

Eric's Prized and often Prizewinning QOTWs:

(Thanks to Reilly Grant ('05) for sending these from the QOTW archives)

"Guilt is so easy, it almost feels natural."

"Language is a perpetual process of poison and corruption."

"The CIA has been at work." - Mr. Davis, on the school's lack of a Russian dictionary.

"It's this goddamn Republican administration." - Mr. Davis, on the letter "W" being called a vowel.

"A bunch of charming, voluble, completely ungovernable people with half-assed ideas about literature." - Mr. Davis, on his Short Story class.

"I'm going to hanged you." - Mr. Davis, to a student, after she corrected him one time too many that people are hanged and meat is hung.

"Does a dog apologize before making noise? No, it barks. Think like a dog and bark." - Mr. Davis, after the students in his English class were indirect and apologetic about making their points.

"A metaphor is not a jellybean."

"I've lost, somewhere, my youth..." - Mr. Davis, after an abundance of lost and found announcements.

"You can finish your point, but you're wrong. Go on, finish your doomed point."

"What do I care for puny-ass things such as bells when we are discussing something as grand and all-encompassing as the great wilderness of Missouri?" - Mr. Davis, when a student remarked that the bell for the end of the period had rung.

"When is this damn thing over?" - Mr. Davis, four minutes before the end of his own class.

"I believe there are certain gestures which are thought to be superb; this is one." - Mr. Davis, raising his coffee cup above the basement level."

"Feeding your healthy body at the expense of your immortal soul." - Mr. Davis, seeing a student breaking taboo by eating above the basement level."

“Go and be free!” - Mr. Davis, to a pair of balloons recently defenestrated.

“I wonder what else she’s been doing that I don’t know about.” - Mr. Davis, after discovering that his wife had made cookies without his knowledge.

“Bad things happen to people who are too neat.”

“We’re all little infinitives, are we not? And we get conjugated along the sentence of life.”

“Mouse happens, man.”

“Please don’t bring big fuzzy stuffed animals to exams. They’re bad for the soul.”

“If you do not know your social security number, do not guess. And if you want to know about aberrations of human behavior, read an instruction sheet.” Mr. Davis, reading instructions for AP registration.

“This is a standardized test. I want standardized behavior.” - Mr. Davis, overseeing AP registration.

“I couldn’t find him so I decided to look in the Pit, er, I mean the student lounge.”

“This will be your best chance to see the smartest man you will ever get within fifty yards of doing something really stupid.” - Mr. Davis, on assembly speaker Christopher Ricks.

“This class has a curse.” - Mr. Davis, on his African Literature class.

“Make sure you don’t walk the other way on Mass. Ave. You’ll reach MIT. It isn’t good for you.”

“That’s what we do here, but here, we call holes essays.” - Mr. Davis upon hearing that digging holes (as in ‘Holes’ by Louis Sachar) builds character.

“‘Of course!’ you say, ‘The man is seeking to copulate with the original cat!’ They’re big on cat-copulation in Italy.” - Mr. Davis on “Cat in the Rain”.

“I thought I banned you from using the word ‘symbol’ for the next six months!” - Mr. Davis, to a student who apparently had used the word a bit too often.

“This class reminds me of how I got fired from my previous job. There was a short play written, featuring a girl with elk horns riding piggyback on a boy on roller skates, who was holding a shotgun. We performed it, and the head of the department walked by the open door, and I knew at that moment that this was not good.”

“In that book, there are several rambunctious children running about, and a father whose reaction to this is chiefly to lift himself up by his own hair, if you can imagine that.”

“Turn your head down and look at those funny things on the page that look like ants, except they’re not moving.” - Mr. Davis, expounding on “Read.”

“In Act 1, a child falls off a tricycle.

In Act 2, a child falls off a tricycle.

In Act 3, a child falls off a tricycle.

In Act 4, a tricycle, all by itself, comes in, and you learn that off-stage, a child has just fallen off.

In Act 5, a tricycle rolls in, dripping with blood extracted from the guts of a whale off of the coast.

That’s...that’s a motif.” - Mr. Davis, on “motif”

“If you, maybe, for instance, put a dead raccoon in a hole and cover it with lime...” - Mr. Davis, referring to the stone, not the fruit.

“Well, let’s say you and I were standing side by side, talking, and you had some sort of alpine pick ax. You know, with a sort of pointy bit on one side...? And as you began to speak, you leaned the tip on my foot, and as you continued you leaned harder and harder until my foot was impaled on this ax! Well, there are two things I could do at this point: I could slap you and say ‘ah, son of a bitch’, or I could smile oddly at you and nod until you began to realize that something was wrong.” - Mr. Davis, ending English class by explaining Hemingway to an increasingly bewildered student.

“Oh, like a harpoon?” - Mr. Davis, in response to “I have a song stuck in my head.”

“My father was a Marxist.” [Really?!] “No, no, not at all. But let’s say he was...” - Mr. Davis, embarking on a strange tangent that eventually related to *Great Expectations*.

“It’s not quite clear what this does to the dog, but he becomes one hell of an ironist in the process.” - Mr. Davis, describing a dog with a human heart in a story possibly to be read in his proposed Disquieting Fictions elective.

“Stabbing someone with hundred-dollar tea?...stabbing someone with tea? Does she look like someone who was stabbed with tea? This is surrealism; this is what happens when students get surreal in this school. And what does it do? It upsets people; it upsets them. It does no good!”

“You sounded like a poet there! It worries me...Seriously! Imagine if you were all fourteen poets, trying to read some other poet’s stuff...you’d be using metaphors all over the place and confusing the hell out of me.” - Mr. Davis to his section of English 10

“Can you sneeze in a French accent?” - Mr. Davis to some French students.

“You either go to hell, which is bad, or to paradise. But not the leafy green kind, like in hotel lobbies, but the abstract of purity and goodness.”

Eric Davis was awarded Most Weekly Wins, as well as Most Nominations, at the year-end Quote of the Week awards, and he also won the highly coveted William Jennings Bryan Award for the most nominations with no victories.