The Eclectic Presents...
Dawnlight
Could You Bolt the Doors So We Can Massacre the Unsuspecting Townsfolk?
Letter From the Editor

A recent idea has left the question: what is your box? More importantly, why do you want out of the box? And then you have to ask how do you get out of the box? Disciples of the Eclectic, find your answer. Emerson believed creativity’s origin is the self. We have to look in to look out.

By not looking out of the window One knows the way of heaven.
-Lao-Tzu.

I am pleased to present the 2008 Winter Edition of the Eclectic. Another year of prose and poetry has passed. Take time to reflect upon your achievements, and begin to plan for the future. If the body follows the mind then let the mind wander ahead into the New Year and plan the proper path.

The Eclectic will be there waiting.

-Camden Cornwell
Editor-in-Chief

Contents

Six Words For Our Sixth Graders.........................2
April Rain...........................................3
Anne Marie Stokes & Claire Storment
Life of An Alien From New York.........................3
Danielle Celone
The Clique.........................................4
Blythe Bull
Waiting.............................................5
Luc Lambert
Assassin............................................5
Omar Munshi
Your Required Listening.................................8
Jacques Gonsoulin
What Is Reality, Or Rather, What Isn’t Reality.........9
Greg Gannaway
Just Say No To Government Bailouts..................10
Lego
Pro-Bailout........................................12
Camden Cornwell
Tess, Can You Hear Me?................................14
Glenae Nora
Untitled............................................15
Luke Castille
Think...............................................17
Aaron Cao
Debutantes..........................................18
Abigail Feinberg
Untitled............................................18
Abigail Feinberg
Untitled............................................19
Stephanie Wartelle
French Terrorism on the Rise............................20
Douglas Doise
Towards an Epistemology of Religion..................21
Dr. Cornwell
A Fragile Arrangement: A Kafka-Esque Story............24
Douglas Doise
Christopher Marlowe Responses........................27
Paige Porter Haggerty
Lea Hair
Forrest Hise
Scarlett Davis
Za Warudo..........................................29
Kevin Pearson
Soul-Eater-Fan Network................................30
Aaron Cao
“The Cask of Amontillado” Returns: A Story Based on Edgar Allan Poe’s “The Cask of Amontillado”......32
Rachel Motte
Untitled............................................34
Anonymous
Untitled............................................35
Raymond Jawraski
Smiley Jack..........................................35
Anonymous
Untitled............................................35
Wing Dreadge
Six Word Responses for Mrs. O
Six Words For Our Sixth Graders

I AM my ten best men!
- Tommy Rico Damico

Hey! Second is the first loser
- Abigail Feinberg

Canoeing boy falls deep in thought
- Camden Cornwell

Being deep is not my forte
- Alyse Poppa

I stole the chicken... and coup.
- Geoffrey Kappel

Hungry, hungry, hungry, hungry, hungry hippo
- Molly Bates

Where the hell is Bill Croughan?
- Carolyn Croughan

Has a type: Older married men
- Ainsley Daigle

Suck it up, shake it off
- Blair Foster

Intense loverboy egomaniacal prophesy, well zounds!
- Kevin Pearson

A creamy blend of irrational sarcasm
- Bret Goodell

Suppressed rage behind a quiet façade.
- Johnny English

Behind every great woman is herself.
- Mrs. Movassaghi

My feet usually smell very bad
- Shelbi Bourg

A cynic who tries his best
- Josh Camel

Neutral curious surreptitious unknown spicy white?
- Frank Novak

A debonair demoiselle and ESA loyalist
- Sarah Gray (Yes, THE Sarah Gray)

Always a Bridesmaid, never a bride
- Ashley Broussard

Passionate, outgoing, energetic, honest, nonconformist, white.
- Greg Gannaway

R O L A N D
- Roland Matte

Sarcastic Individual who enjoys playing sports.
- Max Kallenberger

Describe yourself in six words: Short
- Mr. Chrysler

Dustin glistens magnificently in the sunshine
- Dustin Anderson

He makes out with rock stars
- Tut

Compelled by the anger deep within
- Bill Wood

Life is not a dress rehearsal
- Mrs. Tate
The Amazing 6th Graders have definitely been our most loyal submitters. Here are a few of the things they have written in Reading and Writing Workshop. The Editors definitely have had fun reading all of the stuff you’ve submitted.

April Rain
By: Anne-Marie Stokes & Claire Storment

Run in April’s rain
Soaked to the bone wet and drenched
See Heavens above

Life of An Alien from New York
Danielle Celone

“I spy, with my little eye something… blue.” said my little sister, Bella.
“I spy something stupid. Hmm, what could it be? Let’s see, YOU!”
“Mom, Yasmine’s being mean!”
She yells from the back of the mini-van.
“Yasmine, be nice.” My mom doesn’t really care if we’re fighting or not, she just says something to please Bella so she doesn’t start whining.
“Whatever.” I say. I look towards the ground at my shiny pink clogs. It’s not my fault that my family is turning me into a Nebraskan alien. It’s not my fault that we are moving away from the heavenly city, Manhattan. Just because my mom lost her job doesn’t mean that we have to move to another planet. I tried to convince her to open a modeling school on Main Street, but she wouldn’t listen. She said that we should ‘improve our surroundings’. There’s nothing that needs to be improved about New York. Sure the air is a little dusty, and it’s a little littered, but if she doesn’t like it, she can just go to central park. Suddenly, I feel a slight grumble in my stomach.

“Mom, can we stop somewhere to eat, I’m starving.” I’m really not that hungry, but I know she won’t stop anywhere unless someone’s about to die, and I want to stretch my legs.

“There’s a McDonald’s at the next exit, will that be OK?” says my mom.

“Yeah, that’s fine.” I moan. My mom is a professional lie detector, so I have to do a little acting. I look out the window and I scream.

“What is it?!” asks my mom frantically.

“There’s a COW out there!!!!” I know that sounds a little stupid, but back in Manhattan, you don’t normally see cows grazing amongst the traffic. Bella laughs. My mom just ignores me. She has enough ‘important’ things to think about (a.k.a thinking about which house we will live in. Hellooo! All houses in Nebraska are ugly. There’s nothing to choose between!). I grab my purse and shuffle around for my IPod. I pull out the smooth, purple rectangle, put the pink foam earbuds into my ears, and press the play button. I hear a soft ‘thud, thud, thud’ as I tap my foot on the fuzzy car floor. Music is my life. When I’m sad, all I can turn to is my voice. I mean, I’ve already written a few songs...

Suddenly, the car stops. I press the pause button on my IPod. I see the huge McDonalds sign hovering over the car.

“Come on Yasmine, we want to get back on the road in 10 minutes.” My mom says. I hop out of the car and slam the door. EEEWWW.

“Umm, I’m not hungry anymore.” I say. My mom turns around
and heads for the car door, when Bella wails,

"Mommy, I'm hungry too!"

"No, Bella. We have to get back on the road." Wow. That was the first time mom had ever turned Bella down. She gave a look of anger, disgust and annoyance that I will haunt her with for the rest of my life. I wish I had my camera. Bella scowled. I grinned.

"Come on, Yasmine!" I opened the car door, hopped in and closed the door. I realize that I am pretty hungry, but it is so worth it to wait if Bella is in misery. Anyway, we're almost in Nebraska, I can wait.

O.K. when I said I could wait to eat, I was totally wrong. My stomach is about to shrink to a pulp and disappear.

"Mom, can we stop somewhere to eat?" I asked.

"No."

"Why?" I waited.

"You had your choice to eat a while ago." She mumbled Ugh. I jam the foam ear buds into my ears, and press the play button on my IPod. I yawn. One sheep, two sheep...

TO BE CONTINUED

The Clique
Blythe Bull

My name is Penny. I have the worst life EVER! I’m only in the 6th grade, and yet I’m popular. Why want to? I thought that would change when I changed schools. Moving is what I call waking up. No teachers left to miss, no locker left to say goodbye to, and soon not having anybody trying to call you WHENEVER they can, except for your cousin. In the moving van, I decided the best thing to do is to stay away from the most popular girls in the school and stick with a normal clique. If there was ANY cliques at this school, that is. After all, moving from coast to coast is...was my best way to study up on how to become popular. But now I'm going to be normal Penny Ravasco, the girl who will no longer be popular.

Once we got to our new home, I ran straight up to the room that I wanted, so Katherine, my little sister, will be forced to take the smaller room. Of course, when I talk to people, I make it sound like she actually picked that room. One of the rules to getting what you want is to make yourself look very angelic, right? Well, let me ask you a simple question. Do you want to be popular? Well, I don't. Having to run 'accidently' into the head of the popular girl in the clique, sound like one of them, become Miss Popular's best friend, and somewhat, take the throne. It is just too much! Of course, I could just join a club, like the garden club, or the book club. That's normal, right? Well, I hope so.

Reader, this is hard. It's hard to decide to try something new. Tomorrow is the first day of school, and I, for the first time, don't want to call someone a loser. What is happening!

The bell rang. The kids scream. The line for lunch is filled with kids. Then, you hear it. The *snap, snap*. And the girls walk right in front of everybody to get there lunch. That's what you think happens, right? Wrong. They wait in line like everybody else, but if the kids take too long, they put on their angelic faces and walk straight to the front and pick up their lunch, like their food is reserved for them.

Then they go to a table. No, there is no such thing as a permanent popular table. They like fresh tables, because there is
This is what he awoke to.
He didn't know whether it was day or night.
He waited and waited for someone to come.
He didn't know who he was waiting for but he waited all the same.
How long did he wait?
A minute, an hour, one thousand years?
He didn't know.
He didn't care.
All that he knew was that he was waiting, still waiting.

Assassin
By: Omar Munshi

Prologue
Max Rockwell attended a strange school. It was, in fact, an academy. He had eight classmates and they lived together. Each of them had a mentor who taught them only one subject. Max took stealth training. His other friends took Sniping classes, martial arts, or even demolitions training. You might wonder what school taught these subjects. Max goes to a school for assassins and mercenaries.

1
The academy Max attended was comprised of 8 students, 8 teachers and 1 head master. His school was located on the outskirts of Bern, Switzerland and was actually an old castle. A deep moat surrounded the castle and there were only two ways to access it. One was a draw bridge and the other one was a hidden, almost impossible mountain path that very few people knew about. The academy paid a high ranking Swiss official an eight karat, internally flawless diamond every month so the world would never find out anything about the school. Every 20 years the academy took in eight new students.

Waiting
Luc Lambert

Darkness.
cold,
the smell of an unclean horse stall,
the pitter patter of the rat's feet,
the taste of bitter olives.
Max had only eight years left (if he survived)!

Max was in the middle of Egypt and felt like a worm that had spent too much time on a hot driveway. He was on a Greek temple spying on Alexander the Great. Max’s job was to assassinate him. Using his training he secured a rope, threw a smoke bomb so he wouldn’t be seen, and jumped. He landed with a thud. He checked his holographic map of the temple and trudged on. On his way he set a radio signal which activated smoke bombs, if by chance he failed.

“We must find a hole in their plan if we are to continue past Persia,” said a strong, clear voice.

“That must be Alexander’s plan to invade Persia.”

He pulled out a throwing knife, the only weapon he ever used. Now he had a clean shot on Alexander the Great. He took aim and BANG.

Max woke up sitting on a cold classroom seat with the usual bony stiffness he experienced after a round of “The Assassination Game”. He checked his watch which read 6:00pm. Dinner was in 5 minutes! He had been in the game longer than he thought! He jumped through the metal doorway and ran straight to the elevator. He jabbed the button with his finger and waited. Two minutes passed.

“Where is the stupid elevator!” he screamed as he banged the button.

“Having trouble with the door?” Ms. Wittington called out in her typical British accent.

Ms. Wittington was one of Max’s least favorite teachers. She taught battlefield history and always handed out notes with random trivia.

“See you at dinner,” she said.

The door finally opened and Max saw his best friend and roommate, Brian.

“Hey, Max how are you doing?” Brian said. “I was just on my way from the library to dinner.”

Brian took battle training and was a perfect strategist.

“Hi Brian,” Max replied, “Don’t you just hate these elevators. They never appear when you need them most.”

“Yeah.”

“Anyway, what did Mr. Johnson give you for homework?”

Brian was obsessed with grades and would fall apart if he missed even one point on his tests.

“Oh, nothing much, I have to design a smoke bomb and give it to him by Friday,” Max answered.

The elevator door opened to reveal a long stony hall lit by torches. They continued on through the hall until they reached a fork in the way. They took the one on the left and entered a room with lots of chatter.

After dinner, Max chatted with Brian on his way to their room. When they reached the room they worked on their homework. Brian had to write a 150 word essay on Alexander the Great, while Max started to make his smoke bomb (despite failing miserably each time and filling the room with smoke at least three times). At 9:30 pm they decided to stop homework and hit the sack. Now that Max had laid down, his mind felt more relaxed and he slowly drifted off to sleep.

It didn’t take long for the nightmare to hit Max. Before he came to The Academy he lived a normal life with his parents. His dad had been a famous hit man before Max was born, but to keep The Academy secret, Max’s dad quit that life. That shattered when both his parents died and he had to go to the Academy. Since then he repeatedly got nightmares about his parents.

BEEP. Max really hated the alarm clock in his room and for some odd reason
the Academy had hid it so none of the students could break it.

"Hey Brian, wake up, it's time for breakfast," Max yelled.

"Already?" Brian yawned.

"Well I'm going to change and leave whether you want to or not."

Max took a quick shower and slipped on a pair of jeans and plain black T-Shirt. He grabbed his book sack and left the room.

When he was halfway to the stairs a voice called out, "Hey Max, wait up."

"You forgot your notebook," Brian cried as he ran after Max.

"Thanks," Max replied.

"So, how did your essay go?"

Max asked.

"Guess what, did you know that Alexander's favorite form of battle was a phalanx and that his empire was one of the largest ever conquered!" Brian exclaimed.

They continued on their way until they ran into a girl named Athena.

"Hey Athena, which class do you take?"

"Oh, I'm taking sniper classes taught by Ms. Kramer," Athena answered.

All three of them continued on to the main hall and went for breakfast.

When they arrived at the food hall they found everybody gone.

"Oh my god," Max yelled "It's daylight saving time!"

"Our teachers are going to kill us," Athena exclaimed.

They all shot out of the hallway and jumped three at a time up the stairs.

When they reached the hallway with all the classes, they had to split up.

When Max finally reached the doorway to his classroom he stopped and slowly crept in.

"May I ask you one small question Mr. Rockwell," Mr. Johnson asked "why are you one hour late?"

Max felt like a little toddler who had eaten candy and had just been caught.

"Daylight saving time," Max answered with a smile.

"Reasonable excuse," Mr. Johnson replied.

"Now to continue, may I see your progress in the assignment you were given," Mr. Johnson asked.

"Sure," Max answered as he reached into his book sack.

"Reasonably well done, though I expect it to be finished by Friday," Mr. Johnson said.

As Mr. Johnson said that, he ran to his desk to grab a fairly large briefcase. It must have been very heavy because when Mr. Johnson dropped it on Max's desk, Max nearly fell over.

"Today I'm going to teach you how a sniper rifle works," Mr. Johnson announced.

"But Mr. Johnson I thought you only allowed me to use throwing knives," Max said.

"Ah, but now that you have progressed a farther, it is time to learn a stronger and a much more modern weapon," Mr. Johnson said.

BRRRRRRRING!

That was the bell for break. Break lasted normally for 20 minutes.

"Meet me at the firing range after break for some sniping practice," Mr. Johnson hollered as Max left.

To be continued...
Your Required listening By Jacques Gonsoulin

1. *Hendostic Me*  
   by Born Ruffians  
   (A song of pretty soft, but striking rhythms, post-punk rock)

2. *Femme Fatal*  
   by the Velvet Underground and Nico  
   (A pretty little tune, that’ll fill you with the joy only that sad Nico voice can)

3. *There’s Too Much Love*  
   by Belle and Sebastian  
   (I beyond all things support the magic of this song, a first kiss, a night out, early morning wake up, power jam, and even a slow dance. This is my favorite song ever)

4. *Truck*  
   by Octopus Project  
   (A wondrous instrumental fun time lively-hood adventure into bliss.)

5. *Throwaway Style*  
   by Exploding Hearts  
   (Punk fans and Mark Ashkar listen, it is perfect love ballad, and the line is “weeds are growing over the campsite”, the line is no” we don’t know rocket science”)

6. *I am the Alphabet*  
   by Black Moth Super Rainbow  
   (Trippy was the title, assume the potion of the music as well.)

7. *Wavelength*  
   by Van Morrison  
   (It is by Van Morrison shall I say more, an 80’s pop single)

8. *RollerDisco*  
   by Black Moth Super Rainbow  
   (A genuine return to trippy instrumentalism)

9. *In the Clear*  
   by Cap’n Jazz  
   (It’s loud, distorted, and hard to understand.)

10. *Shame of an Earache*  
    by Brass Bed  
    (A local band that is sure to bring love to your heart. They provide a magical nice old rock song.)

11. *We Rule School*  
    by Belle and Sebastian  
    (Nothing better to cool off a horrid day like this number. It’s soft, has piano, and from Glasgow.)

12. *Tears for Affairs*  
    by Camera Obscura  
    (A nice sad song, with lady’s vocal, and organ, also from Glasgow.)

13. *Stroll*  
    by cheap dinosaur  
    (The greatest song ever, never has 8-bit music been so great.)
WHAT IS REALITY, OR RATHER, WHAT ISN'T REALITY

Reality is the recognition of physical, ideological, and moral attributes which inadvertently make up what is currently known as, but are not restricted by the idea of the universe and all such an idea entails. It is everything, making the beginning, extending to the end and producing from it, all that is known in the boundaries of our small insignificant lives. Reality is infinite yet its understanding is limited by the mental restrictions composing what we entail as our minds. Reality is true divinity in that it is eternal, with, as stated, no beginning and no absolute end, taking along with everything, a fraction of the characteristics of God, thus challenging God with the means of the composition of such divinity. So I ask you not what reality is but rather, what, excluding God, does reality not hold within the infinite clutches of known and unknown knowledge.

The only legitimate theory to evaluate the boundaries of reality is the fact that the future is undecided. God, being the only source to the knowledge of future events is the primary separation between what is and what isn’t reality. If the future entails a drastic change in the physical and non-physical universe, than that change will then be different from the knowledge that we as humans hold today thus creating a different reality: a reality dependant on the previous events. Such a change is difficult to express in words or even in the physical universe mainly due to the fact that our minds are limited. We as humans cannot wrap our mentality around the idea of a different universe since we are programmed to accept the theory that the universe is constant. If some act of God were to take place, changing the universe as a whole, there would be an entirely different form of reality. Difficult to understand, I know, yet if you can overcome the fact that change is inevitable than you can come to realize that life and all aspects composing life will eventually come to an end. So reality is everything (excluding God of course) yet when that reality reaches its end of existence, then it is transformed into an entirely new form thus composing a different universe all together. Reality in and by its self is everything except for when it reaches the phase where its place is taken; it then is not a reality anymore. In conclusion, the only thing a reality is not is another reality.
Just Say No to Government Bailouts

There has been much talk in the news lately about government bailouts of various industries. Financial companies and banks have already received billions in "investments" from the government and now it looks like automobile companies are next in line at the trough. This article is an attempt to show why such bailouts are counterproductive, unjust, and will simply cause even bigger problems down the road.

First, let's summarize why the auto companies are in trouble. The fundamental reason for their troubles is the same as for any other failing company, large or small: Management's business strategy did not result in good products built at a reasonable price that people wanted to buy. While this general reason is widely accepted, what to do about it has raised a large debate. Bailing out the companies — giving them loans at interest rates much lower than a private investor would demand — is the favored solution by the CEOs and many politicians.

So why is a bailout such a bad idea? The reasons are numerous, but here's just three:

1) Failing companies are a necessary feature of a capitalistic system, not a flaw. A capitalistic system is built on the idea of trial and error. The improvement of different industries relies on economic evolution just as the animal kingdom depends on biological evolution. Many business ideas and strategies must be tried, the good ones must be allowed to succeed, the bad ones must be allowed to fail, and at the end of the day we will be left with the most efficient companies. It would be great if we could design the perfect business model right from the start so we could skip this messy evolutionary process, but this is as difficult as trying to design the entire animal kingdom from scratch. The result would be a mess.

Without failure in a capitalist system there is no feedback loop helping to push business managers towards better operational strategies. This setup reminds me of a disease called Congenital Insensitivity to Pain (CIPA). People with CIPA feel no pain. This sounds wonderful at first until you realize that pain is what tells you to stop doing something harmful. Company failures send a very important message in a capitalistic system and must not be mitigated.

2) Government interference in the economy, as exemplified by these bailouts, is a grave injustice in our capitalistic system. In a pure capitalistic system, you are free to try any sort of business idea you want, and government will neither hamper you nor help you. Your ideas must stand on their own merits, and the consumer votes with their dollars to decide which ones are best. In this way, people and companies earn what they earn based on their merits. In contrast, the system we have, in which government doles out tax breaks, subsidies,
low-cost loans, bailouts, etc. to some companies but not to others, is inherently unfair. In our system, poorly run but highly politically connected industries can prosper, while politically naive companies can fail, no matter how well run. There's a reason why every large corporation in America has a team of lobbyists on their payroll permanently stationed in DC. Government is constantly tilting the playing field this way and that, and savvy companies know that they can use this to their advantage. The bailouts, given to certain industries but not others (and then only to some of the companies in those industries), are one very straightforward example of this. There are many others ( eminent domain, licensing requirements, tariffs, mandatory price floors, etc.). The bailouts, like all other unjust government economic interference, should be vigorously opposed.

3) With the bailout money comes demands by Congress to have a say in the day-to-day operations of the companies, yet it's important to remember that Congress has absolutely no idea how to run anything, let alone a large corporation. As proof, consider that the US federal government is the most inefficient, debt-riddled, money-wasting entity in the world. How does Congress know what kind of cars automakers should make and how much money each level of management should earn? For example, should GM and Ford be developing more fuel-efficient gas-powered and electric cars? I certainly don't know - developing such technology takes a lot of resources and those resources may, or may not, be better used in other ways. Politicians also don't know, and their presumption of omniscience on such matters is the ultimate in arrogance. By interfering where they have no expertise, politicians are likely to make problems worse, not better. Politicians should stick to what they do best - bloviating to TV cameras - and leave the running of companies to the private sector.

Hopefully in this article, I have managed to convince you that the auto bailouts, as with all other bailouts, are a tragically misinformed idea. They reward poor business strategies and thus prolong their life, are inherently unjust, and result in heavy-handed government oversight of company operations. Instead, the proper solution is to do nothing, let the companies fail, and then watch society prosper as better-run companies spring up.

Andy

bonsai cat
Pro-Bailout – Camden Cornwell

In the early 1990’s, Sweden suffered from a bubble pop in its housing markets resulting in insolvent banks and a frozen credit market. The government assumed bank debts and received common stocks which were later resold on a public market where profits were redistributed amongst the taxpayers. Though this strategy came at a cost to shareholders, Sweden regained much of its expended GDP after the stock auction. But make no mistake, the United States is the crown jewel of the world economy; Sweden was not. The U.S.’s loss of luster will devalue everything that shared its appreciated beauty. It must deal with a far larger and more profound economic crisis than anything encountered since the Great Depression.

But what works small can work big. Sweden’s success is important in noting that a bailout can work. It will be a difficult task. To secure a soft landing and prevent the global economic crisis from deepening, the U.S. must learn to save a sinking ship with a box of screws: delicacy and placement will be everything. Restoring faith in the free market will take more than just haphazard injections of liquidity and desperate recapitalization of insolvent banks and drowning companies. The success of the bailout depends upon international cooperation and strict government interventions in their respective markets. Conflicting international strategies could work against global stabilization. The problem is complex, and it will require a complex solution.

America Runs On Credit

Banks form the heart of the American economy. Liquidity and purchasing power depend upon the consumer’s ability to access loans in order to purchase goods. If the government were to let banks drown, the repercussions will affect far more than just the greedy CEO’s. The problem with a free market solution is the hard landing: many banks will drown, subsequently resulting in people’s loss of money in both the banks and the stock markets. There would be widespread domestic and international panic. Foreign investment in the American debt would become increasingly worthless, stunting even the growth of China and India and sending the rest of the foreign markets into a downward spiral. The idea behind the Bailout is actually quite simple: it will cost far more in the long run to simply let the economy crash than to take 700 Billion now and try to nip the problem in the bud.

There is of course the question of if government intervention is wise enough to control a delicate situation such as the economy. They are senators, not economists. It was indeed under the Clinton administration that the problem first began. Legislation encouraged Fannie Mae and Freddie Mac to extend credit to those who would not typically qualify for loans. The result has been economically catastrophic. Families or individuals seeking high priced homes on significantly small incomes bit off far more than they could chew. Anticipating pay raises and borrowing against increasing home values is decidedly a risky and poor decision for many. And the banks were more than encouraged to issue these loans. It seems the government is largely at fault for this mess.

Perhaps to a degree that is true, but our economic woes were caused by far more than the government trying to raise lower incomes’ purchasing power.
by increasing availability of loans. There are two groups who are more largely at fault: the banks and the American people. The banks took the government mandate, and as any reckless profit-seeking corporation will, twisted it into a money-making strategy by which they packaged high-risk securities and traded them for profit. The use of these securities fostered predatory loans, many in the form of ARM’s, that all contributed to the sub-prime mortgage crisis.

These loans, admittedly, should never have been acquired in the first place. Americans must realize that their excess in spending has finally gotten them into trouble. They must hold themselves personally accountable for their actions if this Bailout is to work and the crisis to subside. Government regulations are important in protecting people from themselves, but at some point, Americans must step up to the plate and handle their own money with maturity and foresight.

So What About My Mustang?
The next issue is the Big Three. Detroit has been dying a slow death for some time and deservedly so. Their lack of competition in the market of small fuel-efficient cars has hurt their ability to appeal to a larger consumer base. The rugged, tough F-150 man-truck can only go so far. However, like drowning banks, the fall of the Big Three would have harsh implications. Aside from the massive losses of domestic jobs and pensions, America would lose one of the few remaining markets which has not either been exported or bought out by foreign investors. Therefore, in the interest of a soft-landing, and even national pride, it seems bailing out the Big Three would help stabilize a falling economy.

There is again precedence. In 1979, Chrysler received federal aid through private lending agencies that allowed it to keep its many workers employed and to prevent panic in American markets. The Bailout worked: Chrysler survives yet. However, many speculate it would have been far better to let Chrysler go bankrupt. Observing the present situation, Detroit remains in crisis, and the Big Three hold on by a thread. What good was this bailout if it led to nothing but the same problem thirty years later?

It seems there is no good, and though I support a federal Bailout of banks, the Big Three deserve to fall into bankruptcy. There is an instrumental difference between the bank’s relationship to the economy and the Big Three’s relationship to the economy. The bank plays a central and organic role in the fluidity of spending and the prosperity of the American economy as a whole. Banking is essential to a capitalist (or semi-capitalist) economy. The Big Three does not play the same role. The automotive industry can be lost with the economy still afloat. The same cannot be said if banks were to fail.

Conclusion
Obama and Congress will have to face difficult challenges, most of which will have no clear answer. It will require international cooperation and the effort of the American people for these upcoming solutions to work. Skepticism in government is understandable, but differences aside, a Bailout will happen and it must be supported or criticized constructively and accordingly. This is a great challenge that will require Americans to set aside their political bias to help solve a potentially devastating crisis. If it were not so frightening, it would be exciting.
**Tess, Can You Hear Me?**

*By Glenae Nora*

Tess, can you hear me?
Can you understand?
My angel, where have you gone?

What's happening Gabriel, why isn't she responding?
She used to come right when I call
Now...she just sits and stares as if nothing is happening at all

She was once an angel so full of life
She was lit up by His love
She did her job so He could do His
She didn't always understand His plan, but she always knew His voice
To be a follower of His was her choice

But I can't accept that Gabriel!

What can't you accept child?

Tess has always been there

She is here child

No! I mean, yes, she's here physically, but her mind isn't
She doesn't know me anymore
She doesn't hear me
She doesn't see me
Why...is this happening?

Calm down child, she is all there
She sees, she hears, and she feels

But she's not responding!

Oh yes she is. She's responding to the only One that knows
He has called her for this at this time
And all she knows is that she must obey
She knows her Master's voice, and more importantly, she knows His heart
Hold fast child

Be still and listen for Him, He'll speak to you

She looked at Tess for a long time with tears in her eyes
Then took Tess' hand in hers and closed her eyes and prayed

_No God, I don't understand why this is happening, but I can see now that it is necessary._

_Your plan is always necessary. I release my fear, confusion, and...Tess to You. Your will be done._

***

Monica? Monica, wake up

Tess? Tess! You're back

I was always here darlin', and so was He
We were watching over you to make sure you got it
And you did

Yes Tess, I got it.

_Praise be to God_

Glenae's Jokes:

**What's the best thing about being a fairy?**

_Frequent flyer miles._

_Hahahaha_

**Who grants wishes to fisherman?**

_Fairy Codparents._

**How do fairies call one another?**

_On spell phones. Too much!!!_

**How do fairies improve their TV reception?**

_With a satellite wish._

**What does a wand do at a football game?**

_The wave!! Oh no!!!_  
_hilarious!!!...seriously_
Alfred Whitson awoke to find himself stretched out on a bed, in a sterile room. Given that his first instinct was to stand, he quickly discovered his situation of being unable to move. He let his eyes fly freely around the room looking for aid, a friendly face, anything to assure him that he was not alone. He found none, but steps and shuffles beyond the closed door revealed that he was still surrounded by humans.

He tried to think back, to remember exactly how he had found himself in this predicament, but he found he could only remember small parts of a grand play. He could remember unlocking the door to his apartment and looking down in time see a small dark figure, which he had simply assumed to be a cat. Alfred could remember resolving to lure it out of hiding by laying out food for it, but he could not think to where he had meant to put the food or what he had meant to place out as bait. As he ran through the day’s events searching for any valuable information, he remembered an outburst while riding on the public bus. He had been daydreaming and, in allowing himself to become too drawn into his own mind, he suddenly stood up and yelled expletives at the seat across from him while firing an imaginary gun at its occupant. The man, a short, middle-aged, and pudgy, was quite surprised because he and Alfred had not exchanged a single word, or even made eye contact. The man had been absorbed in his paper and had not looked up, even when the bus stopped, to ensure he was still on the proper track without skipping his stop. After the ordeal, Alfred sat down quite ashamed as the man departed at the nest available stop.

Alfred cursed himself. His father had always told him not to day dream and now it had gotten the better of him. The memory of the dozens of eyes that watched his every move made him even more bashful. But it could not matter now; Alfred was in now what he could only assume to be a hospital, where the blank walls could comfort no man near death. But, as the clicks of the nurse’s heels stopped at Alfred’s door, his eyes grew heavy as if someone above him was forcing them down to close out the comforting sight of another person. The impersonal clicks and snaps of the nurse at work were the only assurance of her presence, but without sight she might as well have not existed on the same planet as Alfred. She was naught to him but a phantom or a ghost fading in and out of the real.

But, she was no demon. Oh no, the demons were his family, so eager to forget a son and ready to move on. Though his sight became impaired the minute another entered the room, he could still hear or smell them, funny how familiar their smell was. Alfred had never noticed it before, it was like bad milk or good cheese. At first, they had come bearing gifts, flowers, and cards which he could have always gaze upon after all but he had left the room. However, as time progressed and seasons changed, he was forgotten, allowed to wither as if he was only a decoration.

He found that the nurses and doctors took to watching television in his room when they had the chance as they were less likely to be bothered than in the lounge. One day after Alfred was again left alone to his devices, he found that the television had been forgotten as well, left on as if it desired nothing more than to be turned off. The television currently showed the final scenes of a movie. Alfred could clearly see in the background a sign emblazoned in neon green with the words “THIS IS NOT AN EXIT” printed across it.

Alfred found the television a comfort; it gave him something that previously his incarceration had not offered. He was now able to see people, of a sort. Even though they were the two-dimensional renderings of the blue box, he
felt better. His wishes had been granted; Alfred now had a friend. He now dreaded the nurse’s frequent entrances, the doctor’s checkups, even the odd family visit left him distressed as it tore him away from the people he grew to love. He was now acquainted with the stories, and the idea of tearing himself away from the television grew more concerning by the moment.

Many months, perhaps years (Alfred had no knowledge of the date), passed and he found television a greater friend than any he had before. It consumed him in ways that left his once frequent day dreams forgotten by the wayside. He felt truly compelled by the characters, but as time drew on and plot lines repeated, he felt that he no longer cared. Any excitement he had once garnered from the television had faded away. He found that he couldn’t shut out the television either; it kept him from sleeping at night. It drew his eyes to its glowing blue box incessantly. But what was he to do? How could he escape from this hell? There was no earthly way.

Alfred awoke as he might have any other morning and immediately his eyes were forced to watch television. The waves of information angered him, left him mad. He could not force his eyes closed to avoid the sight. The sounds were intolerable. But the day was soon a rare treat. He soon heard his family enter with the doctor. He understood that they were speaking about something important but he could not hear over the television. He could hear his father’s gruff voice, and the sweeter tones of his mother and sister. He desperately wanted to know what they were saying more than anything else, but the incessant sound of the domineering little box blocked them out. Soon, Alfred’s madness reached a feverish level. With insanity-fueling limbs, he stood up, his eyes wide open, and ripped the box from its wall mount. The miracle that had allowed him to stand had also cursed him. He realized too late that he had slain his greatest comrade in his time imprisoned within his own body. He turned to face his family and saw a horrid sight. Where he had lay merely seconds before, a nurse, mouth agape, held a syringe. To Alfred’s feverish mind, there was only one conclusion to be drawn. He judged all in the room to be a conspirator, a beast who at best desired no more than his death.

Even his best friend, who had drawn Alfred to depravity, had taken part in this devilish scheme. He fled from the room that had held him for so long. Breaking the door from his hinges and knocking the nurse on her back, he materialized in the hallway. The infinite corridor, slathered in red, was filled with things that were hardly human in appearance to Alfred’s eye. He took off, running in one direction at breakneck speeds and toppling any of the beasts who dared to stand in his way. His eyes searched for escape but the green print screamed at him “THIS IS NOT AN EXIT”. He ran trying to speed past the beasts lest one catch the hem of his garment and hold him down, but there was an end to the tunnel, a bright light at the end of the corridor of red. He sprinted for his safety and burst forth out of the window to freedom.

Luke Castille
Think
By: Aaron Cao
6th Grader

Thinking, Thinking, Thinking

Why do people act the way they do?
What is the meaning of life?
Dark Matter?
Black Holes?
It's all too mad. MADNESS I TELL YOU!!!!

Why is everything so paradoxical?
If you think about, the mind only sees a paradox when it is visible.

Q: Is the universe infinite? If so, when will it end?
A: Bounce theory? Big Bang? Are you a scientology person?

Belief is only how humans recognize the world. Or is it?...

Being in existence is really only how the mind sees itself.

Ironic isn't it? That the human brain is one of the most complex and perplexing things in this universe, but doesn't know its own being, or the meaning of its existence.

BE AFRAID!!!!!!!

Fear huh?

Well, is fear real?
SOOOOOOOOOO
MAAAAAAAAAAAAANY
QUUUUUUUUUEEEEESSSSSS
STTTTTTTTTTTTIOOOOONNNNNS
SSSSS!!

How does life work?

Well, they have many minds working at this, so give your paradoxical mind a break :) And make sure not to go mad thinking about it.

Here's a VERY hard cipher to solve.

ADMESSN Si YREVHWERE!!!!!

So goodbye!

I Have Senioritis (Can I cry on your shoulder?)
By: Kate Smith

Senior year, I can't sleep at night.
Why do you make me cry?
I don't want to fail;
I'm just trying to get by.

Senior year, you keep me up at night.
I want to fall asleep in class,
But I can't.
I know it's wrong to fall asleep in class.

Senior year, my heart is dying.
My brain is dying too.
I drink too much Starbuck's,
But I need to (to stay awake).

Senior year, I want to sleep right now.
I think that I just failed a test.
How. Now. Brown cow?
Senior year, you are a pest.

Please, can I cry on your shoulder?
Debutantes

First you hear the horns, the ghosts of culture screaming out from their black depths, projecting their breath through a gilded opening and bellowing nostalgically towards their progeny. A band of horns resides over every ancient tradition of societal South Louisiana and are certainly present in a debutante ball. They are there to remind us that though family cries for you because it needs and friends call to you because they want, society blares at you because it requires. These young debutantes have spent the past couple of months learning the walk, perfecting the curtsy, and enduring the poses, pruning their feathers in time for this night in which they are congratulated for the agreement they have made to follow the requirements. They are congratulated for remaining loyal to the agreement though they enter an impatient and unrefined society. They are the white pearls held pure from days gone by. Aligned upon the stage with one hand pointed to the side they form an unbreakable chain.

Looking at them plastered on the stage like statues, one may not possibly imagine the requirements already tended to just in that day; the certain complaints over hair and make-up, the failed attempts to prance ending in twisted ankles and broken esteem, the already drunken mothers making courageous hand gestures all throughout the “Star-Spangled Banner.” These young women smile naïvely, welcomed into the world that they swore to have never known, and the world dressed in its finest suits claps assurance in their direction.

From the eyes of our princesses the cups were spinning, the room wheeling, and their fathers finally twirling into oblivion. One debutante witnessed the shimmering circles all the way to the ground. In the background trumpets blared their merciless reproach to her callow consumption of alcohol, and the trombone drained her flood of delirium as she seeped into the dance floor.

Every parent left the building proud, nodding to their flocks and wandering pleasantly dazed to their cars. The girls have become women and the boys have spilled drinks on them. The night vanishes into the spinning. The white dresses are stuffed into their plastic wrappings until another untouchable opportunity comes along. Though they are tired, the night is still young and the rest becomes a child’s game.

a thousand times, a thousand thoughts have divided me and redrawn a hazy pixilated surface
Here I would stand, a collection of individual points
a cup filled to the brim with lonely points
selfish in their certain liquid state.
Full at a gland.
void in finer acquaintance

the art of impressions.
curved edges on a pin point madame.
Stacks of color on a straight-backed gentleman brilliant illusions of beauty
Nothing holds top-hat to the hand’s tip, an unrecognizable layer of emptiness rests repulsive in the in between.

empty space is everywhere.
I do not long to make sweet little nothings into fattened calves.
serenity fills past corners.
my anxiety hides in the negative existence.

peace is whole
a vivid form that drowns quivering drops in the hazy background where they belong.
solitary and real with no vacancy for void.
where one cannot contain itself ad two is just another number.
where red weighs so heavy above the ground that the sunrise will have to be tomorrow’s story.
If reality does not have the strength to be truly whole peace will come in pure solitary instances Beauty if momentary

Abigail Feinberg
SMELC stands for St. Mary’s Early Learning Center, where I used to attend nursery and preschool. For some reason, I remember almost everything I did there. Maybe I remember it so much because I had so much fun. I still go to mass at the church attached to SMELC. I see the church and I remember playing a lily pad in a play we did about a pond. I also played Mary in the Christmas play. My mom still keeps a picture of me and my class as the lily pads. I also still have paintings I did there, and for some odd reason, the teacher always wrote SMELC at the bottom. This word annoyed me and I thought SMELC sounded like snot, and in my opinion it ruined the picture.

I have a few main memories about SMELC, one certain incident I remember in detail. Our class celebrated Mother’s Day by inviting our mothers to school. One year, we painted cookies and stuck them on sticks to make a bouquet. Although painted cookies sound cheerful and fun, having poisonous paint on seemingly delicious food around small children was not the best idea our teacher hatched. We gave our mothers the bouquets and they probably wondered what to do with the bouquets, because they could not eat them. What happened next someone should have easily predicted. Jacob, a small, quiet boy whom I sat next to had a bad habit of eating glue. He would pour glue on the table, wait for it to dry, and then eat it. All the girls secretly feared him, including me. Apparently, he had not gotten the message that you could not eat the cookies. The teacher said this statement several times just to make sure everyone heard. He picked up a purple cookie out of his mom’s bouquet and took a huge bite out of it. Immediately, the whole room went into chaos.

Jacob’s dad, a doctor, took him to the bathrooms and made him throw the paint-covered cookie up as the rest of us watched. He came out of the ordeal fine, partly because all that glue had toughened up his stomach (although no one knew for sure).

I also remember many fun experiences too. We participated in many random parades at SMELC, including the Teddy Bear Parade. Everyone made floats out of shoeboxes and stuck teddy bears on them. Then, we paraded around the “huge” rock playground. At the time, the rock playground seemed miles long and thousands of kids seemed to have attended SMELC. When I see the playground now, it shocks me how small it actually is.

Most of the drama went down on St. Patrick’s Day. In the morning, we would have a snack: Lucky Charms. Then, the teacher would somehow sneak green dye in our milk when we did not look and say the leprechauns dyed the milk. I remember waiting for our cereal one time and our class started a chant saying “We want food!” and banging our forks. The chant, mainly my idea, made the teacher furious. No one ever told on me, though. The teacher then put all of us in time out for acting rudely. Finally, we would hunt for “gold” (also known as painted rocks). Whoever found the biggest or most rocks seemed coolest.

Scandals and drama seemed to occur every day in SMELC. A lot of kids proposed to each other on a daily basis, and gossip would go around pertaining to who married whom or who turned down whom. Not a single boring day passed at St. Mary’s.

Stephanie Wartelle
French Terrorism on the Rise
Douglas Doise, the Fedora Freak

A long time ago, in a country far, far away... A group of ESA travelers toured in France, a country with a rather bad reputation. But my question: Does France deserve its reputation? Short answer: no, except for the terrorists. The cheese tastes delicious, however.

Yes, that's right, ladies and gentlemen, friends, acquaintances, and colleagues. A previously unseen force of France's population, driving their reputation even farther back into shadow. While throughout the visit in France, the people were always friendly in a way that seemed incongruous with their reputation for rudeness and crudity, there always existed a small sect of the people who were even worse than their reputation.

I have had fully two very frightening and extreme experiences with these gauche fellows whom I have so glaringly named French Terrorists. One occurred upon the misleadingly holy ground of Sacre Coeur, and the other in the surprisingly clean depths of the French metro. These terrorists lend themselves to the description of a gypsy that romanticized state of being which America is so conspicuously vacant of.

It seems that a unique trait of most non-American countries is the fact that they have "gypsies," the poor beggars of civilization who turn to rather less scrupulous means to obtain their living. Some make their way through the rocky straits of society by picking the pockets of unaware, uninformed tourists or stealing the plump purses of women who think nothing of leaving their caches of personal belongings on the floor behind them. Still others dare to kidnap the curious, naive children of awestruck parents. And in their spare time, they may perform the simple, naughty, bullying deeds that comfort the violent side of their acts.

I have an astounding respect for the French metro system. The walls shine with cleanliness and the trains are completely absent of graffiti. Small-time merchants set up their stalls in the hallways leading to the surface, selling all the goods you may crave at the moment, such as a juicy orange or a bottle of whatever liquid you prefer. The hallways and landings never fill with people to an uncomfortable degree, and from my experience, there exists very little crime of any kind.

Most of the time, anyway. Late in the night, after a long day of exploration and almost getting lost, we travelled back to the hotel through the winding but now-familiar metro. All at once, we heard shouts of classic French anger in the halls and the sound of splashing, very near to the landing where we waited for the train. Soon two black men came into full view through the escaping throng, carrying bottles of cheap French beer which they splashed at anyone who caught their fancy. They laughed wildly and reeked of their Bacchic revelry as they drew closer to our small group.

We fearless explorers, still younglings due to Time's lethargic movement, caught the rolister's' eyes as prime targets. He motioned to his friend and they both raised their bottles in a crude mockery of a toast, ready to splash. And so they splashed, but our nimble, young movements allowed us to dodge. And after a short while, they moved on to better delights in another hall and we proceeded on our merry way.

The next day, we visited Sacre Coeur that sometimes overlooked but incredibly influential cathedral of France. Atop the great hill, the cathedral squatted in its own majestic way. After expending some energy on racing up and down the steep slopes of the hill, I wandered through the crowd near the bottom, consisting of merchants joyously exploiting tourists and awestruck French visitors from small towns in the countryside both.

As I wandered through the happy throng, making my way through the wondrous sights and sounds of a culture so different from my own, a black man approaching me, apparently propositioning me for a sale. I could not understand his French, indeed it may not have been French, but even so I attempted to question the strange, bold merchant, "Qu'est-ce que vous vendez, monsieur?"

He took a small piece of string from the pocket of his coat and wrapped it around my finger, babbling in his strange, incomprehensible dialect all the while. A companion joined him and led me along, my own suspicions dampened by the belief that I may have found a most interesting object to buy for my own consumer satisfaction. And then, I quickly realized the truth—these
men planned to take me away, to later be ransomed. In short, a kidnapping.

I muttered under my breath, "I can kill a man with my thumb, you know." One of the now five terrorists who had surrounded the area glanced at me strangely, so perhaps he understood a smattering of English. And then my personal hell broke loose---I jerked the arm of the original merchant straight off of his arm by the string he had wraped my finger, and quickly proceeded to use the gory limb as a club. First went that original gypsy, with a strong knock to the head adding to his already fainting consciousness. As he fell, pale with the loss of blood, I sent a strong kick to the face of one of the men behind me. The remaining three terrorists remained awestruck for a short second before they began to turn and run---but a second was plenty for my purposes. I whipped the bloody limb in a circle, immediately breaking the bones of two men's' legs. The other escaped my efficacious, violent grasp in time to start running, but my mind simply rested untroubled as the remains of original arm flew through the air, hitting with plenty force to knock off the pursuer's head. I sat in the gore silently, with only a mutter under my breath breaking through the newly found peace in my mind, "They can't say that I didn't warn them."

Okay, maybe it didn't happen exactly like that. Or, you know, nothing like that. I was almost on the ugly side of a kidnapping though, so... well, it sounds better this way, so no objections.

And so, obviously the dangerous forces of French terrorism are on the rise. Beware, ye travelers, of the Terrorist Gypsies! Don't forget to go to a small-town Farmer's Market, though. Home-grown gooseberries with a slice of cheese that has a weird name, together with a steaming, greasy slab of ham rotisseried on the spot in between two halves of a new baguette, made the most delicious lunch I have ever had the joy of experiencing. So, don't forget to see all the sights.

Towards An Epistemology of Religion
Part I

I watched Miracle on 34th Street last weekend. It got me to thinking about what a miracle is and whether we could ever be justified in believing that a miracle had taken place. In the movie, it is suggested that a miracle takes place when Natalie Wood's character gets her new house and a new father at the end of the movie. The movie portrays no supernatural intervention, but rather the miracle is a fortuitous or hoped for event. This kind of miracle, involving no apparent violation of natural laws, we could be justified in believing to have occurred. However, the view that a miracle is the occurrence of a hoped for or serendipitous event seems hard to defend as a definition of miracle. I hope to arrive safely at ESA each morning, but it wouldn't do to call my trips to ESA miracles (except maybe when my daughter Kaitlyn is driving).

It will be assumed that a miracle is an event with a supernatural cause. And this supernatural cause I will further assume to be God. Viewed this way, a miracle is not a violation of natural law since natural laws purport to describe only events with natural causes. Indeed, natural laws cannot be violated. Alleged anomalous events demonstrate that what we thought was a natural law is not a natural law at all. Had the cold fusion event of 1989 been determined to have really happened, then we would not call this a miracle. We would have had to revise our understanding of physics. I will propose that were a miracle to have occurred, with supernatural cause, then the miracle, while not violating natural law, will be said to be contrary to natural law. Thus, the parting of the red sea did not violate a law of nature, but it was contrary to a law of nature.

It has been argued that the idea that God intervenes in the natural world to create events that would otherwise not occur is demeaning to God's nature. The reasoning is that God created natural laws with a high degree of perfection. To create an event contrary to a natural law of God's own
creation would impugn the perfect nature of that creation. It would be as if a clock maker would periodically have to reset the clock in order for it to keep accurate time. I do not agree with this point of view. Intuitively, God’s ability to cause miracles is a sign of God’s supreme authority, not an argument against it. In addition, God did create human beings as free agents. In an act of mercy God could intervene to affect the outcome of a course of action set in motion by the choice of a free agent.

It is possible that miracles have occurred and do continue to occur. But under what conditions would we ever be justified in believing a miracle to have occurred? “Justified belief” is something of a philosophical term of art. But it is a concept with real world application. For instance, to convict a person of a crime we must be justified in believing the person to have committed a crime. The standards required to justify belief are themselves open to argument, and they can change with the circumstances. To convict someone in criminal court one must establish guilt beyond a reasonable doubt. To convict someone in a civil court the prosecution need only show that the preponderance of evidence establishes guilt. Of course people can disagree about when a belief is justified, but it remains an important concept nonetheless.

In order to convey something of the standard of justified belief I intend to use in this paper I will provide some examples. We are justified in believing that, for instance, 2+2=4, dinosaurs once roamed the planet, the sun will rise tomorrow, we are not living in a computer generated world, as in The Matrix, killing innocent people for sport is wrong. Notice that to be justified in believing something we do not have to prove conclusively that the claim is true, only that the claim is likely to be true. Among those claims that we are not justified in believing I would include that the Earth is flat and the NASA moon excursions were an elaborate hoax and the holocaust never happened. Notice that it often happens that we are not justified in believing claims even though many people do in fact believe those claims. Among those claims that reasonable people could disagree about I would include that democratic capitalism is the best economic/political system yet devised, we have been visited by extraterrestrials, the Iraq War will come to be acknowledged by future generations as a successful and warranted application of American power.

Now human beings do hold beliefs. And I believe we have a moral obligation to hold beliefs only insofar as we have evidence for the truth of the belief. It is morally wrong to hold racist beliefs because those beliefs cannot be justified by reasonable standards of evidence. I even believe that it is morally wrong to hold the view that the Earth is flat precisely because it flies in the face of a mountain of contravening evidence. To flout proven standard of evidence undercuts civilized society, and that is not OK. (These ideas are poignantly expressed by W.K. Clifford’s in “The Ethics of Belief” reprinted in Reason and Responsibility, ed. J. Feinberg.)

Although I cannot go into the issue in any depth, for the reasons that I have stated I do not think it is acceptable to believe claims on faith.

Let me sum up what I have argued thus far. Miracles are events that occur in the natural world and are caused by God. It is possible that miracles have occurred and that they occur on a routine basis. If we are justified in believing these miracles to occur then we could be justified in believing that God exists. In order to be justified in believing that miracles occur and that, therefore, God exists we must be prepared to provide evidence or some kind of rationale for our belief. In the remainder of the paper I will distinguish two ways of approaching the possibility of miracles, one which is incapable of justifying beliefs in miracles and a second point of view which does provide conditions in which belief in miracles is justified. I will defend the second point of view and thus argue for the possibility that belief in miracles and hence God is justified.
Part II

There is a commonly received epistemological framework, I'll call it **naturalistic agnosticism**, according to which a putative miracle would never be recognized as such. According to naturalistic agnosticism, in the face of an apparent miracle it is always more likely to suppose that the supernatural event did not take place. If it is admitted that the event did take place then the naturalistic agnostic concludes that our understanding of one or more relevant natural laws must be revised. The naturalistic agnostic admits he cannot disprove miracles, but he holds that we can never be justified in believing a miracle to have taken place. The **theistic agnosticism**, on the other hand, assigns a higher probability to the claim that God exists, so that in the case of an alleged miracle it could turn out that the most likely explanation is that a miracle had taken place. The theistic agnostic does not accept God's existence as a matter of faith, although he may hope that God exists.

The matter may be clarified by appeal to the underlying logic of hypothesis testing that one finds in statistical analysis. In hypothesis testing, one identifies what is called a null hypothesis and an alternative hypothesis. An experiment is conducted under the assumption that the null hypothesis is true. If the outcome of the experiment is highly improbable, under the assumption of the null hypothesis, the null hypothesis is rejected (unlikely things tend not to happen) and the alternative hypothesis is accepted. Let me give an example.

Suppose I want to determine whether a geometry unit is effective in teaching the main ideas of, say, distance. I could test this by giving a pre-test and a post-test. Suppose a great deal of improvement is shown by the student. I suspect that the unit is effective, since it would be highly improbable to see such improvement by chance. In this example, the null hypothesis is that the unit is not effective. Under this assumption the improvement on the post test, while possible, is highly improbable. Therefore, since unlikely things tend not to happen, I reject the null hypothesis and conclude that it if false that the unit is not effective, which is to say, I conclude that the unit is effective.

In the case of miracles, the null hypothesis is that miracles do not exist. If it is determined that certain events take place that are highly improbable, given that no miracles exist, I reject the assumption that no miracles exist and I conclude that miracles do exist. This framework for arguing for the existence of miracles raises many questions. Let me address a few. First, what kind of events are we talking about that have happened but are highly unlikely on the assumption that there are no miracles? One kind of example could be personal transformative experiences such as the apostle Paul experienced on the road to Damascus. Transformative experiences also include falling in love, overcoming an addiction, experiencing beauty, and so on. Other kinds of cases could include medical miracles, such as the spontaneous and unexplained remission of cancer. I am reluctant to cite examples like the parting of the red sea since the actual occurrence of this event is difficult to establish.

Second, there is a kind of argument, one that I am not fond of, called the "God of the gaps" argument. This argument attempts to identify realms of human inquiry that are not explained by current scientific theory and then postulate the existence of God as explanation for these events. What these realms of inquiry that cannot be explained except for God turn out to be can vary. For instance, on the God of the gaps type argument, it is claimed that since falling in love cannot be explained by science, only the existence of God can explain love, and hence God exists.

This is not the kind of argument for miracles that I am seeking to defend. My position is that the existence of love is rendered more probable on the assumption that miracles exist than on the assumption that miracles do not exist. If the theory that miracles exist and the theory that miracles do not exist are equally probable, and if the existence of love is rendered more probable
by the theory that miracles exist, then we are justified in concluding that miracles exist.

Conclusion

There might be a few kinks left in the view that I am trying to work out. But my main goal is to show that belief in God can be intellectually responsible and does not require flying in the face of science and reason.

Stu Cornwell, PhD

A Fragile Arrangement
A Kafka-Escape Short Story
Douglas Doise, the Fedora Freak

Lucia trudged step by step through the miniscule shards of snow, crushing hundreds of icy crystals with every crash of her heavy winter boots. It was hard walking in the powdered sheets beside the deep hoary ruts in the country road. Returning to her father’s farm from another day of searching through the incessantly similar men for a suitable husband, she readied herself for the work ahead - making her way through the farmhouse to her sanctuary.

Hers was a country of extravagant, extensive marriage laws ever since the Genetic Plague. Rather than having families turn into chaotic orgies, the country forced all to conform to its complicated, stifling reproductive regulations. Women were allowed to marry until age thirty-five, at which time they were set aside to be old crones. Lucia had been thirty-four for nine months.

Throwing open the thick, resin-scented oaken doors, Lucia let out the now-customary wild, throaty yell that had announced her misery every day for a year. As the boundless cry forced its way through the thick walls of the farmhouse, Lars reached for the battered pillow and covered his balding skull with its silencing comfort. As soon as the feral sound had waked its havoc, he released the cushion and bustled through the house.

He reached Lucia before she could declare sanctuary in the confines of her room, yelling out, with his customary accented optimism defeating his hesitation.

"Darling, Lucia! I have the best news of all news! I have found... a man!"

Lucia whirled around to face her father, shocked to practical disbelief. "Daddy... you didn't... you couldn't... did y-"

Lars hurried to interrupt her, "Now, Lucia, he is a wonderful man of wonderful men. He has money, and he is kind and respectful. A fine, fine man. I promise that he is a loving one-"

"But did you truly do it!? Did you, Lars?" Lucia replied, voice breaking multiple times with stress and horror. Before her befuddled father could reply, she began to beat him about the shoulders and neck with her frail, worry-sick arms until she shrank back to await the words that she knew would come.

Lars replied slowly, forcing his thick accent back to make himself slow down. "Darling... yes. I have arranged the marriage for two weeks away. Wait, don't."

The sharp, resounding slam of the strong cedar door broke off Lars' worried speech.

"Darling... Lucia... He'll be here on the morrow to meet you... I have sausages boiling downstairs..." Silence reigned in the household until Lars began to walk away, the ashen boards creaking in obedience to their master passing over them.

Lucia sat in the sauna lined with fragrant pine, breathing slowly and deeply to sustain herself for the nerve-wracking day ahead. How could Lars do this to her!? It wasn't right! It wasn't fair! Forcing her into marriage was quite possibly her worst nightmare. She almost wanted to be an old crone instead of being forced to marry.

She sat quietly for another few minutes, waiting patiently until she was forced to do her duty. Sure enough, the solid knocks upon the begrained door came loudly to intrude upon her last sanctuary.

Lars' muffled voice came through the thick walls and thicker steam, "Lucia, darling, Ferado is here... the man you're to, uhm..." Silence reigned again, shortly, as the poor man struggled for the correct words. "Lucia... Please, come down and meet him. He is well-meaning, and he is a well man." Without giving Silence the crown once more, he quickly rumbled away, the oaken house's familiar creaking growing ever louder.
Lucia's sighs parting the steam; she rose from the hard bench and stretched her back quickly as she walked toward the door. She turned the knob to let the steam out and grabbed her towel, wrapping it around herself with a practiced hand.


Her mincing steps refused to allow the great oaken supports of the manse to creak and groan the way they did for their master. The rumbling voice of Lars came from underneath the light parlor door, the words indistinguishable.

As the earthquaking tones died away, a clear and melodic voice found its way through the rustly, cloudy air to her ear, "Sir, your daughter shall receive all the amenities she requires. Have no worry for the dowry; it is not required for any rea-"

Lucia defiantly pushed through the door and it swung behind her, the hem of her simple dress fluttering in the back draft. Her plaited hair gave no treacherous movement and she stood, waiting with a sly smirk on the lips of her mind for a reaction from either of the men. As Silence reigned, she scanned her eyes over the room from Lars to Ferado.

Her balding, plump father filled the comfortable leather armchair. He wore a dress shirt and an old, too-small vest to receive his apparently noble visitor. The parlor was a simple room with a fireplace, large windows, and three of Lars' favorite armchairs. Her eyes turned to Ferado and there she did indeed see a nobleman. His reddened locks under the fine hat denoted Irish heritage; he wore a fine luxury suit, reminiscent of the ancient British explorers.

Lars stood awkwardly, the supports groaning their soft worship with every twitch of his giant feet. Hesitantly, he cut Silence down from her tall throne with an introduction, "Good morn, darling Lucia, this is Ferado, your, um-"

The gentlemen broke him off with a light voice of decadence, "I shall introduce myself, Lars. Lucia, I am Ferado Kefar, lordling of the Western Counties. Your most eloquent father has convinced me to marry you in a matter of two weeks. Fear not, for you shall be well cared-for." Ferado hesitated but decided to end at those words, waiting patiently for her reply even as his cool gray eye ravished her unexpected beauty.

And surely, with a defiant but newly respectful voice, the reply came, "I shall not fear, good sir, for I am destined to mine fate in your household. Shall we meet upon the morrow to speak further of my demise?" She shifted her weight, glancing at her father before returning her harsh, defiant stare to the gentleman. Lars, lost in the tumultuous battle of dialogue and wills, sat loosely with a furrowed brow.

Ferado retorted in a low monotone, so cold that the mead in his cup almost froze, "Indeed we shall meet again, upon the morrow and the next. Good day to you, Lucia, and good luck upon your life, Lars." He stepped out with some small creaking and Lucia stood silently, infuriated.

The conversations between Lucia and Ferado took the form of raucous, verbally violent debates that raged for a week. In these arguments, they found each other as true individuals. Each, releasing some pent-up energy, was a new, exciting, and frequently vexing experience to the other. Indeed, Lucia began to accept the coming marriage and began to lose her resentment toward both her father and fiancé.

Then, with his upcoming riches, Lars decided to expand the farmstead and hire a new man to handle the management of the various workers. After meeting with many applicants, (for Lars was a reputable, trustworthy man) he was left with two "leaders of the pack." The first was a foreign man who called himself Ray, who spoke very little but knew much. The second was the local mayor's son, looking for a respectable job for experience. Sadly, however, the mayor's son grew sick and died, and besides, Ray proved to be an excellent leader.

Ray picked up the farm's overall work effort in less than two days, instating a revolutionary new system for the current harvest and planting. It was almost as if Ray pulled the farmhands along like puppets, with marionette strings. All the workers were supremely happy under Ray's management, Lars appreciated these works, of course, and invited Ray to dinner one night to discuss his pay.
Hot, scented steam rose from the boiling pot, the homemade pork sausages bubbling to the surface of the thick, oily gravy. Lars hovered over his specialty, watching with a practiced eye for the perfect moisture in the meat. The kitchen, filled with the powerful scent of the sausage, connected to the grand dining room in which Ray sat. The countryside outside was filled with ugly patches of snow as the season swung into full-swing Spring.

"Daddy! I'm home!" came the clarion call of Lucia as she practically waltzed through the oaken door, which opened as if they were curtains for her. Ever since she had begun to argue with Ferado daily, she was practically transformed into the happiest she could be. She walked lightly through the house, and the supports sang in their creaking baritone at each step.

"Sausages again? You make your damn sausages every week, you know," Lucia spoke half-jokingly as she stepped into the kitchen.

"Darling, we have a guest for tonight's dinner, and he is waiting in the dining hall. Why don't you go to meet him?" Lars reproachfully replied with a smirk on the side. Lucia shut her mouth quickly, realizing that she had just humiliated her father. She made her mincing, embarrassed steps to the dining room doors while brushing off the small accumulations of nature upon her skirt.

Lars listened closely from the kitchen, but Silence reigned alongside the bubbling of his pot. Befuddled, he furrowed his brow and peeked around the doorframe. The room was devoid of humanity.

Ray sat silently, his eyes firmly out the window of the carriage. Lucia hung on his arm with nary a sound, every movement of her eyen focused on some area of his bronze skin. The air of the small cabin was filled with the strangest dichotomy of annoyance and admiration.

The stomp of the horses' hoofs fell more slowly until some excited stamping marked the end of the bumpy voyage. As the cushioned door opened, the distant sound of continuous hammer fall filled the air, along with the stench of sulfur and other burning minerals. Ray breathed deeply of the air of his native land, and Lucia bravely attempted to not breathe.

He waved a dismissive hand at the servant who began to follow them, and walked with Lucia through the gates, into the illustrious city. Men lined up along the street sides, bowing and waving as Ray walked past with the oblivious girl. Some cheered loudly in a language Lucia could not interpret, "Ka'azahik Beelzebub!"

Ray led her to the most illustrious building in the city, a short but wide structure with a temple-like feel. A lengthy set of stairs led the way to a platform with nine thrones. The thrones were increasingly spectacular from right to left, as were the men and women seated in each one. The ninth throne was illustrious, almost indescribable, a masterpiece of metal work. Engraved into the intricate metal weaving were the most delicate symbols of grace and other lovely virtues. The silken cushion upon its seat was plump and full, awaiting someone to be seated.

The other eight nobles rose from their thrones and took a stance of expectation. Simultaneously, they spoke in the most hauntingly beautiful voice that Lucia could have imagined, "What hath thee brought before the lords of Hades, o most confident Beelzebub?"

"I, Beelzebub, Lord of all the Insects and Things that Crawl, bring before the lord council of Hades a gift of assurance in my loyalty and competence," said Ray in the sweetest, most exalting tones of liquid silver that Lucia had ever heard drip. With that, he forcefully took Lucia from his arm, tore her clothing in half, and threw her upon the stairs. Lucia had never been happier - Ray had touched HER!
In English III, during the second quarter, students read Christopher Marlowe's "The
Passionate Shepherd to His Love," an important pastoral poem from the English Renaissance.
Pastoral literature is characterized by idealized depictions of natural settings. Many of
Marlowe's contemporaries responded to his poem by writing their own pastoral poems;
likewise, the Juniors wrote responses to Marlowe's poem using the meter and form of the
original—six stanzas consisting of two rhymed couplets each, all written in iambic tetrameter.
The students' poems also included pastoral elements. Below you will find Marlowe's
original and a few student responses:

"The Passionate Shepherd to His Love," by Christopher Marlowe

Come live with me, and be my love;
And we will all the pleasures prove
That hills and valleys, dales and fields,
Woods, or steepy mountain yields.

And we will sit upon the rocks,
Seeing the shepherds feed their flocks
By shallow rivers, to whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigals.

And I will make thee beds of roses
And a thousand fragrant posies;
A cap of flowers, and a kirtle
Embroidered all with leaves of myrtle;

A gown made of the finest wool
Which from our pretty lambs we pull;
Fair-lined slippers for the cold,
With buckles of the purest gold;

A belt of straw and ivy-buds,
With coral clasps and amber-studs:
And if these pleasures may thee move,
Come live with me, and be my love.

The shepherd-swains shall dance and sing
For thy delight each May-morning:
If these delights thy mind may move,
Then live with me and be my love.

"Nymph Paige's Reply to the Shepherd," by Paige Porter Haggerty

You do not know of what you speak
A love so strong cannot be meek
A flame of passion burns so hot
Yet my fire kindles naught

You may still rest upon the rocks
But I shall prance amongst the flocks
With you I could not run and dance
In all of time there is no chance

You rant of rivers, rocks and fields
Yet from my core no fervor yields
I can not will my heart to want
Your earthly goods I shall not flaunt

My body seldom adorns a gown
This would not change with you around
When you die you'll leave this earth
Your love as well will not rebirth

I am a being that will not bend
But do not fret, your heart will mend
Want of me, my presence yet
Love doth change, it is not set

Don't sing for me into the night
I linger close still out of sight
Don't search for me your treasure trove
I cannot stay, shan't be your love

"A Lover's Rejection," by Lea Hair

I love these woods and this valley grove
And all these pleasure you hope to prove
Here beneath the woodland trees
My heart cries yes unto your pleas

I long to sit upon the rocks
And watch with you the shepherds' flocks
My soul waits for your waterfalls
And your lovely voice to gently call
To now conclude your love note,
To read all that you thought and wrote.
Now, with my fortitude upheld.
You are the only one I tell.

Your mental and magical sound,
Your mental and mystical town.
These wonderful things that are thought
Like your dreadful love affair has wrought!

“Untitled,” by Scarlett Davis

Hey little shepherd thanks for the offer,
But I want a lover with money in the coffer.
That clunky thing you call a wagon,
Makes me glad I ride a dragon.

You have a really nice staff
But the dowdy dress makes me laugh.
In the grass we could canoodle,
Except your hair looks like a poodle.

No roses for my mattress thick;
Chaste maidens need not look for thorny prick.
A new day dawns, spring has sprung;
I flee, for you smell like dung.

You listen all day to annoying bleating,
Makes my sanity totally fleeting.
You’d think I’d have better luck;
Why? Your name rhymes with Puck.

In the meadows of your hood,
I yearn breathless for my wood.
Now I’m out of here,
Greener pastures, have no fear!

It is only you that I desire
You heart, and voice, and passionate fire
But not before your hope runs high
I must tell you, forever, goodbye.

My sensible head ever shall
Protect my heart from running foul.
She halts my precious dreams
Stemming from your false schemes.

You promise me ivy buds and coral clasps
But is this love that’s made to last?
I can not know that you will be true
And someday solemnly vow “I Do”.

Your entreaties break my heart in two,
But my head won’t listen to you
She knows your words to be a lie
And that is why I must say goodbye.

“Untitled,” by Forrest Hise

My poor little Shepherd friend,
Friend and only friends.
Your love was never binding me,
It only kept your sights on me.

The grass will wither and grow cold,
Then our hearts will grow very old.
The weather of Spring will change soon.
And hopefully your heart’s solo tune.

Your heart is so very shallow.
I look at you being hollow.
You will never stand the long test.
The test of who will love the best.

My poor little Shepherd lover.
Dream love and only dream lovers.
Your Love can’t create anything.
It just devastates human beings.
ZA WARUDO
By Kevin Pearson

The drone woke up, feeling confused and pained by the sudden flash of light that assaulted his eyes. He moved his head about, attempting to locate the workers that shared his resting quarters. He was astonished to find only flora, once towering in stature, crushed beneath his squishy pink limbs. As he became aware of the steady wave of pain emanating from his thorax, his bewilderment only multiplied in intensity. Was the hive under attack? He quickly glanced about for signs of battle, but found only a line of charcoal specks trailing from his thorax to his various appendages, incessant itching following the line as it forked at various points across his strange new body.

The drone realized that he had lost both his acute sense of smell and his sensory feelers. He was forced instead to rely upon his once poor vision to identify this legion of unidentified malicious granules. The drone observed that these miniscule attackers were none other than the soldiers he once thought to be allies. In horror, the drone leapt from his prone position, glancing down upon the portion of ground he had been occupying. There lay the ruins of his once glorious kingdom, now reduced in his vision to nothing more than a pile of dust, filled with the festering remains of his fallen comrades. The drone knew now that he was alone; this strange new body had crushed his only family and means of sustained life.

With all he had known and cherished in life crushed by his own hand, the drone reverted to his basest instincts in order to survive. He only knew by this point a hunger, a hunger that forced him to continue onward. The drone began to forage for any sort of morsel that could be used for this temporary sustenance. After searching to no avail for a short time, he wandered upon a being with a composition similar to his own new form, searching among the brush. Taking notice to his approach, the female, garbed in green and brown, withdrew from her waist a small black object and raised it into the air. The woman yelled a few unintelligible noises as smoke and fire erupted in short bursts from the tip of the object. The drone knew not what this adversary wanted from him, but he knew he had to protect himself. He lunged at the female, tearing the black object from her grasp and slinging it to the ground beside her. Many a time he had done battle with termites, and he was well aware that the fastest way to disable them was to remove their heads. The drone began to claw and bite at the human’s skull, removing masses of hair and flesh with every attack.

Soon the girls’ corpse lay before the bloodied warrior, mangled and beheaded. The drone retreated from the scene, marching into the forest and hopes that he might avoid any further conflict. The drone hoped only to survive, so that he might once again thrive and achieve, unrestrained now by ties to a colony or monarch. He was free, and this freedom was an idea that was still entirely foreign to him. He now had no others to rely on, none to call upon for aid. The drone tore aimlessly through the forest, the unending hunger emanating from his belly and commanding that he conquer all that he saw, for this foreign world was the only world that he now had.
The newly released math problems made by Maka in the soon-to-come episode 100!!

I, Aaron Cao, have just heard about the soon-to-be-out episode 100 of Soul Eater. An anime about a group of Shinigami (Death God) children who need to collect 99 demon souls before the witches and Chrona do.

Really, I think that the episode was kinda nerdy (I read the preview) and I thought that I would post some of them on here for the Eclectic. So here they are!!! (Some of them are pretty ridiculous)

1. If Chrona has 5 souls, and Stein has 15 souls, when Medusa killed Stein and Chrona stole 15% of Stein’s souls, how many does he have now?
2. If Medusa has 1000 snakes living inside her body, and Stein was able to kill at least 967 of them, what would happen if Medusa asked Chrona to heal her and how many Vector Arrows would she have now? (Note: Read the article on Wikipedia to find out about the Healing Snake Factor to solve this problem)
4. Article problem (Not in the actual anime): If the New York Times sold 100,000 newspapers in America on Monday, and the number increases by 15% per day as the popularity goes up, then how many would it have sold on Friday?
5. Anime Question (produced by the director of Evagaleion and also not in the actual anime): If you were in Hiroki’s shoes, how would you react when Nina turned you down? (Read Ultra Maniac book 3 for information)
6. What is the percentage per second that Chrona’s black blood heals him? In other words, describe his healing factor.
7. Maka can use her soul energy to create her scythe into a crescent moon shape describe the advantages and disadvantages of having it so.
8. Who is Zero? (From Code Geass the anime)
9. Who is the person that impersonates Kaiba on the GX series?
10. Give a mathematical reason why did Ichigo adopt the Black Moon symbol? (From Bleach the anime)
11. How was the Golden Mean meaningful (no pun intended) in the anime Vampire Slayer?
12. If Zero was nicer, do you think that he would be better at math? (From the anime Vampire Knight)

13. How is the number 13 significant in the overall view of the anime Death Note? If it is not, then what is the mathematical moral of the anime “Death Note”?

[According to Jesus...] “Life is like a Christmas present you can’t play with and have to give back five years later.” -Chris Baronne
people in dead, the fireplace with childhood memories of my past life has conversation inside, replied "I have last seen you."

"My dear, long has it been since I have last seen you, the wedding I believe," I said.

"Yes," she answered "You have been arranged to marry her since the day you first arrived here in my home. No one else wanted you, but I took you in."

"And grateful I am to you for that," I replied. "I have questions for you."

"I know, come let us carry our conversation inside, by the warmth of the fireplace."

As we entered the old home, memories of my past life has come back to me. The parties and drinking and sitting by the fireplace with childhood friends, now all dead, crept into my thoughts. There were no people in the home, just they old women and myself. It felt deserted, as the home was always busting with great noise and laughter. Off of the old stone counter she took two glasses and poured each with the familiar drink, and gave one to me.

"Now for the questions. I presume they are from your past, I have told you of this several times before. You do not recall them?" she asked.

"No, I know those all to well. I have come for questions on a story that you have told many times before, the one of the man and his search for the Amontillado, which led to his death." I said.

A sudden silence fell as she took in my question and the look on my certain, determined face reassured her. She was unsteady and looked pale for she knew that I understood; the story was real. Time passed slowly. We discussed the tale, every aspect of it. Montresor was her grandfather; he was the one that told her the story first hand when she was young. She was disgusted with her family, and the motto of revenge, as the descendents of the Montresor's family began to disappear, as did Fortunato, one by one. She began to feel as if she was glad for the past will finally be gone and all the stories of great sins will be left behind.

"I have searched once for the resting place of Fortunato, and never found it," She sighed.

"What if we can do it together? Now this night, we will have finally put history behind us and the stories of your past will be left behind you!" I exclaimed with a great passion.

"Yes, we shall. Meet me tonight. Do you remember the story?" she asked

"Better than you know," I stated. Then I left that place for the last time and never returned.

When I returned home, I began to get ready for the great journey in the low depth for the world under me. I held my prized possession, a drawing of my grandfather, the reason for my present life. No one ever knew what had happened to him, except me. The time has come, I thought as I placed the picture into the bag along with my other needed supplies for the long night. That night the carnival season began and I could smell the wine in the air and I knew many would disappear tonight, as they have in the past. I met the old
woman, and to my surprise, my beloved. However, I felt it unnecessary to argue the 
fact that my wife was there, for this made my 
night simpler.

"I believe we know what to do," said 
the old women. "There is a small opening in 
the old home where the catacombs lay 
resting underneath. Shall we begin?"

"Yes, let us start, to the catacombs! 
However, I brought a bottle of wine to 
celebrate, let us begin carnival season early. 
Come now drink, I do not mind," I said to 
them.

Just as I always dreamed before, 
we walked into the old deserted home with 
what was once the Montresor family. My 
wife and I followed the old woman through 
the dust filled home down the old creaking staircase. As we reached the foot, we stood 
together on the damp ground of the 
catacombs of the long lost family Montresor. 
As we journeyed into the dark wet abyss, all 
was quiet. The women talked of life and 
womanly things, while they drank from the 
bottle, an action I have never seen any 
women do before. After a long time passed, 
they began to tire and the whispering had 
slowed with them, I heard their breathing 
become thicker, until I heard the whispers no more.

"What is wrong?" I asked. "Did not 
you want to be part of this last journey? We 
can go back if necessary."

"No that would be no good, for we 
have come so far already. However, I was 
wondering over the question," she 
continued, "Why does the matter of our 
family bother you so?"

"I," I began.

Then, as I began to speak, I began 
to make out an end in the trail. We slowly 
crept forward to the wall. Like the other walls 
it was old and covered by bones; however, 
the way the bricks were placed was 
different.

"We have found it, I am sure," I 
stated.

I opened my bag and took out a 
large hammer and began to hit the wall. 
With each swing, it felt more powerful; I was 
finally going to see the legend, and get what 
seemed I have waited for a long time. Each 
time the hammer hit the wall, the sound 
made a shiver of excitement run down my 
spin. Then suddenly a crack appeared 
across the wall, and with a final stroke, the 
wall collapsed into a cloud of dust. Dust 
filled the already thick air, to the point where 
it was harder to breath. As the dust began to 
fade, I began to make out the slightest figure 
upon the wall. Then the figure became 
clearer: the skeleton of Fortunato. As I 
entered the tomb, unlike the bone and brick 
around me, I stepped on a cloth-like figure I 
could not recognize for it was covered in a 
thick mildew and dust. As I picked it up there 
was a slight jingle.

"Yes, we have found it, the resting 
place of Fortunato! Long have I dreamed of 
this day! Now with both of the last decedents 
of Montresor, Fortunato can have his 
vengeance. No longer must I wait. Here he 
is and now in front of him, in his honor, will 
there be no more of the Montresor!"

All went silent for several minutes, 
then the mother and daughter turned and 
gazed upon each other, as if they looked 
into each other's thoughts. Their faces 
began to fill with understanding, and also 
fear. The two began to slowly back up as I 
reached for the skeleton and released 
Fortunato from his tomb. My wife began to 
run. I ran after her and caught her by the 
hair, dragging her back while she kicked and 
screamed. The halls echoed the cry in 
terror. I grabbed her and forced her hand 
into her new fate and closed the lock on her 
wrist, while the other awaited her doom. The 
older women, already too tired from the trip 
down, did not struggle for she knew her fate 
and she did not fight for all she did was sigh 
and a single tear fell from her cheek. My wife 
screamed for help, I screamed even louder, 
until they screamed no more, for she knew 
no one would ever come.

"It was planned from the beginning. 
My father told me to keep honor in the family 
name, to make revenge, family for family. I 
was sent to your family for a reason, for 
trust. It made killing each of you easier. I 
have always known where the burial of my 
father was. Each one of your family 
members had paid the price, and you shall 
die just as everyone else in the Montresor 
family has in this catacomb," I explained.

"Everyone? You killed them all ... 
what about our son?" my wife asked.

"He will be the end of us both." I 
replied.

Silence filled the air as I slowly 
walked away; the faint murmurs of them had 
slowly drifted away until I heard them no
more. Once I made it inside the home of Montresor, I took the torch and placed it on the ground. Everything in the once beautiful home began to catch fire. I walked out of the home and sat on the ground some bit away and watched the fire consume the end of the Montresor family forever. I felt proud, for I no longer was of use to that world. My deeds had been done, and as dawn approached, I went to the ashes and dropped the picture of Fortunato. I took a dagger out of my bag, for the final step.

"The son of Fortunato and Montresor family will be the new beginning, for in this act of revenge, all I have done was be consumed into a 'Montresor.' I am no better than he man that killed Fortunato, In pace requiescat" I said, nothing more ever again and disappeared forever.

The greenness invades the senses, overwhelming you with a sense of wilderness and abandonment. All sounds are drowned out by the rush of water downstream. But as you peer upwards at the sheer rock faces, you can only get a feeling of appreciation for being there. The might of the Chattooga River leaves you unable to comprehend much else as you watch it assault the river rocks that have the misfortune of lying in its way.

The sandstone and shale cliffs have been eroded away by the power of the river for 650 million years, each millennia marked by a striation in the sandstone faces. The river is a perfect symbiosis of trees, river, and cliffs, all three living in harmonious discourse.

There is no intrusion from our daily lives on the fifty-seven miles of the Chattooga. The park service claimed it a national river, and they forbid any construction within a quarter-mile of the river. All that reminds you of the outside world are a handful of car bridges that pass overhead.

The river can evoke both sheer pleasure and sheer terror at the same instance. You become a part of the river, a drop of water sailing down the endlessness of the river, only aware of what is around you. Your sense of self is stripped away and all that’s left for you is the river, the mighty vehicle propelling you forward.

The river is all-encompassing, it takes your focus, and never lets loose. You are its subject, and yet you are a part of it. It’s the closest to God I’ve ever been.

Anonymous
While you cats were gone
We rolled on down to the gas station
We got Ramen and took our bike
down to your house sat around
Burnt money smells so good
So when we met down a the park
Was that just something you meant
Or did that happen to be truth
You like me, don't you
Falling Leaves and broken Glass
Just happens to be the last thing I asked for
And it just turned out you passed in
the echo chamber
Where once two lovely people
Having their picture taken, and never showing it to anyone
I went to the top of the parking garage
looking for
You just weren't there
You had gone out of state
I happened to be in such a state
You were gone and left in
This state
The Final Frontier just awaits me
Now that your gone
Gone

Raymond Jawrpski-

See You Falling Again The Faint Sound
of your knees hitting the floor
Your crying again over some another who left you again
Your just waiting for some more handouts, that you don't deserve your just
Another one of those tears rolls down your cheek
I grasp your hand tightly and then you slap my face
I just tried to comfort you and what do I get
Nothing
Nothing
Nothing
No one wants you, your just same old same, bumming money of people for your fags
Your hurting more helping
Your just that dirty junkie you were in high school
Before I leave you ask one more time for some money
And I Say NO NO NO you are never getting nothing from me
I said once yes and I was done and I was done and I was done that

Smiley Jack
 Disconnect Your Reality
 Fortify your imagination
 Escape Actual Functionality
 Disorientate Your Self From Rationality
 Fight for what's left of the magic in you
 Drop numbers and time replacing theme
 with attitudes
 The place you're in is not the place you remember
 All has changed you will live here till mid December
 Maybe time will stand still
 As your mind runs wild for a year or two

The places traveled are never escaping you
The places entered are inside of you
You are never in reality
Universal logic is not functioning properly
Loss of the serious is what is needed
Leaving things that should have been left behind a long time ago
Is
Just
So revealing
Leaving will just take forever
You're stuck with the place inside of yourself with dreams, Together.

Wing Dreadge
Eclectic Staff:
Camden – Editor in Chief
Alyse – Editor
Rico – Assistant Editor

Edward Cullen and Super Saiyan Cat would like to thank Molly Bates for her cats and Shelby Montgomery for her cover art.