

## STUDENT VIEWS

Last round. Remy and I had done well so far, but this debate would be the deciding one. We were sitting in the tropically decorated cafeteria of the Lewis & Clark student building, waiting for postings to go up. Evan was savoring his jumbo chocolate-chip cookie and, with much authority, explaining his Beatles tie to an *almost* captivated audience. Meanwhile Remy was taking advantage of this morsel of free time to elucidate the wonders of virtual reality, and I sat thoroughly enjoying my coconut popcicle. I began to notice the crowds of debaters migrating toward the postings wall and realized our free time was over. My partner assigned himself the mission of checking posting. After struggling back out of the crowd of people, Remy informed me that we were in room 11. We then wheeled our evidence toward the assigned room, the heavy boxes bumping along the moist dirt and gravel path on the way down.

Standing up ready to give the last speech of the round, I felt slightly apprehensive. I

cleared my throat, and set my notes on the scratched and well-worn wooden podium. My voice was weary from speaking. The judge in the middle was eyeing me warily; the other team waited for the deciding speech. Glancing lightly around the colorful poster-covered walls of the classroom I began my rebuttal, "...so as you can clearly see, our case solves the pesticide dilemma plaguing the Third World through integrated pest management... ." I was almost finished, "... and we have therefore shown you that there can be *nothing* but an *affirmative* ballot." I did it - I was done! Had I convinced the judges, though? The negative team did not look pleased as Remy complimented me on the speech. Both teams waited silently for our judges to make their decisions.

The three judges compiled their ballots and neither Remy nor I, nor the other team, tried to conceal the anxious expressions on our faces. "And it's a 3-0 decision for ... Vashon Island SM," the center judge announced. "Congratulations."

I felt a giddy rush of excite-

ment, and for a moment could not utter a word. We had won! That meant Remy and I had taken first place in junior division at Lewis & Clark! Not even dragging the rattling blue metal cart, loaded with our heavy boxes of evidence, up the wet, pine-needle covered dirt slope toward the auditorium could dampen my spirits. As we walked to the front of the auditorium to claim our trophy Remy asked, "You wouldn't mind if I ate Rice Crispies ... out of our trophy, would you?" eyeing the shiny silver bowl engraved with:

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"Naw," I said, "take it," shaking hands with the grinning tournament manager. I was completely happy, content with the knowledge that I had debated so well. I didn't need or want that silver bowl, because the "trophy" I felt inside satisfied me entirely.

*(Erin E. Mayberry is a junior at Vashon Island HS, WA)*