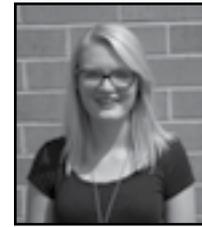
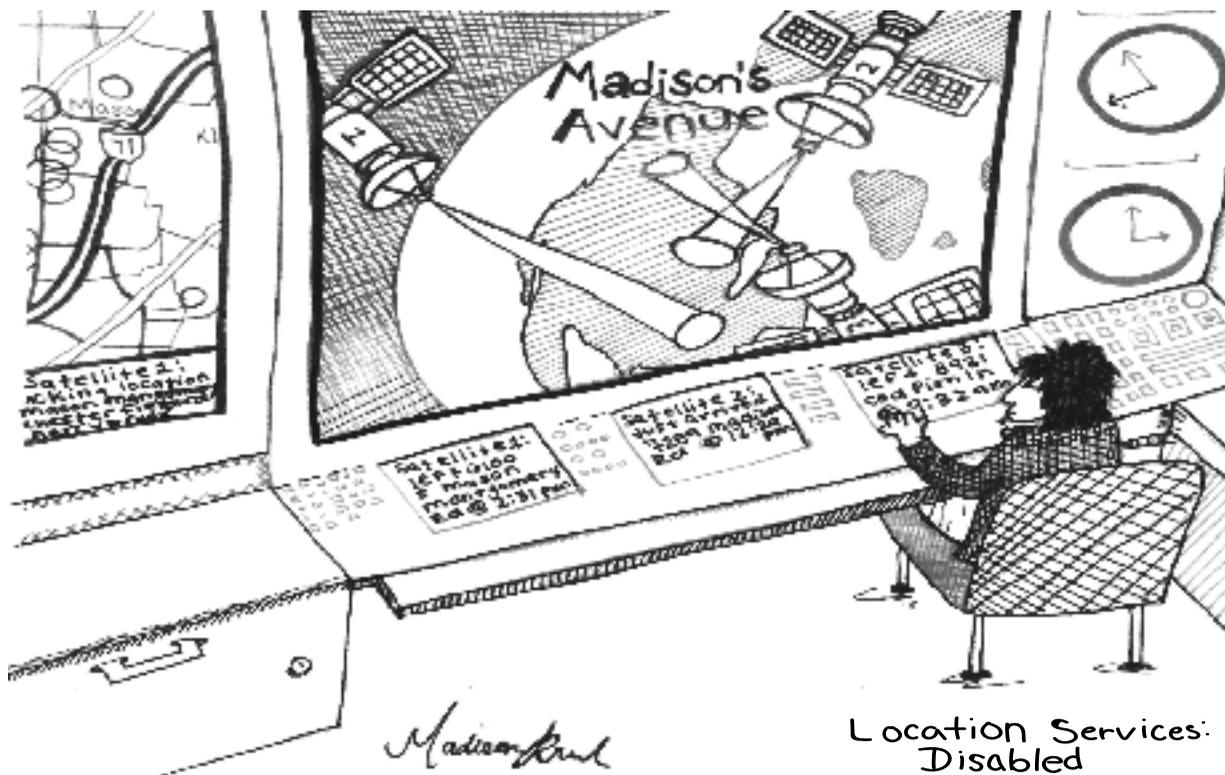




EDITORIAL CARTOON



WE ALL ARE MBC

Jessica Sommerville | Staff Writer

@YouareMBC.

We haven't forgotten the individual, though nearly 4,000 students reside in this building of Comet Country. We have Picassos, athletic state champions, political debaters, humanitarians: we cover it all.

When we do interviews, however, students are often confused until we discuss the premise of the story: they don't believe that in a school over-flowing with talent, they have done something to catch our attention. Because it's easy to slip away into the faceless crowds that stumble through these hallways every fifty minutes. We disappear—without even realizing we have done so—until we're graduating, and we still can't name the dark-haired boy who walks across the stage somewhere in the A's. Our pride in our school deflates—not because it is lesser but because we're not a part of it.

But then we watch MBC, and we meet the dark-haired boy we've never seen before, only now we know his name is Kusha Ansari and that he started the Mason Community Horn Choir. And after we hear his story, we listen to our peers chuckle during Kids in the Commons and declare they want to be Will McGowan and Erin Brush. Our laughs mingle with those on camera until we turn to those beside us and share who we've always wanted to be—Lady Gaga or Michael Jordan—and applaud our team's accomplishments—basketball or chess.

We come alive rather than disappear, and the school of nearly 4,000 shrinks to a comfortable hub. There's one less name we don't know, and we begin to realize that this is what it means to be Comet Country. Because we are the stories, and @WE_ARE_MBC.



IT'S PERSONAL

Gina Deaton | Online Editor

My dad doesn't believe in drive-thrus.

Just recently, my family was traveling on a skiing trip in Pennsylvania. We wanted to stop for a quick dinner on the road, and Kentucky Fried Chicken popped up on a highway sign. It would be a painless stop—we could grab some drumsticks and be right back on our merry way. Ideally, we wouldn't even have to leave the car.

Naturally, though, as we pulled in, my dad avoided the drive-thru and swung into a parking spot. My family took a moment to unplug our headsets, pull our boots back on, re-bundle up in our coats, and make a frigid dash for the door.

After ordering, while we stood waiting for our food, my dad began to make small talk with the middle-aged woman who was in line behind us. She responded in a beautiful accent, and it turned out she was from Paris, France. She was visiting the United States on a business trip, and we just happened to run into her. In fact, this was her very first time trying Kentucky Fried Chicken.

Unfortunately, we didn't get to see her taste it, but her initial reaction was shock because of how large the portion of chicken she got was—my dad had laughed and told her that it wouldn't be the first time she'd be surprised by our lack of portion control here in America.

After the workers' impatience became clear that we needed to wrap up our conversation and get out of line, we said goodbye, grabbed our food and prepared to dart back to the car to avoid the cold.

I forgot to mention another of my dad's theories—we never park close to the door when we go somewhere. He believes that the close parking spaces are meant for those who are older or less healthy than us. As long as my family is healthy, we'll be trekking in from the back of the lot—you'll even see my brother and me running when we forget our coats.

As kids, my brothers and I were constantly annoyed by having to go inside restaurants with drive-thrus, and—to make it worse—having to walk far to get inside that restaurant. But as we've gotten older, we've realized the importance. It isn't every day that you meet someone from Paris. It isn't every day you get to meet someone trying American fried chicken for the first time. Where we live, it isn't every day we sacrifice our time to make personal connections.

My dad once shared with us that he visits a doughnut shop every time he goes to visit a client in Columbus, and he buys doughnuts for everyone at the company up there. It's his tradition. He told us that the same two girls have been working in the shop every time he's gone, and they recently told him that seeing him come in and talk to them is always the highlight of their week.

The personal connections we make on a daily basis don't just make our day better, but also for those we connect with. And it can be as simple as refusing the drive-thru and walking inside to order, or giving up the close parking spot to the elderly lady pulling in. It isn't difficult—we are just a rushed society.

My dad has taught us that by waiting a few extra minutes for your food, you might be given a bonus to your meal—meeting someone extraordinary, or making someone's day.

And the best part is, it's free.