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University of Michigan Law School

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SCRIBBLES!

HAPPY HALLOWEEN FROM SCRIBBLES!

HALLOWEEN 2009
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UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN LAW SCHOOL
JOURNAL OF LITERATURE AND ART

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University of Michigan Law School Journal of Literature and Art

Halloween 2009

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Decaying leaves. Puddles and pumpkin pie. 
I'm fat now. Thank you Thanksgiving! 
Slimfast. Jenny Craig. Here I come.

Surrender to school. Gone are the better days. 
An early preview of old age. 
Memos, briefs, and viruses abound.

Cacophonies of stomping feet. 
They break my peace. 
I am cold.

Gutters choke on rotten leaves. 
In my yard, on my house. 
In the street.

Tree’s are busy. 
Spring cleaning will be hell. 
If raking doesn’t kill me first.

The bum walks faster now. 
Days are shorter. 
Pan-handlers race.

The bum is cold. 
Cold like the world is sure to become. 
The bum is cold.

Leaves on road. 
Car on deer. 
Tort.
Decaying leaves. Puddles and pumpkin pie.
I'm fat now. Thank you Thanksgiving!
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The velvet blindfold feels pleasantly cool against your face. Its smooth texture belies how effective it is in completely blocking out all light from getting into your eyes. Your arms are bound awkwardly behind your back. A lone drop of sweat, like an ice cube, slides down your back, giving you a chill in the brisk December air.

"What the fuck am I getting into?" you think

It started earlier that night. Three members had come to your house, pushing pass you at the door and dragging you to your sofa, where they stand around you with their arms folded.

"You have been summoned before the council. Will you answer the summons?"

Fright seizes your tongue preventing you from even incoherent babble

"WILL YOU ANSWER THE SUMMONS!" booms the androgynous figure in the center that seems to be taking the lead.

All thoughts completely flee from your head. You are too scared to say yes, but even more frightened to say no. Somehow you managed to gain enough control over your muscles to weakly nod your head.

"It is unworthy. Leave them and we shall take another." Intoned a second voice, equally as genderless, but somehow giving an impression of masculinity.

"What say you? Are you worthy of the Mysteries? Will you bear the Secret? Are you ready for initiation?" said a third figure, somewhat taller than the rest, but equally as imposing

"I, I wa-wa-will." You manage to stammer. "I am ready."

"Bring It!" Shouts the first

A blindfold appears like magic from the tall one's robe. Now there is darkness. Hands grasp at you pulling you out of your house and into, what you assume is, some sort of van or SUV. Your heart is pounding and your face sweaty, the combination of the hooded figures, your abduction, and the utter darkness is taking its toll on your body. Your lungs begin to burn, and you open your mouth gasping for precious oxygen, except there is none to be found. Gasping for air, tears leak from your eyes. Just before you cry out, a voice says,

"We have arrived. Bring them."

You are roughly jostled out of the car, set on your feet and compelled to walk. Somewhere a bell begins to toll making an eerie harmony with the sounds of your shoes on what you think is cobblestone.

"CLANG... click click click... CLANG... click click click."

"We are here." The note of finality in the leader's voice make you shiver.

"Remove the blindfold."

Rough hands yank the blindfold from your face and the sudden onset of light causes you to blink furiously.

When your vision has settled down, you begin to take in your surroundings.

You are in a hall, longer than it was wide, with ceilings at least 30 feet overhead. Now that your eyes have adjusted you can see that the light was dim in the room, provided only by 5 candle-lit chandeliers high above your head. Grouped around you in a semi-circle on raised chairs are 9 cloaked and hooded figures. The figure seated in the middle, was not the leader that abducted you, but another taller, but equally as ominous figure.

"We have reviewed the file, how shall we proceed?"

"I call for the vote!" Says the figure sitting to the right of the one in the center. You realize that this was the leader of the abductees.

"Let it be, speak your vote on its fate!" Says the leader

"Nay" Says the figure on the far left "I too say 'Nay,'" spoke the figure to their left.

"Yea" says the next. And 'yea' the one following that.

"Nay" says one voice one chair from the end farthest to your right, "I do not think he is worthy of acceptance." "Neither, do I," says the last chair on the right.

"Yea" says the small leader of the abduction. "Yea" says another. Before you can protest the unfairness of this preposterous process, the figure in the center rises from their throne-like chair.

"It seems that I must cast the final vote. And I say..."

Every nerve in your body is on end, tingling, vibrating, this is it. The moment when your life changes; hopefully for the better.

"Yea!"

Relief floods your sense, but it is tinged with a measure of anxiety.

"It is done. Welcome Child. Let what has been seen here, never be spoken of upon penalty of death and shame." The emphasis makes it clear which one this figure considers worse.

"In veritas, in cruorem, in vita, in mors mortis. You will Guard the Mysteries, and Defend the Secret." Says the figure in the center

"In veritas, in cruorem, in vita, in mors mortis. Guard the Mysteries, Defend the Secret." The hooded figures chant back in unison.

"Let this noble assemblage be at an end and let us welcome our newest initiate. We bid you welcome to University of Michigan Law School," said Dean Evan Camiker, from the center

Motioning to the little woman to his right "Dean Zearfoss, will be taking care of your signed commitment letter and arranging payment of your tuition." With a distinctly amused smile, the Dean says, "I look forward to seeing you around.

What? That wasn't how your admission went? What's that you say? You just got a letter in the mail? Odd! Happy Law School Halloween!!!
The Initiate

Joseph Jones

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Lady Of The Blue Lagoon
Alexandra L. Bansal
Lady Of The Blue Lagoon

Alexandra L. Bansal

(SCRIBBLE HERE)
California Street

(SCRIBBLE HERE)

Sharon Brett
Moving On

Anna Magazinnik

Not one winter per year, but several
Per day, even: Every look of yours
Chills and avalanches my heart’s leaps.

Your very kindness rebukes as a boulder:
Your occasional smiles, like the arrows at Thermopylae,
Only delay the inevitable,
Everywhere your indifference surrounds me:
And thus besieged, I surrender any hopes of you.
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And thus besieged, I surrender any hopes of you.
Ode to the Zombie Apocalypse

Joseph Jones

When the zombies come looking for brains
With the zombie-toxin leaking from their veins
I want to be prepared, with bullets or a flamethrower
Though I can run away, since they are so much slower

But I don’t want to just run away
I want to fight for my species, I want to stay
Me and a grenade launcher, I’m sure
Will most definitely provide the right cure

With their oozy kin and leaky pores
Zombies are not your friends, they’re bores
They’re like the guy you bring home from the bar
Just because he looked pretty from afar

When the zombie apocalypse comes
Remember it’s up to us to save our own bums
Not the Jews, Catholics, or Episcopalians
Whether we do it with booze, magic or aliens

When the zombies come a-calling
There’s no time for stopping or stalling
It’s time to lift up your hands to fight
We’ll show those undead bastards our might!
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We’ll show those undead bastards our might!
The leaves begin to fall the same they did
Last autumn when I first caught sight of you
And though I've made no effort to be hid
Yet I remain transparent to your view.
I would I were resplendent in your sight
As autumn's gaudy leaves that slowly fall
Bedazzling you, red-golden in their flight
Outside the hoary walls of Hutchins Hall.
But you once more glide by scarce seeing me
Your blonde locks brighter than that sinking sun
And hand in hand with your new love-to-be
You've not a thought for this aspiring one.
Thus dims my faint last hope that yet had shone
A second winter waits for me, alone.
Stone Face But Blushing

Nick Hirst

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Youchen’s Guide to Spooky Halloween Costumes

There are many things you get judged on in life: your music tastes, what type of car you drive, how many boxes of Trix cereal you can get away with eating before those fucking kids stop you. However, the most important thing that you will be judged on in your life is your choice of Halloween costume.

A successful costume will win you the admiration of all, and you will be rewarded with many nods of approval for months to come as you walk the halls of Hutchins. You will feel like a king as you rejoice in the flood of pats on the back and thumbs up from all around; like the very universe itself was giving you a thumbs up! You will enjoy it so much that you’ll crave more approval and actively go out to hunt for it. At first it’ll start out small, like offering someone a ride to the airport, helping old ladies carry their groceries. However, this won’t be enough and you’ll need even more, before long you’ll need two thumbs up in the morning just to get back to normal! Soon enough you’ll be burning down orphanages to save the orphans in it, just to hear those cries of approval, and hoping to become the hero of the orphanage tragedy of 2005. It’ll be great, especially when you get the key to the city Burbank.

On the other side of the coin, however, if you choose a horrible costume you’ll be doomed to glances of mediocrity from your peers, and heroin abuse. If you’re wondering what a glance of mediocrity looks like, just picture a girlfriend when she’s excited about something she’s new to, when you tell her to close her eyes, when she does, you tell her it’s not working because it’s her birthday and you said you had a special surprise for her. Then after a perfect picnic on a hill with a perfect view of the sunset, followed by wine under the moonlight, you tell her to close her eyes, when she does, you tell her it’s not working, then you take her to the bathroom and stare into the mirror with hatred, raise your hand and punch said mirror, shattering it, and then watch as the blood drips down your hand. Also, be sure to follow through with your idea. Don’t just go halfway with an idea, like don’t be dick-in-a-box and then get too lazy to make the box.

Now the trickiest of all costume ideas is the clever costume. Now clever costumes can’t be too obvious or apparent about what you’re supposed to be. It’s good to pick something-like an abstract concept-to show others how smart and clever you are, and make them work for it, like when you work to finish the board game Mouse Trap, even though you didn’t give a shit about the game, and just wanted to start and watch the chain reaction of the crazy mouse trap you set up on the center of the board. The perfect costume will require explanation and diagrams, followed by frustration when others don’t get it. Don’t worry when no one gets your costume, just run to the bathroom and find a mirror that isn’t already shattered and proceed to punch it (expect to wait in line).

Hopefully my analysis of good Halloween costumes helps you choose a great costume and stay away from heroin. If you’re wondering what I’m personally going as, I plan on as the same thing I go as every Halloween; the hero of a tragic Halloween party fire.

For guys (and I guess for girls too—if they’re fine living with the social stigma of not being something slutty for Halloween) a great costume needs to fall into one of these four categories: Something that required a lot of effort, something that’s a nod to a relevant or retro-cultural phenomenon, something that’s completely ridiculous, or something that’s so clever that you have to explain the meaning of the costume to almost everyone who walks by, and even after the explanation they’re somewhat confused and walk away to get back to knocking drinks out of a girls’ hands before introducing themselves.

The first category of effort is impressive to all, just like your ability to pound alcohol and subsequently throw up said alcohol is impressive to all; especially members of the opposite sex, and the police. This type of costume requires that you go big or not at all. Nothing’s less impressive than going as Optimus Prime that’s only able to transform into a truck with “6” wheels (Optimus Prime had a spare 7th wheel, EVERYONE KNOWS THAT!).

A costume that’s completely ridiculous is a good laugh for everyone. When you pick a costume that’s completely ridiculous there’s only one rule: pretend that you’re not even wearing a costume. For example, if you’re dressed like a giant anatomically correct penis, walk around like you’re just wearing normal clothes, even if one of your balls sacks knock over chairs and cups as you walk. In fact don’t even acknowledge when others talk to you about your costume. Respond with things like “what costume?”, “what are you talking about?” or “NO! YOU’RE THE ONE THAT’S A GIAN T DICK!” as you proceed to punch them in the face. This way you can establish that even though you’re dressed ridiculously, you are serious business.

Dressing up as a cultural phenomenon is a very difficult choice. You need to pick something that is still relevant, but obscure enough that others will not get it until you tell them who or what you’re supposed to be, and if successful, they will smile in acknowledgement. Remember the key of this category is to make others smile, not laugh.

Now the trickiest of all costume ideas is the clever costume. Now clever costumes can’t be too obvious or apparent about what you’re supposed to be. It’s good to pick something—like an abstract concept—to show others how smart and clever you are, and make it difficult for your friends to figure out your costume. You have to make them work for it, like when you work to finish the board game Mouse Trap, even though you didn’t give a shit about the game, and just wanted to start and watch the chain reaction of the crazy mouse trap you set up on the center of the board. The perfect costume will require explanation and diagrams, followed by frustration when others don’t get it. Don’t worry when no one gets your costume, just run to the bathroom and find a mirror that isn’t already shattered and proceed to punch it (expect to wait in line).

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Youchen Wang

There are many things you get judged on in life: your music tastes, what type of car you drive, how many boxes of Trix cereal you can get away with eating before those fucking kids stop you. However, the most important thing that you will be judged on in your life is your choice of Halloween costume.

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On the other side of the coin, however, if you choose a horrible costume you'll be doomed to glances of mediocrity from your peers, and heroin abuse. If you're wondering what a glance of mediocrity looks like, just picture a girlfriend when she's excited and hoping to become the hero of the orphanage tragedy of 2005, It'll be great, around; like the very universe itself was giving you a thumbs up! You will enjoy it so somewhat amused (and somewhat turned on) by the divergence between guys and girls.

This brings me to my opinion on how to choose a great costume. I've always been there is already a slutty energy saving light bulb.

A successful costume will win you the admiration of all, and you will be rewarded with many nods of approval for months to come as you walk the halls of Hutchins. You will feel like a king as you rejoice in the flood of pats on the back and thumbs up from all around; like the very universe itself was giving you a thumbs up! You will enjoy it so much that you'll crave more approval and actively go out to hunt for it. At first it'll start out small, like offering someone a ride to the airport, helping old ladies carry their groceries. However, this won't be enough and you'll need even more, before long you'll need two thumbs up in the morning just to get back to normal! Soon enough you'll be burning down orphanages to save the orphans in it, just to hear those cries of approval, and hoping to become the hero of the orphanage tragedy of 2005. It'll be great, especially when you get the key to the city Burbank.

On the other side of the coin, however, if you choose a horrible costume you'll be doomed to glances of mediocrity from your peers, and heroin abuse. If you're wondering what a glance of mediocrity looks like, just picture a girlfriend when she's excited because it's her birthday and you said you had a special surprise for her. Then after a perfect picnic on a hill with a perfect view of the sunset, followed by wine under the moonlight, you tell her to close her eyes, when she does, you tell her it's not working out and you want to break up with her as you make your escape in your hot air balloon that was hidden behind the bushes. The look that she gives, between the confusion and heartbreak, is almost identical to the glance of mediocrity.

This brings me to my opinion on how to choose a great costume. I've always been somewhat amused (and somewhat turned on) by the divergence between guys and girls when choosing their costumes. For guys it's always about how much clothing they can put on in a clever or creative way; while for girls it's always about how much clothing they could take off in a clever or creative way. That's why my first costume idea is for couples. The guy wears all the girl's clothes and they can go as a girl's clothing monster and a victim of the girl's clothing monster. It's the perfect synergy. Those idiots at Ross will regret laughing at me, we'll see who's laughing when their building is on fire and I have to save them.

For girls the general costume idea has always been to pick a noun and add the word slutty in front of it and as if by magic you have the perfect costume idea. The hardest part is choosing that noun. I'll just toss some out there to help the creative process: maid, cat, orphan, Rice Krispy Treat, curtains, energy saving light bulb, North Korea, Greed. The list goes on and on, but it'll be better to come up with your own noun, because it will be so embarrassing showing up to a party and seeing that someone else there is already a slutty energy saving light bulb.

For guys (and I guess for girls too—if they're fine living with the social stigma of not being something slutty for Halloween) a great costume needs to fall into one of these four categories: Something that required a lot of effort, something that's a nod to a relevant or retro-cultural phenomenon, something that's completely ridiculous, or something that's so clever that you have to explain the meaning of the costume to almost everyone who walks by, and even after the explanation they're somewhat confused and walk away to get back to knocking drinks out of a girls' hands before introducing themselves.

The first category of effort is impressive to all, just like your ability to pound alcohol and subsequently throw up said alcohol is impressive to all; especially members of the opposite sex, and the police. This type of costume requires that you go big or not at all. Nothing's less impressive than going as Optimus Prime that's only able to transform into a truck with "6" wheels (Optimus Prime had a spare 7th wheel, EVERYONE KNOWS THAT!). A costume that's completely ridiculous is a good laugh for everyone. When you pick a costume that's completely ridiculous there's only one rule: pretend that you're not even wearing a costume. For example, if you're dressed like a giant anatomically correct penis, walk around like you're just wearing normal clothes, even if one of your ball sacs knock over chairs and cups as you walk. In fact don't even acknowledge when others talk to you about your costume. Respond with things like "what costume?", "what are you talking about?" or "NOT YOU'RE THE ONE THAT'S A GANT DICK" as you proceed to punch them in the face. This way you can establish that even though you're dressed ridiculously, you are serious business.

Dressing up as a cultural phenomenon is a very difficult choice. You need to pick something that is still relevant, but obscure enough that others will not get it until you tell them who or what you're supposed to be, and if successful, they will smile in acknowledgement. Remember the key of this category is to make others smile, not laugh. If you hear the cold echoes of laughter when others see your costume, you know you; have failed! If you hear laughter in the room, don't wait to see if it's directed at you, immediately proceed to the bathroom and stare into the mirror with hatred, raise your hand and punch said mirror, shattering it, and then watch as the blood drips down your hand. Also, be sure to follow through with your idea. Don't just go halfway with an idea, like don't be dick-in-a-box and then get too lazy to make the box.

Now the trickiest of all costume ideas is the clever costume. Now clever costumes can't be too obvious or apparent about what you're supposed to be. It's good to pick something—like an abstract concept—to show others how smart and clever you are, and making it difficult for your friends to figure out your costume. You have to make them work for it, like when you work to finish the board game Mouse Trap, even though you didn't give a shit about the game, and just wanted to start and watch the chain reaction of the crazy mouse trap you set up on the center of the board. The perfect costume will require explanation and diagrams, followed by frustration when others don't get it. Don't worry when no one gets your costume, just run to the bathroom and find a mirror that isn't already shattered and proceed to punch it (expect to wait in line).

Hopefully my analysis of good Halloween costumes helps you choose a great costume and stay away from heroin. If you're wondering what I'm personally going as, I plan go as the same thing I go as every Halloween; the hero of a tragic Halloween party fire.
Casebooks With Pointed Fangs
(Set to the Tune of “Bullet with Butterfly Wings” by The Smashing Pumpkins)

Alexandra L. Bansal

Law School is a vampire, sent to drain
A social excision that killed my right brain
And what do I get, for my strain?
Blurry vision, and a paper in a frame

Even though class blows - I suppose I'll go
Sit in the back row - play a game

Despite all my sage, I will still make minimum wage
Despite all my sage, I will still make minimum wage
But some prof will say what is learnt can never be waived
Despite all my sage, I will still make minimum wage

Now I'm stuck here, nothing but a legal drone
Cus after three years, I owe a lot of dough
And what did I think?
That I'd have choice

Between professions, what was I insane?
Even though class blows - I suppose I'll show
Sit in the back row - play a game

Despite all my sage I will still make minimum wage
Despite all my sage, I will still make minimum wage
But some prof will say what is learnt can never be waived
Despite all my sage, I will still make minimum wage

Don't make me learn another one
Civ Pro was the most evil one
Not that Tax was any fun, no
Don't cold call me on that one
One L was no fun for me

Despite all my sage, I will still make minimum wage
Despite all my sage, I will still make minimum wage
But some prof will say what is learnt can never be waived
Despite all my sage, I will still make minimum wage

Don't make me learn another one
Civ Pro was the most evil one
Not that Tax was any fun for me

And I still believe that I'll work legal aid
Law School is a vampire, sent to drain
A social excision that killed my right brain
And what do I get, for my strain?
Blurry vision, and a paper in a frame
Even though class blows – I suppose I’ll go
Sit in the back row – play a game
Despite all my sage, I will still make minimum wage
Despite all my sage, I will still make minimum wage
But some prof will say what is learnt can never be waived
Despite all my sage, I will still make minimum wage
Now I’m stuck here, nothing but a legal drone
Cus after three years, I owe a lot of dough
And what did I think?
That I’d have choice
Between professions, what was I insane?
Even though class blows – I suppose I’ll show
Sit in the back row – play a game
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Despite all my sage, I will still make minimum wage
But some prof will say what is learnt can never be waived
Despite all my sage, I will still make minimum wage
Despite all my sage, I will still make minimum-wage
Despite all my sage, I will still make minimum-wage
Despite all my sage, I will still make minimum-wage
Don’t make me learn another one
Civ Pro was the most evil one
Not that Tax was any fun for me
And I still believe that I’ll work legal aid
Who's That?

Stephen Rooke
Who's That?

Stephen Rooke
HAPPY HALLOWEEN FROM SCRIBBLES!

HALLOWEEN 2009

SCRIBBLES!