

# The Pulse

A Column for the  
Twilight Obsessed.

By Rachael Mayer



## Bragging Rights

I was randomly rereading part of Eclipse the other day and stumbled upon Bella's graduation. Having just graduated from high school myself, I read it a few times. And, after careful evaluation, I am proud to say that my graduation was much more interesting. Of course, I'm just merely speaking of the actual graduation, because, let's face it, no one can beat a vampire boyfriend and the frightening realization that a plethora of newborn vampires are out for vengeance.

However, my graduation was pretty cool by graduation standards. We had three graduation practices, which all together came very close to my own personal Hell (even closer than A.P. Calculus which definitely says something). So, on graduation night we all lined up perfectly and were decently well behaved. As we walked into the gym in synchronized order we were hit by a wave of heat. Three thousand bodies packed into a gym with very poor circulation was a really bad idea, and suddenly those fellow classmates of mine who decided to come naked under their robes seemed instantly wise. (Don't worry—I kept my clothes on.) As I'm sure anyone can imagine, sitting through speeches and nonsense time wasters, the mind wanders. My mind unfortunately wandered to the guy next to me. Throughout all of the graduation practices he constantly was telling everyone around him how high he was and what exactly he was going to do that night. I will spare you from knowing what he was planning mostly because I can't print it on the Internet. However, on graduation night I knew exactly what he had been doing because I could smell him. And, for the rest of the night every time I thought about him I had flashbacks of smelling marijuana, alcohol, puke, and Old Spice that attempted to cover up the not-so-pleasant smells.

Eventually one of the blow-up beach balls that the vice principal was desperately trying to capture knocked my cap off and I was able to ignore my smelly buddy. My name was called and I strutted across the stage in beat with my very loud family's cries (I think I can blame my Texan aunt and cousin for the outrageous noise). I then proceeded to get my diploma and smiled for the camera. All of the graduates sat in the bleachers in front of the stage and when the bleachers were about filed the giant male anatomy emerged. To clarify, it wasn't real—it was a blow-up version that almost just looked a finger except that I know my classmates and they definitely would not bring a finger to graduation. It was bounced around like the beach balls before it and proceeded to knock off caps as well. This time, the vice principal had given up before even trying when it actually-almost-kind-of-mattered. We sang our lame school song and proceeded to throw our hats during the hullabaloo.

That's the end of my graduation story. We did have an All-Night Party afterwards during which I won some pretty sweet prizes by cheating, but it doesn't hold a candle to Bella's graduation party.

I am proud. I had a more interesting night than Bella Swan even if it was only two and a half hours. Although, I must admit Alice's translating the Battle Hymn of the Republic into Arabic and reviewing Korean sign language in her head to keep Edward out, almost beat me once again. But, since the reader didn't actually get to be inside Alice and Edward's minds during that time, I think it's fair to say that I totally won. Sorry I'm such a bragger, and thanks for reading.

Rachael