Caesar Salad. By 8:15 the bill is paid and we are on the way to Ignatius.

8:30-

Finally we are in the dance. I quickly pay Fr. Vincent for a bid and my date and I are dancing within minutes. All my friends are in Sullivan rocking it to the live band right now and while the dance is an infant in development, I see our girls going nuts up front already. By 9:00, sweat is pour-

ing and people are going nuts on the dance floor; Skynard's "Sweet Home Alabama" breaks out and everyone is belting the chorus at the top of their lungs. "Rupert," star of Survivor, and seeming leader of The Castaways hands me the mic. I can't believe it, as I'm screaming the lyrics at the top of my lungs and

and Nicole, the king and queen are about to dance. I can't miss this. I snag a few pictures.

11:00-

The dance is over. Everyone is sweaty and ready for the after party. As I drive there, music bumpin', and cell phones blowing up with cries for directions, I think back on how great a dance that was. The band was sweet,



Kevin Clark not exactly top gun but Tom Brown and date are on top of thier game

doing my best to perform for Wolanin while he tapes everything.

9:30-

The band is taking a quick break, so everyone heads over to the D.J. Before I know it, my date and I are "Leaning Back" and grinding the night away. At about 10:00, I hear the call for Greco

D.J great, good looking date, fun trampoline-slidy thing, and best of all, all the guys back for the beginning of the end of high school. "Hey we're here!" My thoughts are interrupted by the sound of Mike's voice. Finally we are outside of the house and the night has only just begun...

## Senior Year Gear

Senior year is here, rejoice and be glad. Tests are taken and applications are in. Don't care about class? Neither do your teachers. What will you do now? Stamps? Cards? Food? NAY! You finally have time for girls! But you don't know how to hunt this unattainable gorgon? No worries, with some advice from friendly fashion experts Scott Rainsburger and Matt Lobe, I have compiled some essential pieces to start your non-existent wardrobe:

1. Car: While Lobe's X-Terra is cool, sexy, and ideal, any lemon of the month can, on occasion, incur sympathy love from the ladies.
2. Cell Phone: It's the only way to find plans on the road after the game. However, realize, if funds are limited, Mom's cell works too.
3. Hat: Broken in and comfortable. Does it look good? Doesn't matter, neither does your hair.
4. Shirt: This part is flexible; consider popular college tee's, school shirts, a zesty polo, or old hooded sweatshirt.
5. Pants: Jeans are classic, but if you own Abercrombie's version of the khaki, rock those to change it up.
6. Coat: Letter jacket or slim raincoat always looks good, but nothing can outperform Ignatius' own Northface.
7. Shoes: Why spend money, Doc's will do. New Balance is ridiculously comfortable.
8. Miscellaneous: Corduroy back pack... GOTTA LOVE IT! Only way to transport your books... Yeah, mrrrrright...

Unfortunately we are not all as suave as lady-killer Sean McPhillips, but hopefully with this advice you fare better than the rest of us on the "Eiffel Tower."

## When It Hits The Fan

by Tony Mangione

Have you ever noticed that you can see your reflection in the faces of many St. Ignatius students? These are the brave, or possibly unaware, souls of the St. Ignatius community. Perhaps they lack hygiene, which would not be a big surprise. More than likely, however, they walk the path less traveled by, and that makes all the difference—in their complexion. The little pathway between the cooking area of the cafeteria and the senior lounge from the atrium to the cafeteria is a risky road. The possibility of being run over alone, due to the constricted width, can be a grave danger. Yet, the worst danger is something that most students prob-

ably don't even notice—the fan. This fan which blows large amounts of grease from the kitchen air into the hallway, is what gives these students the mirror-like skin tone on their faces. In the opinion of most, walking by the fan is incredibly uncouth and repugnant. What exactly causes the fan to be so repulsive? The answer is simple. The food served in the cafeteria is primarily greasy food. The combination of this and what an anonymous Latin teacher deems as E-coli ridden mystery meats causes grease and other grotesque agents to enter the air. This amalgamation then settles on the faces of students ambling down the road to perdition. Will Food Services do anything about this problem? The answer is probably not. The last time that much of anything changed was in response to a violation in accordance with the Board of Public Health several years ago. For now, students are left with the unfortunate choice between a greasy facial complexion, unfortunately or an inconvenient walk around the kitchen.

