by maxbookman

They're telling the truth, but definitely not the whole truth, so help them God. Everyone has a vague perception that the admissions tours for prospective students are generously rosy. After all, we've all been through one. But if a current UVM student actually, say, went undercover on an admissions tour, would he be surprised with some of the things that are said about UVM? I was.

I'm a political science senior, but last Tuesday, I was a high school junior named Adam Bookman, and I was very interested in coming to UVM for college. My disguise was one of those concealing furry Russian-ish hats and some oversized sunglasses. I looked ridiculous.

The tour began with a DVD intro to UVM, screened in the beautiful Admissions office on the corner of South Prospect and Main Street. The video was a series of cuts through a diverse array of college students doing the things high schoolers think college students do, like flirting with girls, looking through microscopes, and reading big books.

After the DVD was over, we were introduced to our peppy tour guide. Over the hour that followed, she backwards-walked us from Admissions, to Lafayette, to the library, through the Davis Center, up to Harris-Mills, and back to Admissions. The tour was fun, informative, and full of lies. There were never lies as blatant as "UVM is a school in Texas." They were more difficult to catch on to. Some instances of dishonesty could be expected from the Admissions Office, but others aren't so forgivable.

Happens, but not often

Your guides are the only "real" UVM-ers prospective students get to interface with, so kids expect what the guide says to be true, without any fine print. But at some points, our guide made uncommon occurrences at UVM seem like they happen all the time.

When walking past Chitty/Buckham/Wills, our guide shared an adorable anecdote about her freshman year RA waking Adam Bookman, and I was very interested in coming to UVM for college. My disguise was one of those concealing furry Russian-ish hats and some oversized sunglasses. I looked ridiculous.

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It’s been a bit more than we bargained for.

46-year old American liberal, Karel Schults, on waiting to be airlifted out of Macchu Picchu. A mudslide in the area made the popular Peruvian tourist destination inaccessible by car, making it necessary to airlift over 2,400 tourists from the Incan ruins. It’s never cool to laugh about natural disasters, but imagining wealthy American tourists all excited to be at Macchu Picchu getting airlifted into South American helicopters...is done playing golf and he will go back to the life he has always dreamed of… Drinking too much Jack and passing out outside…

This isn’t about a lie or a conspiracy.

Former British PM, Tony Blair, being interviewed about his role in the Iraq war. During this interview, he lied about not lying.

There’s no flag large enough to cover the shame of killing innocent people.

-The late Howard Zinn, influential left-wing American historian and scholar who died last week. May he rest in peace.

“This creates and defines an entirely new category of devices.”

-Apple CEO Steve Jobs unveiling the company’s newest awesome-looking and mediocre-functioning gizmo—the iPad. It basically looks like a giant electronic picture frame that you can do lots of cool shit with and it’s also a computer and probably does your laundry too. Steve Jobs does it again. I wonder how long it will take to jailbreak.

“Not true.”

-During the State of the Union, when Obama called the Supreme Court out for their shitty ruling in Citizens United vs. FEC, some of the normally stoic Justices lost their composure and Samuel Alito in particular was seen shaking his head and muttering angrily. Obama accused the Court of overturning a hundred years of case law, which actually may be untrue, but when the court fucks democracy over as big as they did in Citizens United, Alito should swallow his pride.

The iPad

Millions of people tuned in last Sunday to watch football. Then they all turned it off when they realized the Super Bowl isn’t until this Sunday.

The Pro Bowl

The Pro Bowl is a game of skill, strategy and athleticism. Players compete for the honor of being named the best player in the league. The Pro Bowl is considered to be one of the most exciting events of the year, attracting fans from around the world.

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Aren't you sick of change?
Has the past year been too productive for you to handle?
Do the words "Scott Brown," "status quo," and "elephant" make you smile?

More specifically, here's what we're looking for:

Semi-qualified individuals that can, on a moment's notice, throw off an entire overhaul of our health care system.
Males, at least 50 years of age, preferably white (minorities will be evaluated on a case-by-case basis), able to defend America from socialism, taxes, and an eminent Mexican invasion.  
Chevrolet pickup truck owners. Truck must emit "rugged American" vibes (terrorist hunting permit sticker, American flag license plate, etc.).

For more information contact the United States Republican Party. Democrats need not apply. The Republican Party of America is an equal opportunity employer.

admissions
continued from page 1

by emily

The worst lie by omission, came while we were standing in the mod- 
el dorm room in Harris. After letting us know that the entire room was decorated by Bead Bath and Beyond catalogues available on the way out), we were told that there are three types of living situa-
tions at UVM: "There's traditional singles, traditional doubles, and suite-style." Nobody asked if it was possible for three people to share a room with a Mini-Cooper couldn't fit into and be told, "Live. " So no one ever found out. I kept waiting for our guide to bring up forced "Live. " So no one ever found out. I kept waiting for our guide to bring up forced
to rise together as a community, and donate it in some way to Haiti. And it cannot be next week, next month, or next year. It has to be now. As MLK says, there is a "Territory of nonviolent protesters. The resolu-
tion that condemned China's treatment of the pro-democracy demonstra-
tions at UVM: "There's traditional singles, traditional doubles, and suite-style."

by melanie

The speech was so full of communist
by emily

of that change

The House of Representatives passed a bill officially called "H.R. 5843... in short, it would legalize marijuana"

Ron Paul introduced a bill officially called "H.R. 5843... in short, it would legalize marijuana"

Ron Paul has introduced a more recent, toned-down bill called H.R. 5842, which would allow patients to receive medical marijuana, free from prosecu-
tion, nation-wide. Paul's not just a hippie or a stoner. In fact he claims he's a "rugged American." He's a Republican, and it is so easy to be caught up in the worries and responsibilities of your own life, that it is so easy to close your mind eye, but your time or money can be the vehicle for change. In the spirit of that great leader, Martin Luther King Jr., make that change, develop that dangerous unselshness, and serve your fellow human in any way you know how.

united states socialist republic: back in the ussr?
by emily

Last Wednesday night, so-called "President" Obama gave the State of the Union Address, in which he detailed his socialist plans and described how he will welcome terrorists to our shores and declare himself president for life. Despite the fact that hints about America's fascist future were only thinly veiled, there has not been so much as a single Tea Party in protest. This stunning lack of outrage among the American people is a sinister reminder that Obama's missions and hired hypnotists have already infiltrated our towns and brainwashed our citizens.

The speech was so full of communist propaganda that it was practically a love letter to Karl Marx. At one point, the President spoke of "a worker who decides it's time she became her own boss" -- a blatant reference to the Russian Revolu-
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Candies Foundation can be found in any teen magazine. Young women can even purchase a little pink tank top from Candies that says, "I'm sexy enough to keep you waiting," but it seems that the "just wait" mentality is far too simple an approach for a topic as complicated as sex. Yet, the discussion has been a strange trend among young pop stars such as Miley Cyrus, The Jonas Brothers, Selena Gomez, Demi Lovato, and Justin Bieber. They also tell pre-pubescent kids and tweens how great it is to be "pure in the eyes of the Lord." These celebrities have a tremendous influence on our youth and our culture as a whole, as purity rings are more popular now than ever. The hypocrisy of these stars promoting abstinence is overwhelming: they sing racy lyrics, dance and dress provocatively, and yet they encourage puritans to be virgins until marriage.

It's absurd how young teen icons parade themselves on the red carpet and talk about virginity as if it were as important as a personal decision that should be kept private. These celebrities are so young they probably don't understand their own sexuality, let alone the sexuality of their fans, so it's wrong for these icons to impose their ideology on their young followers. The media is reinforcing this crazy message of sexvania. They hype these stars to good people just because they aren't sleeping around.

To Miley Cyrus, he wasn't around to see the day when virginity was being packaged and sold to the youth as something cool or trendy. Let's hope that this new wave of glorifying virginity goes the way of the trucker hat and people will finally see if it is just as terrible an idea as it is to date someone who is a "sex freak," as the saying goes, who has no ambition to learn, but rather to spend his days playing video games and watching TV. I don't mean to call Miley Cyrus a sex freak, but I'm just saying that he doesn't have a solid idea about sex. And if he doesn't have a solid idea about sex, how can he talk about sex in his songs?

Leaving aside the topic of Miley Cyrus, it's time to think about the hypocrisy of the stars who preach abstinence to their young fans.

For those of you who are busy looking to know what purity rings are, they are rings that are usually accompanied with a religious vow to remain abstinent until marriage. They are worn on your ring finger until it is replaced by your wedding band. The purity ring also gives you permission to be terrible at sex for the first time, as God watches down from Heaven smiling.

"Purity rings give you permission to be terrible at sex for the first time on your wedding night, as God watches down from Heaven smiling."

by katedonnelly

r. Alfred Kinsey debunked the myth of the American virgin in 1953 with his book Sexual Behavior in the Human Male. His book was the first to study large samples of people in the United States and showed that the stereotype of the girl who never goes out with boys and has never slept with anyone was just that—a stereotype. The book was a sensation and quickly sold out after its release.

Isn't it ironic that we are now living in a world where it's become as shallow as a fashion statement. It's endlessly frustrating to see Miley Cyrus look right at the camera in her skimpy outfits and tell me that abstinence is the way to go... I wonder just how pure Miley is in the eyes of the Lord. "These celebrities have a tremendous influence on our youth and our culture as a whole, as purity rings are more popular now than ever. The hypocrisy of these stars promoting abstinence is overwhelming: they sing racy lyrics, dance and dress provocatively, and yet they encourage puritans to be virgins until marriage."

While it's true that many stars like Miley Cyrus, The Jonas Brothers, Selena Gomez, Demi Lovato, and Justin Bieber encourage their young fans to remain abstinent until marriage, it's also true that many celebrities have had sex before marriage. For example, Selena Gomez, Demi Lovato, and Jordin Sparks have all been engaged before marrying. In 2009, Sarah Palin's famously knocked-up daughter, Bristol Palin are trying to sell me purity rings? The hypocrisy is mind-boggling. Is this the way we want our young fans to learn about sex and relationships?"
**FACSIMILIE: WHAT'S WRONG WITH EVERYTHING**

by mascmith

By now you must have seen the inspiring graffiti by Living and Learning that encourages, nay, inspires us to fight one of the worst things that has ever existed in the history of the universe: Fascism. We write this to stir our brave soul for finally giving a name to something that for many a generation has had none. Fascism is like gravity. It has always been around, we just had to put a name to it. We have all yearned to define what Fascism has become in our everyday lives but have thus far come up empty. We now know, and we must end it. But what is Fascism, do you say? Is that even a real word? Did this person actually mean to write “Fight Fascism?” Hardly, and it is naive of you to think that way. For those of you who don’t know what Fascism is, let us first explore what it is and not. Fascism is not that jubilant feeling you get when you see a fat kid trying to tie his shoes. It is not the satisfaction you get when speeding by you on the highway, only to be found pulled over by a cop three miles later because he has gone over the limit and killed everyone on the other side. It is definitely not the feeling of self-importance you attribute to yourself when you talk about your black friend from home, conveying the message to all your friends that you are inherently racist. Who knows? Maybe you don’t even have a black friend! Fascism is much worse. It is much darker. It’s more like you feel your stomach drop because your proctor just caught you drawing a giant boner on a desk in your economics class. It’s the cold shiver that runs down your spine when you’re in prison and Rubia and Python lovingly caress your backside in the showers in heated anticipation for what is to come. Fascism is forgetting that you didn’t plug the toaster in before dropping it into the bathtub where your dog bathes, completely unawares. It’s that sinking realization that, no matter how many times you stealthily watch your roommate sleep, you cannot understand all of ones wishes, ‘that one there means ‘market value,” you for rent even though you fucking told her that you don’t get paid until the fucking first of the month and she’s just gonna have to deal with it or the fuck up. That’s definitely Fascism. Who cares if you’re three months behind? It won’t matter soon enough anyways after your little trip to the hardware store for a sledgehammer and a shovel, if you catch my drift.

One day I hope to live in a world where Fascism doesn’t exist. Where everyone can just get along and these horribly awkward situations don’t have to persist. That’s why we must fight it until the very end. And when that glorious day comes when Fascism is no more, we will all have a giant party with a bonfire twenty stories high. Then we’ll all ritualistically commit suicide. Because, once Fascism is no more, is there really a point to living?

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**Hi niao! my name-sweet-smelling, elegant barley**

by leamcclan

S o you actually speak Chinese? Like, you can read those squiggly marks and stuff? Right? I say. And those squiggly symbols? They’re called simplified Chinese characters, my ignorant little friend. I can see the eyes shine brightly with wonder as I demonstrate my knowledge of Chinese vocabulary: “smelling barley.” I urge you to realize all of ones wishes, that one there means “market development department,” pretty cool eh?

What I don’t tell them is the truth. What I don’t tell them is that I’ve been studying Chinese for three years, spent three months studying the language in the actual country of China, and I still pee my pants every time I see my professor on campus. “I like your outfit today, did you get Professor Huo’s email about signing up for the one credit speaking class this semester?” she will say to me in her native tongue. I respond by turning a dark shade of red and spouting out something like, “Okay, okay. I gave her, I told her I don’t care, anyway.” Many many I don’t have very a lot of time. Thank you for my pants back. "Smiling, she looks at me. She seems confused. Ashamed.

Another common response I get when I tell people I speak Chinese is, “Whoa, that’s going to be pretty useful! Huh?” They look at me knowingly, but remain vague as to why this language will inevitably come in handy. I suppose they have visions of me in a business suit, shaking hands with Hu Jintao and/or the CEO of Toyota. I would tell them that Toyota is based out of Japan, but why bother? I don’t want to shake hands with either of these people.”

“I suppose they have visions of me in a business suit, shaking hands with Hu Jintao and/or the CEO of Toyota. I would tell them that Toyota is based out of Japan, but why bother? I don’t want to shake hands with either of these people.”

three classes I figured, why not minor in Chinese? And then, hey, why not just go to China! Since that fateful decision I’ve been quarantined in a Beijing swine flu facility, peer-pressured into eating duck tongue and cow face, and I’m currently struggling to memorize the characters for enter into partnership; pool capital. And that fun Chinese name my professor gave me? A few months ago I looked up—my name means, “elegant, sweet-smelling barley.” Awesome. All my classmates got much cooler names like “pretty happy happy” and “defender of the north.” Then again, for all I know I translated my name incorrectly. It’s very possible that Ma Li Fei actu-
al means, “fancy stink wheat,” which admittedly would be better, but still isn’t great. So why do we keep studying this difficult and frustrating language? Well there are two possible answers to that question. The first answer is that I’m some sort of masochistic freak. The second possibility, and the one that I’m going to go with, is that I kind of like it. My Chinese language journey hasn’t been without its high points. For instance, in China, people on the street would compliment me on my complexion and tell me how pretty I was, which doesn’t happen near enough in Burlington, VT. Sure, more often small children would laugh and point at me screaming, “Foreigner! Foreigner!” But who’s really keeping track?

And then there was the time—that one momentous occasion when I proved to myself, and a certain Chinese male concierge, that I could indeed speak his language. This exchange was a somewhat of a language breakthrough for me. You have probably heard of those heartwarming stories…Typically people explain how they were in France buying a baguette and suddenly after months of struggle and homelessness something clicked. The baguette-bought man could understand all the people in the café jabbering in French about the pros and cons of brie. The planets aligned and the whole world suddenly made sense. My story was kind of like that….but better.

I was alone at a hotel in Beijing, ready to catch my flight back to the US. A friendly bellhop told me to wait in the lobby and he would get my luggage. I nodded and smiled. Behind the desk, the haughty concierge chuckled and nodded in my direction. “Ta bu shuo hanyu. Ta nei ting dong” (she doesn’t speak Chinese, she doesn’t understand), he snickered. In a brief, but fierce display of confidence, I turned to face this douchegag, I looked him straight in the eye and said four simple words. “Wo ying dong e?” (I understand). His cheeks burned with the fiery breath of a provoked dragon. He forced out a punificated giggle and ran into the back room.

After that, I knew I couldn’t quit Chinese. Yes, it’s diffic-
ult. Sure, I spend hours memorizing words like “king of folk songs” and “set off fireworks” which I promptly forget after each vocab test. True, upon graduation there is a chance I might never utter the words “nu hao” again. But there was a sense of satisfaction in saying, “I under-
stand.” There was a sense of true accomplishment when that concierge giggled and scurried off to the back room. I can’t just throw that away.
When I first met you, Over-sized jersey, Tight jeans and all, I wished I had asked you to pump up your Reeboks just a few more times. I can only imagine that your clothes are as big as What's underneath...

When: A night to remember
Where: At the dorm
I saw: A hot guy
I am: An even hotter guy
We may have never met but you took my brownies. You owe me. I want them so bad.

When: Last Friday
Where: Grant St.
I saw: Mystery Thief
I am: The guy whose brownies you took.

I asked for your opinion on what drink I should buy white raspberry, green tea, kiwi pear you didn't give an answer, I need a reply I want you so bad, this is the only way I could tell We could drink all night, if you give me your cell :) I want you so bad, this is the only way I could tell you didn't give an answer, I need a reply

White raspberry, green tea, kiwi pear on what drink I should buy

We could drink all night, if you give me your cell

At Rite Aid:
Girl: I don't know what skin color I am.
On line at New World Tortilla:
Random girl: In my puke I threw up five dollars... it was a crazy night. I don't know what was going on.
At the Atrium:
Hungover Guy 1 to Hungover Guy 2: You're so flexible. You could be a porn star.
On the Redstone Path:
Dude, I can't believe he wasn't wearing any pants.

On line at New World Tortilla:
Girl:

I don't know what skin color I am.

At the Radio Bean:
Dude:

I don't know what skin color I am.

At the Atrium:

Crazy night. I don't know what was going on.

Random girl:

All life rests in my nuts.

Girl:

Why don't I just pull out all my hair and bleed for a night to remember?

I don't know what skin color I am.

Girl:

I don't know what skin color I am.

All life rests in my nuts.

Girl:

I don't know what skin color I am.

At the Atrium:
Mystery Theif: An even hotter guy
A hot guy: A hot guy
A night to remember

All life rests in my nuts.

Girl:

I don't know what skin color I am.

Girl:

I don't know what skin color I am.

All life rests in my nuts.

Girl:

I don't know what skin color I am.

At the Atrium:

The man smiles with his eyes in a manner that suggests affiliation with Tyra Banks.

He is speculated to be in his late twenties, but the deep-set wrinkles on his forehead indicate a long life riddled with hardship and tragedy.

His pointy ears and unfortunately rectangular chin are characteristic of the Vulcan species.

He can be easily identified by his eyebrows, which have been plucked within an inch of their lives.

Students should be aware of his suspiciously smooth and pursed lips, a trait that distinguishes him as a sensitive, selfless lover.

The dark circles under his eyes imply that he hasn't slept since Y2K was a threat, so no hour of the day or night is safe.

His shoddily spray-painted hair and mismatched outfit insinuate that he resides in a place with no mirror access.

Most importantly, do not look into his lascivious, chocolate eyes, as his seductive gaze will render you helpless.

by kellymacintyre and erikaweisz

I am: someone on campus catch your eye?
I couldn't get a name!
submit your love anonymously
uvm.edu/~watertwr/wwsb.html

I saw:

I overheard a conversation in b-town? was it hilarious? dumb? inspirational? tell the ear and we'll print it
uvm.edu/~watertwr/ear.html

I am:
I saw:

makes me sick, but we should get Italian sometime.

I overheard you while you were running at the gym

I am:
I saw:

Where:
When:
good, but honestly? It would look better on my floor.

I am:
I saw:

Where:
When:

What's underneath...

I can only imagine that your clothes are as big as

Just a few more times.

I wished I had asked you to pump up your Reeboks

Tight jeans and all, Oversized jersey, with juliet jeans, with fake but real looking gings that are meant to look like these confused garments are leg-dyed? Denim blue? Apparently are jeans? Acid washed? Dark look like leggings? Leggings that the hell it is. Jeggings. Jeans that one really because no one really knows what the hell it is. Jeggings. Jeans that look like leggings? Leggings that are jeans? Acid washed? Dark dyed? Denim blue? Apparently these confused garments are leg-gings that are meant to look like jeans, with fake but real looking pockets and typical jean stitching, They lie. They cheat. They have elastic waists.

“They lie. They cheat. They have elastic waists.”

emily schwartz

fashion five-oh.

with julietcrisimilios

jeggings ... what the hell?

The fashion world has had many crazy things that people have worn and regretted. Bell bottoms, patched leather jackets, funny packs. The newest trend, however, is something that no one really knows how to feel about, probably because no one really knows what the hell it is. Jeggings. Jeans that look like leggings? Leggings that are jeans? Acid washed? Dark dyed? Denim blue? Apparently these confused garments are leggings that are meant to look like jeans, with fake but real looking trends from something Lindsay Lohan only wears? It seems clear of indecency celebrities (Is she sober? Is she straight? Is she even an actress?) and their therefore confused attire. Because when someone asks you what you are wearing, you should have a real answer.
Anthony was an adventurous boy. He liked to build forts, climb trees, and look for treasures in the woods. Every summer, his parents would bring him on vacation to their summer home in Cape Cod. He didn’t like his vacations very much because he had no friends to adventure with. When he was 12, he met a cat on the beach, which he named Matthew. Matthew was a very kind cat that would join or lead Anthony in beach adventures. He had a grey coat with white speckles and a pair of mismatched eyes: one green, the other brown. One day Anthony followed Matthew into the woods and as they were running on a path, Matthew disappeared. Surprised, Anthony stopped running. He thought that he ought to turn around and found that he didn’t know which way would lead him out of the woods again. He noticed a path up ahead and followed it into a clearing, thinking that all paths must lead out eventually.

The clearing was empty. Anthony saw a sleeping fox perched upon a tree stump. Having never seen a fox before, outside of picture books, Anthony approached it slowly in hopes to get a better look. Suddenly, the fox woke up and began to growl as if preparing to attack. Anthony, having no intention of being attacked by a fox, tried to return to the path, but when he turned around, he found that it was no longer there.

The clearing had been replaced by Anthony Square in the face. It began to yelp, as if to say, “Follow me,” and then ran off on a path that had not been there before. Anthony followed cautiously, fearing that this new path would disappear if he didn’t. He tried to keep his distance from the clearing.

After a few minutes, the fox stopped running and rolled itself up into a ball, as if to take another nap. Out of the trees, a great beast appeared, tackling Anthony. It had the head of a wolf and the body of something similar to a man, but it was large and hairy. The beast held him to the ground with such force that Anthony thought his arms would fall off. He closed his eyes as the wolf-thing began to growl. Anthony was sure that he was about to die, when suddenly the weight of the monster lifted off the ground, rob e torn, dead.

“Sorry about that,” said the beast, far more eloquently than any one could have expected.

“Just saying things doesn’t make them true,” replied the beast.

The monster, “Ok, well, it’s kind of a long story. Let’s walk and talk.”

They started to follow a new path and the wolf-thing continued, “As you can plainly see, I am a werewolf. There used to be a great deal more things living on this planet than there are now: elves, dragons, dwarves, monsters, merfolk, wizards, the list goes on, but that was a long time ago. And it came time for us to go, so most of us did, but some creatures refused. These are the things that people are thinking about when they talk about ghosts, ghouls, boogiemen and things like that, and they still terrorize this world.”

“Ghosts exist!” interrupted Anthony again.

“Yes, of course they do,” continued the monster, “So they wouldn’t leave like they were supposed to. And this was a problem. So some wizards made these traps. They’re baited with innocence and sincerity and hopefulness because these mischievous creatures can’t resist such things. This forest is one of them. Once a boogie comes in, nothing can get out again until it’s dead. That’s just the way it works. My fox here, Ralph, and I are here to hunt and kill them. Once they’re dead, the trap opens up again. So once we find it, you can leave.”

“So my cat is stuck here too? We should find it before you stop the monster, that way, it’s got to be in here,” said Anthony.

“Sounds like a plan, Kid,” replied the wolfman, “by the way, what’s your cat like?”

“Well, his name is Matthew, and he’s mostly grey, but he has some white spots. And he’s got one green eye and one brown eye and he likes to climb trees and he’s the best.”

They heard a sound, similar to a crow call far off in the distance. “That means one of two things: either the monster found one of our lookouts, or one of the lookouts found our monster,” said the werewolf as he put Anthony on his back and Ralph on his shoulder. Then he rushed off toward the sound. They soon stopped upon a dead blackbird, half eaten. The Wolfman grabbed it, pulled off a few carobs, and picked a cup up.

“I think I’ve found your cat, but I’m afraid the monster might have gotten to him first. I’m sorry,” said the Wolfman. Then he ran off again, following his nose, the safest way for a werewolf to hunt. Suddenly, they came upon some sort of running creature in a clearing. It looked like a man, except that it would not be right to describe it as one. It were something like a robe that did not seem to end. The werewolf put Anthony on the ground and lunged at the monster. Like a flash, it was on the ground, robe torn, dead.

The wolfman returned to Anthony and said, “I was right about your cat. The monster got him. I’m sorry,” Ralph jumped off of his shoulder and onto Anthony’s leg. He nibbled gently at his pant leg, as if trying to console him. Anthony smiled, bent down and started to pet him.

“Let’s get you home,” said the Wolfman as they walked off towards his home.

Behind them lay a dead monster, pale and half nacked, with a broken neck. Its eyes were wide open staring, blankly towards the sky, with one eye that was green and another that was brown. ■
Day 1: A lot of people are addicted to coffee. I, on the other hand, am addicted to my iPod. A lot of people claim they can’t make it through the day unless they start off with a ridiculously supersized cup of Joe. And when you see these people on an unfortunate coffee-free morning, haggard and heavy-eyed due to lack of caffeine, you realize that they really can’t make it through the day without getting their fix of java.

Likewise, I know I can’t make it through the day without listening to my iPod. I bring my iPod to Cook Physical Education Hall, Easty, Take 5 Split, please go if you’re corresponden...