

Student Views

This week we asked Trevians what they think of the possible voting recount in Wisconsin. Here's what they said...



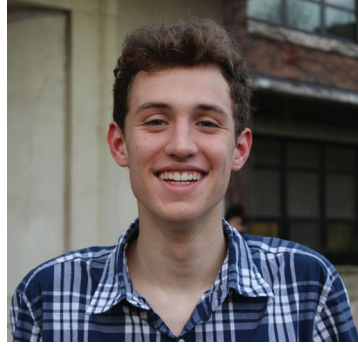
Emma Leptich, Sophomore

"If they're doing it honestly, then I don't see why anyone would get mad about it."



David Lackey, Senior

"It is silly to do a recount because even if Clinton wins WI, MI, and PA she will still lose the election."



Max Rezek-Te Winkle, Junior

"If they think it's necessary, I think it's important. I hope it makes a difference."



Stuart Corboy, Senior

"I don't care about either candidate. I just want this election to be over with."



Allison Thabit, Senior

"If this could potentially help Hillary than I'm for it, but I'm not getting my hopes up."

The science of gift giving



by Sam Blanc

Though we are through the real-life-Hunger-Games that is Black Friday, the mayhem that is Christmas shopping has begun. Now, a lot of people (myself included most of the time) will wait for the exhilarating panic of spending \$300 in Target on Christmas eve.

However, if you're more organized, you might be immersed in finding perfect gifts for everyone you know.

But this showing of holiday gratitude is more than the innocent gifting it seems to be. Exchanging gifts is a precise scientific process, requiring far more mental strain than just buying a Starbucks gift card at Walgreens.

See, before you even start contemplating what to buy, you have to figure out who you're buying for. I recommend making a list divided into two categories.

The first is people you know you're going to have to buy for: this is your parents, siblings, boyfriends, girlfriends, cousins, best friends, etc.

The second category are the ones you're unsure about: neighbors, teachers, friends of friends, friends of friends of friends, racist uncles, chinese food delivery guys that you have more consistent contact with than most of your immediate family.

This second category is where the trouble starts. Everyone knows that you can only get gifts for someone if they're giving you a gift too. That way, no one feels cheated out of money and no one feels like a selfish jerk.

But how do you know who's getting you a gift?

You can't ask, that makes you seem either 1. Cheap because you don't want to buy them a gift or 2. Greedy because you want them to buy one for you. Either way, honesty is not the best policy here.

So instead, you drop hints. You drop them like birds pooping on a windshield.

You talk about the abstract topic of Christmas shopping so much, that at some point or another your target is bound to let something slip whether it's a "oooh I got you the best present," or a "oh...I haven't gotten your present yet."

This is the process, and you must repeat it until you've extracted as much information as you can, deciphering the subtle cues of your subjects and praying to God that you got everything right.

But that's not all. It's not just about the who, but about the how much. If you spend \$20 and they spend \$50, you're a cheapskate who doesn't value your friendship. But if you spend \$50 and they only spend \$20, you're way too invested in that relationship.

So the dropping hints, the prying and spying, the uneasy eavesdropping, all must continue.

If you care about someone, I think they'll know it, no matter how much money you spend on a gift.

There is, of course, the alternative route of DIY gifts, but with creative gifting comes fierce uncertainty.

As someone whose art often lacks a certain...shall we say... professional facade, I often wonder how far "it's the thought that counts" goes.

How bad can the presentation

of a gift be without totally ruining all the thought behind it? Just another thing to add to the convoluted algorithm of holiday gifting.

So it seems like a lot to remember--and it is--but sometimes I think we scour the internet and nearby stores more for us than the person that's receiving the gift.

A good gift can be a great way to show your appreciation for someone, and feeling like you got the "worse" gift isn't good, but think about it, how much importance do you really place on the quality of the gifts you receive?

I've gotten some bad gifts. My aunt Sue went to Italy only to bring me back a miniature box of cereal, my dad's cousin bought selfie sticks for our entire family--technophobes, social media incompetents, and flip-phone users alike.

I once got an apple and a nail file for my birthday because I couldn't think of anything I wanted.

But when it comes to gifts from friends, or gifts from my parents, I never really find myself rating how "good" the gift is.

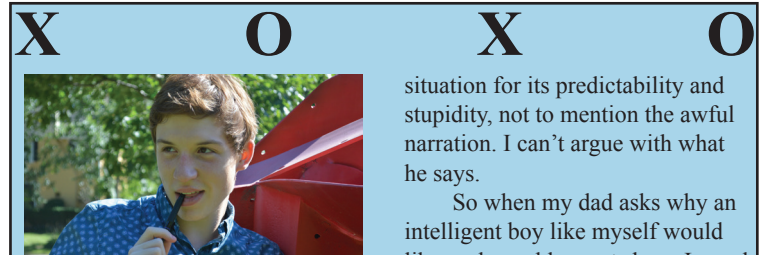
If you care about someone, I think they'll know, no matter how much money you spend on a gift.

Maybe just write a nice note, or give them a memento of a good time you've had together, or print them a large picture of Steve Buscemi, whatever your inside jokes are.

Close your eyes, take a deep breath, count to ten, and remember your relationships aren't going to shatter into oblivion because your friend spent five more dollars than you at Target.

The holiday season is supposed to be a happy one, so don't get yourself too stressed out. Happy shopping!

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by Max Minogue

Everybody watched New York's famous, Upper East Siders on "Gossip Girl" back in eighth grade. Apparently I missed this trend. I'm still working on finishing the show, currently in Season 5. I've been told that a lot is yet to happen so please, no spoilers.

I'll start by mentioning how thrilled I am that I never watched this outrageous show as a vulnerable 12 or 13 year old preteen.

According to "Gossip Girl," I should have been walking into bars and ordering cocktails since freshman year. Also, the fact that I didn't drunkenly lose my virginity to my best friend's partner freshman year makes me a prude.

In the show, a "best friend" is just some unreliable frenemy companion who lingers by your side only when it works out in his or her favor. School parties are supposed to be exclusive masquerades with specific names. Friend groups are incestual cesspools.

But this isn't quite what high school is like. New Trier is pretty much the suburban equivalent to Constance and St. Jude's, yet we still don't have all of the drama. Unlike Blair with her alleged 4.0 despite never once doing homework and drinking cocktails every school night, Trevians tend to take their sweet time on their assignments.

It's pretty obvious that the Upper East Side lifestyle just doesn't translate into any sort of reality; the show isn't watched for realism.

Every so often, my dad will walk downstairs and take a seat. He'll proceed to insult every

situation for its predictability and stupidity, not to mention the awful narration. I can't argue with what he says.

So when my dad asks why an intelligent boy like myself would like such an abhorrent show, I usually sum it up with "Gossip Girl" just being a guilty pleasure.

It's not like the message is any good, either. Any generic message about the importance of family and friends is destroyed by the entire show being the antithesis to this.

So what is it about this show? Why do I feel this need to waste roughly 20 hours of my life to finish this series?

I'd argue for one thing, fantasy. There's an entire character devoted to this idea, Charlie Rhodes, who comes into their "world" against all of what it stands for only to succumb to her love of money and power (a season later, she comes back as two people but that's irrelevant).

I'm not going to pretend that I'm above desiring an invite to some over the top masquerade or ball. I'll go ahead and say most of the school isn't above this due to the wonderfully sought after money dump that is the graduation party.

The other reason, most obvious yet just as unfortunate, is the drama. The sweet, unnecessary constant fighting and shake-ups. Nobody likes personal drama, but I won't pretend that I don't enjoy hearing the dish. The phrase 'let me send you the screenshots' will get anybody excited.

So in the end, yeah "Gossip Girl" is definitely a guilty pleasure. It's one of the worst kind, too; a pointless, nonsensical, poorly made show that I can't help loving, even if it satisfies the worst parts of me.

XOXO!

The New Trier News

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