Shoemaker Village

www.shoemakervillage.org
Volume 42 - March 2001
Serving the community for almost 4 years

are there *unseen* people among us?

controversy over discussion forum article *the unseen* erupts with surprising developments

wild weather

in our longest special report ever, see the disorder caused by the recent snowstorm with 13 vivid images





on the inside

new writer contributes novella to be published in installments in coming months
sarah duncan writes gripping short story *danger valley*
amanda dilks compiles hilarious jokes

table of contents
march 2001

Editor's Pages 3-5
Puzzle Page 6
Acknowledgments 7-8

Special Report: Wild Weather 9-12

Neighborhood News 13-16

Humor from the Village Square 17-21

Special Section: *The Unseen*
Critical Analysis of The Unseen 22-23
The Illusion of The Unseen 24-25
Unseen Reaction 26-28
The Second Silent Generation 29-31

The Discussion Forum
Intensive Scheduling - Creative Solutions 32-34
Intensive Scheduling at UMHS 35-38
Block Scheduling 37-38

Short Stories
Danger Valley 39-43
The General Part I 44-49

Novels
Evan's Quest Chapter 10, Part IV 50-53

editor's pages

information you should know

Welcome to the March issue of *Shoemaker Village!*

Much has happened over the interval between last month's publication and the current edition of the *Village*, so the best place to start might be with the top story on the cover page. An article entitled *The Unseen*, first posted on January 3, has stirred up large controversy over its validity. To date, seven articles have been submitted with both supporting and opposing viewpoints. The controversy has become so large as to overshadow by far the topic for this month's *Discussion Forum*--whether intensive scheduling is working in the Upper Moreland school system. Authors from around the area and from other parts of the country have contributed to this discussion.

With so much controversy stemming from one article, it's hard not to have an opinion on the subject. Therefore, we'd like to hear your views on the subject. Was the original article informative? Are there *unseen* people in schools or, for that matter, in society in general? Did Steve Conway go too far in his response? Was Sarah Duncan right in shooting down others' arguments? Share your views by dropping us a letter at the address on the Acknowledgments page or by sending an e-mail to editor@shoemakervillage.org. Of course, if you do not wish your name to be published on your response, simply specify your wishes in your letter or e-mail, and you will remain anonymous. This is a great chance to share your writing with hundreds of readers and receive a free issue of the *Village* in the process!

If you had been visiting the *Village* website regularly throughout the month of February, you would have been able to read *The Unseen* and the replies to this article well in advance of this month's publication, as well as content that's not available in the current issue. I encourage you to visit **www.shoemakervillage.org** sometime during the coming month for updated information on the *Village*.

While *The Unseen* and its responses make up a large portion of this month's issue, included are many other features of interest. For example, the puzzle page for March contains a new type of puzzle: a "Double Puzzle". To complete the puzzle, unscramble the words that are listed on the left side of the page. The theme for the puzzle, ironically, was chosen to be *The Unseen* and its replies. After you have unscrambled the words, copy the letters in the specially marked boxes to the lower word grid, where you must unscramble the words to find the final,

hidden, message. Let us know what you think of this or any other puzzle at our website.

In other news, *Evan's Quest* returns in this month's issue. Daniel Burgess, the author of the novel, reported to us recently that he has finished the novel. However, because the *Village* would have to be expanded to hundreds of pages to finish the novel in one month, the writing will be published in serial format, with the conclusion scheduled for the enormous June 2001 issue. As stated earlier, Daniel has been seeking publication of this novel, and we will keep you updated with any further developments on this matter.

Unfortunately, while *Evan's Quest* is included in this month's issue, *The Knights of the Square Table* is absent, for several reasons. First, there are only three chapters of the novel remaining, and one issue before the June 2001 issue must go without *The Knights of the Square Table* in order for the finale to be included in the June issue. Furthermore, the inclusion of the novel would push the publication costs for this month's issue into an unsupportable range. However, the biggest reason for the omission is that we have included *The General* in its place.

The General, written by Moishe ben Ahrron, Ph.D., is published under a pseudonym because its author asked us to omit his name. *The General* details a mysterious general who is involved in a "situation" with a foreign government. However, you'll be shocked to learn the true identity of the General next month - this is a story you won't want to miss. *The General* will be published in two installments because of the already large size of this month's issue.

Amanda Dilks again contributes to this issue by compiling hundreds of lines of jokes. As you may recall, Amanda contributed a variety of jokes in last month's belated Christmas edition of *Humor From the Village Square*. If you like Amanda's selection of jokes, be sure to let her know through our website.

Sarah Duncan also asked us to include *Danger Valley*, a story of two high school students stranded in a place more dangerous than most of us can imagine. In addition, Sarah includes her response to *The Unseen* and her views on Intensive scheduling. Be sure to read every page of Sarah's contributions!

On a side note, this month's issue of the *Village* was postponed because of the "storm that never was." We plan to include another special report in next month's issue about this and any other remaining winter storms. Be sure to check out the Discussion Forum topic for next month's issue to include your opinion about the catastrophic mistakes that weather forecasters have made throughout the 2001 winter season.

That's all for this month's issue of the *Village*! A large number of readers seem to have their subscriptions expiring this month, so be sure to renew as soon as you can! I hope that everyone will continue reading the *Village* in April!

puzzle page

ROALITPUPY
NENEUS
HNREUDA
ROLPUAP
TENCOI
RUED
SOLHOC
HUSM
LESCASS
LULNOORDNETC
CERLU
JIDEPREUC
NICOTERIATN
TUIWHTO
DOOG
DAB
CEEXEEPIRN
TINITAUSO
SUENECQENSOC
SENSADKR
TIGORNAN
RORTNAGA
YEROCROSVNT
SATVCIITEI
LUITIRRAXCAERCR
NETSTCO
TSSRPO
STTEHLAE
PISTIONO
TESNAHMASR
OLSIDLUSTIEMINN
LITESN
NERNAETOIG
HOECIC
CEGELLO
DANTROOCINCIT
FITCYRNOMO
RAEF

F F W !

acknowledgments

Shoemaker Village Staff

Editor



Stephen Sokolowski

Assistant Editor

Amanda Dilks



Proofreader

Jean Sokolowski

Publication

Henry Sokolowski - Printing
Christopher Sokolowski - Collation/Assembly
Stephen Sokolowski - Distribution

Storywriters



Steven Conway



Daniel Burgess



Sarah Duncan

This month's article contributors

Stephen Sokolowski
Amanda Dilks
Sarah Duncan
Daniel Burgess
Steven Conway

TOTAL NUMBER OF CURRENT READERS: 107

Shoemaker Village is published by The Curry Courier Publishing Group
2010 Butternut Drive
Huntingdon Valley, PA 19006-1733
Internet: **www.shoemakervillage.org**

Email: editor@shoemakervillage.org
The Shoemaker Village website contains information that is not published in the magazine.

For subscription information, visit our website at the address above for free signup or send $10.00 to the address above for a one-year subscription.

The April issue of Shoemaker Village is tentatively scheduled to be published on Friday, April 6, 2001.
All contributions for the next issue must be received by Tuesday, April 3, 2001.
Please note the date change for next month's issue due to the dates of the UMHS senior class trip.

Upcoming topics in **The Discussion Forum:**

April 2001: Should weather forecasters and the media be allowed to spread false(?) hype when storms are approaching?

May 2001: Are parents responsible for their children's behavior at the South Street riot? Does the youth of America have any morality?

June 2001: What was your most memorable experience at Upper Moreland High School? What would you improve if you were to attend for another four years? What would you recommend to incoming students?

Legal Information: The opinions of outside contributors to the Village are not necessarily those of Village staff. All articles contained in Shoemaker Village are copyrighted (2001) by their respective authors. Contact them if you want to republish an article. You are free to distribute copies of the Village and to make extra copies of the magazine, but you may not sell them for profit.

wild weather

a shoemaker village special report

Several snowstorms throughout the month of February caught the area by surprise, wreaking havoc with employers and school districts.

The first major storm of February ravaged the area on Monday, February 5, 2001. While the storm actually produced less snow than previous storms in December and January, the timing of the storm, the consistency of the snow, and the inaccurate predictions of forecasters all contributed to a near disaster.



This automobile, parked outside the Hoffmans' house, was buried under the snow.

Early on the morning of the 5th, as heavy rain pelted down on roofs, it was hard to imagine that later in the day the area would be covered in seven inches of snow. Forecasters were predicting rain that would change to snow late in the afternoon, producing no more than a coating or an inch of snow, which would hardly affect travel.



The storm continued into the night.

They were shocked when, at 10:40 that morning, snow swept across the entire Philadelphia region, quickly transforming conditions from dangerous to catastrophic.

The Upper Moreland administrators, apparently either misled by the forecast or ill-informed of conditions, did not release students that afternoon until 1:30 p.m., well after snow had transformed area roadways into skating rinks. School bus runs that normally lasted ten minutes suddenly took over forty minutes to complete.

On nearby Davisville Road, cars blocked traffic between Terwood and Byberry roads. In front of the Carson Simpson Farms complex, one driver stalled in the middle of the road, unable to continue in the worsening conditions. Another lost control of his car and slammed into a ditch on the side of the road. Cars and buses were backed up for twenty minutes while the wreckage was cleared by the owners of the cars – the police were unable to reach the scene.



The heavy, wet snow stuck to trees and power lines, causing damage.

The state of the roadways during the peak of the storm was readily apparent by an Upper Moreland transportation director's reply after a Middle School bus full of students became stranded behind a tractor trailer that was attempting to back out of the Huntingdon Valley Industrial Complex on Pioneer Road. "It's all up to you," the

transportation director said to the bus driver. "We're not out on the road – you are. You'll have to use your judgement." In reply, the driver said, "OK, here goes!" and proceeded to drive her bus around the trailer by moving into oncoming lanes.

Indeed, buses that normally returned to the garage between 3:30 and 4:00 were stranded in the snow for hours. UM driver Harry, even though he only operated a third-size bus, was stuck on the roadways later than usual. "I didn't drop my last student off until 9:00," he said when interviewed.

Many commuters around the Huntingdon Valley area were stranded at work or were delayed on the roads for hours attempting to return to their homes. Neighbor Henry Sokolowski encountered difficulty at around 3:00 that afternoon when SEPTA discontinued its R3 regional rail service after power was lost because of a downed line. Henry spent over four and half hours getting home by the Frankford El, a bus, “foot power” and finally, driving through nearly impassible roads.



At sunrise the next day, the region was transformed into a winter wonderland.

"People just abandoned their cars in the middle of the road and walked," Henry said to us during a recent interview. "The visibility was so poor that I was afraid I would plow into a car that someone had abandoned." Henry experienced the danger first hand as he and his wife drove from the Forest Hills train station to the Meadowbrook station to retrieve his wife's vehicle.

A weather gauge at William Tennant High School, the closest high school to the neighborhood, reported just over seven inches of snow for the day.



These bushes were bent in half by the snow.

While the sudden onset of the storm caused headaches, the biggest problems were due to the temperature while the snow was falling. Unlike previous storms, when the temperature had been below freezing for most of the day, the temperature during the Monday snowstorm hovered near 33 degrees. Therefore, the heavy, water-laden snow that fell took up more volume than the fluffy, dry snow that covered the area during snowstorms in December and January, making it more difficult for roads to be plowed.

In addition, the heavy snow weighed down trees to the breaking point. Some small bushes were weighed down so far that they simply bent in two. Larger trees lost limbs, and one birch in the Upper Moreland High School courtyard simply fell over. Witnesses described the tree as appearing to be "bowled over".



Near white-out conditions were sighted during the peak of the storm.

By the next day, conditions had returned to normal. Conditions improved as temperatures rose to near fifty degrees in the afternoon. Vehicles that had littered the roadways the day before were cleaned up

with surprising speed, and roads were finally plowed overnight.

However, administrators who were leery to release students the previous day were worried about a relapse of the previous day's incident and closed Upper Moreland schools on Tuesday, February 6.



The 33 degree temperatures allowed water to drip down this window, obscuring the view of the Hoffmans' yard.

Another storm hit on Thursday, February 22. Although not a surprise as the previous storm, everyone had learned their lesson after the debacle of the last wintry mess. UM administrators, in fact, elected to release schools on that day two hours early, before the snow even began, which hadn't happened for the prior twelve years. (They also canceled school the next day).



This picturesque scene shows that not all aspects of the storm were bad.

Many students, riding home in the calm, dreary weather that preceded the onset of the fourth major storm of the season, wondered whether conditions later that afternoon would actually warrant the early dismissal they had received.

At around 1:50 that afternoon, the first flurries appeared, confirming residents' fears of an impending winter weather situation. However, because most of those residents were already on their way home, few problems resulted.

Henry Sokolowski was on his way to the Office Max located on Street Road just after the snow began. "Conditions weren't that bad on the way up," he told us later, stating that roads were simply wet. "But as I started coming back, Street and County Line Roads became covered over with snow." While it took Henry about ten minutes to reach the Office Max, the ride home lasted more than a half hour.



The poconos, unlike the immediate region, was hit hard with ice, allowing the woman in the picture to stand on top of a foot of refrozen snow.

Transportation agencies were much more prepared for the February 22 storm than they had been

for the one on February 5. Plows were driving on the roads by 1:00 p.m., well before the snow started. Roadways were "pre-salted" to prevent snow from building up on treated asphalt surfaces.

In addition, the higher angle of the sun in late February allowed darker colored surfaces to absorb the sun's rays that pierced the clouds, keeping road surface temperatures above freezing until the sun's radiation became less strong as it began to set at around 3:00 p.m..

The snow on February 22 ended at around 10:30 p.m., again after the time that weather forecasters had predicted. Earlier in the day, weathermen had guessed that there would be as little as two inches of snow, but they underestimated when the region received 6.5 inches.

That storm dumped enough snow on the region that, even though the winter wasn’t over, exceeded the average snowfall for a normal winter.

Keep reading next month for a feature on the “storm that never was.”

PIONEER ROAD BRIDGE STRUCTURALLY DAMAGED BY TRUCK

Neighbors and visitors who were attempting to access Byberry Road were met with a rude awakening in the beginning of February as an accident scene closed the road for hours.

The accident occurred when a tractor trailer that was unsure of its height continued under the old railroad bridge despite warning signs. The results were devastating. The truck became lodged underneath the bridge and was unable to remove itself from the underpass.



The Pioneer Road railroad bridge was closed to traffic while it was repaired.

The incident occurred around 8:30 that morning, as a truck traveling near the industrial development misjudged the height of the bridge.



In this photograph, the construction workers are clearly visible near the ladder extended up the side of the bridge.

In order for the police to remove the tractor-trailer, the vehicle's tires were deflated. After the truck was removed from the underpass, authorities realized that serious structural damage had been caused: the cornerstone of the bridge had become dislodged.

While early predictions placed the time of the road closing anywhere from weeks to months, Pioneer Road was only closed for a little over a day while the bridge was repaired, and trains were rumbling over the crossing even before the road was open to traffic.



The rubble caused from the accident is clearly visible on the road's surface.



Cars that traveled down the road were forced to turn around with little warning.

ACCIDENT AT SHOEMAKER-PIONEER INTERSECTION CAUSES OBSTRUCTIONS, GAPER BLOCKS

On Monday, January 22, 2001, at about 9:10 a.m., a sport utility vehicle careened off the road near the Shoemaker-Pioneer intersection.

The SUV had reportedly been traveling too quickly for the conditions at the time. In addition, roads had been snow covered from a storm that had recently covered the area in a blanket of white.

Sliding across the snow, the driver of the SUV, who had been traveling west on Shoemaker Road, attempted to turn right at the intersection, and lost control of her vehicle, which continued moving up a steep hill and somehow remained stationary on a near 90-degree incline.

Apparently, nobody was injured in the accident. Police were called to the scene moments later, but the officers' cars and gapers slowed traffic around the area.

PARENTS COMPLAIN ABOUT UNEVEN TEAMS IN UPPER MORELAND HOOPS BASKETBALL LEAGUE

The Upper Moreland Hoops basketball league, which provides township children from ages 8 to 18 a place to play both intramural and travel basketball, has been criticized for its poor team selection procedures.

The league holds games and practices almost every day in mid-December and between January and March. One of the most popular aspects of the program is the intramural teams, which are selected by coaches in a yearly draft.

Reportedly, several coaches, who also hold the position of league coordinators, received lists of players several weeks in advance of their colleagues. As a result, they had the opportunity to conduct research in order to select the most dominating players.

The league expects to institute a new drafting policy for the 2001-2002 season.

OTHER NEWS TIDBITS

-Jimmy Lagreca, a resident of the Shoemaker Village community, simply wished to be mentioned in this issue of the Village. Jimmy originally contacted the Editor while the Editor was engaged in one of his tri-weekly runs.

humor from the village square

by amanda dilks

GOOD GRAMMAR

Teacher: Billy, give me a sentence starting with "I".
Billy: I is ...
Teacher: No, Billy. Always say, "I am."
Billy: All right ... "I am the ninth letter of the alphabet."

HIGH SCHOOL SCIENCE

These are actual answers given on High School Science Tests:

Many dead animals of the past changed to fossils while others preferred to be oil.

All animals were here before mankind. The animals lived peacefully until mankind came along and made roads, houses, hotels and condoms.

Men are mammals and women are femammals.

Proteins are composed of a mean old acid.

The largest mammals are to be found in the sea because there is nowhere else to put them.

Involuntary muscles are not as willing as voluntary ones.

Methane, a greenhouse gas, comes from the burning of trees and cows.

The spinal column is a long bunch of bones. The head sits on the top and you sit on the bottom.

Mushrooms always grow in damp places and so they look like umbrellas.

Some people say we condescended from the apes.

The leopard has black spots which look like round soars on its body.

Those who catch soars get leprosy.

The three cavities of the body are the head cavity, the tooth cavity and the abominable cavity.

Most books say the sun is a star. But it still knows how to change back into the sun in the daytime.

Cadavers are dead bodies that have donated themselves to science. This procedure is called gross anatomy.

A liter is a nest of young baby animals.

The earth makes a resolution every 24 hours.

Parallel lines never meet unless you bend one or both of them.

Algebra was the wife of Euclid.

A circle is a figure with 0 corners and only one side.

A right angle is 90 degrees Fahrenheit.

Genetics explains why you look like your father and if you don't, why you should.

A supersaturated solution is one that holds more than it can hold.

The pistol of a flower is its only protection against insects.

An example of animal breeding is the farmer who mated a bull that gave a great deal of milk with a bull with good meat.

If conditions are not favorable, bacteria go into a period of adolescence.

Water is composed of two gins, Oxygin and Hydrogin. Oxygin is pure gin. Hydrogin is gin and water.

When oxygen is combined with anything, heat is given off. This is known as constipation.

As the rain forests in the Amazon are shrinking, so are the Indians.

You can listen to thunder after lightning and tell how close you came to getting hit. If you don't hear it, you got hit so never mind.

HOMEWORK NOT DONE

A fifth grader looked downcast, so her teacher asked, "What's the problem, Carol? I hope it's not homework again."

"Well, uh, yes, it is," replied Carol. "I was stupid and made my homework paper into a paper airplane."

"Carol, you're right, that wasn't a very bright thing to do," said the teacher, "but this once I'll let you just unfold the paper and hand it in."

"Oh, but that won't work," said Carol, looking even sadder. "You see, the plane was hijacked."

HOW TO ANNOY THE IRS

Well, it's tax time again, boys and girls. So cough it up if you haven't already! But no one says you have to go gentle into that dark night. Here are some hints on how to annoy the IRS if you owe them money...

1. Always put staples in the right hand corner. Go ahead and put them down the whole right side. The extractors who remove the mail from the envelopes have to take out any staples on the right side.

2. Never arrange paperwork in the right order or even facing the right way. Put a few upside down and backward. That way they have to remove all your staples, rearrange your paperwork and re-staple it (on the left side).

3. Line the bottom of your envelope with Elmer's glue and let it dry before you put in your forms, so that the automated opener doesn't open it and the extractor has to open it by hand.

4. If you're very unfortunate and have to pay taxes, use a two- or three-party check. On top of paying with a three-party check, pay one of the dollars you owe in cash. When an extractor receives cash, no matter how small an amount, he has to take it to a special desk and fill out a few nasty forms.

5. Write a little letter of appreciation. Any letter received has to be read and stamped, regardless of what it is or what it's on.

6. Write your letter on something misshapen and unconventional, like on the back of a burlap sack.

7. When you mail it, mail it in a big envelope (even if it's just a single EZ form). Big envelopes have to be torn and sorted differently than regular business size ones. An added bonus to the big envelope is that they take priority over other mail, so the workers can hurry up and deal with your mess.

8. If you send two checks, they'll have to staple your unsightly envelope to your half destroyed form.

9. Always put extra paper clips on your forms. Any foreign fasteners or the like have to be removed and put away.

10. Sign your name in ink on every page. Any signature has to be verified and then date stamped.

These are just a few of the fun and exciting things you can do with the IRS. These methods are only recommended when you owe money.

HOW TO WRITE A PAPER

1. Sit in a straight, comfortable chair in a well-lighted place with plenty of freshly sharpened pencils.

2. Read over the assignment carefully, to make certain you understand it.

3. Walk down to the vending machine and buy some coffee to help you concentrate.

4. Stop off at another floor on the way back and visit with your friend from class. If your friend hasn't started the paper yet either, you can both walk to McDonald's and buy a hamburger to help you concentrate. If your friend shows you his paper, typed, double-spaced, and bound in one of those irritating see-through plastic folders, drop him.

5. When you get back to your room, sit in a straight, comfortable chair in a clean, well-lighted place with plenty of freshly sharpened pencils.

6. Read over the assignment again to make absolutely certain you understand it.

7. You know, you haven't written to that kid you met at camp since fourth grade. You'd better write that letter now and get it out of the way so you can concentrate.

8. Go look at your teeth in the bathroom mirror.

9. Listen to one side of your favorite tape and that's it--I mean it! As soon as it's over, you are going to start that paper.

10. Listen to the other side.

11. Rearrange all of your CDs in alphabetical order.

12. Phone your friend on the other floor and ask if he's started writing yet. Exchange derogatory remarks about your teacher, the
course, the university, and the world at large.

13. Sit in a straight, comfortable chair in a clean, well-lighted place with plenty of freshly sharpened pencils.

14. Read over the assignment again; roll the words across your tongue; savor its special flavor.

15. Check the newspaper listings to make sure you aren't missing something truly worthwhile on TV. NOTE: When you have a paper due in less than 12 hours, anything on TV from Masterpiece Theater to Sgt. Preston of the Yukon is truly worthwhile.

16. Catch the last hour of Soul Brother of Kung Fu on channel 26.

17. Phone your friend on the third floor to see if he was watching. Discuss the finer points of the plot.

18. Go look at your tongue in the bathroom mirror.

19. Look through your roommate's book of pictures from home. Ask who everyone is.

20. Sit down and do some serious thinking about your plans for the future.

21. Open your door and check to see if there are any mysterious, trench-coated strangers lurking in the hall.

22. Sit in a straight, comfortable chair in a clean, well-lighted place with plenty of freshly sharpened pencils.

23. Read over the assignment one more time, just for the heck of it.

24. Scoot your chair across the room to the window and watch the sunrise.

25. Lie face down on the floor and scream at the top of your lungs.

26. Leap up and write the paper.

27. Type the paper.

28. Complain to everyone that you didn't get any sleep because you had to write the paper.

HOW TO WRITE GOOD

1. Avoid alliteration. Always.

2. Never use a long word when a diminutive one will do.

3. The adverb always follows the verb.

4. Employ the vernacular.

5. Eschew ampersands & abbreviations, etc.

6. Parenthetical remarks (however relevant) are unnecessary.

7. Remember to never split an infinitive.

8. Contractions aren't necessary.

9. Foreign words and phrases are not apropos.

10. One should never generalize.

11. Eliminate quotations. As Ralph Waldo Emerson said, "I hate quotations. Tell me what you know."

12. Comparisons are as bad as cliches.

13. Don't be redundant; don't use more words than necessary; it's highly superfluous.

14. Be more or less specific.

15. Understatement is always best.

16. One-word sentences? Eliminate.

17. Analogies in writing are like feathers on a snake.

18. The passive voice is to be avoided.

19. Go around the barn at high noon to avoid colloquialisms.

20. Even if a mixed metaphor sings, it should be derailed.

21. Who needs rhetorical questions?

22. Exaggeration is a billion times worse than understatement.

23. Don't never use a double negation.

24. capitalize every sentence and remember always end it with point

25. Do not put statements in the negative form.

26. Verbs have to agree with their subjects.

27. Proofread carefully to see if you words out.

28. If you reread your work, you can find on rereading a great deal of repetition can be avoided by rereading and editing.

29. A writer must not shift your point of view.

30. And don't start a sentence with a conjunction. (Remember, too, a preposition is a terrible word to end a sentence with.)

31. Don't overuse exclamation marks!!!!!!!

32. Place pronouns as close as possible, especially in long sentences, as of 10 or more words, to their antecedents.

33. Writing carefully, dangling participles must be avoided.

34. If any word is improper at the end of a sentence, a linking verb is.

35. Take the bull by the hand and avoid mixing metaphors.

36. Avoid trendy locutions that sound flaky.

37. Everyone should be careful to use a singular pronoun with singular nouns in their writing.

38. Always pick on the correct idiom.

39. Last but not least, avoid cliches like the plague; they're old hat; seek viable alternatives.

MATH KNOWLEDGE

Two mathematicians were having dinner in a restaurant, arguing about the average mathematical knowledge of the American public. One mathematician claimed that this average was woefully inadequate; the other maintained that it was surprisingly high.

"I'll tell you what," said the cynic. "Ask that waitress a simple math question. If she gets it right, I'll pick up dinner. If not, you do".

He then excused himself to visit the men's room, and the other called the waitress over.

"When my friend comes back," he told her, "I'm going to ask you a question, and I want you to respond `one third x cubed.'

There's twenty bucks in it for you." She agreed.

The cynic returned from the bathroom and called the waitress over. "The food was wonderful, thank you," the mathematician started.

"Incidentally, do you know what the integral of x squared is?"

The waitress looked pensive, almost pained. She looked around the room, at her feet, made gurgling noises, and finally said, "Um, one third x cubed?"

So the cynic paid the check. The waitress wheeled around, walked a few paces away, looked back at the two men, and muttered under her breath, "...plus a constant."

Critical Analysis of *The Unseen*

by Steven Conway

It's hard to turn on the television in today's age without being exposed to the Internet. I read "The Unseen" and I must be honest, I think it was the worst piece of writing I have ever seen in my life. I talk to Steve on a regular basis and he seems to be so proud of this article because it has stirred up a lot of controversy. Somebody better inform him that controversy is not necessarily a good thing. I have read two of the responses to his article and both of them state that this article is inaccurate. Allow me to jump on to the bandwagon if you will.

During this response to Steve's article I intend to point out examples from his article. On the first page, Steve says, "...I don't consider myself as one of the group I am about to describe." My response to that - yeah, right. I participate in many more in-school and out-of-school activities than he does. As you will see later in this article, he thinks I am one of the members of this Unseen group. If he thinks that I am unseen, then he must have fallen off the earth years ago. On the second page of the article, Steve says, "The unseen are those who try their hardest in everything they do but whose efforts prove fruitless." A word to the wise, Steve. If you try your best in everything you do, your efforts will reflect that and you will get numerous offers at college scholarships and acceptance letters from some of the finest institutions in the country. Once again, Steve has it backward. Steve also states, "The unseen are those who were forced to pass up the opportunity to attend the school dance because they were rejected multiple times and eventually stopped trying." Oh yeah, Steve. I believe that. I'll bet you never asked a girl to one of the school dances. If by some off the wall chance you have, I want to know her name, what dance you asked her to, and how long did she laugh before she said no.

"Above all, however, the unseen are those who aren't really that different from anyone else." What the heck? This entire article is about people who are different from most of the

people today. How can you possibly say that the unseen are not that different when you just said that they care about their schoolwork and constantly get rejected for dates for school dances. NEWS FLASH - most of the teenagers know the words to the latest Britany Spears or Eminem song and don't know the capitals to the fifty states. That is sad.

"One of the unseen is involved on a school team, attends every practice, and still is the brunt of careless comments behind his back." When I first read this article I said to Steve that this comment directly reflects to me. He replied it was a generalization. Sorry Steve, I'm not buying it. I am involved on a school team, I attend every practice, and I know I am the brunt of careless comments to my face, so I can just imagine what people are saying about me behind my back. People say, "Hey, waterboy." I don't let it bother me because they don't know the true story. They don't know my title is student manager and they don't know that I do much more for the football program than give out water during timeouts. So Steve, I think that I am seen by many of my peers. I'll be willing to bet that you are in your own little group right now - you are the only one who thinks that what you wrote was satisfactory.

The Illusion of *The Unseen*

by Stephen Sokolowski

While I generally tend to agree on Mr. Conway's writing for our Discussion Forum, I feel that Mr. Conway has misinterpreted the argument that was the focus of the article entitled "The Unseen", which I will explain later. While Mr. Conway brings up some interesting points in his rebuttal, he suffers from a disillusionment that so many students today seem to experience.

Of course, there is no possible way in which I can refute Mr. Conway's assumption that I am one of the unseen group, because an argument of my word versus his would ensue. However, Mr. Conway seems to be under the impression that being an unseen member of society is undesirable. To the contrary, the tone of the original article was meant to imply that the unseen are underappreciated. Therefore, while I can't fully agree that I fit within the characteristics of the unseen, I am flattered that Mr. Conway considers me part of this elite group.

Since Mr. Conway mistakenly assumes that I refer to him in The Unseen, let me mention him as an example for my next argument. First, let me state that I in no way intended any reference in the original text to be taken as referring to him. If I have accidentally suggested Mr. Conway in the article, I apologize, as singling out any one person was not my intention. In fact, Mr. Conway is a very noticeable person who is accepted by a wide range of his contemporaries. Mr. Conway, however, whether or not he intends to do so, puts himself down in his article, which seems to imply that he believes that everyone is somehow "better" than he is.

In reality, Mr. Conway could not be more incorrect. Through my experience, I have discovered that, in reality, he is not that different from most others in his grade level. While on the surface profound differences may appear to be present, he is very similar to those who he attempts to criticize in his article. Unfortunately, while Mr. Conway is a nice person, he fails to realize that, if a rude or ignorant teammate chooses to utter careless comments

behind his back,

nothing he can do will change those students' actions, and that he is in no way responsible for their behavior.

I have sensed this "disillusionment" because I once was also disillusioned. During my first year at the high school, most likely because I was intimidated by my surroundings, I began to fall under the impression that I was somehow different from others in my class. However, I later realized that I had a lot in common with these people. Most members of Mr. Conway's and my age group share common hopes and fears, regardless of their peers' perception of their “social standing”. Therefore, why should a few students "fall through the cracks" and be treated as being someone less than everyone else?

While Mr. Conway does bring up some important points to ponder in his response, he fails to see the message that my original article attempted to convey.

Unseen Reaction

by Sarah Duncan

First of all, the title Unseen may be slightly inaccurate, as some students that The Unseen mentions are in fact seen, but people choose to look the other way. It's not necessarily that they aren't seen; it's just that people don't understand them so they either ignore the so-called Unseen altogether or at least make a conscious effort to make it known to them that they don't want anything to do with them. However, either way, there is a problem.

Second of all, whether or not the author of the article believes himself to be a member of this group has no bearing on how accurate or well written the article is. Anyone who says otherwise is not looking at the article objectively. This manner of examining the article is unprofessional and should be reconsidered by the people who use it.

One of the responses to The Unseen mentioned that it had stirred up some controversy, and controversy is not necessarily a good thing. A fair point to mention is that controversy is not something to fear but to welcome. If people are never forced to face issues that make them uncomfortable, the world will never improve. Also, without the desire of the people who start these controversies to get their concerns out in the open, no one will ever know there's a problem, as trivial as it may be. It takes courage to bring up a controversial point, and the author of the article should be applauded, not ridiculed. Tearing down someone who is willing to reexamine a way of life is simply the coward's way of not admitting something's wrong.

Another point mentioned in a reaction to the article states, "If you try your best in everything you do, your efforts will reflect that and you will get numerous offers at college scholarships and acceptance letters from some of the finest institutions in the country." This completely sidesteps the point. The Unseen is not talking about college admissions offices. It is describing the interaction, or lack thereof, between students and their peers. In a teenager's

mind, sometimes all of the scholarships and awards in the world cannot replace a simple compliment from a member of his or her class.

The argument that the article is contradictory in that it states that the Unseen aren't all that different from their fellow teenagers can be disputed also. The author of this particular reaction to the article explains that The Unseen talks about how different these people are. It also states that the majority of teenagers spend more time on music and such than on social studies homework while the Unseen are the opposite. Well, he/she forgot to mention that there are many people that are considered the cream of the crop and are still recognized by their peers as students worthy of their praise and friendship. There are popular honors students, and one does not have to give up Britany Spears or Eminem to know the fifty states and their capitals. Also, this writer would be remiss in not pointing out that the article was, in fact, written to try to change the current treatment of the Unseen and not to put them down; so if one of the stereotypes fits a particular person, it is not in fact an insult to the person to which it applies.

Another writer criticizes the article by saying that it is the fault of the Unseen that they are in the position that they are. This opinion seems to be displayed simply to get attention, seeing as the author of this complaint spends the second half of his/her response to announce his/her return to Shoemaker Village. One simply does not tear down someone else's work and then pat himself/herself on the back for his/her own. The author of The Unseen can be somewhat overconfident in his own intelligence, but the visitors of the Shoemaker website are not supposed to be investigating the author. They are supposed to be examining the issue that The Unseen presents. To get back on track and respond to this response, not everyone can change the position they have been forced into. Whether a person is ignored or harassed, the result is the same. Once a student body has singled out any individual for ridicule or exile, and the members of the student body have made up their minds to keep this individual in that position, no amount of change on the part of that individual is going to change their minds. All the Unseen can do is

hold their heads high, knowing that they are as good as anyone else and hope that someday someone will notice them sitting alone at the lunch table or holding a single ticket to the school dance, and they will no longer be alone.

The Second Silent Generation

by Stephen Sokolowski

When I originally began to write *The Unseen*, I did not anticipate the response that the article received. As you can see by the numerous rebuttals published in this issue, the controversy has gone far above what I originally intended. However, I would still like to take this opportunity to theorize about why my ideas have been met with so much controversy.

Recently, I noticed that many students, including those who chose to contribute their rebuttals to the Discussion Forum, seem to be under a false impression of how the average teenager leads his or her life today. People tend to believe what others tell them, and, therefore, these misinformed students look at others and instantly believe what has been said is true or appears to be true.

The stereotypical teenager today, for example, enjoys alternative music. Therefore, one would think, everyone between 13 and 19 who does not listen to alternative music is "abnormal" in some way. Simply put, I believe that most teenagers *do not* even listen to alternative music, let alone enjoy it. I was surprised by the choice of music by students in a speech course I am taking. (Note that this class is not a leveled course, so students of all academic backgrounds are taking it.) One of the required assignments for successful completion of the course was to lip-sync a song of your choice. I had naively assumed that most of the selections would be of the same sort of moral trash that parents complain about in today's world. In reality, there were only three selections that were of the rap/alternative variety (only one of which was profane), and, shockingly, the majority of the pieces could be heard just by listening to B101 (an easy listening station in the Philadelphia area) on any given day. In addition, I can recall many instances--chess matches, hall decorating events, pep rallies, talent show--where the music playing was largely of a mellow variety.

Teenagers' choice of music isn't the only myth that is worth dispelling. Some adults and youth believe that high school-age students don't care at all about their schoolwork and have one goal in life: to attend as many parties as possible. Again, this conception is simply not true. While many students have a tendency to hide their true feelings on a variety of issues, they are usually not apathetic on these issues. Of course, there are those who don't care about the grades they receive or whether they graduate, but most of my peers and acquaintances agree that a solid education is the only way to get ahead later in life. I'm not saying that attending parties is wrong; however, too much partying leads to poor performance.

Furthermore, only a few students participate in an extraordinary number of extracurricular activities. All of the paraphernalia that colleges distribute lead one to believe that students are expected to participate in such a number of extracurricular activities that there would be no time to enjoy any of them. While those who participate in a large number of activities should be applauded for their efforts (unfortunately I've become caught in this category, so I'm not trying to put down any group of individuals), the average high school student doesn't participate in more than a few activities. I misunderstood this reality, thinking that I wouldn't be admitted to college, and became over-involved in my junior year. Therefore, why do we push our children to become so involved?

Another myth that should be dispelled is the general opinion to ignore and otherwise put down one's parents, many high school students lead fulfilling family lives. As I stated above, there are always exceptions to every rule, but I would again be willing to state that most teenagers, when asked if they hated their parents, would not only say that they did not hate their parents, but would say that they got along well with their parents.

The reason that these stereotypes persist is that certain types of people are very visible in society. Anyone who's ever watched the six o'clock news (or those who haven't watched the six o'clock news) knows that the top stories are inundated with violence, sex, profanity, and

otherwise poor behavior. Since most people watch the news, their outlook on an entire generation is formed by the sound bites they watch on the screen in front of them. Just as the behavior of one American overseas can sway opinion against an entire country, one high schooler acting in inappropriate ways that do not reflect the mainstream can also turn public opinion against the age group.

While many people have a tendency to put on a tough leathery exterior to hide the things they think make them different than their friends, they are really very similar to others in these “secret” ways. The pressure to conform today is so great that Mr. Touchton, a social studies teacher at UMHS, likens the developing youth as a repeat of the “silent generation” of the fifties, who conformed to what was expected of them and were afraid to be any different, thus giving me the title of this article. Those who are not perceived to be conforming are ostracized, and go unseen by the rest of those their same age.

Note, however, that what I said above is entirely my opinion, and it is not based on scientific fact, as are all of the other articles (to my knowledge) in this month’s issue. Therefore, if you disagree with what I said, you’re free to write your own dissenting opinion.

While it is obviously true that there are people in society who go unseen, those who negatively replied to *The Unseen* are under the same false expressions that I spent the last 500 words describing. They are simply trying to “fit in” and fail to acknowledge that every person has a right to exist and be accepted, whether their views coincide with those of others or not.

Intensive Scheduling - Creative Solutions

While I haven't read any of the articles for this month's installment of The Discussion Forum, I would guess that most, if not all, others share the viewpoint that intensive scheduling should not be eliminated. While intensive scheduling has its benefits, I, on the other hand, believe that the quality of education at Upper Moreland High School could be improved significantly by modifying the current method of scheduling.

I'm not proposing to eliminate intensive scheduling altogether, as doing so would only aggravate the problem. However, several sweeping changes need to be made in order to reform the system to the point where it will be beneficial to both students and teachers.

The largest change needs to be made in the area of physical education classes. Students who took gym during the first half of one year and have gym the second half of the next encounter serious difficulty when they do not follow a fitness program throughout the year. If classes for physical education were held for a full year, not only would students perform better in these classes, but they would also be healthier.

AP courses constitute a further problem. All AP tests are, unfortunately, scheduled in the Spring, but most AP courses seem to be held in the fall. This discrepancy can cause students to forget much of what they have learned when the tests are given in May. Similar difficulties occur in foreign language classes, where many words are forgotten by the time the succeeding class is taken. Instituting full-year AP and foreign language courses would solve this difficulty.

Intensive scheduling can become tedious when students are subjected to 90-minute classes, one after the other, with only five minute breaks between. Therefore, some sort of break needs to be instituted so that students can concentrate throughout class. The problem could be remedied in a variety of ways, but two that I see most effective is the changing of the

homeroom time period to later in the day and the institution of an “activity period” similar to those in other schools.

Upper Moreland High School used to have a homeroom between first and second periods. Students would report directly to their first class and then attend homeroom later in the day. Making this change would be beneficial. A ten- or fifteen-minute homeroom period in the middle of the day would give students a break and a chance to relax.

Furthermore, if a later homeroom period were introduced, attendance records would be more accurate, in addition to revealing a higher daily rate of attendance. Schools are generally awarded financial benefits for a high rate of attendance. Round Meadow received one of these awards for the 1999-2000 school year. Since more students would be present at a later homeroom, the school board might actually make money by instituting this change.

Creating an activity period has been discussed and rejected many times in the past, but I still believe that the creation of a dedicated activity period would greatly improve UMHS’s extracurricular community. Anyone who’s recently been involved in a club has noticed the sharp decline in student involvement. Whatever the cause, less students have been becoming involved and staying involved in extracurricular activities. Instituting an activity period might help solve this problem.

A dedicated activity period would most likely take the form of a 20- or 30-minute time frame where all students have the opportunity to participate in any activity they would like. For example, if the Bear Print wanted to hold a formatting session, anyone could stop into room 202 during that period and join in. The library could be left open for those students who require some time to complete homework in preparation for a busy night or teachers could be seen in the event that a sporting event forces them to leave before regular dismissal. With this type of schedule, students would have the opportunity to explore new possibilities for extracurricular activities. It would give more students a chance to do something they enjoy. In addition, short meetings that

suffer after school because of other commitments and transportation problems can be integrated into this activity period. Of course, lengthy activities could still be held after the conclusion of classes.

These are just two solutions to the problem of intensive scheduling, without doing away with the current system. Intensive scheduling isn't the best way to educate our children, but neither is returning to regular scheduling. Therefore, the school board should adopt a compromise where both sides of the issue are considered to improve the quality of education in Upper Moreland Township.

Intensive Scheduling at UMHS

For the past four years, I have been subject to the idea of intensive scheduling. When I was in eighth grade, I talked to several of my friends who were freshman at Upper Moreland and they said that if the class was boring, the eighty-six minutes would go very slowly. However, if you are taking a class you enjoy, that same eighty-six-minute time period would literally fly by. I'll admit for the first few weeks of my freshman year, I felt that the classes were going by extremely slowly. The longer I was there, the quicker the classes seemed to go. There are some teachers who give notes for the entire period and the period goes by at a snail's pace. On the other hand, there are teachers who try to incorporate several activities throughout the class period which holds the interest of the students, especially if those activities are interactive.

A little over a year ago, the school board of Upper Moreland Township held a meeting with a kind of "town hall" atmosphere. The subject was intensive block scheduling. The meeting was broken down into three parts. The first part involved Mr. Eichert, now the President of the School Board, talking about the cons of intensive block scheduling. He spoke for about an hour and a half and in his talk, he referred to the statistics of schools in Texas and other states about how intensive scheduling has lowered test scores in these schools. Now, I'm no expert, but how does results in Texas schools reflect how the students in Upper Moreland are doing? The second part of the meeting had three Upper Moreland High School students speak on how intensive scheduling is beneficial to them. Not one of those three students agreed with Mr. Eichert. The third part of the meeting had Mr. Daher, UMHS principal, talk about the benefits of intensive scheduling. Unlike Mr. Eichert, Mr. Daher's statistics directly involved UMHS. He talked about textbooks, PSSA scores, and many other things. I didn't attend the meeting, but I did watch it on television.

Even though the possible change to regular scheduling may not occur until after I have graduated, I have friends who are underclassmen and this will affect them. I have not heard one bad word said about block scheduling in the four years I have attended Upper Moreland. I thought that Upper Moreland High School's motto was "We do what's best for kids." If that is the case, then intensive scheduling should remain in Upper Moreland High School.

Block Scheduling

Imagine having eight classes in a day. You don't have enough time to do much class work so your teachers assign you a half hour to an hour of homework per class, per night. On a good night, you end up with four hours of homework. On a disastrous night, you have eight. On top of the added homework per night, you have to carry eight classes worth of books to and from school each day.

Now look at Upper Moreland's current situation. There are only four classes worth of books to carry, and in the case of an hour of homework per class, there's only a total of four hours per night if the teachers give an hour per class. There's enough time in class to have a class discussion and teacher-supervised class work time in which students can ask questions about new subjects or homework material so they might not give that much.

There is another bonus to having four classes in a semester. Just last year a girl was in a major car accident and missed month's worth of class time during the first semester. In a situation in which she might have failed certain classes in a standard scheduling system, this girl was able to drop just one class in her second semester for a study hall to make up the first semester's work, and she came out of the year still holding on to the Valedictorian spot in the class.

Upper Moreland's system of intensive scheduling isn't the only form of block, either. Another form, alternative block, is also effective. In this system, there are still four classes in a day, but one of these classes is fifty minutes, the other three are about an hour and a half, and there are ten minute passing times with a half hour lunch. With such exceptions as semester-long classes and quarter-long classes, all eight subjects are in session all year, but they alternate by days. The fifty-minute class is held every day, and the other six are split three and three between A and B days. There isn't the advantage of concentrating solely on four classes

in a semester, but a student only has to do homework for four classes in a night, and he/she only has to carry four classes worth of books. Also, by adding quarter and semester classes to this system, a student can take between seven and 32 classes in a year without feeling overwhelmed.

In block scheduling, each student has to sit through ninety-minute classes. This brings up the subject of attention spans. Many argue that forcing students to concentrate in a classroom for this long is detrimental, but I disagree. As I am in my senior year, I have started previewing college courses for the purpose of choosing a particular college. The classes I attended, today, at Johnson State College in Vermont were between fifty minutes and an hour and a half. After attending three and a half years worth of ninety-minute classes, I was getting only slightly antsy by the end of the ninety-minute courses, and the fifty-minute ones were a breeze. If I had been used to forty-five minute classes, however, I believe I would have been bored out of my mind by the end of an hour and a half.

Upper Moreland's school board needs not totally eliminate block scheduling. Upper Moreland's schedule can be rearranged to suit specific needs such as yearlong gym classes and homework problems. Students who take classes in block scheduling definitely have an advantage over those whose schools work under traditional scheduling.

Danger Valley

by Sarah Duncan

Michael, Linda, and I had only been friends a short while. Michael had always been a typical super athlete, Linda was a teenaged super model wannabe even before I met her, and I was the new girl in school; my face too new for me to be a veteran at the school and my body too short for me to be a transferred senior. I was immediately taken for a freshman by all of my fellow seniors when I first entered the school as a transfer student from Philadelphia. Michael and Linda, however, didn't ask my age or grade, nor did they care. They took a liking to me, and I latched tightly on to them. I didn't even have to worry about being teased about the ugly scar on my left leg that runs almost from my knee to my ankle. After a car hit me when I was seven, I was no longer able to play sports with any kind of proficiency, and every child in my school became a bully to me. Michael and Linda were different. They liked me for me, not for what sports I played.

A year ago tomorrow, on the anniversary of my accident, June 10, Michael, Linda, and I decided to go camping. It was a long weekend, and they figured it would be good for my self-esteem to do something challenging on my anniversary. They were right. That weekend transformed me. It changed me for the better, but it also took something special away from me.

It wasn't enough just to go tenting. We also had to throw rock climbing into the mix so, along with our camping gear, we had to lug three bags of heavy ropes, harnesses, and climbing shoes from the car to the site and then to the cliff. I've always loved the outdoors, and I was excited to be escaping the pressures of home for a while, but lugging around heavy equipment was not my idea of fun.

When we set out on our journey, we were expecting sun. This was a foolish assumption because ten or twenty minutes after we reached the spot where we were going to climb, clouds

had blackened the sky and were drizzling droplets of rain onto our previously dry clothes. Michael had just climbed the route to set up the rope, and he was about to make the journey back down to where Linda and I were standing when the rain started. Michael, the only experienced climber among us, started shouting down orders to put away the extra ropes and fold up the tarps that we had spread out on the ground to keep the ropes clean. Before he could finish his orders, someone turned up the faucet, and the drizzle turned to full-force rain.

The creek below us flooded every time there was a heavy rain, and if we didn't get back to the campsite soon, all of our belongings were going to become no better than mermaid trophies.

The trouble was that with the rain and wind as hard as they were, Michael couldn't seem to make the trip back down safely. Linda replaced her climbing shoes with sneakers in preparation to make the trip back to the site alone and save our stuff. I was going to wait with Michael just in case the rain let up and he needed someone to belay him. After Linda was out of earshot, Michael and I shouted stupid rain jokes back and forth to one another to lighten the disappointing experience. The atmosphere only got heavier when Linda's voice rang out from below us, "Climb higher! Forget the rain! Climb higher! Flash flood! Do you hear me? Flash flood!"

I thought she was joking at first and made a snide remark something like, "We're climbing away from a flash flood, but we're supposed to forget the rain?" My attitude changed, though, when I saw the raging river for myself. The entire valley was now a look-alike of the lost city of Atlantis. I gathered up the end of the rope that I had used to belay Michael, knotted it, and looped it through my harness. I yelled to Michael to belay me from the top, and I started to climb before Linda reached me.

The last place I ever wanted to be was climbing a cliff to escape a flash flood. It had taken me over seven years to recover from my nearly disabling accident, and I wasn't sure if I could

climb successfully even without the pressure of a life or death situation. Yet, here I was, clinging to sharp rock with hand and foot, scrambling toward Michael, and making sure to unclip the rope as I went along. I was not only racing against time, I was racing against my fear. If I didn't make the top in the next couple of minutes, my fear would take over, and I would never make it at all. I was fine until I hit the middle of the route. At that point, the hand and footholds were scarce, and I couldn't find my way to the rest of the route. I wasn't sure of my own strength, I wasn't sure of the ropes, and I was absolutely unable to climb any higher. My handholds had locked up, and I couldn't find the strength to push up on my legs to reach the higher handholds.

The whole time I was searching for a path up the cliff, Linda was frantically screaming to me to hurry. She was in a better position than I to stare out upon the wall of water rolling toward the cliff we were climbing. I'd never seen her so anxious. She had always been the calmest of all three of us, but now she was in the worst position of any of us. She was standing at the lowest point without access to a helmet or rope. She had taken the helmets and the ropes with her to the site to throw them into the car with the rest of our belongings, but she had dropped everything at the sight of the flood and ran back to us empty-handed.

Michael was calling down any kind of dip or crack in the rock that he could see to try and help me, but it wasn't working. I moved my left leg up to a small dip in the rock, but the rain had made it slick, and my shoes slid off as if trying to climb on ice. My knee bashed into the sharp rock on the way back down to its original position, and as the blood started to seep through the thin material of my pants, I shouted down for Linda to start climbing, to save herself. I simply couldn't make it the rest of the way. Suddenly, thoughts ran screaming through my head. My leg has failed me. I knew that I couldn't do this. Why am I here?
Just as Linda's sneakers found the rock, I felt my frustration turn to pure energy, and I pushed with every ounce of it toward the next sandpaper-like handhold. My weak arms aided my shaking

legs in bringing me the rest of the way. Linda stared up at me in disbelief as I scrambled toward the top as a veteran climber would.

Michael pulled me over the edge and untied the rope from my harness to throw it back down to Linda. He yelled out, "Rope!" and tossed the heavy bunch of rope in Linda's direction, but what Michael hadn't known is that she was already half way up the cliff. The water had covered the ledge she was previously standing on, and she had been forced to free climb. She was completely unable to hear his call. The falling mass of rope took Linda by surprise, and her hands lost their grip. In a last desperate act, she reached for the rope on her way down. She caught it, but she then pendulumed into the side of the mountain, bashing her head into the same rock that had injured my knee. The roar of the rain, the incessant whistling of the wind, and a deafening crash of thunder made it impossible to hear the terrifying yelp of pain we knew had escaped her mouth. The last we saw of Linda was her limp body plunging into the raging torrent that had once been an ankle-deep creek.

We were stunned. For about five minutes we just stared into the dark water thinking that she'd swim to safety any time now. We couldn't even save her if it was possible to find her in the river. The currents would pull under anyone who tried.

We were jolted back into the here and now when Michael realized there was no way for us to get off of the ledge we were now sitting on. It wasn't safe to climb any higher in the storm, and the ledge was completely cut off from all the paths. He wrapped his arms around me to try and stop my shivering, but all I could think about was the sight of my best friend falling and the curse of June 10. Somehow I had known we shouldn't try anything as dangerous as rock climbing on that date, but I had thought nothing of those thoughts and ignored my intuition. It was my fault she was dead. Nothing could change that.

It took two days for the rescue crews to find us. They arrived to discover two starved, cold, and weak teenagers huddling close together near the wall of the mountain. After our

rescue, it took a week for the waters to finally confine themselves to the original banks of the creek. They found Linda's body about a mile downstream from the route we had chosen to climb on that fateful afternoon. The funeral was short, sweet, and horrible. She was only 17. Michael and I were seniors, but she hadn't even completed her junior year. It wasn't fair. I shouldn't have had to listen to Linda Shepherd's eulogy that afternoon.

As I said before, it's been a year since the flood. Michael and I are both in college, and we're engaged. We're to be married after we graduate. We never went back to the cliff, and I doubt we will for a long time. Linda has become the link that holds us together, and she will never be truly dead in our hearts. There is one other thing I know for sure. I will never again leave the house on June 10.

The General

by Moishe ben Ahrron, Ph.D.

It was 0740. The only light in the “Situation Room” was the dim green light at the extreme left edge of the row of “status” lights and the flicker of indicators on the electronic consoles. The only occupant was “The General on Duty” whose head rested on his forearms on his console. Silently, the green light flicked out and the first of four yellow lights flashed on, indicating the lowest status of alert. In three seconds the room was brightly lit by the overhead fluorescent lights. The General sat up and looked around, and the tape reels behind him jerked into rapid erratic motion while his console began to flash with lights. Three men entered the room. The two enlisted men sat down at their consoles and plugged in their headsets, while the officer, a slim brief case in his left hand, saluted smartly. “Lieutenant Colonel Blake reporting, Sir. I am to be your aide for this situation.”

The General blinked once and calmly requested, “Begin briefing!”

“Sir, we have been negotiating the very delicate situation with the United Democracies for five months, since our last alert when they blockaded the Strait of Malaplay. Most of the major obstructions have apparently been cleared away, and negotiations were thought to be almost at a close.”

“However, at 0735 today, Signal Intelligence intercepted a message from the U. D. Embassy here, in a cipher code which they do not recognize but on a frequency which has only been used by the U. D. high military command. On that basis, “The Chief” ordered a yellow alert.”

The General blinked once more and then rapped out orders while Lt. Col. Blake made notes on his pad. “First priority - dossier on the U. D. Situation Room Commander; Next - global deployment on “The Big Board”, our forces and theirs, including all potential allies; third - open

line to Signal Intelligence for immediate relay of message decode; fourth - dossier on all members of U. D. negotiating team, fifth - updated political-diplomatic report from State Department on U. D. and all potential allies; sixth - confirmation of readiness of all our operational units. That is all for now."

Then, for the first time since the yellow light went on, The General's steely blue eyes seemed to relax slightly, and he turned from Blake to the "Big Board" where lights had begun to flash on, even as he had given the orders.

The "Big Board" was a global map occupying one huge wall. Superimposed on the luminous outline of the continents were small code numbers, in various colors, which flashed or glowed steadily, depending on whether their status had been confirmed. The General's eyes methodically swept over the board and then turned to his console where he began punching the keys in a mechanical rhythm.

0752. A soft musical chime sounded on Blake's console and several large cylinders plopped from a pneumatic tube behind him into a basket. Bending to retrieve them he announced, "Sir, the dossiers have arrived from Central Intelligence." Blake rapidly removed the documents, scanning as he did, with an expression of increasing perplexity. "Sorry, Sir. The file on their Situation Room Commander doesn't seem to be here."

The General took the documents and rapidly scanned them, saying as he did, "That dossier is still my number one priority. They are to give maximum effort."

"Yes, Sir," and Blake busied himself on his phone.

Again, the soft chime, and a single cylinder plopped into the basket. "Political-diplomatic report from state, Sir," handing the bulky document to The General who rapidly flipped its pages.

When he finished, The General shifted in his chair, scanned the Big Board, and with a friendly smile said, "Well, son, thanks to modern electronics, we've now reached the waiting

phase, the one which has always been the hardest since war became more than a mere accidental confrontation."

Blake felt awkward and uncomfortable at The General's unexpected informal familiarity. He stumbled out the cliche, "I guess so, Sir. You know the Army - Hurry up and wait." Still puzzled, he realized that The General's relaxed congeniality was completely inappropriate. He did not yet realize that all The General's orders except one had been accomplished; all the coded numbers on the Big Board were now glowing steadily. The tape reels behind The General were now no longer flicking back and forth at an eye dazzling rate but merely shifting position slowly and erratically. Blake's console was also dark except that, as he was pondering over The General's remark, one light glowed. Punching the adjacent button, he spoke softly into his microphone. Sit. Room, Com. Gen. Aide. - Yes, sir, I understand. One moment, please." Turning to The General, "Sir, I have Com. Gen. Central Intelligence on the line. They do have a contact in the U. D. Situation Room who can supply the identity of the commander, but it's a "one shot deal." He can only get one message out without blowing his cover. They want to know if you still want identity on their Com. Sit. Room."

Once more The General's steely blue eyes were covered for a fraction of a second as he blinked. "Negative at this time."

The General blinked again. The habit was already growing noticeable and slightly irritating to Blake. "No further orders for the present." The General leaned back in his chair and glanced around the room, apparently completely relaxed, his console dark, and the tapes behind him still and silent. Looking in Blake's direction but almost murmuring to himself, he said, "I wonder how long till they are able to decode. I understand they have some very sophisticated electronic gear over at Signal Intelligence."

Blake glanced up, realizing that The General must be trying, once more, to engage him in light, non-professional, conversation. Blake knew that this was contrary to the policy for

personal conduct in the Situation Room, but, after all, it was being done by The Commanding General. Blake also knew that The General must be one of the people who had helped develop the Situation Room and its equipment and policies. He felt awkward and wondered whether he was being "tested", but The General's expression was a mixture of hope and loneliness which encouraged him to reply, somewhat formally, "Yes, Sir. These computers and data processors are, in one sense, our most modern weapons. They let us be sure that everything that can be done to control the situation has been done. So, we come back again to the old cliche 'Hurry up and wait.'"

While he was talking and looking at The General, he saw him, for what was really the first time, as a person. What he saw was a handsome, rugged featured, slightly bronzed, broad-shouldered man with the short-cropped iron grey hair, and blue eyes which appeared both hard and penetrating. His height was not apparent because he had remained seated during the entire time Blake was in the room. His mouth was almost expressionless and reminded Blake of the mouth of an auctioneer, spouting prices in rapid fire order in a monotone. Even when he was relaxed, as he was now, there was a noticeable lack of expression in his voice. As for his age, Blake could only conclude that he was somewhere between thirty-five and forty-five. But his eyes were the most fascinating part of his face. When they focused on him, Blake had a sensation of looking into a double lens television camera; and when they blinked closed, it was as though The General was shutting out all external communication.

The General, on the other hand, scanned a dark haired, slim neat man of approximately thirty-five, whose face still had a boyish expression, but mixed with a maturity of purpose and an appreciation of responsibility. The General continued in a casual tone, "I wonder how much excitement is going on 'upstairs' at this stage." He pointed upward as he spoke, indicating in general the high centers of national government almost a quarter of a mile above them.

“Probably not much aside from The Chief’s own staff. Unless there’s a bad security leak, the news media haven’t got it. It’s only 0850 and those who might get excited haven’t started work yet. Everyone is still involved in the rush hour traffic and it would take at least a Triple Yellow alert to attract attention anyway.” Blake suddenly realized that his mood was so relaxed that he had even omitted the formal “Sir” in his chatty reply.

The General smiled again. “You’re right. I hope your wife is sufficiently occupied with traffic that she doesn’t worry about you and why you haven’t returned from your night tour of duty.”

“Well, Sir, that’s probably true, but for a different reason. You see, we have three children and my wife has to get the two oldest on their way to school. But, about now, she may be concerned because I haven’t called. I usually call when I have night duty, just to check on things.” Blake looked at The General, half expecting that he would release the electronic lock which ordinarily prevented Blake from using his communication equipment to tie in with strictly civil telephones. But, The General showed no inclination to do so.

“Ah, well, only one of the difficulties for the soldier’s wife,” and after a pause he added, “And for the soldier as well, I suppose. Where is your home?”

“I’m originally from the suburbs of this city. We have an apartment in the city now, Sir.” Blake was growing a little concerned again over The General’s persistence on personal conversation, but he thought: “He’s the boss. If he wants it, I’ll give it.”

“I’ve often wondered what it’s like to be a father. I’m not married, and it doesn’t look as though I ever shall be.”

“Well, Sir, there’s a lot to be said for both married and single officers, but I’m not sorry I married.”

“I’d like to see your family pictures but I’m sure you don’t have any personal items here in the Situation Room.”

This casual remark startled and alerted Blake. He was sure The General was “testing him” at this point. He knew that the regulations strictly forbade anything of a personal nature in the room. He quickly decided that the only good response was complete frankness. He blurted out,” Sir, I have disobeyed that section of the regulations. My brief case isn’t government issue. It’s a birthday present from my wife. Would you like to see it?” Blake gave the slim case to The General, who ran his hand appreciatively over the fine textured tough leather, blinking as he did so.

“I wasn’t testing you, Blake,” The General quickly replied, “but I appreciate your candor. I was only trying to establish personal contact. It comes so seldom in this responsibility, and I find it very useful to know the attitudes and abilities of my aides, in any operation. You can never predict when special skills or unique areas of concern can become useful in a military framework.” He handed the case back as a light glowed on Blake’s console.

“It’s Com. Gen. Signal Intelligence, Sir. They are not yet able to decode or to confirm that it is a textual message. It is quite short and the Com. Gen. suggests you consider the probability that it is some sort of command signal to execute a prior designated plan.”

Once more, The General blinked and then rapped out orders. “Double yellow alert; notify The Chief that I am using my power under section seventeen to declare it; top priority for any U. D. troop movement reports; determine the method we used to obtain our contact in the U. D. Situation Room. That is all for now.”

Evan's Quest

By Daniel Burgess

Chapter 10 - Part III

Later that day, Evan and Ry sat at a table in the tavern.

"And I saved the mines, and they gave me this," Evan continued in a mad rush to tell Ry everything.

"I know, I know, I've been watching you. Well done. I knew you could do it. That means there's only one more task, then you are a sorcerer!" Evan smiled and he was very pleased with himself.

The next morning Evan slowly opened his eyes as the beam of sun through the gap in the curtains shone on Evan's eyelid. He yawned and sat up in his bed. Evan looked over to Ry's bed. It was empty.

Evan got out of his bed and put on his clothes, then he put his thin, cloth armour on. Evan looked around the room. Ry was no where to be seen. He put his hand on the edge of the brown curtain and pulled it across. The sun shone in and lit the room up brightly.

Evan walked out of the room and downstairs into the tavern. The tavern was empty apart from the innkeeper who stood behind the bar, cleaning a glass with a dirty, brown rag.

Evan walked up to the chubby man and asked, "Good morning. Have you seen my friend, Ry?"

The man turned his head to look at Evan and replied, "Good morning. Yes, he was up early. I think he said he was going to see a friend."

Evan thanked the innkeeper and walked out of the tavern. Outside the sun was still shining brightly and there wasn't a cloud in the sky. Evan only knew of one friend of Ry's that lived nearby--the female wizard friend of his.

The courtyard was empty apart from one old woman slowly hobbling across towards a cottage. Evan walked over to the thatched roof cottage that he had seen Ry go into the day before. He walked up to the door and looked at it for a few brief seconds. It was made of old wood and had a coat of green paint which was cracking slightly. Evan knocked on the door twice and waited.

A few seconds later the door opened with a creak. The woman that Evan had seen the day before appeared at the door and smiled.

"Hello. Can I help you?" she asked.

"Um, hello. I'm looking for my friend, Ry?" Evan asked.

"Evan! I'm sorry. I must have lost track of time. I was going to come back before you woke," Ry said from inside the cottage. Evan looked behind the woman and saw Ry walking towards the door.

"Ah, so this is the Evan you have been telling me about, Ry," the woman said to Ry.

"Come on in, Evan," the woman said to Evan.

Evan walked through the doorway into the dimly lit home. He was in a corridor with four doors leading off it, two at each side. Ry and the woman walked through the first door on the left. Evan followed them and they walked into what looked like a lounge area. The ceiling was quite

low and the floor was pale wood. The room was quite large. In one corner there were some wooden seats and all around the room the little green, paned windows let the green glow of the sunlight into the room.

"Evan, I'd like you to meet Sophia. She's a good friend of mine. She is a magician, but she makes spells and potions from herbs and natural elements," Ry said to Evan as they all sat down.

"Hello," Evan said across to Sophia.

For most of the morning Sophia showed Evan her potions. She taught him how to make a sleeping potion from only grass, spring water and oak bark.

"That's amazing. Does it really work?" Evan asked Sophia,

"Yes, I assure you. Do you want to try some?" Sophia replied. Evan laughed.

"No thanks," Evan said smiling.

Mid day came, and the sun was high in the blue sky. Evan and Ry were now in the tavern, eating lunch.

"Sophia is a very clever woman," Evan said to Ry, biting into a piece of bread.

"Yes, yes she is," Ry agreed.

"We need to hurry, because I want you to complete your final task before the sun goes down," Ry said.

Suddenly a young woman burst through the door of the tavern and shouted, "Help! Thief!"

"Ah, Evan, here is your final task," Ry whispered to Evan.

"What?" Evan replied in a confused voice.

"Just go!" Ry said, pushing Evan to his feet.

The young woman grabbed Evan by the arm and pulled him outside. She had long blonde hair down to her waist and she had bright blue eyes.

"Please help me. My ring has been stolen."

"Do you know who it was?" Evan asked.

"Yes, I know who he is. He lives over on the other side of the wood. He just burst into my house and grabbed the ring from on the table, then ran back out again! Oh, please help me! That ring has been in my family for generations!" the woman sobbed.

"Can you take me there?" Evan asked.

"Yes, but I'm not going in!"

The woman's name was Jasmine, which Evan learned on the way. Jasmine led Evan through the dark, lonely wood. Evan saw that she was very jumpy and looked frightened.
"Everything is going to be fine," Evan reassured her. They came to the edge of the wood and they peered through the bushes. There was a small log cabin a few metres away from where they were standing. There was white, puffy smoke gently floating out of the chimney and the window was flickering with light, as though the room was only lit by a flame.

"Is that where he lives?" Evan whispered.

"Yes, and I'm not staying here. He's dangerous. Good luck. Please bring my ring back!" Jasmine said while running off back towards the village.

Evan stepped out from the bushes and slowly walked up to the window. He stared in. inside he saw the room had a dark, wooden floor with a large rug on it and walls were a cream

colour. Evan saw the thief sitting on an armchair facing the open wood fire. The armchair was facing away from Evan, so he could only see the back of the thief. Evan looked around the rest of the room and saw a small table next to the armchair. On it he saw a glass which was half full of water and next to that Evan saw a ring. The ring had a red band and a sparkling diamond on it.

Evan thought to himself, “He looks quite old. I might be able to get in and take the ring and get out before he even has time to do anything!” Evan looked around his feet, looking for something heavy he could break the window with.

Evan saw a perfect rock. It was just the right size to pick up and it was quite heavy and had smooth edges. He picked it up and held it in his hand for a few seconds while it warmed up to his body temperature. Evan looked back at the window. It was a bit too high to jump through. He looked for something he could stand on. There weren’t many rocks left, and they were all small. He wandered into the wood looking for something, then he spotted a log. It was just the right size, so he picked it up and it slipped a little because of the green, hairy moss on the surface of the rotting wood.

Evan placed the log under the window and looked through it just one more time to check that the thief was still in the same place. Evan stood back and took a deep breath. “There is no way this can go wrong!” Evan thought to himself.

He took another deep breath. His heart was beating madly. Evan pulled the rock over his shoulder and was about to throw it but froze. His heart was beating faster all the time he was waiting. Eventually he took another deep breath and threw the rock forward. It lunged through the window and seemed to go through before the glass even shattered. The bigger shards of glass fell to the ground and the small ones all fell for seconds after. After the rock had landed on the wooden floor inside, Evan put his arm over his head and put one foot on the log and pushed himself through the window. The glass that was still in the frame was pulled through with Evan. He put one foot on the wooden floor then took the other off the log and pulled himself inside.

Inside there seemed to be a silence about the room. The man didn’t even turn around. Evan stared at the man who just sat there in his chair. He seemed to be ignoring Evan who had just burst though the window. Evan stood there, waiting for something to happen; but nothing did. For a few seconds Evan just stood there, but then his eyes glanced onto the ring. Evan walked forward and slowly moved his hard towards the ring, which was next to the man. Evan was beginning to get worried, as the man hadn’t moved the whole time Evan had burst through the window.

Evan’s hand moved closer to the ring. Just as his fingers touched it, the man’s arm flung out and grabbed Evan’s wrist. Evan froze, his hold body tensed. The man’s grip on Evan’s wrist was immense. Evan tried to struggle out of the man’s grip, but the more he struggled, the tighter the grip became.

“Let go!” Evan shouted. The man turned his head to look at Evan. Evan got a look at his face. He had wrinkled skin and deep, dark brown eyes. Evan was starting to get worried, so with his other hand he slowly gripped the handle of his sword. With a blast of energy he pulled it out and thrust it towards the man. It stabbed into the man’s side and he closed his eyes.

The grip on Evan’s wrist slowly slackened and then let go. The man slouched down in his chair, then fell to the ground with a thud. Evan sighed with relief. Evan took the ring from the table and slipped it into his pocket. He looked at the corpse once more, then turned and walked

to the door. He wiped his red, stained sword on his sleeve. Suddenly Evan was hit from behind and he flew to the wooden floor. Evan turned his head and saw it was the armchair. The man was standing up straight and walking towards him as though he had not been injured at all.

The man bent down and grabbed Evan by the neck, and he lifted him up. He felt himself flying through the air. He hit the wall and fell to the ground. Evan struggled to his feet. He was shaking with pain and terror.

“Stop it. Leave me alone!” Evan begged. The thief still walked towards him. Evan grabbed the sword from his belt again and swung it at the man. It hit him on the waist and he crouched with pain, but a few seconds and it seemed like the pain was gone. He carried on walking towards Evan as normal. Evan was trembling. His sword wasn’t working and the man had so much strength. The man picked up Evan by the arm like a rag doll. Evan was flung across the room and landed by the open fire.

The man was heading for Evan again. Evan quickly grabbed a log from the fire. One end was burning and the flames flickered on it as Evan swung it in the air. Evan threw the burning log at the man and it hit his left leg. The flames danced up the man’s trouser leg. The brown cloth burned away and the black smoke began to rise to the ceiling. The flames seemed not to be causing any pain to the man.

“What are you?” Evan whimpered. Evan realised the only weapons aren’t just objects. He had the art of magic on his side. Evan held out his hand and concentrated all his thoughts. The fireball that Evan was getting quite good at creating grew in his hand. The fireball flickered and bulged as it grew. When Evan thought it was about a good size, he threw it at the man who was getting quite close to him now. The fire ball flew at the man but he flung his arm forward and hit the fireball away from him. It seemed to cause a bit of pain on his arm.

For the first time, the man spoke. “You think you can kill me with your simple magic? Watch this then.” His voice was rough and it was quite loud. Evan gulped.

The man stopped walking towards Evan and put his arms in the air. Evan stood up slowly. The man swung his arms about in the air quickly and grabbed at the air above him, as though trying to pull something down. Suddenly some black mist appeared above him and started moving down. As the mist reached his hands, there was a flash of lightning and Evan jumped back with fright.

Evan stared at the man’s eyes. His eyes went bright red and his face started shaking. There was an ear-splitting bang and a flash of light and the black mist flew towards Evan. It flew across the room with amazing speed and hit Evan in the chest. Evan was flung to the wall and he coughed as it felt like a horse had kicked him in the chest. The man laughed evilly. Then the man pointed all his fingers out straight and thrust his arms forward. Out of each finger came a spark which darted through the air in a zigzag motion and each hit Evan in the head one after the other. Each felt like a splitting headache.

“Stop, stop it! You’re going to kill me!” Evan pleaded.

“Exactly!” the man laughed.

Suddenly, as Evan was about to lose hope, the door of the house burst open. In the doorway stood Ry.

“Ry! Help me!” Evan screamed. The man turned to Ry. Ry thrust his arm up straight and a beam of yellow light appeared and hit the man in the chest. Then the man retaliated and cast some of the sparks he had used on Evan.

For quite a while Ry and the thief battled, each spell getting more powerful. Evan could

see Ry was struggling so Evan made a powerball, like he did with the fairies. He left it in his hand a long time and concentrated on it as hard as he could. He made it as big as he could, then placed it behind the thief at his feet.

Evan signalled to Ry to move back, and Evan stuck his sword in the man's back to distract him while Ry and Evan moved back. A few seconds later the powerball exploded with light and energy. The man screamed with pain and looked up in the air. As the mist cleared, the man vanished.

"Ry!" Evan said, running up to him.

"What was he?" Evan continued.

"He was a necromancer. He is a magician that uses death and dead people to gain his power. That's why he was so strong and was very difficult to kill."

That evening Ry and Evan were back in the tavern.

"Evan, you've done it. Even though I helped you, you actually killed him and brought the ring back. If you could do all those three tasks, I think you are a good wizard, and you did," Ry said while sipping a drink. Evan smiled. "So, my job's done. Tomorrow morning we'll head back to my home, then you can set on your way to finish your quest."

"Thank you, Ry. You've helped me so much!"

Later on, up in their room, Ry was asleep. Evan was sitting on the windowsill looking up at the night sky. He stared up at the stars. A cloud gently drifted past. As Evan stared up at the night sky, he thought about Isaac and a tear emerged and ran down his cheek. He wiped it away with his hand.

The next morning, as the bright sun slowly appeared over the rooftops of the houses, Evan packed his things into his rucksack.

"Are you nearly ready?" Ry asked while he placed his last few things into his bag.

"Yes, I'm ready."

Ry said goodbye and thank you to the innkeeper and they set out on their way back to Ry's home. Ry and Evan spent the rest of the morning and most of the afternoon travelling. Eventually they reached Ry's house before the sun disappeared. Inside Ry and Evan sat down.

"I'm tired from all the travelling. I think I'll get an early night, then I'll be ready for tomorrow," Evan said to Ry and yawned.

"Good idea. I think I might do the same." They both had a drink, then Evan went into his room.

Evan sat down on his bed. His legs were aching and his eyelids were almost closed. He couldn't help thinking about how much Ry had done for him. He wanted to repay him some way. Evan lay down and, still thinking about Ry, gently drifted to sleep.