Lawyered. Now, you may be asking, “What? Is that even a real word?” Well no. Technically, it’s not. When Noah Webster sat down to write his dictionary, I’m assuming the word just slipped his mind. But let me tell you, it really is excellent. For context, lawyered is the past tense of a verb that represents the action of invalidating a claim through superb and infallible logic. An example, you say? Don’t worry; I’ve got you covered. Let’s say two people are arguing over the world’s oldest profession. Person A asserts that—what’s a good euphemism…?—“self-solicitation” was the oldest, arguing, “I’ll bet even Cro-Magnons gave [working girls] an extra fish or two.” Person B can hardly restrain his excitement, for he is about to use the greatest word of all time. He retorts, “Well, then I guess the oldest profession would be fisherman! Kaboom, you’ve been lawyered.” It may be a made up word, but it’s simultaneously a great punchline and an acknowledgement of victory. Disclaimer: Marshall Eriksen, a character on the sitcom *How I Met Your Mother*, coined the word—not I. Nonetheless, I love it. It’s elegant. Just look at the seamless construction: a verb forged from its relative noun. Lawyers debate; good lawyers end debates. We can’t all be lawyers, but we all argue. I’ve always had a love for rhetoric, and, after winning an argument, what better way to celebrate than to channel the spirit of my favorite TV lawyer, Marshall Eriksen—sorry Saul Goodman.

What's your favorite word and why?

(250 words)

We are a community with quirks, both in language (we’ll welcome you to Grounds, not campus) and in traditions. Describe one of your quirks and why it is part of who you are.

(250 words)

I sing about everything I do. I don’t know why; I guess I enjoy singing. I used to have an okay voice, but since puberty rolled around and my voice dropped, I don’t think there’s a song in the world I could make sound nice. Even so, I’ll narrate random aspects of my life through song. I don’t think of it as a nervous tick, but it’s certainly become habitual after years of practice. It’s not something I only do alone either. In fact, I have no problem consciously singing in front of my friends, let alone accidentally singing. My best friend will join in. We’ll sing as we walk. We’ll sing as we drive. We’ll sing as we walk to the car to drive. But my other friends are normal. When I make up song lyrics about going to get a bag of pretzels and sing them to the tune of *We Are The Champions*, the rest of my social circle will stare and shake their heads, as if to say, “What on Earth is wrong with you?” But it’s fun. Maybe it’s the challenge of trying to fit words into a given tune on the fly. Like free styling, but much easier—I couldn’t freestyle to save my life. I can rap anyone else’s lyrics, but if you told me to make up a rap, I’d need at least a few hours. Yet for some reason, I can fit any thought into the tune of a chorus.