

University
Honors
College

The Official Oregon State University
UNIVERSITY HONORS COLLEGE
Student Magazine

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Free

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Photo by Carole Ann Crateau

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Honors Students Give as Well as They Get

Joe Hendricks
UHC Dean



As students come to Honors and to OSU they bring a great many things that help to enrich the lives of those of us who are already here, and who will be here after you graduate. One of the things I like about interacting with Honors students is that they come with promise, dedication, and set of expectations that will raise the bar for all of us. Faculty, staff, and administrators at OSU and in Honors need to respond in kind and provide opportunities that will meet the expectations of our students.

As a former Psychology professor used to say, "There are no spectators when you work with Honors students." It is your desire to learn, to help to create knowledge and not merely consume it; your search for meaning and for synthesis; not to mention your peculiar ways of having fun—intellectually and socially—that make our jobs so enjoyable.

Thank you for what you bring to OSU and to the University Honors College. I promise we will all strive to meet the challenges together. Perhaps the best way to say how I view what you bring to our enterprise is to quote Isaac Newton: "If I have seen farther, it is by standing on the shoulders of giants." Honors students fit the bill just fine.

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Letter from the editors

WARNING: The issue you are about to read has not one, but two, I (we) repeat TWO co-editors, bearing equal powers of grammatical dictatorship over our peon underlings! <<insert maniacal laughter>> (Please writers do not take offense, we truly appreciate your efforts.) Seriously though, all joking aside, this auspicious and momentous event occurred when Abby thought maybe, just maybe, Emily contributes an exactly equivalent share of work and thus deserved the same pompous title in the magazine hierarchy.

The fact that we are now <<insert superhero theme music>> the Dynamic Duo (minus unsightly capes and leggings, so five minutes ago) protecting the UHC from ghastly reading materials makes us simply unstoppable, or at least we'd like to think so.

But we don't want to bore you with verbose self-proclamations—after all, the Chronicle is *your* publication. With the beginning of winter term, the air is already filled

with the moans and groans associated with the anxieties of starting new classes after a long break. Whether you're a senior dreading the upcoming thesis defense, or a freshman complaining that you still have three years left at OSU, you can all make the most of this term by putting forth your best efforts regardless of the task at hand. But perhaps a more difficult obstacle is finding spare time for hobbies, social activities, and other engagements that balance out the rigors of college life. The Chronicle is one such area that provides an escape from classes, lab reports, and ten-page essays—it doesn't matter if you're a reader or a contributor to the magazine. Our co-authorship will hopefully strengthen this publication and set a precedent for future publications.

Abby Phillips

Emily Simpson

Inside the UHC Steering Committee

Naaman Horn
Staff Writer

Oregon State University agriculture students go about their business oblivious to what is happening deep beneath the soles of their plodding feet. Nestled deep within the basement of Strand Ag. Hall and lined with asbestos insulated pipes sits the S.L.U.G. (Students Learning Underground). Inside this underground haven for honors students, at 5:15 p.m. every Tuesday, the infamous members of the Steering Committee meet.

The UHC Steering Committee is comprised of students from various backgrounds who all gather for a common purpose—to direct and guide the events and proceedings of the Honors College. Jane Siebler, the fearless advisor, mentor and friend to all, leads the Steering Committee.

The Steering Committee works diligently behind the scenes to make the educational

experience for honors students better. Besides that, the Steering Committee provides an array of opportunities and services for its students. Following are a few examples of the services the UHC Steering Committee provides:

Contributions of the committee

- Organizes Dad's Weekend Tailgater each year
- Provides "Snack Shack" food in the SLUG
- Plans Sunriver Trip
- Puts on Honors College Dance for OSU Food Drive
- Plans spring rafting trip
- Contributes to Faculty Senate Committee

The committee organized a tailgater for dad's weekend, which provided good food, a place for friends and family to gather, and an opportunity for students to show their appreciation for their fathers. Students and fathers alike not only had an agreeable time but were pleasantly surprised with a rare Beaver football win.

Another service provided by the Steering Committee, implemented just last year,

Continued on next page...



Inside the UHC Steering Committee: continued

is the Snack Shack. This sweet smorgasbord provides various snacks and foods for students who frequent the S.L.U.G. The food is sold to students just above purchasing cost and its convenience allows honors students to obtain essential nutrient replenishment, while providing more much-needed study and social time.

Honors students can look forward to an array of activities that the Steering Committee has planned for the coming year. The Sun River Trip is a winter excursion where students escape to Sun River for a weekend of skiing, relaxing, and forming of lifelong friendships. The Honors College dance, held as a benefit for the February OSU Food Drive is a union of grace, style, emotion, and individuality. Students congregate under dimmed lights to mingle, dance, and have fun. Later in the spring, students can enjoy the Umpqua River Float trip, a roaring, yet peace-

ful adventure down the majestic Umpqua River.

Finally, members of the Steering Committee are selected each year to serve as student members of the Faculty Senate Committee that provides counsel to UHC Dean, Joe Hendricks. Three Steering Committee members volunteer to participate with this UHC Faculty Council, and their service is critical to the functioning of this important group.

The Steering Committee provides a range of services with all Honors College students in mind. Every Tuesday, with the modest goal of making the Honors College a better place for its members, the committee meets and makes decisions that will affect the direction of the Honors College. Some may not know the faces of the committee members but the effect of their commitment resounds throughout the school.

Anyone is welcome to attend and contribute their ideas to the Steering Committee.

The Steering Committee provides an array of opportunities and services for its students.



Ruler and notebook binder made from recycled milk jugs (#2 HDPE) and water pipes (#3 PVC) - \$7.14

Lamp made from recycled milk jugs and detergent containers (#2 HDPE) - \$28;
Backpack made from recycled milk jugs (#2 HDPE)- \$85

Patagonia PCR Synchronilla Jacket made from recycled soda bottles (#1 PETE)- \$125

Saving the Earth.....PRICELESS!

That's how a group of HC students in the ChE 405H "Plastics for Poets" class feel about the responsible use of plastics in our society, and that's why they made the 4 ft x 8 ft recycled plastics MasterCard on display at Earth Day 2002 (above). It's not practical to think of eliminating plastics from our daily lives (do you brush your teeth, have a CD player, ride a bike, eat?), but we can promote the responsible use and recycling of plastics. Consider the following: 10 billion pounds of plastics are produced each year....only 3.5% of them are recycled. With a little effort we CAN make a difference. REDUCE-REUSE-RECYCLE.



Theses to think about: activity in the UHC

Contributing Writers _____

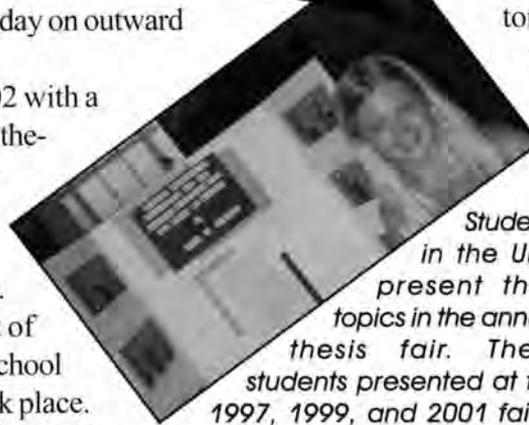
Sarah Campbell, who earned a H.B.S. in Microbiology in 2002, explored quite a different field from her aforementioned major in her thesis which centered on Arthurian Legend in the Modern Realm. She investigated the roles that women played in the Arthurian tale (as told by Thomas Malory) and studied their historical impact on the development of attitudes towards women today. While one may frequently dismiss myths as children's bedtime stories or moral lessons enveloped in a world of fantasy, Campbell stipulated that "These beliefs are passed down from generation to generation and propagate themselves into something that is a part of the heritage of the group even if these beliefs are detrimental to the society in the modern age." Morgan Le Fay, traditionally seen as a heartless, evil sorceress, is reinterpreted as the most misunderstood and worthy female heroine of the tale – posing as the one independent woman willing to go out on a limb for her desires and ambitions. Yet the image that perpetuates our society is that of the ever devoted, beautiful and fairly helpless woman. It is suggested that the Arthurian legend may in fact be responsible for the huge focus of our society today on outward appearances, cosmetics, and fashion.

Sadie Wilson graduated in 2002 with a H.B.S. in Speech Communication. Her thesis was one of the few that went against the normal recommendation of avoiding subjects too personal/emotional, yet did so with overwhelming success. Sadie was the Student Body President of Thurston High School when the tragic school shooting at the hands of Kip Kinkel took place. Her thesis consists of a personal reflection on this event four years later and explores the impact of school violence on her life, focusing not so much on what happened on May 21, 1998, but on the journey to healing afterwards. Oftentimes people, especially the media, make the horrible mistake of underrating and devaluing the experiences and emotions of people whose lives were touched by such an event, but were not themselves physically there. It is an amazing, poignant piece expressed with utmost clarity in which the insanity of this world is accepted for what it is, having no reasonable explanation except the conclusion that

events like these "can really happen at anytime, to anybody, anywhere."

David Klinkenberg also graduated in June, 2002 with an H.B.S. in Political Science. His thesis was the achievement every musician dreams of – his own record deal with Epic Records. Both a singer and a violinist, David documents his experience and gives tips for succeeding in the music world. Talent, contacts, perseverance, and yes, even image are important. He familiarizes the reader with general insight on picking the right manager, agent, producer and lawyer, and demonstrates the role each individual plays in the music business. His thesis also includes case studies of individual success stories that serve as models to the aspiring musician or singer. Many would-be musicians believe a record deal comes equipped with top agents in either Nashville or Los Angeles, but David argues that finding the spotlight requires more than just connections: "those getting discovered met the right people through hard work and dedication." Becoming famous is a multi-faceted and often frustrating process, but the bottom line is hard work is essential in obtaining fame.

Jason Schindler is graduating this year with a H.B.S. in Chemistry and a minor in Writing. He decided to combine his passions into one cross-disciplinary piece: "The thesis I am evolving originated from my own ideas about linking models and theories of chemical bonding, electron exchanges, and other principles of chemistry to ways that humans interact and form social bonds. It is easy to see some of this theory in our modern language when people talk about personal "chemistry," or, "being on the same wavelength," and as such, my thesis will explore that concept." He found two mentors within the sociology department to assist him with the somewhat more unfamiliar sociological aspects. Currently, he is exploring a critical comparison of his chemical model of human interaction to Erving Goffman's classic model based on theatrics (e.g. life as a stage).



Students in the UHC present their topics in the annual thesis fair. These students presented at the 1997, 1999, and 2001 fairs.



UHC classes a great success: Crateau brings out best in students

Avantika Mathur — Staff Writer

Professor Carole Ann Crateau taught two **very intriguing** and **enriching** courses last fall term. The first course, entitled *Silent Spring*, was named after a novel written by **Rachel Carson** and celebrated the fortieth anniversary of the novel's controversial publication.

The class met once a week after attending the Ideas Matter fall lecture series, during which topics related to the anniversary of the book were discussed. A variety of different speakers presented extraordinary and sometimes disturbing ideas about human effects on the environment and nature, which Carson brought attention to through her widely selling book. The influence these lectures have had on the students taking the course is best understood through their own words.

"The biggest impact this lecture has had on me is that *Silent Spring* isn't just a book about the 1960's, it is a book about the current environmental situations we face . . . [Carson] writes eloquently about how nature, men, women and children, lakes and sky are intertwined in a way we can barely comprehend" (Rhiannon Parmelee).

"This is a powerful course. Overall [it] illustrates the need for sustainability, awareness of the interconnectedness of our surroundings, and a respect for God's creation."

"There have been so many 'awakenings' for me so far in this lecture series, it's hard to pin down which has affected me the most. . . these issues aren't often discussed in the context of politics. No one hears gubernatorial candidates debating about the pesticide contamination in breast milk. . . I think perhaps that that is the merit of this lecture series - it's conscious raising" (Amber Leis).

The second course was creatively named *Writing the River*. Professor Crateau describes the course in her reflection below.

"Writing the River is a new UHC course that explores the relationship between the river as a site and the writing that emerges from it. Four UHC students, Tammy Blumhardt, Courtney Gardner, Rachelle Hasson, and Jed Pennell, have written beside the Willamette, along the new Corvallis Waterfront Park, at the headwaters of the Blue River (a part of the Willamette River system), and from a raft, drifting up-

stream from Corvallis to Albany. Along with pages of informal writing, the group has forged a unique friendship around their experiences, coffee shop conversations, out-loud readings from a variety of writers as well as each other's drafts. The final product will be a collage of photos, prose, essays, poems, and short stories published on the UHC web page as well as in a regional publication, *Honoring Our River: A Student Anthology*. Together we are learning that writing beside and on the river infuses both our thoughts, metaphors, and language."

Three students in the class shared their writing pieces with the *Chronicle* after they "wrote" the river.

River Symphony

If I were to conduct a river symphony, it would not be a carefree sonatina nor a happy-go-lucky march. No, my composition would tell the story of the Willamette. Maybe the water's steady, graceful flow would create a waltz – a dramatic cycle of ups and downs and joys and sorrows. Or perhaps a sonata overflowing with emotion would best portray its life.

Tree Swallows sing the melody, crickets keep the rhythm, and the water tells the story. Honeybees are violins and Steelhead splash in and out of the ripples like cymbals. Empty cans, cigarette butts and paper cups float down the river, catch in reeds, and clutter together creating harsh notes which add contemporary clashes with the harmony.

The music would start light, depicting past centuries, with a few staccatos thrown in for the once abundant salmon gliding just beneath the surface and for the timid doe quenching her thirst in the clear water. And remain harmonious while a young Kalapuya woman peers briefly at her reflection before drenching her smooth, brown skin in the Willamette's cool, clean depths.

Years later, in November of 1941, the loud baritone rumbling of a winter sky announces a storm and roaring flood. As water triumphantly streams over dams and washes away

trees and roads, a great glissando reaches new octaves.

A few measures later, these quick, resonating notes subdue to the soft giggles of children venturing down to banks to let the river lick their toes. The melody is soft and playful as more people gather around the Willamette to play Frisbee, picnic and bike. Laughter and chatter begin to crescendo louder and louder. Tones become shriller, foreshadowing disaster. Suddenly, an empty can of Coors is carelessly tossed into the river. More sewage and garbage spill into the vital flow, flooding the music with disharmonious flats and sharps.

The flats send the river swirling into a melancholy A minor whose painfully slow chords drown in the river's great

sorrow. A young teen, frustrated with the troubles of life, gasps his last breath and plunges himself into the river off Fremont Bridge. The powerful minor halts. A full rest. Slowly, cautiously the music resumes, each note timidly testing the atmosphere. The symphony is a mix of frustration and agony, but still the river flows and still its music is captivating.

I'd invite all to the banks of the Willamette to listen. Myself I would situate on an old cracked log. Closing my eyes, I'd breathe the moist air into my lungs, feeling the passion of the river. Then, holding a reed, I'd raise my arms above my head. . . .

- Courtney Gardner

I Am the River

Flowing down, over, around—my waters transcend the bends in the earth
Following curvilinear paths to dissect mass, my task is varied and plentiful
Reaching the far ends of the earth I bring life and sustenance to all
Not withholding my nourishment from one or the other
Yet people continue to use me, to fight over the rights to my body
All flowers may bloom beside me; every tree may dip its roots into me and take freely
Sometimes calm, sometimes turbulent, sometimes shallow, sometimes deep—
I am the river

Each plant, each living being may grow green by my streams
Map my waters but I will continue to change slipping away like a cloud in the air
I cry for replenishment; I cry for the same care I show you
Draw near to me and see your reflection
But be dear and care for me like I matter
As you know I do

Drink me up and be well; bathe in me at night
But don't take me for granted
I am the River

Ride my waves; lie on my shores; play in my pools
But keep me cold and clean; don't contaminate me
with debris and disease

Don't damn me and try and control me,
for the tighter you grasp the quicker
I'll slip away

And your loss will be your own
So take heart before it's too late
See how connected, how interwoven are our fates
Love me, cherish me, lie beside me
and breathe in my scents

Care for me and I will continue to care for you
Protect me; protect your future...

I am the river
- Jed Pennel

What I heard by the river

I heard a car pass by. I heard you can never step into the same river twice. I heard a whisper. I heard that there were once so many salmon you could walk across the river on their backs as they swam by. I heard it in an elementary school assembly, and I heard it was true. I told my dad; he looked annoyed and told me it was a legend. Wouldn't it be neat, though, to run across a river on the backs of fish? You know, he's an employee of Bonneville Power Administration, he probably didn't want to believe it was true. But it made for good conversation over the dinner table. A mound of mashed potatoes and my conservative dad, arguing with what they teach me in grade school. I still wish I could run across the river. I heard someone sigh; I heard a camera snap. I heard a song once, about a river, and I can't seem to get it out of my head. And I heard another car pass by.

- Tammy Blumhardt





Members of the winter 2002 class of Reasoning and Writing pose for the cover of the book.

UHC class exceeds expectations

Contributing Editor

Professor Kathleen Moore never knew it would turn out the way it did. On the first day of her winter Philosophy 121: Reasoning and Writing course in 2002, Moore started lecture as she always had, not expecting any surprises after 19 years at OSU. She has always asked herself how students should be changed by the end of the hour, and what she could do to promote this transformation, but was astonished at just how much both she and her students would learn by the end of the term.

When the Reasoning and Writing class commenced, memories of 9/11 still shadowed the lives of the eight enrolled students. Even though each individual came into the class with unique backgrounds and values, they were united by their earnest desire to implement change through reasoning and writing, a desire Moore labels as, “a response to despair.”

The students were looking for reasons to hope, but whether or not Moore could give such a charged group the fuel they needed to find hope posed a problem. “I want to teach students what they want to learn,” she stated in an interview, “but transforming the class at the last minute required some fast dancing.” Seeing that the class was searching for an experience beyond what the normal classroom setting could give, Moore proposed the students learn the skills of reasoning and writing by producing their own textbook.

The first obstacle she and the students tackled was the content of the book. With the self-directed nature of the class alongside one of Professor Moore’s textbooks, the class brainstormed writing topics that asserted an argument on a moral, ethical or general problem. Topics ranged from stem-cell research to the idea of seatbelts being required on school buses.

The next step for the production of the textbook

was turning the ideas into a reality. But to do so, students not only had to establish good writing skills, but also listening, critical reading, and group skills. Through much dedication, students learned to work with the group diversity. “We all worked together and got to know each other really well because there were only eight of us.” Said Tami Halleck, a junior at OSU who was enrolled in the course. The ecologist soon understood the importance of the art of argument from the philosopher, and the med student illustrated the moral issues of embryo research to the marine biologist. Professor Moore believes that the group diversity “created some of the power in the class.”

Even the demographical mix couldn’t rid the course of rigorous writing revisions, but this was a crucial step if students wanted to make a difference through effective reasoning and writing. Each writing topic endured a three-step draft process. Pieces were revised, revised, revised again, and then placed into one of the nine sections of the book. Although a central figure of the project, much of Kathleen’s role involved watching this creation take place. She observed a community of students in a real-life environment. Each student did what writers do. “I really believe that what students learn in the classroom should affect their lives.” And students like Thom Young in the course, enjoyed the hands-on experience: “[I liked] the fact that we followed through with our original intentions and produced a tangible result, a final product that we can be proud of.” The Honors Philosophy 121 class saw the result of the final product when the book titled Reason for Hope was self-published at the end of the term. Kathleen will be offering the manuscript to publishers in the spring.

The textbook contains student-written essays, terms and definitions, sidebar comments, and occasional study questions. The nine sections give strategies and approaches to effective argument, while the final pages include profiles of the students, Professor Moore, and even the class mascot Chickie “Hope” Kuzma.

The principal of applied learning manifests itself throughout the entire book. But most importantly, each student gained an empowering tool—a reason for hope. “I believe that the positive effects people have upon other individuals are just as significant as global or regional change; it’s just a smaller perspective,” stated Thom Young.

After nearly 20 years at OSU, even Professor Moore learned her most valuable lesson—reasoning and writing are both about hope. “I don’t know if we ever will find a way to live in harmony with our neighbors and the natural world. But if we do, it will be because we learn to make good use of the three great human gifts: the ability to reason...to communicate...and to care.”

Path to Success: The Debbie Johnson Story

Luke Sheahan
Staff Writer

Oregon State University has sent many successful students out into the world. Numerous graduates have achieved substantial success and recognition in their respective fields. Another OSU alumnus, Debbie Johnson, joins the ranks of these elite graduates. Her story is not one of length, but of depth. Since her graduation, Debbie has accomplished so much that the College of Engineering awarded her the Outstanding Early Career Achievement Award in 1999, an honor only given to the elite few who accomplish a career's worth of achievement in less than twenty years.

From the beginning Debbie showed promise for a bright future. She was a recipient of the Presidential Scholarship and the sole recipient of the Mentor Graphics Scholarship (a full ride scholarship from Mentor Graphics). During college, Debbie not only held a 3.9 grade point average but also participated in kayaking, symphonic band, the Science Math Investigative Learning Experience (SMILE), and was a Girl Scout leader for at-risk teens. Debbie worked as an intern at Intel after high school and then at Mentor Graphics in Wilsonville after her first year of college. Mentor Graphics also provided Debbie with an internship in Germany after her second year.

During her senior year, Debbie noticed that there was not an opportunity for a "hands on" engineering course for freshmen. After speaking to the Engineering Advisers regarding this dilemma and learning that the department lacked a faculty member for the position, Debbie volunteered herself to teach the class. In addition to her activities and volunteer work, Debbie was also involved in several honors societies: Mortar Board; Tau Beta Pi, Cardinal Honors; Phi Kappa Phi, and she was president of the Electrical Engineering Honors Society, Eta Kappa Nu, her senior year. Although Debbie attended Oregon State before the time of the Honors College, the program was already in the process of creation her senior year and she was able to serve on the committee that hired Dr. Joe Hendricks, the Dean of the Honors College.

Following her graduation from Oregon State with top honors in Electrical Engineering, Debbie was one of only 32

students in the United States to receive the Rhodes Scholarship to Oxford University. At Oxford, she went on to obtain her master's degree in management in 1997. During her stay in England, Debbie published some of her research done for her master's degree.

Nortel Networks offered Debbie a job working in telecommunications as a project manager in North Carolina. During her first two years at Nortel she received three promotions, she went from project manager to manager, manager to senior manager, and senior manager to Director of Engineering for the Nortel circuit board assembly plant in Raleigh. While Debbie worked for Nortel, she received the Nortel Top Talent Award, and was one of only thirty people to be selected regionally to the Leadership Raleigh program through the Chamber of Commerce.

After two years as the director of engineering (which was divested to Solectron), Debbie quit her job to raise her two children (now 2½ and 3½ years old). In January of 2002, Debbie accepted a teaching position in the College of Engineering at Oregon State University, where her intensely successful engineering career originated. She teaches honors statics and is working on a committee including members of the College of Engineering and the College of Business to create an entrepreneurship program at Oregon State.

Debbie considers the Honors College to be a great opportunity for



photo by Jillian Ries

students at OSU. Her advice to the students in the Honors College is to get involved in activities that are fun and rewarding and to improve their skills in writing and communication; "It does not do you any good to be brilliant if you can't share your ideas with the world." But, she also says not to worry about being perfect; just that students should remember to use the gifts they have to help those who are not as privileged as they are. Debbie would like students to take the initiative to step forward and fix a problem if they see it, not wait to let someone else do it. She encourages UHC students to ask themselves the question, "How am I going to save the world? How am I going to use the privilege that I have to make this a better place?" Now the question is, how many will take her advice, step up to the challenge, and follow in her footsteps?



Finding a place for cars: Perennial Parking Perils

Abby Phillips --- Contributing Editor

Student parking. The mere mention of this word can drive an otherwise calm Oregon State University student to road rage as sparse parking availability causes more stress than finals week.

Recent growth in the student body is the main contributor to the lack of parking spots. While the student population has reached around 17,000, the number of parking spots has remained constant, and it is the students who must deal with this crunch.

Even students who choose to spend the \$80 necessary for an OSU parking permit never escape the \$15 or \$40 ticket given to them if they are caught in the staff section.

It would seem fair to give staff members the same fine for parking in a student section, but no such violation or fine exists. That's right, staff do not get ticketed when they park in a student section, even though the number of students far outweigh the number of faculty, and the parking for students is already limited.

Peggie Bursell, Manager of OSU's Parking Services, said the Parking Committee set the practice of giving faculty members the privilege to park in the student section many years ago. Unless this practice poses a major problem, it will probably continue to be carried out. Students are just going to have to grit their teeth and deal with a few parking tickets.

Bursell said that approximately 4,000 students are given parking tickets per term. A few \$15 dollar tickets here, and a couple \$40 tickets there can allot to a large amount of money. Curious as to what this money is used for?

To this, Bursell replied, "All money goes back into the parking program and related issues."

If all the money goes back into the parking program, it would seem logical to use this money to build a new parking lot. This would solve all problems, right? Not necessarily.



According to Bursell, the OSU Parking Services is a self-sustaining operation. This means that they are not given tuition or tax dollars to pay for a new parking lot.

There is a fund that is set aside for parking lot improvement. But with OSU's financial situation in a bind, the idea of a new parking lot is still not very favorable. The fund would have to cover expenses for land, as well as the design and upkeep of the lot.

Another problem that arises in building a new lot for parking is the location. OSU would have to pave over a field to make way for more asphalt, an idea that would not please many

Corvallis residents who prize the rural areas of this city.

When asked where the location of a new parking lot would be if OSU were hypothetically able to fund one, Bursell responded, "It would be on the perimeter of the campus."

While students can't dictate whether or not OSU will incorporate a new parking lot onto its campus, they can, however, take matters into their own hands by using alternative transportation systems.

The size of Corvallis makes convenient use of walking or riding bikes. Students are also encouraged to take advantage of the free OSU Shuttle system.

"The shuttle program is a fantastic one and has caught on really well," said Bursell.

The outcries of student road rage from lack of parking may never be silenced, nor will students ever understand why they are such targets for tickets.

While they can only cross their fingers for a new and spacious parking lot, students can certainly avoid tickets by walking, biking, or using the OSU shuttle system.

To get a route map and departure times of the OSU shuttle, contact OSU Parking Services at 737-2583.

Every person needs a purpose; a reason for existing. It is just too depressing to think that we can think but that there is no reason.

We are here, and we have a lot of time, so we need to find a way to occupy ourselves. To do this, we attribute importance to something. We all attribute importance to a variety of things, really: job, family, cars, daily newspaper. Are any of these things essential, though? If there was one less Honors College Student Magazine, would anyone notice?

Someone attached importance to creating this magazine and convinced other people to share in that importance. Then they all convinced everyone else that that magazine was important. But if it stopped being published, people would move on.

That's the depressing part. Someone may assign a lot of importance to something and dedicate a lot of time to it, and maybe even other people will recognize it and assign personal importance to it, but when enough people cease to find it important, it ceases to exist. We can only hope that our efforts will be noticed, and that, more importantly, they will affect someone.

The point is that everything is done because someone thought that it was needed, but that necessity is only artificial. People must be con-

vinced that something is necessary, and if they have to be convinced of it, then it isn't necessary. Too often people's lives are wasted creating something that has no importance for anyone else, and then when that person dies has no importance for anyone at all.

Ultimately every person's goal is to dedicate their time and efforts to something that will last beyond their own life. They want to know that what they are doing will make a difference. They want to say "I helped to build the Great Pyramids of Egypt," not "I designed a part that was used in a machine that was used to build Betamax players." Every person chooses how they spend their resources, and hopes that they are getting the most out of those resources and making the future brighter.

Making the future brighter means making its inhabitants brighter. Education is the single greatest way to invest our resources for the future. Our goal should be to teach the future everything we have learned and give them the resources to learn even more than we know now. At the university level students discover the boundaries of human knowledge and effort and dedicate themselves to push those boundaries and advance the species. The university is about learning from previous generations that were dedicated to education, getting funding from previous generations dedicated to education, and using those resources to build more.

Oregon State University and Oregon in general seem to be losing touch with that idea. As the budget gets thinner and thinner every year the number of people who can benefit from an education gets thinner and thinner. Tuition increases force students to attribute more importance to getting along than to getting educated. They cannot do undergraduate research or further scientific research and knowledge because they are too busy getting from day to day. When they graduate they will move immediately into

a job to pay off student loans.

Budget cuts mean department cuts, which means entire sections of human knowledge disappear from a university. Less money results in fewer resources, so that students must use outdated materials and technology, making it impossible to develop new and advanced resources. Denying education contributes to solving a temporary problem, but also prohibits students from getting the education they need to permanently solve some of humanity's problems.

Education is the best way to invest our resources for the future. In the end, we would rather say "I helped to build the great pyramid that is Human Knowledge" than "I voted down a levy because I don't think the future is where I want to invest my resources."

Making the future brighter means making its inhabitants brighter.



Abortion a controversial topic for some, wrong for others

Nathanael Blake
Contributing Writer

Bill Bradbury seemed taken aback by the question I had just asked him. We had reached the Q&A portion of his presentation in the M.U. Lounge, and I let loose. "As you stated earlier, your support for abortion has been central to your campaign. How do you justify this given that modern science shows an embryo or fetus to be a living human being?" Being an experienced politician, he quickly rallied himself...only to dodge the question. His response was that women should have the right to control their "reproductive health"; that it was fine for me to personally dislike abortion, but that I had better not try to do anything about it. He ended by saying that if I don't like abortion then I shouldn't get one (a rather ridiculous statement given my gender). In short, he stated that abortion is a personal decision that no one (government, church, etc...) has any business being involved in. He then moved on to the next question.

Afterwards I was able to go talk to him for a few minutes. The conversation was polite, respectful, and ended with a congenial handshake. Yet I left with the feeling that he had not even considered my points. This incident serves as a microcosm of the abortion debate in general. The pro-abortion camp ignores the most important point of contention.

The central question of this issue is the status of the fetus being aborted. Ignorance of fetal development allowed the Supreme Court to declare a fetus to be "potential life". For years the abortion lobby was able to assert that, "No, of course it's not a living human. A little blob of tissue, just like a cancerous growth...". Those who disagreed were portrayed as religious fanatics bent upon the oppression of women. Then science came onto the scene. In a supreme irony, it was Bernard Nathanson, an abortionist and co-founder of NARAL, who put the first crack in the wall. He performed abortions, but he also had an interest in the developing ultrasound technology. This new scientific tool convinced him that a fetus is a living human being; he is now vehemently opposed to abortion.

His release of "The Silent Scream" (an ultrasound video of an abortion) in 1984 radically reversed the equation of the abortion debate. Now it was the pro-lifers who had science on their side. The dramatic improvements in pre-natal medicine since then have ended the scientific debate of whether or not a fetus is a living human. It is. At conception, an embryo has its own unique genetic code, and it fulfills all the biological requirements for life. At seventy-two hours, the cells of an embryo begin to differentiate. A fetal heartbeat has been detected as early as eighteen days, brain waves at forty. By eight weeks, all the body's systems are present. Most abortions are performed around week ten; by this time, the fetus even has distinct fingerprints.

Science clearly shows that conception is the beginning of a unique human life. The reasons why this fact has had little to no effect on the legal status of abortion are not so simple. Abortion is an attempt to negate the societal problem of unwanted children. Roe v. Wade was the result of an unusual alliance between feminists and social constructionists. The feminists were trying to achieve equality

with men, unwanted children interfered with this. The societal architects were out to create a better world in general. Gender equality and social improvement are noble goals. But the means by which they tried to attain these goals was horribly wrong. They took the easy route of trying to make the problem go away rather than solving it, and they convinced the public by using dishonest methods. For example, the commonly repeated line about "thousands of women dying from coat hanger and back alley abortions" was an outright fabrication (*Aborting America*, Bernard Nathanson, M.D. 1979). But they can perhaps be forgiven, for when Roe was passed, they truly did not know for sure that each abortion meant the death of a living human being.

But we do. And we must answer the question that Bill Bradbury would not. The silence of the pro-abortion camp on this point screams louder than all their rhetoric. Is a fetus a living human? If so, should we murder millions of innocents to solve a problem we have created?

This piece does not necessarily reflect the views or opinions of the Chronicle staff or the UHC. If you would like to submit comments, email the Chronicle at uhc_chronicle@hotmail.com.

UHC student reminisces about foreign travels

Jeremy Gregory

Contributing Writer

QUITO, ECUADOR—Every Saturday and Sunday morning my host father and I head up the volcano Pichincha, whose falsely-comforting forested slopes loom over western Quito and our house. My dad the endocrinologist/naval officer becomes tour guide, philosopher, and best friend in the moment that we embark on these weekly journeys. For him, the hikes provide more than just exercise and a fantastic view of the city below - Pichincha's eucalyptus and pine forests were his childhood haunts and he has innumerable adventures to recount after nearly 50 years of exploring them. He knows exactly where every path leads and which fallen trees along the way will provide the perfect angle for a photo.

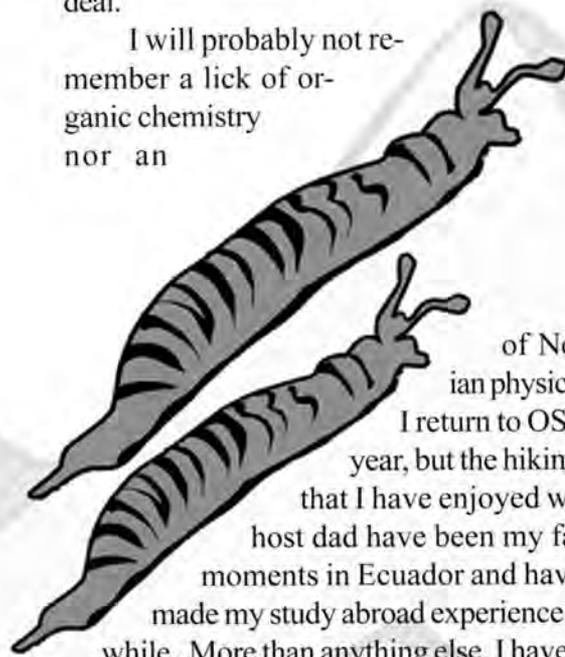
His time on the mountain has not only produced a deep appreciation for Ecuador's natural beauty, but has also inspired several profound ideas for her future. My favorite is a vast reforestation project which would preserve the environment, and in doing so combat the rampant poverty that characterizes the rapidly expanding urban areas. Although I haven't shared this with him, I think he would make a great president for this country.

Hernán has plans for my future as well, quite possibly as many as I do. According to him, I will first perfect my Spanish here in Ecuador and then return to the states for medical training. I will then take advantage of my "free time" during medical school to obtain funding and establish an international aid organization. As a doctor and philanthropist, I will return to Ecuador and together we will seek permanent solutions to the many health problems that plague the poor people of this country (some 80% of the 12 million inhabitants struggle at or below the poverty line). He has a massive education campaign in mind, which he sees as the only way to bring about lasting change. In fact, he has already started down this path with the recent release of the third edition of his book on diabetes, for which I got to collaborate on the design.

So just what do we talk about while climbing? Perhaps an easier question to answer would be what don't we discuss? Initially I received an overview of the modern Quito spread out below us and of the ancient city, which existed for over five thousand years until the Spanish conquistadors arrived. Next we proceeded to stories of adventure and

mischief from Hernán's younger days. We have moved on to many other "deeper" topics, but at times a certain tree or hole will spark a reminiscence of days gone by. I am happy to say that after just a couple of months here, I too have stories to tell about time spent on the mountain. We have shared our career dreams, those which I hope to realize and those which he already has. I am amazed at how much this fifty-year-old Ecuadorian endocrinologist and I, a twenty-year-old gringo from Oregon, have in common. We have shared our opinions on capitalism, the death penalty, matrimony (not necessarily as a form of the previous topic), and even potential thesis projects. Who knew that an early morning hike in Ecuador could offer so much? Although I didn't learn everything I needed to know about Ecuador from these weekend hikes, they have definitely yielded a great deal.

I will probably not remember a lick of organic chemistry nor an



iota of Newtonian physics when I return to OSU next year, but the hiking chats that I have enjoyed with my host dad have been my favorite moments in Ecuador and have truly made my study abroad experience worthwhile. More than anything else, I have developed a friendship that will surely last a lifetime.

Jeremy Gregory is a 3rd year UHC student with majors in Spanish, Biochemistry and Biophysics, Pre-Med Option, and the International Degree. He is spending academic year 2002-03 on OSU's study abroad program in Ecuador.



Hot spots in C-town

Downtown Corvallis ripe with great places

Casey Woodworth
Staff Writer

So, the 50 pages of sociology reading is done. That paper on multicultural pluralism is typed up. All the chemistry problems are calculated. It's finally that rare occasion when all your homework is finished!

Yeah, right. But if you do somehow manage to convince yourself that those papers, chemistry problems, and all the rest of that homework don't need your attention quite yet, plenty of places in and around Corvallis offer welcome diversion from the drudgery of school-work.

Definitely on top of the list of activity-oriented spots is the Pottery Place, at 264 SW Madison. Simply pick out a piece of pottery to paint and make it your own — they offer everything from mugs and bowls to figurines, light switch covers and even teapots and vases. Groups, couples, or kids, there's certainly something for everyone. In four days, the newly painted (non-toxic, of course) pottery can be picked up and taken home.

The downtown area is a particular hotspot for student-friendly delights. Third and fourth streets boast a veritable cornucopia of quirky and fun stores to choose from. The Book Bin features a large selection of mostly used books, as well as calendars and magazines — and if you're lucky, you might run into one of the store felines lounging about the new book section. Just down the road, Northern Star offers a great assortment of beads and body jewelry in affordable price ranges. Next door, the Cat's Meow is a cute little thrift shop,

whose proceeds support the Heartland Humane Society. The most recent addition to downtown stores dear to our hearts is West Moon, located on 4th Street next to the Joyful Hearts Tearoom. West Moon is a Eugene-based enterprise, somewhat akin

to Northern Star (minus the beads), but definitely bringing its own unique flair to Corvallis. West Moon features a fun assortment of clothing and other random items to decorate your house with or bestow as gifts upon people, like Japanese lanterns and parasols, smiling, plump Buddhas, candles, incense and the inevitable rubber ducks. They also have quite possibly the best selection of literature (in Corvallis) concerning drinking games to be played by responsible and -of-age- adults.

Of course, who could forget the eclectic Old World Deli, seller of the self-proclaimed "Best Brownies in the World." Not only does this place offer good food (and drink if one is inclined toward that sort of thing), they also feature belly dancing on Wednesdays at

8:00 p.m. It's located at 341 SW 2nd St.

If one is looking for leisure of the over-21 variety, Ben Legg, a UHC student, suggests the Fox & Firkin on 202 SW 1st. Definitely don't try the Peacock though, he says — Legg characterizes it as a "trash college student frat-party type club." Whatever floats your boat! Miranda Ruth, another UHC student, recommends Clodfelter's at 1501 NW Monroe, which does have a non-alcohol area for those of us not old enough to partake. Feel free to stop by AJ's on SW 2nd if you're looking for live jazz music on Sundays or Tuesdays



photo by Abby Phillips

The entrance of the Old World Deli. This sandwicherie is home of wildly popular brownies.



photo by Abby Phillips

The Northern Star is well known for beads and body jewelry downtown.



photo by Abby Phillips



photo by Jillian Ries



photo by Jillian Ries

The Book Bin is a locally owned and operated bookstore that carries more than just books. Both the owner and her cat are popular at this establishment, valued for its good deals, great service, and comfortable atmosphere.

from 6:30-8:00pm (and yes, it is a music venue for under 21'ers). The scene is low-key and mellow, perfect for those seeking to relax and enjoy themselves.

No money? Enjoy nature? The perfect spot is just north of Corvallis at McDonald Forest. Many miles of trails allow visitors to walk, horseback ride, and bike. Located inside the forest itself is Peavy Arboretum, 40 acres of varying plant species to enjoy and learn about.

Learning? No! For those burned out on academia, there are plenty of other options. Myles Catchpole, one of the SLUG staffers, by self-definition "easily amused," enjoys the Toy Factory at 361 SW 2nd St. This is, in fact, a fabulous toy store, and they certainly have many fun puzzles to play with, along with a good selection of books, board games, models, etc. Another favorite of Catchpole's

is the Avalon Cinema at 160 N.W. Jackson: "They play all the alternative movies and indie films." Show times are usually listed in the Friday Barometer, or check out their entertaining website at www.avaloncinema.com.

If that homework is still nagging you, and you have to pull an all-nighter to make up for all the fun you've had out on the town, there's always the numerous coffee houses. Two Starbucks, the Beanery, Interzone, and endless others are sure to provide plenty of caffeine for those certain sleepless nights. Insider tips include Piazza's Zebra Mocha (with whipped cream of course), Interzone's vanilla steamer, and the Beanery's Buy One Get One Free Drink deal on Sundays (the best deal of all). Also don't forget about the Beanery located at 500 SW 2nd for great atmosphere, with live music from 8-10pm usually (and locally roasted beans!).

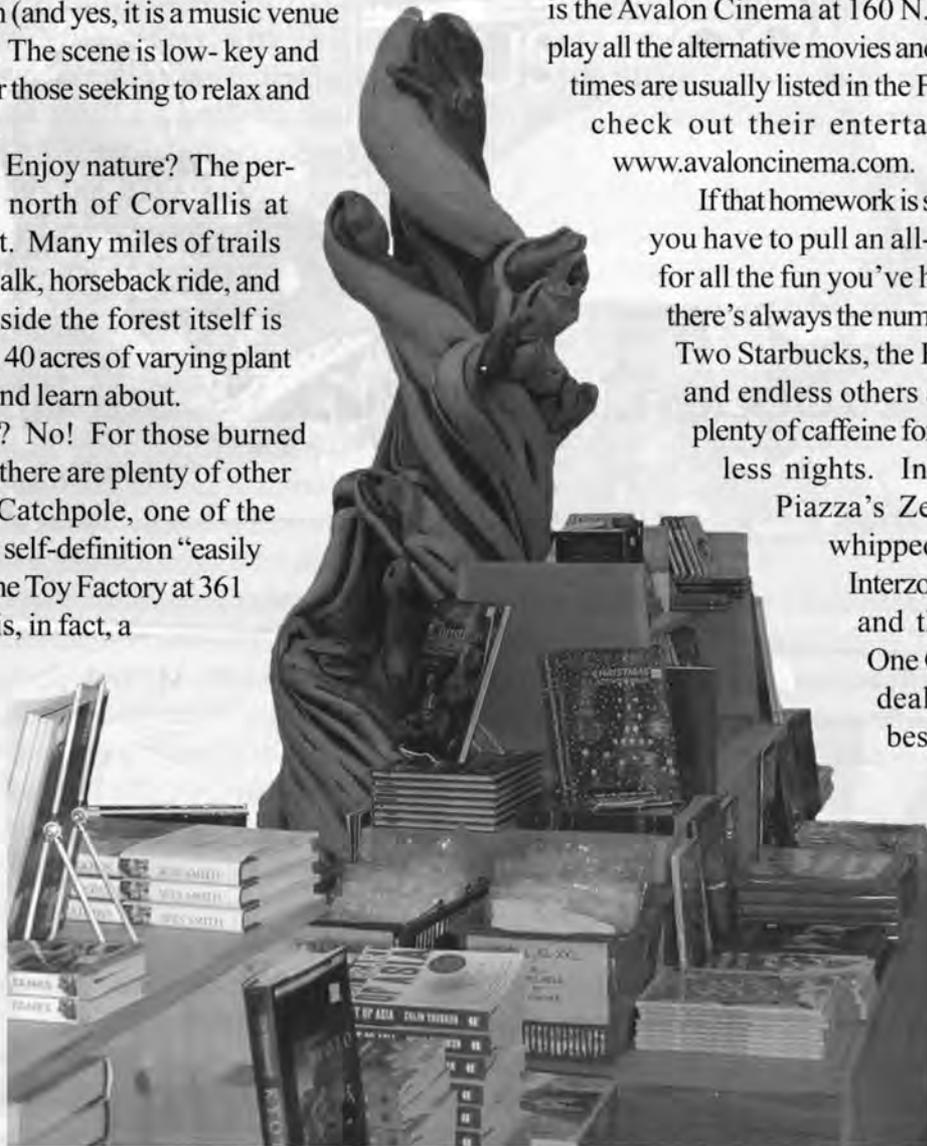


photo by Jillian Ries



Waking Life a great awakening to quality cinema

Jenny Moser
Staff Writer

“To sleep, perchance to dream...”

Move over, Hamlet, and make room for Wiley Wiggins, the main character and lead actor of the 2001 movie “Waking Life.” Directed by Richard Linklater, the movie follows Wiley on an often confusing, yet always philosophical journey through the subconscious world of dreams.

“Waking Life” opens with two small children playing with a paper fortune-teller. When the final number has been chosen, the paper flap is lifted to reveal a fortune: “dream is destiny.” From there, the viewer is jolted awake with Wiley as the train he is riding arrives at its destination. As Wiley leaves the station, a man driving a converted motorboat offers him a lift. As they proceed down the freeway, the driver discusses the key to making the most of life until he lets Wiley off on a random street corner “that will determine the path of the rest of [his] life.”

That corner does determine the rest of Wiley’s life, for from it, he is catapulted into a string of fascinating discussions with all types of people. These conversations run from existentialism to the roots of language to the practice of lucid

dreaming. As the movie runs its course, the viewer realizes that the entire movie is, in fact, a dream. This complex plot is balanced by extraordinary visual effects.

“Waking Life” combines all the sophistication of live action with the fantasy-like quality of animated art. The movie was shot live, and thirty artists converted the live-action footage to animation. Almost all the scenes incorporate two or more styles of animation at once, turning the movie into a luxuriant, ever-shifting canvas of bright colors and quirky symbolism that perfectly mirrors the discombobulation of an actual dream.

This movie is a phenomenal examination of the potential of the subconscious mind, but be forewarned: it is rated R for language and violent or disturbing content. (If you’re squeamish about violence, you might consider muting the volume during the jail-cell scene.) Even though there is questionable content, the movie’s positive aspects make it well worth while.

In conclusion, you should all rent “Waking Life.” Whether you are enriched by the philosophical discussion or simply dazzled by the eye-popping animation, you won’t regret those two hours of your life. And you’ll never think of dreams the same way again.

Locals love *Lagaan*, Indian flick about oppression

Avantika Mathur
Staff Writer

Indian movie-lovers held their breath last March as one of the best ‘Bollywood’ productions of the year, “Lagaan,” was nominated for an Academy Award. Ultimately “No Man’s Land” from Bosnia won the award for best foreign film, but the entry from India earned critical acclaim and worldwide recognition.

“Lagaan,” which means tax in Hindi, caused a sensation around the world upon its release in the summer of 2001. The story is set in a small rural village in the state of Gujarat called Champaner. The year is 1893, and the British fist is tightly clenched around its colony of India. Opening with a scene of an elderly woman searching the sky for traces of the anticipated monsoon rain clouds, the story unfolds as the poor farmers of the village are given the order from the nearby British containment that their annual tax, or lagaan, will be doubled in the coming year. With no trace of the rains, sig-

nifying no crops or income, the villagers are terrified at the prospects of double lagaan. The charismatic lead character Bhuvan (Aamir Khan), wants to fight the increase, and challenges the head of the containment, Captain Russell (Paul Blackthorne). The unlikely unarmed battle between the defenseless masses and oppressive forces leads to an exciting and captivating climax. A love triangle between Bhuvan, Gauri (a girl in the village played by Gracy Singh), and Captain Russell’s own sister Elizabeth (Rachel Shelley) adds charm to the plot.

The simplicity of village life is colorfully depicted through the bright, earthy cinematography and costumes, and the Hindi dialect spoken in the film. Ashutosh Gowariker, the director of the film, evokes an array of emotions from humor to sorrow through the versatile range of characters portraying each aspect of village life. This was Aamir Khan’s first production; he also played the lead role in the film. Lagaan is definitely a must-see family movie. Though it spans for almost four hours, it’s definitely worth watching.

Demented, but deep, *Donnie Darko* delights audience

Casey Woodworth
Staff Writer

It is October 2, 1988. The world is going to end in 28 days, 6 hours, 4 minutes, and 12 seconds. Or so says "Donnie Darko," immediately plunging its viewers down a twisted path that explores fate, love, God, and the nature of death.

Donnie Darko (Jake Gyllenhaal) has more problems than the average teenager. On top of dealing with his idiosyncratic family, the perils of dating, and '80s hair, Donnie is hiding something much deeper. His paranoid schizophrenia has manifested itself in a giant rabbit named Frank, who informs him that the end of the world is coming. Meanwhile, a plane engine falls from the empty sky and into Donnie's house, kicking off a chain of events that Donnie feels powerless to stop. Sound weird? Good. It gets weirder. Throw in a self-help guru, time travel theories, and a strange old woman nicknamed "Grandma Death," and you'll have some idea of what's to come in this memorable film.

Gyllenhaal shines in a performance that is at once darkly haunting and beautifully realistic. He plays the "crazy" well, but there's something so human in his confusion and pain that we can't help rooting for the doomed Donnie from the very beginning. Also particularly good is Jena Malone as Donnie's girlfriend. Another high point is Mary McDonnell, who manages to wrap a mother's love and apparent helplessness against her son's inner demons into a powerful performance.

The brilliant score, composed by Michael Andrews, manages to strike a balance between sweetly romantic and downright creepy. It sets up the tone of the picture perfectly without intruding upon any of the other elements. Gary Jules' cover of the Tears for Fears song "Mad World" is also particularly great.

Multi-layered but still achingly simple in its denouement, "Donnie Darko" has both the heart and the intellect to become a cult classic. Here's hoping it has a chance to find a life on video before the world really does come to an end.

Horoscopes by Naaman Horn

Aries: March 21 – April 19

Yours is a truly blessed sign. You are one of the lucky few who share a group of stars with my editor. Clearly, you are charming, smart, funny, and appreciate good writing when you see it.

Taurus: April 20 – May 20

The term is quickly approaching its end. Your mind wanders as images of spring break fill your thoughts. Buckle down and finish the term right. Endurance now will pay off for you later.

Gemini: May 21 – June 21

You are confused, but do not worry. Simply speak loudly, often, with authority, and confidence. Others will soon begin to believe anything you say - whether you are right or wrong will no longer matter.

Cancer: June 22 – July 22

Do not fear the unknown. Instead, sweep it out from underneath your bed

and move on with your life.

Leo: July 23 – August 22

You have not called your mom for quite some time. Sure you are busy... TOUGH! That is a lame excuse. Call your mom.

Virgo: August 23 – September 22

The moment is right for brownnosing of your teachers. Do not go overboard. Instead, use subtle, well-placed questions and comments and watch as your G.P.A. rises.

Libra: September 23 – October 22

The stars are shining brightly on you my friend. Enjoy your success, but remember to give credit where it is due.

Scorpio: October 23 – November 21

Do not reject your friends, or you might find Pooky (your dog) to be your only companion. I doubt your R.A. would appreciate your furry friend's congenial qualities as much as you do.

Sagittarius: November 22 – December 21

You are about to stumble on an abundance of money; unfortunately, you will probably spend it all on tuition and cheap beer.

Capricorn: December 22 – January 19

I see romance in your future and you will as well. But first you must start looking past physical attractiveness and see the inner beauty of those around you. Ordinary people have feelings too.

Aquarius: January 20 – February 18

The winds of change are heading in your direction. Use it as a guide, but do not become swept away in its gales.

Pisces: February 19 – March 20

You are spending too much of your time relying on the stars to predict your future. Grab life by the reins and control your own destiny.



ART AND POETRY

Manifest Destiny By Aaron Smith

Aimlessly we sail away
Toward nameless continents
To fight the evils of our day:
Boredom and unemployment.

Like free lovers we hedonistically build bridges
Connecting anonymous islands,
Then we augment our works with recursively arched ridges
And agree to chaste when we reach the heavens.

We stretch what's finely knit by contouring light,
And bleach what seems till all is ink or pale,
To dissolve the gloomy veil that rains upon our dreams,
Enshrouding our foresight.

The greatest gold rests
Upon the next hill's crest
And drives us further west

BREACHING THE DAM By Rachelle Hasson

I never let my soul dance until
I let my hair down to swim
In whichever way the current pulled me

I never felt the Earth beneath my feet until
I waded into a pond as clear as glass
And as cold as breath in winter

I never heard a bird's song until
I was serenaded by a chorus
Instead of a soloist on a string

I never saw a fish swim until
I glimpsed it outside of its glass prison
Unencumbered by walls and ceiling of air

I never experienced love until
It fled my sight only to be replaced by a kind ear
That did not interrupt to console

I never saw a rainbow until
I saw it in a sunset
Admired by a thumbnail moon

Existentialism By Aaron Smith

.....
Fear replaces hope.

.....
Find pleasure, and elope.

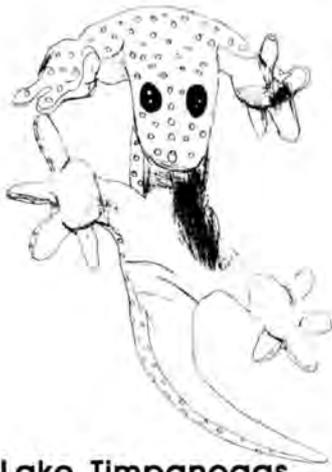
Regret follows rage;
Memories are spurned.
Wisdom comes with age,
When one's last page is turned.

Senstations are real;
Justice is abstract.
Destiny is sealed;
Faith determines fact.

Nothing will I believe,
But that which I perceive.



Artwork on this page and
backgrounds by Amy Tran



Adam
Sherman

Lake Timpanogas By Thom Young

Why did you swallow the stars?
Why did you consume the Universe?
There's no point in playing innocent with me
As I peer down at your complacent waters
My eyes penetrate your unfathomable depths
Your impassive beauty beguiles dark intentions
But I can see through your transparent facade
I can see The Stars of the Big Dipper shining
Gasping for air from beneath your placid surface
Shuddering with fear, longing for home
Trapped forever beneath your liquid sky
The Moon, too, stares from within your wet dungeon
Eyes wide and mouth agape
Lines etched into his weary face
The Wind feels betrayed by your malevolent actions
She parted with a final whisper,
"Farewell to lost love"
She has abandoned you to flirt with other waters
The black Forest stares at you, alone and perplexed
Arms outstretched, questioning your cosmic depths
Roots clenched like sharp talons
Frustration unleashed into the dark soil
Through which your wicked life-blood seeps
The Mountain towers high with a smirk on her brow
Now she rules the heavens with a narcissistic embrace
Jagged crown on her head, declaring dominion over all
She nods faintly at you for usurping the stars
Entranced by the fear of the captured Universe
I dread The Moon's intimate knowledge of your abyss
But the dark mystery of your void casts a Siren spell upon me
Foreboding liquid midnight too much to resist
As I gaze from the boat back into your depths
I feel a deep longing to feel deeper yet
So I implore of you with fearful curiosity
Lake Timpanogas, "When will you swallow me?"

The Poem By Crystal Ives

Troubled soul and anguished heart
Unite to form the embryo
Safely housed in an iron shell
Countenance disguised that none may know.

What beast lies beneath the façade
Terrified, dark, alone and forlorn?
Ever struggling to break free of its prison
Until the moment the poem is born.

Such depth, such grace, such beauty
Fluidity
This creature with polished
Golden scales.

Born of fear, trials and tears
Emotion flowing as lifeblood
Crystal wings unfold in the darkness
Light cascading like a flood.

Who can truly comprehend
This creature of strife and broken heart?
Yet its glance is captivating
From it my eyes cannot part

Who could imagine such scintillating beauty
Rising from the deepest pit?
I may not understand the creature

Autumn Romance By Jacob Rankin

I love the autumn months
I love the leaves that fall
But Pumpkin Pie, you're the one
I love most of all.
You tantalize my taste buds
Your spices are an art
You not only have my attention
You have my heart.
I love not so much the flaky crust
But in the middle, din'
Proving true beauty isn't on the outside
It comes from deep within

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