

The Pirate Speaks

February 2015



The Pearl High School Newspaper since 1948

Meet the Staff



Senior Katie Sims is a four-year member of The Pirate Speaks. She is a member of Key Club and Beta Club. She enjoys reading and writing.

Mackenzie Bell is a senior and a second year member of The Pirate Speaks staff. She is very involved in the youth program at First Baptist of Pearl and sings in the praise band. She plans on going to Ole Miss and major in elementary education. Her favorite verse is: "I consider that our present sufferings are not worth comparing with the glory that will be revealed in us." Romans 8:18



Jenna Skeen, is a junior and this is her first year on the newspaper staff. She lived in Nashville, Tennessee, prior to moving to Pearl her seventh grade year. She has a dry sense of humor and loves to read; her favorite author is John Green. She plans to major in psychology and work as a therapist.

Courtney Morgigno, freshman, has attended Pearl Schools since kindergarten. A first-year staff member, she enjoys taking photos and designing pages for The Pirate Speaks. She loves horses and is interested in working with equine therapy. She plans to pursue a career as a photographer.



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Adventures of Adam Frazier

By: Adam Frazier

Our guide Honest was frantically screaming into his cellphone, his raspy voice indignant. The safari van had been pulled over a couple of miles from the Central Business District of Nairobi, Kenya. I got out of the van and politely greeted the uniformed traffic officer. "Where are you from?" he asked in a thick East African accent. "America," I replied. He smiled enthusiastically, "Aaaaaaaah! Obamaland! Have you been to his home village? It is here in Kenya, you know?" Walking to the side of the van where Honest appeared to be having a nervous breakdown, I asked what the problem was. "The name of the safari company is not displayed on the side of the vehicle, and this is illegal," explained Honest. This should have been a red flag. I thought nothing of it.

A safari vehicle in East Africa is either a van on a four wheel drive base or a Toyota Land Cruiser. When animals are nearby, a large section of the roof can be unhooked and raised about four feet high, allowing passengers to stand and take photos or simply gaze awestruck at the beauty of nature. Animals don't attack vehicles or attempt to jump in when the roof is raised because the vehicle is larger than the animals are, and it is not a part of their natural habitat. In the past, I've had a pride of lions sashay right by a Land Cruiser I was in, literally three feet from me, and not even look up, unconcerned with the human happy meal with the top wide open. Rhinos and elephants are a different story. They can destroy a Land Cruiser or van and will charge if they feel threatened.

Today I was in a van headed to The Maasai Mara Game Reserve, sight of the yearly great migration, in Southern Kenya. American and British tourists were being warned not to visit Kenya or were being evacuated due to Al-Shabaab terrorists operating in the north and in Nairobi. So my companions were three Chinese tourists who barely spoke a word of English. One of them assembled fancy metal travel chopsticks to eat rice and meat at our lunch stop. Our guide Honest, a sly, fast talking Cuba Junior Gooding lookalike who wore a permanent shady smirk on his face, barely spoke.





On the first morning of the safari, Honest had me explain to two of my Chinese companions that their money had not transferred from their credit card company to the tour company. Therefore, they would not receive a park receipt when we arrived at the entrance to the game reserve. Thinking he was out of earshot, he then explained to the two Chinese that if questioned, they should tell the game wardens that everyone had completely paid for their park entrance. This should have been a red flag. I thought nothing of it.

We bounced through endless hours of dusty knee high dried grass and acacia trees. Honest tracked lions, giraffes, elephants, and cheetahs across the plains and hills, trying his best to make certain we went home satisfied with our wildlife viewing. Zebras and wildebeests didn't need to be tracked. We saw tens of thousands of them. Everywhere. The viewing was mildly disrupted, however, by the endless crackle of Honest's radio as he would raspily yell commands or loudly question other safari guides about where they were finding animals. A safari is similar to a zoo, however, the animals are not in cages, but in their natural habitats, ranging for hundreds of miles across the open landscape. The safari guide's job is to find the animals. A tour group stays in their vehicle, and it is illegal to exit the vehicle. Animals in Africa eat people. Seriously.

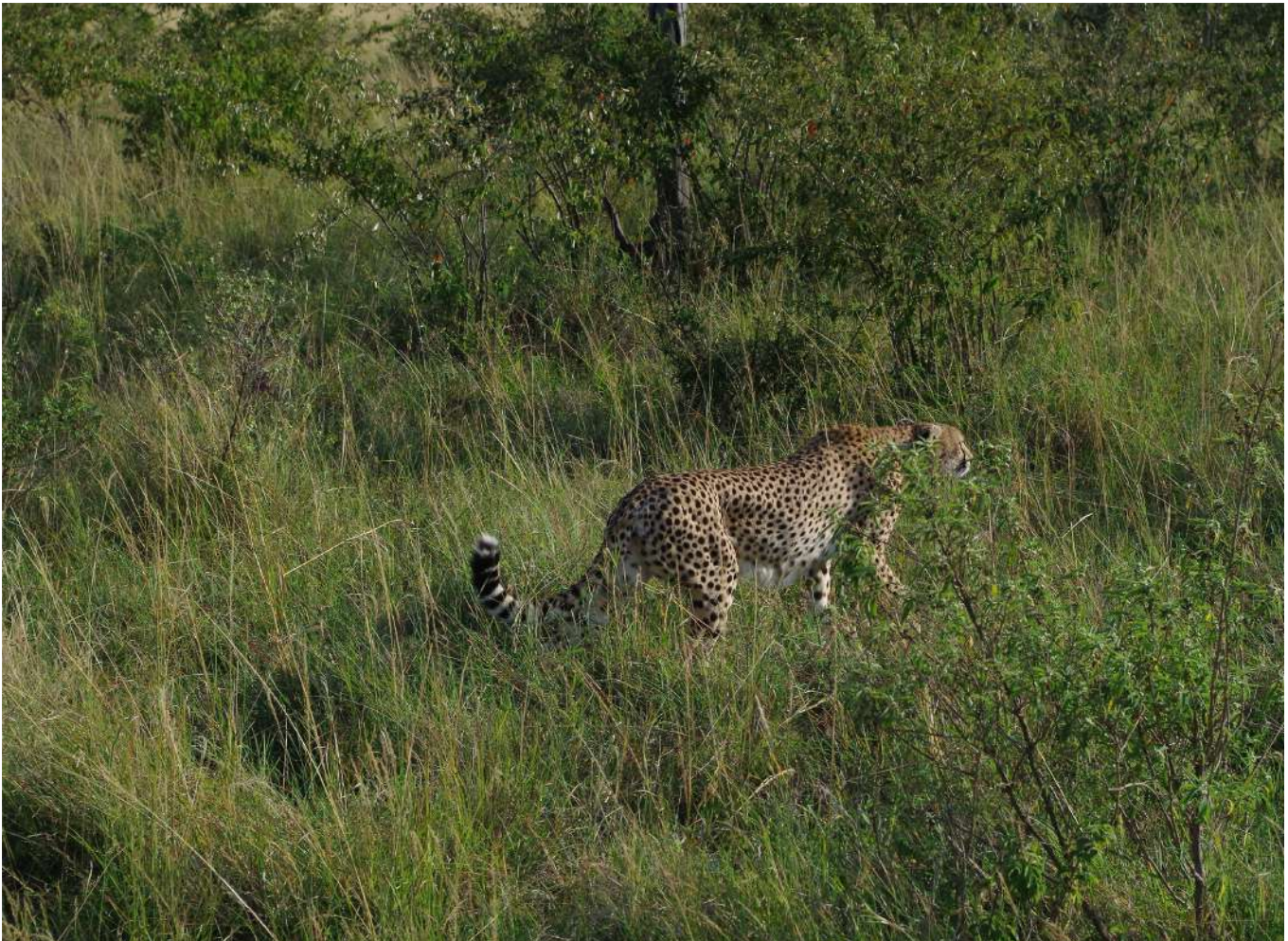
Around noon, we, along with thousands of zebras and wildebeests, arrived at the Mara River. These helpless creatures must cross the crocodile infested river in order to complete their yearly migration to the more nutritional grasses in Tanzania. Hundreds of them were tightly packed on the lip of the riverbed, trying to work up the courage to risk their lives in the river. For hours, they would charge down the slope to the edge of the river, stirring up massive dust clouds, only to turn back and climb back up the slope once they reached the water's edge. Finally, due to accidentally being pushed by the mass of animals behind them, or by being driven by pure hunger and instinct, a couple of animals entered the water. Suddenly thousands of zebras and wildebeests were charging across

the water and up the opposite slope in pure frenzied terror. I felt like I was in the middle of a National Geographic episode. Then the crocodiles showed up, closing in from each side of the wildly galloping beasts. I don't want to be too graphic here . . . but . . . I guess the word "bloodbath" would suffice.

Nightfall found us in a tented camp, monkeys loudly crashing from tree branch to tree branch just outside. This far from artificial light, I looked up at millions of stars. It was dark. So dark. As I stood in a clearing, I was startled by a Maasai warrior, patrolling the camp, dressed in a traditional red Maasai blanket and carrying a spear.

The next morning, Honest hurried us out of bed while it was still dark. He said we must enter the park before the wardens arrive. We completely bypassed the entrance gate. This should have been a red flag. I thought nothing of it.

Tracking a cheetah up a hillside covered in bushes, Honest decided to go off road. Suddenly he is speeding up the hillside. We are being thrown all around the safari van. PSSSSsssss . . . A tire, punctured by a sharp rock hidden in the grass, deflated rapidly. Honest threw the van into reverse and we rolled back to the bottom of the hill onto a dirt track surrounded by tall grass. I got out of the van and started unpacking the spare tire and jack. While I was helping Honest change the flat, I realized that a couple of the Chinese tourists had taken their cameras out and were taking pictures of something in the distance. I turned around and saw one of the guys standing in the tall dry grass, posing for the cameras, flexing his scrawny muscles with his shirt removed. "That's what cheetahs eat," I thought to myself.



Later in the day as I was sitting on the back of the van, watching a pride of lions, a plume of dust appeared over a nearby hill. I knew they were coming for me as the truck full of rangers beelined for the van, although I feigned ignorance. They conferred with Honest for a moment. He yelled angrily in his throaty Kenyan English, “Adam! Yooooooooou have made offense! You are arrested! Take your things! Go with these men! Arrested!” . . . but he winked conspiratorially at me. Leaving the safety of the van, I darted to the ranger truck as the pride of lions lazily watched from nearby. I was being arrested for sitting on the roof of the van, although I suspected they were just angling for a bribe or small gift. As I got in the truck with the rangers, Honest floored it and sped off, leaving a cloud of dust in his wake, rapidly disappearing over the crest of the hill. The rangers had no idea what to do with me. Once again, I feigned ignorance. They had put themselves in a difficult situation and decided to give me back to Honest. Frantically, they sped after him. He avoided paying a hefty fine because one of his tourists was dangling from his vehicle. I avoided paying a bribe. I said, “Well played, good sir. Well played.”

The next morning, Honest once again hurried us out of bed before sunrise and skirted past the park gate. This was a red flag, and I now began to suspect that I had been duped and was on a “pirate” safari, an illegal outfit that charges ridiculously low fees but is illegal. I was quietly fuming and vowed to write a bad review on tripadvisor.com. However, when we arrived back at the hotel where I had booked the safari in Nairobi, the company didn’t have a business card or even a name. Honest asked me what I thought about the safari. I said, “Honest, it was a good safari, and we saw lots of animals, but something about it was a little . . . off.” He replied, “Why do you keep calling me Honest? My name is not Honest. It is Eustace!”





SENIOR



JUNIOR

“...you tell freshmen to use the elevator.”
Allen Dilley, 12th

“...you have to take the ACT.”
Christian Myers, 11th

“...you’re late to school everyday.”
Amberlee Dedmon, 12th

“...you’re ready to be a senior.”
Nakenbe Fleming, 11th

“...you don’t remember what it feels like to get
out at 3:45.”
Mackenzie Bell, 12th

“...you care about college more than you
care about what you are going to do this
weekend.”
Andrew Bullock, 11th

YOU KNOW YOU’RE A _____ WHEN...

“..they stop calling you freshmeat.”
Ray Fairley, 10th

“...you actually buy the cafeteria food.”
Courtney Morgigno, 9th

“...you’re supposed to go to a certain room and
you still don’t know where it is.”
Laynie Kennedy, 10th

“...you ask somebody about the 3rd
floor.”
Cole Patrick, 9th

“...A&P is your lowest grade.”
Melvin James, 10th

‘...Allen Dilley is mean to you.”
Josh Notree, 9th

SOPHOMORE

FRESHMAN

I've Had The Time Of My Life!



Senior, Blake Bell is a part of the Pearl High School Soccer Team. He has been on the high school team all four years, but started playing when he was four. He plays Right or Left Mid, and he loves every minute of it. Bell's favorite thing about soccer is that he gets to play with his family. Blake quoted, "Feels awesome on the field playing as hard as you can for your team." Blake is glad he got to spend his senior year with his favorite people. Bell plans on going to Ole Miss in the fall, but doesn't plan on playing soccer. He stated, "I would play if they had a boys' soccer team." Blake is going to Oxford to study Sports Medicine. Blake is not only a part of the boys' soccer team; he is involved in student council, prom Committee, and Mayors Youth Council. He also won Wittiest for Who's who. Blake quoted, "I had the best senior year, and it had a lot to do with soccer!"

**Playing with your Feet is
one thing, Playing with
your heart is Another!**

Our Newest Addition: Coach Varnes



We are more than happy to welcome our newest addition to The Pirate Speaks newspaper staff, Coach Boycee Varnes. Coach has been teaching for 9 years, this year is his second year at Pearl High School. Coach Varnes attended college at Belhaven University, he majored in History and minored in Sports Administration.

Coach Varnes is currently filling in for the spring semester for Mrs. Carter, teaching, Business Law, Technology Foundations, and Teacher Academy, while also getting to be the head of The Pirate Speaks newspaper staff. “I enjoy teaching and sharing life lessons with students,” Coach Varnes replies, when asked what his hopes were for this school year.

Varnes states, “The greatest joy is seeing students self confidence go up once they master a lesson.” Coach Varnes’ plans for the the future are to continue in education and finish his masters degree in Administration. The 5 things he would like PHS to know about him;

“ I enjoy every moment with my two kids, Skylar (12) and Landon (9),
I have love for the game of baseball,
I have two dogs, Chipper, he is a Bassett Hound, and Duke, a Chocolate Lab,
I am a big Mississippi State fan,
I am from Magee and graduated from Simpson Academy.”

Coach Varnes’ motto; “ ***No Deposit-No Withdrawal,” if you do not put any effort into life, you will more than likely not get anything out of it.***”

HIGH SCHOOL SURVIVAL KIT

“Chapstick, phone charger, and your sanity (only to lose by the end of the day).”

Haley Perry, 11th

“Keys, wallet, and phone.”

Allen Dilley, 12th

“Phone, keys, pencil.”

Emily Brennan, 12th

“Running shorts, common sense, and patience.”

Nakenbe Fleming, 11th

“Phone, pencil, and a few sheets of paper.”

Emma Micer, 10th

“Phone, headphones, and a pencil.”

Ray Fairley, 10th



“Phone, money, and food.”

Kyle Morgigno, 9th



AHOY MATE-Y! A PIRATE'S LIFE FOR ME!

D E C K N S A I L I C K Q M K I G
Z G J P M F T N A E B B I R A C O
A M A P N I C K T S E H C P V S L
L P A D B H M E G A N I A T F P D
P E V H V M O T O R R A P R D Y I
S P M N A E N A T A L G T E Y G O
P L A N K H N V T Y S S A A F L B
J R T X D F K T S U L C I S T A R
K N E H Y H I K U F E B N U R S I
B I K G C H A R N R W R M R O S L
R E I L A T A N K O E T B E P P E
N S B X D G A W E B J E T S G K D
A D D M U P H P N C F H T Q W N R
E R J O P H C R E A D H U A A K L
C O O I B O U N T Y W T J L R E J
O W H Y M O X V F L E Y S S H I O
D S A N C K D I S N G I N E Y G P

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BOUNTY
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CHEST
DECK
EYE PATCH
GOLD
HOOK

ISLAND
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MAP
MATE
OCEAN
PARROT
PIRATE
PLANK
PORT

SAIL
SEA
SHIP
SPYGLASS
SUNKEN
SWORDS
TREASURE



ACT TEST TIPS

1. ■ **Learn the section directions now! Use the time saved during the test to work on questions.**

2. ■ **Answer easy questions first. Marked skipped questions in your exam book so you can quickly return to them later.**

3. ■ **Guess..... If you can eliminate at least one choice.**

4. ■ **You CAN write in the test book: cross out wrong answers; do scratch work.**

5. ■ **Don't spend too much time on any one question. You should spend only seconds on the easiest questions, and hesitate to spend more than 1-2 minutes on even the hardest ones.**

** All tips are directly from ActStudent!**

Meet Your Principal



TPS: What is your role at PHS?

Dr. Yates: I am the 10th grade assistant principal.

TPS: How long have you been at PHS?

Dr. Yates: This is my 12th year.

TPS: What high school(s) and college(s) did you attend?

Dr. Yates: I attended Simpson County Academy for high school, and Jones County Junior College, University of Southern Mississippi, and William Carey University.

TPS: What is your most memorable moment from high school?

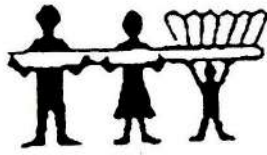
Dr. Yates: My most memorable moment from high school is winning two state championships in girls basketball.

TPS: Tell us about yourself.

Dr. Yates: I am a Simpson County native. I am married to Craig Yates and I have a wonderful 17 month old baby girl named Shelby. I enjoy spending time with my family. My hobbies include shopping and playing basketball when I have the time.

TPS: What words of advice do you have for PHS students?

Dr. Yates: Live everyday like it's your last and don't be afraid to take any chances.

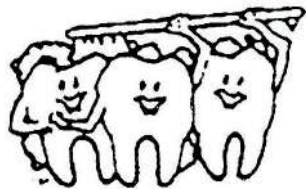


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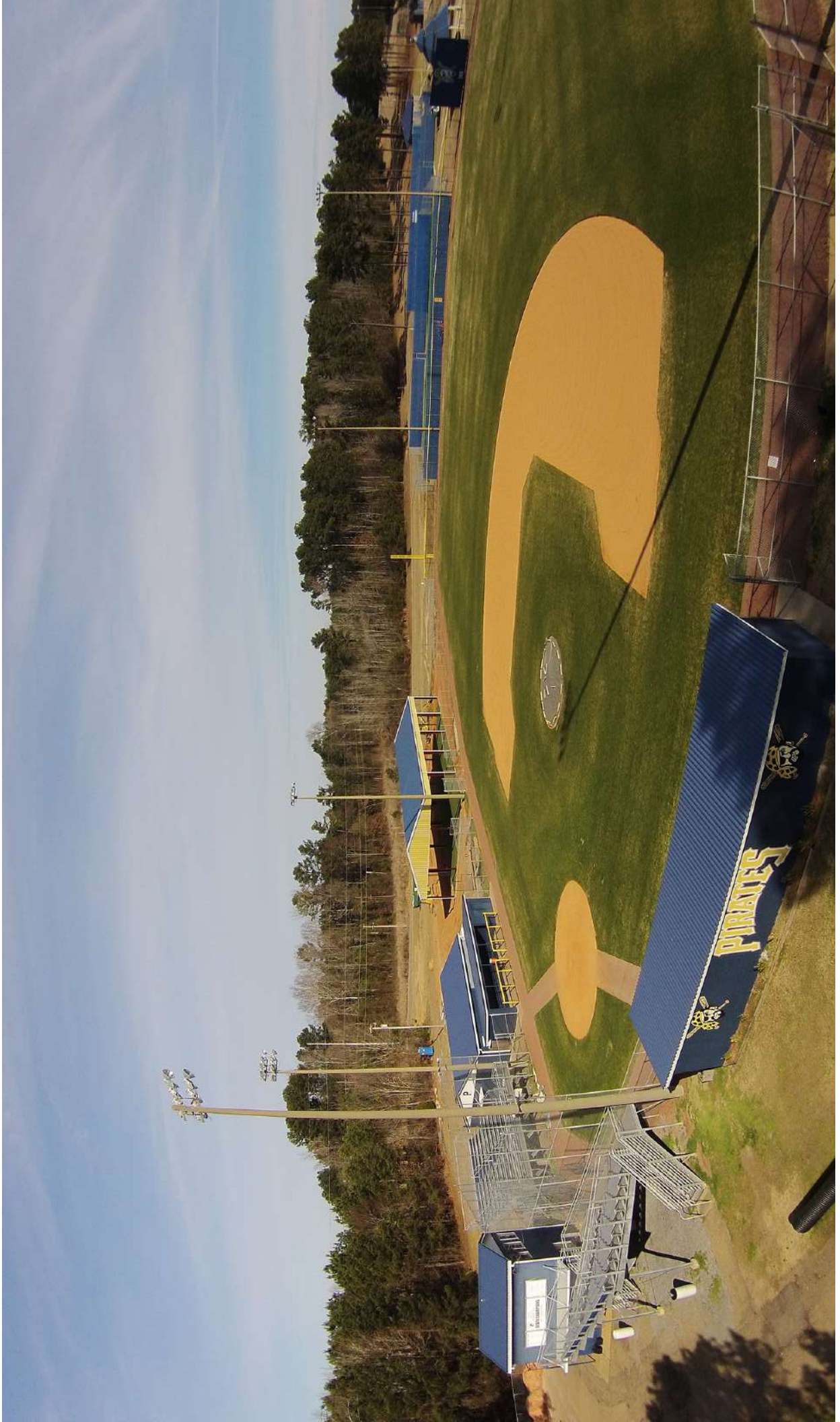


Photo by Michael Brewer



**Never do
Tomorrow
What you can
do
Today!**

-Charles Dickens-