

Apology

Dear Mr. Ricky Becker,

Hello, my name is Eric Harris. On a Friday night in late-January my friend and I broke into your utility van and stole several items while it was parked at Deer Creek Canyon Road and Wadsworth. I am writing this letter partly because I have been ordered to from my diversion officer, but mostly because I strongly feel I owe you an apology and explanation.

I believe that you felt a great deal of anger and disappointment when you learned of our act. Anger because someone you did not know was in your car and rummaging through your personal belongings. Disappointment because you thought your car would have been safe at the parking lot where it was and it wasn't. If it was my car that was broken into, I would have felt extreme anger, frustration, and a sense of invasion. I would have felt uneasy driving in my car again knowing that someone else was in it without my permission. I am truly sorry for that.

The reason why I chose to do such a stupid thing is that I did not think. I did not realize the consequences of such a crime, and I let the stupid side of me take over. Maybe I thought I wouldn't be caught, or that I could get away. I realized very soon afterwards what I had done and how utterly stupid it was. At home, my parents and everyone else that knew me was shocked that I did something like that. My parents lost almost all their trust in me and I was grounded for two months. Besides that I have lost many of my privileges and freedom that I enjoyed before this happened. I am now enrolled in the diversion program for one full year. I have 45 hours of community service to complete and several courses and classes to attend over the course of my enrollment.

Once again I would like to say that I am truly sorry for what I have done and for any inconvenience I have caused you, your family, or your company.

Respectfully,

Eric Harris

JC-001-026525

anger management

The anger management class I took was helpful in many ways. I feel the instructors were well qualified for this class and the class size was not too big. I learned several things about how drugs and alcohol contribute to violence, and how to avoid using drugs and alcohol. I felt like the class was focused more on people who had committed violent crimes and people who use drugs and alcohol, rather than being more broad. Nevertheless I still learned what anger is, how to recognize it, and how to deal with it. Violence is expensive, along with anger. Committing violent crimes brings forth fees, bills, and punishment that have very deep affects on that person, not to mention the emotional turmoil it causes. I learned the four stages of anger; tension building, verbal escalation, physical escalation, and opportunity for change. I believe the most valuable part of this class was thinking up ideas for ways to control anger and for ways to release stress in a non-violent manner. Things such as writing, taking a walk, talking, lifting weights, listening to different music, and exercising are all good ways to vent anger. We also discussed the positive and negative results of anger and violence. Another thing we discussed was "triggers." Triggers are defined as warnings or symptoms that one experiences when getting angry. Things like quick breathing, tunnel vision, muscles tighten, and teeth clench. I feel that all of the suggestions can all be helpful, but the main part of anger management comes from the individual. If the person does not want to control his/her anger, then it can be a problem. The person must want to control his/her anger and actually want to not be violent or angry. It all starts in the person's mind. I have learned that thousands of suggestions are worthless if you still believe in violence. I am happy to say that with the help in this class, and several other diversion-related experiences, I do want to try to control my anger.

Nazism was a form of government unlike any other in history. Led by Adolf Hitler, the Nazis had distinct beliefs and policies, severe racism and hatred, strong, new family values, and plans for future Germany and the world. The Nazi party came to power in the early 1930s, thanks to Adolf Hitler. Hitler was loved and admired by all of his followers. The Nazis derived many symbols from ancient runes and made code names for things like their concentration camps. They also formed several new laws and restrictions. Racist beliefs and violent actions were all part of everyday life in Nazi Germany. Concentration camps killed millions of people using gas chambers and firing squads. The Jewish race was considered inferior, and therefore extremely and harshly discriminated against by law. Family values were encouraged, education was reformed, the women's roles were outlined, the Aryan race was to be the only race, and law controlled breeding. Education was reformed in order to benefit the state, not the individual. The woman's main role was to bear children, cook, and clean. The Aryan race was the only "superior" race, so therefore Hitler wanted Germany to have all Aryan citizens. Only the elite would reproduce and inferior races were restricted from breeding with the superior race. Hitler had several plans for his new Germany, and for the world as well. Hitler wanted leaders in Germany. He also wanted to control what everyone saw and heard to maintain a working state. The youth of the world was to be under Nazi control, and Europe and Russia were to be conquered. Approximately eleven million people died as a result of the Nazis. The Nazis were one of the most racist forms of government ever.

The Nazi Culture

Thesis: Nazism was a form of government unlike any other in history, with their beliefs and policies, their racism and hatred, their very strong family values, and the plans they had in store for the rest of the world.

- I. The Nazis
 - A. How they came to power
 1. Hitler
 2. Love for Hitler
 3. Energy
 - B. Who they were
 1. Runes
 2. Code words
 - C. Policies
 1. Censorship
 2. Control
 3. Euthanasia
 4. Aliens
- II. Racism and violence
 - A. Concentration camps
 1. Doctors and wives
 2. Shootings
 3. Gas chambers
 4. Reinforcement of hatred
 - B. Jews
 1. Insults and racist comments
 2. Inferior race

- III. Family values
 - A. Education
 - 1. What education would benefit
 - 2. Textbooks
 - 3. Science in racism
 - B. Women
 - 1. Children
 - 2. Discrimination
 - C. Aryan race
 - 1. Mental
 - 2. Physical
 - D. Breeding
 - 1. Only the elite would reproduce
 - 2. Jews as inferiors
- IV. Future Plans
 - A. Europe
 - 1. Leaders
 - 2. Freedoms
 - 3. Censorship of the nation
 - B. World
 - 1. Youth
 - 2. Russia
 - 3. Space

To Kill A Mockingbird 5 PARAGRAPH ESSAY

To Kill A Mockingbird is a classic novel by Harper Lee filled with real, interesting and well developed characters. In the story, Jem is a young boy with a sister Scout and his father, Atticus. Jem is the character that changed the most in this story, and he was one of the most important and well developed characters. The dynamic character of Jem Finch will be discussed in terms of his description in the beginning of the story, what events or people changed him during the story, and his description in the end of the story.

Jem Finch will be described in his physical description, his personality characteristics, and his relationship between other characters. Jem is about ten years old at the start of the story. "When I was almost six and Jem was nearly ten."(Lee 10-11). This quote means that Jem is four years older than his sister, Scout. He also was a skinny boy. "He went out for football, but was so slender and so young yet to do anything but carry the teams water bottles."(Lee 244). During the beginning of the story Jem is very polite. "Dill blushed and Jem told me to hush."(Lee 12). This means that Jem didn't want to embarrass Dill and he didn't want Scout asking questions like that, he thought it wasn't right. Jem was also a caring brother, he always had Scout with him. "That summer Dill came to us."(Lee 11). US, it is always us or we whenever Scout is talking. Jem and Scout were more than just brother and sister, they were best friends. "Our teacher says Miss Caroline's introducing a new way of teaching."(Lee 22-23). That sentence shows that Jem also cares about Scout's school problems and not just family problems. Jem and Dill grew closer every day as friends. "They spent days together in the tree house, plotting and planning, calling me only when they needed a third party."(Lee 46). This means that during the summer Jem and Dill spent more time together than with Scout, showing that they were becoming good friends.

During the middle and end of the story Jem changed in many ways. He got more mature, he understood the different ways folks acted and he took on more responsibility. He took on more responsibility by reading to Mrs. Dubose on her death bed. "This change in Jem had come about in a matter of weeks, Mrs. Dubose was not cold in her grave."(Lee 117). This statement shows that reading to her and her death made him realize more about adults and how to act like them. When the big court trial against Tom Robinson came Jem was extremely interested in it. He was curious about why people would accuse another man for something he didn't do. "Hush, Jem said, Mr. Heck Tate's testifyin'."(Lee 168). This quote showed that he was becoming older and acting more mature by being interested in the case. When Aunt Alexandria moved in he comforted Scout whenever she was yelled at by her. He just went into her room and cheered her up. This showed that Jem really cared about Scout and that he was maturing.

At the end of the story Jem had a major change in his physical appearance, he also had relational and attitudinal changes. On Halloween night Mr. Ewell tried to kill Jem and Scout but Jem stopped him long enough for Scout to get a head start. Then Mr.

Ewell broke Jem's arm and knocked him out, but Boo Radley saved them. "He's got a bump on his head just like yours, and a broken arm"(Lee 267). This showed that he had broke his arm and was knocked out while trying to save Scout. One relational change is that as Jem grew older he didn't want Scout around him much, because he had other friends. So their friendship grew slightly apart. Last an attitudinal change that Jem had was that at the beginning of the story he thought Boo Radley was some mean psychotic cat and squirrel eater that never came out of his house. But at the end of the story he realized that Boo was a caring man that was just afraid of all the racism in the world so he stayed inside during the day.

The dynamic character of Jem Finch was discussed in terms of a description in the beginning of the story, what people or events changed him during the story, and a description at the end of the story. Jem Finch was changed at the end of the story because of Aunt Alexandria moving in, Because of Reading to Mrs. Dubose, and because of the trail against Tom Robinson. He matured and took on a lot of responsibility in this story. In conclusion, Jem Finch changed a lot during this story, physically and mentally. But what he really did was he just grew up.

A recent article in the Rocky Mountain News talked about how an "entire generation is on trial." Bill Clinton and Monica Lewinsky, Kenneth Starr, Susan McDougal, and several powerful leaders in the past were all mentioned. The author talked about how the public does not understand the society in which it lives. He talked about how the public is manipulated and brainwashed into having bogus opinions about others in the news. "How come the public has a more negative view of Monica Lewinsky than Bill Clinton? It takes two to tango so why is Monica more to blame than Bill?" is one view he had. He also explained how people in the past such as Hitler and Evita got the power and love of their people by hardly doing anything to deserve it. The author suggests interviewing an interviewer whose integrity is respected and whose style is to bring out what the guest has to say, rather than impose his own agenda on the discussion. He believes that if the public still doesn't understand issues after seeing both sides of the story, then we should be giving up hope.

I agree with this author. I believe he has several very interesting points and comments. The public can indeed be misled to believe things that it would normally find "wrong" or "immoral." I believe that more and more people in this day and age are becoming, or at least think they are becoming, less attentive and caring less about media and politics. More people think they "don't care" about things like the Lewinsky story or about O.J. Simpson or stories like those, but they still watch the news reports on them, and they still buy articles and magazines that contradict what they say. Not everyone is like that, so I am not saying everyone is a hypocrite. However, I think that if the news reports and magazine articles keep filling people's minds with certain points of views, then eventually those people will start to think that way, as the author of the above article mentioned.

The article I chose to review this week is an article on daytime napping. The author reviewed a book on the art of napping. It is suggested that a 15 to 20 minute nap during the early afternoon can be beneficial. Any more could be considered as sleep inertia. Creativity and problem-solving skills can be regained by taking a short nap. One professor says that approximately eight hours after you awake you can experience a large drop in alertness. The author reviewed one company who decided to incorporate a nap-room into their daily routine. Employees can sign-up for naps during the day and not have to worry about getting in trouble with their boss.

Personally I agree with the author and the professor mentioned above. About eight hours after I wake up I get very sleepy and I become less and less alert. That, although, is on an average, uneventful day. Now I am not saying that Columbine should throw in a few "nap-hours" around lunchtime, but it might not hurt. Going to bed earlier could help too, but I believe it's harder to go to bed earlier than it is to take a nap later. Some people may say we are just lazy, and they might be right, but if we are lazy and not hurting anyone then what is the loss? If I have two hours to get a job done and I can finish it in one, why not sleep? It can be brought down into an ethical/moral question and argued out even more, but I think if you want to sleep, go ahead. Just don't get in the way.

article 3

Eric Harris
Period 2
9/25/98

The article I reviewed this week was an editorial from a local newspaper. The author discussed how Americans are open to talk about almost anything, except death. He says that 81% of Americans have not talked with their doctors about the medical issues of dying. Also, patients that are terminally ill are reluctant to talk about death with their family members and their families are even reluctant to carry out their final wishes. Very few Americans take advantage of federal laws that allow them to determine the nature of the care they will get in their dying hours.

My response to this article is that I think that more Americans need to discuss death with their families and with their doctors. It is a fact of life, and it seems in this day and age people talk about just about anything they can think up. From sexual situations to violence on the streets to alien encounters, we talk about it all. So why not death? Perhaps with today's technology we receive a false sense of security in the fact that we think we could die the next day. With medical technology and thousands of safety procedures in today's society, I believe that the majority of the people think, "oh I'll talk about death some other time, it's not like I'll be dying soon." It may be a hard topic, but oh well, it definitely needs to be discussed incase of the terrible event that a loved one slips into a coma or something of that nature.

JC-001-026534

article 4.

This week's article was on a bill recently rejected in Erie, Indiana. The bill was to have every homeowner in the town to own a firearm, and to have it in working condition in his/her household. The bill was rejected and was considered too dangerous.

Arguments were that in cities with the strictest gun laws, gun crimes were the highest. So therefor, if gun laws were diminished in severity, and homeowners had guns, the crime rate would go down.

My response to this article is that I think in theory the bill was a good idea. Having a gun in every house would most definitely decrease crime. However, since not every homeowner is all that responsible, intelligent, and wise, other problems would arise. Children playing with loaded weapons and getting hurt, normal household disputes are solved with gunfire, accidental shootings would rise and rise. I believe that it is a law of nature that not everything can work smoothly and turn out the way it was supposed to. While crimes like burglaries and robberies would go down, shootings would most likely skyrocket. So therefor I think it was a good idea to reject this bill.

article 5

My article review this week is about an article in which the author describes how dropping bombs and missiles are cowardly, indiscriminate, and a little short of terrorism. The author used a scene from Saving Private Ryan in which an American fighter plane bombs a tank right in front of Tom Hanks. The author said that even with today's weapons that is hard to do. He also describes how the public feels about bombs and missiles. He says that the public likes "clean" air campaigns and watching the little TV video of a building blowing up in the desert. His basic point was that the bombers and fighters in the air was and is not the only way to win, that it still counts on the soldiers on the ground.

My response to this article is that I think this person has never really paid much attention to how violence and wars work. In regards to his first comment, that scene in Saving Private Ryan where the tank is destroyed is most definitely possible and happened many times over the course of the war, that's why the planes were called "tank busters." Who ever said launching missiles was courageous? I know I sure didn't and I believe our generals didn't either. It is simply a much better way to solve problems and to eliminate installations than sending in an entire battalion. Of course wars still rely on the ground troops, but air support is definitely a part of winning the war. The author says, "How noble is a cause worthy only of having your bombs thrown into it, and not your sons?" Sending your sons off to fight and die for your country is one thing, but the simple act of pushing a button is another. Usually, if bombs and cruise missiles can't stop the enemy, then we send in the ground troops. Of course a fighter plane isn't enough, but neither is the ground force.

JC-001-026536

article 4

Eric Harris
Period 2
11/5/98

The article I chose to review this week is on drivers not moving for emergency vehicles. The article mentioned how emergency response teams have trouble with motorists getting out of their way when going to or coming from a scene of an accident or emergency. Motorists many times just slam on their brakes in the middle of the road, cause other accidents trying to get out of the way, or don't even know there is a emergency vehicle coming because the radio is too loud or they are on a cell-phone. Recently an ambulance was sideswiped by a motorist who didn't even see/hear it coming, the ambulance was carrying a victim of an earlier accident to a hospital, and a second ambulance was called to the scene because of the motorist's careless driving.

My response to this article is that I think it is completely ridiculous that motorists risk the lives of others that are in desperate need of medical attention because of their arrogance. I have seen people who refuse to move out of the way when a fire truck is trying to get by, with lights and sirens on. Some people think they are so important and their destination is of the utmost priority and that nothing better get in their way. Even if 10 children are burning to death or if an elderly man is having a heart attack, that motorist absolutely must get to the grocery store or to the movie theater. Some people don't even know that they are supposed to get out of the way of emergency vehicles when their lights are on and the siren is flashing. Actually, it is the law. One can get a "failure to yield" ticket and possibly loose points on their license for not getting out of the way. It is not a personal choice one makes to get out of the way, it is the law, and yet people still think, "oh they can go around me," or "hey I have the right-of-way here, even if your lights and sirens are on!"

JC-001-026537

My last article is on the new Brady bill. The Brady bill that went into affect recently requires all licensed gun deals to have instant background checks from the FBI when selling a firearm of any kind. In theory this was a good idea. This would keep guns out of the hands of people who have felony charges on their police record, dishonorable discharge from the military and illegal immigrants. The background checks will take anywhere from thirty minutes to a few days.

The FBI just shot themselves in the foot. There are a few loopholes in the new Brady bill. The biggest gaping hole is that the background checks are only required for licensed dealers...not private dealers. The number of licensed dealers dropped from 5,011 in 1993 to 1,715 in 1998. Private dealers can sell shotguns and rifles to anyone who is 18 or older, and they can sell handguns to anyone who is 21 or older, without background checks of any kind. Another problem with the bill is that misdemeanor crimes of abuse and violence do not show up, and sometimes police and mental health records aren't put into the FBI's database. Only about 50% of the needed information is there. Therefore 50% of the criminals who want guns have a pretty good chance of getting them from a licensed dealer.

DEFENSE ATTORNEY EDWARD J. REILLY

During the Lindbergh kidnapping trial, the defendants' (Bruno Hauptman) lawyer was Edward J. Reilly. Reilly did a terrible job in defending Bruno Hauptman. Reilly just sat in his seat, drunk with his dentures in his pocket and sometimes napping, not objecting to anything said by the prosecuting attorney David Wilentz. Reilly did not even object to the kidnap ladder showed in court. The kidnap ladder was made out of poor quality wood, but Hauptman was a carpenter. Also, the ladder was poorly built, and Hauptman was a carpenter. Also, the work records were doctored, to show that Hauptman didn't work the day of the meeting in the cemetery. And that he quit the day the ransom money was paid. Another objection that should have been made was that on the inside of a closet in Hauptmans' house was the phone number of John F. Condon, the go-between in the kidnapping. But the writing wasn't made by Hauptman, it was made by a reporter after Hauptman was captured. The police knew about this but didn't say anything, instead the phone number was used in the trial against Hauptman. So in conclusion, Bruno Hauptman would have probably been found innocent if Edward Reilly would have been more active in the trial, and objected more.

John Knowles published a novel entitled A Separate Peace. This story takes place in a high school in New England. The book has been set during World War II. The students are almost at drafting age. War is an ever present topic among the students of the high school called Devon. John Knowles displays the theme of war in writing a Separate Peace.

During the course of the book, war is usually the topic of many conversations and thoughts. One such topic comes after a student named Leper enlists for the army, and then returns home because he is afraid of the army. "For if Leper was psycho it was the army which had done it to him." (135-136). "And the perfect word for me, psycho. I guess I am. I must be. Am I, though, or is it the army?" (141-142). Once Leper received his discharge from the army, many of the students talked about his mental state for a while. Another topic of the war is that one student, Finny, is always denying that World War II is even real. "Don't be a sap, there isn't any War." (107). "The fat old men who don't want us crowding them out of their jobs. They've made it all up." (107). Finny denies the war constantly. Finny and his best friend Gene are the two main characters in the book. Many times they talk about the war or about the effects of war. "When we did talk it was about aviation training programs and brothers in the service." (89). "How many rails did you sabotage today, Quakenbush?" (90). This has a large effect on the students of Devon High School.

World War II, being the main theme in this book, usually has an influence on the students of Devon High. Student Preparation for the war is another important part in this book. "They were off somewhere shaping up for the war." (27-28). "I think it's time we started to get a little exercise around here, don't you?" (28). Thoughts are often towards

the men in the battlefield. "Not forgetting that troops were being shuttled toward battlefields all over the world." (109). "At least as easy as it was to imagine an American force crawling through the jungles of a place called Guadalcanal." (110). While the students are at school, a few recruiters come by to teach the students about the army. "A recruiter from the United States ski troops showed a film to the senior class in the Renaissance Room." (115). "I'm going to enlist in the ski troops." (117). The recruiters cause a couple of students to enlist.

Beside the war between the United States and Nazi Germany and Imperial Japan, there is a war between the students. One such conflict is between Gene and Finny. Gene, at one time, disliked Finny very much and thought Finny was trying to destroy his academic goals. "Finny had put him up to it, to finish me good on the exam." (66). "I should have told him then that he was my best friend also and rounded off what he said. I started to, I nearly did. But something held me back. Perhaps I was stopped by that level of feeling deeper than thought, which contains the truth." (40). Gene and Leper have many disputes between themselves. "You stupid crazy bastard." (137). "You make me sick, you and your damn army words." (136). These wars tend to resort in violence rather than peace. After the initial war between Gene and Finny, Gene defends Finny because Gene accidentally broke Finny's leg. Gene defends him in a serious sort of manner, too. "I hit him hard across the face." (71). "Finny isn't out of it." (149). The war between the students is probably the most important conflict in the book.

While writing A Separate Peace, John Knowles displays the theme of war. During the book, the students of Devon High School talk about World War II constantly. World War II is often the subject and topic of many conversations. The actual war has an

influence on all the students. Even though it is not the most commonly used subject. The most important part of the war theme is the war between the students. These conflicts make this book very interesting. A Separate Peace is a great novel explaining the time during World War II in a New England high school.

Eric Harris
Sphere
Michael Crichton
371 pages

BOOK REPORT

Sphere, by Michael Crichton, is about a team of scientists in the Pacific Ocean. They were in an underwater naval habitat investigating a top secret discovery. The top secret discovery was an extremely large spaceship from an unknown origin. After discovering that the space ship was an American craft, they entered it and found a large sphere 30 feet in diameter. Later, one of the scientists entered the sphere and after he came out he was able to create his thoughts into actual objects. One problem was that the scientist did not know that he had this power.

In the novel, Sphere, I learned many different views on time travel, space, and time itself. I learned that gravity curves space and time. Also, I learned that a black hole in space can make tears in the fabric of time, allowing time travel. Another thing I learned is that under stressful and dangerous conditions many people may turn on one another in order to survive. I liked many things about this novel. One of such was the complete originality of the story line and plot. I also enjoyed how Michael Crichton kept the story going. All throughout the book the story stayed alive and never had any boring or dull parts. The main thing I would have improved about this novel was the origin of the spaceship and the sphere. I wish that Michael Crichton would have told me more about the background of the spaceship and how the sphere got on the ship.

Eric Harris
The Lost World
Michael Crichton
Number of pages, 393

BOOK REPORT

In The Lost World, the sequel to Jurassic Park, a team of scientists discovers an island inhabited by genetically engineered dinosaurs. However, when the scientists try to study the dinosaurs' habits and life styles, the dinosaurs attack. As a result, several people are killed.

In this book, I learned many different ideas for the theory of evolution, such as the theory that all life was created by an alien life form. I Also learned about a theory that all life is meant to become extinct sometime. Another theory I learned is that you can not study a habitat without having an effect on it. The best parts of The Lost World were when the author used his writing skills to tell me the description of a scene. Michael Crichton's use of adjectives and verbs completely put the scene into my mind and in implicit detail. The only thing I believe the author could have done to make the book better was to have a more conclusive ending. The ending leaves you hanging and wondering what happens to the dinosaurs. So, unless the author is preparing the reader for another sequel, the ending could have been improved.

Carrow

The values of Doc

By

Eric Harris

period 1

Mrs. Caruthers

3/13/97

Doc was one of the main characters in John Steinbeck's novel, Cannery Row.

Doc had many characteristics and values. Never having any *animosity* toward anyone or being *wastrel*, Doc maintained his reputation throughout most of the book. He was a kind, *suave* man and he was very forgiving to all people, he never *deviated* from anyone. Doc symbolized the good character in the book because he was forgiving and never held a grudge for more than a few minutes.

Doc was kind for many reasons. He never hurt any animals or any of his specimens for that matter. He would always try to avoid fights or *reprehensible* acts. Often using facts to *discern* the truth, he could settle *contentious* arguments by using his listening and reasoning skills. Everyone in town liked him, because they had no reason to dislike him. Doc never did any harm to anyone or by mission of action, allow anyone to be harmed. Noone ever hated or dissliked Doc because of these characteristics. He symbolized the best parts of a person, and how everyone else should treat each other.

Doc was a very forgiving man in Cannery Row. An example of this is when Mac and the boys *disheveled* his lab. Although the majority of his equipment and specimens were destroyed, he was only mad for a little while then he forgave the boys and cleaned up the mess. This was another reason Doc was loved all around town. People could trust him, and he would never get annoyed or angry with anyone. He symbolized the best parts of human nature, dispite what anyone else did.

In the famous novel by John Steinbeck, Cannery Row, Doc showed a great deal of kindness and love towards others. He showed this by never holding a grudge, by always listening to people, and by treating people the best way he could. Without showing *rancor* toward anyone, Doc symbolized the best parts of all characters. Also, he symbolized what all people should try to be like, and the way everyone should treat one another. Doc was a kind and forgiving man.

Renaissance Essence

In the play Cyrano de Bergerac, written by Edmond Rostand, Cyrano displays a true renaissance essence. He displays a knowledge of poetry, words, feelings, a superb fighting and fencing talent, and extreme generosity. I myself display a variety of mental and physical skills that could classify me as a “renaissance” man. I am efficient in several sports, in writing, in speaking, and in thinking.

In sports, I have been known to play soccer, baseball, football, and even mountain biking. In the sport of soccer, I have played as an offensive and defensive player. These two positions are very different from each other, since offensive is attacking and defensive is defending. I have proven myself to be a superb player in both positions. As for baseball, I was an excellent outfielder and excellent second baseman. These positions are very different from each other and I show a bit of the renaissance essence in the fact that I was good at both of the positions. Playing football and mountain biking are two very different sports from each other and from soccer and baseball. Being able to play them both with a bit of talent shows that I have some renaissance spirit in me.

In the field of writing I have been known to display several different writing techniques. Such as harsh, kind, gibberish, serious, dramatic, and several other kinds. I have written harsh and kind letters to friends. In later response they have said the letters were effective. I have been known to write and even speak plenty of gibberish and meaningless sayings. Serious and often dramatic essays and speeches have come from me, some speeches have even been inspiring. My

writing and speaking techniques have varied day by day and essay by essay, so one could say that I have a bit of the renaissance spirit in me.

My thoughts are the most original and distinctive part of my character. The variety and degree of my thoughts makes me a definite renaissance man. Thinking of topics from love to hate, from anger to enthusiasm, and sorrow to joy. Thoughts are such a unique aspect of one's character that one can not really describe them in a short essay. However, I believe that everyone has a little bit of the renaissance spirit in them just from their thoughts alone.

Sacrifice

In the play Cyrano de Bergerac, Cyrano made many honorable and brave sacrifices. Such as when he gave up all of his money so the people in the theater would be happy or when he spent every day crossing enemy lines just to send a letter to Roxane, his secret lover. I myself can recall one such brave and valiant sacrifice I made in my lifetime. It was when I rode my bike across a one mile trail and back to get my friend out of trouble.

My friend Kris and I were riding our bikes across a dirt trail in a wooded area in upstate New York. We were about a mile into the woods when we found a large drainage pipe. We decided to go explore inside and about 5 minutes into it we ran into a wave of water that knocked us out of the pipe. I landed in a pond below and got a large cut on my right thigh but Kris was caught in some fishing wire right outside the tunnel. After about ten minutes of tugging and pulling we decided that I should go and get a knife to cut the wire since Kris was so entangled in it. So I got onto my bike and peddled through the forest with one leg since my other leg was in too much pain from the cut. I made it to a boat house and found a fishing knife and returned to Kris. He was beginning to get worried about his situation because the water kept getting colder. Even though he was only in about a foot of it. I cut him loose and we both went back to his house and tended to our wounds. The cut on my leg was bigger than I first thought it was, I ended up needing 13 stitches and was left with a very impressive scar. Throughout my whole bike ride to get the knife and return I was in constant pain and agony. My entire leg was covered with blood and dirt and washing it off in the pond's water only hurt more because the pond did not exactly have pure clean uncontaminated water. This was my sacrifice. To save my friend in spite of my pain. I very well could have stayed and spent another half an hour untangling my

friend, but his arm was starting to turn blue since his arm's blood circulation was cut off and I did not think we had time to waste. Plus our parents wanted us back home soon, so we needed to hurry for that reason too. Kris thanked me and was shocked that I did all that for him in spite of my painful wound. That is my most noble sacrifice that I can remember.

Poems and Song Lyrics

"SON OF A GUN"

[REDACTED]

© 1996 KMFDM ENT. US PUBL.

This song, by the German techno-music group "KMFDM," is one of my most favorite songs. This song shows the way I feel about myself sometimes and it also gives me energy and adrenaline so I play this song before my soccer games and such. I have heard this song at many

memorable points in my teenage life, so it therefor comes to mind on many occasions. That is why this song means a lot to me.

"WASTE"

[REDACTED]

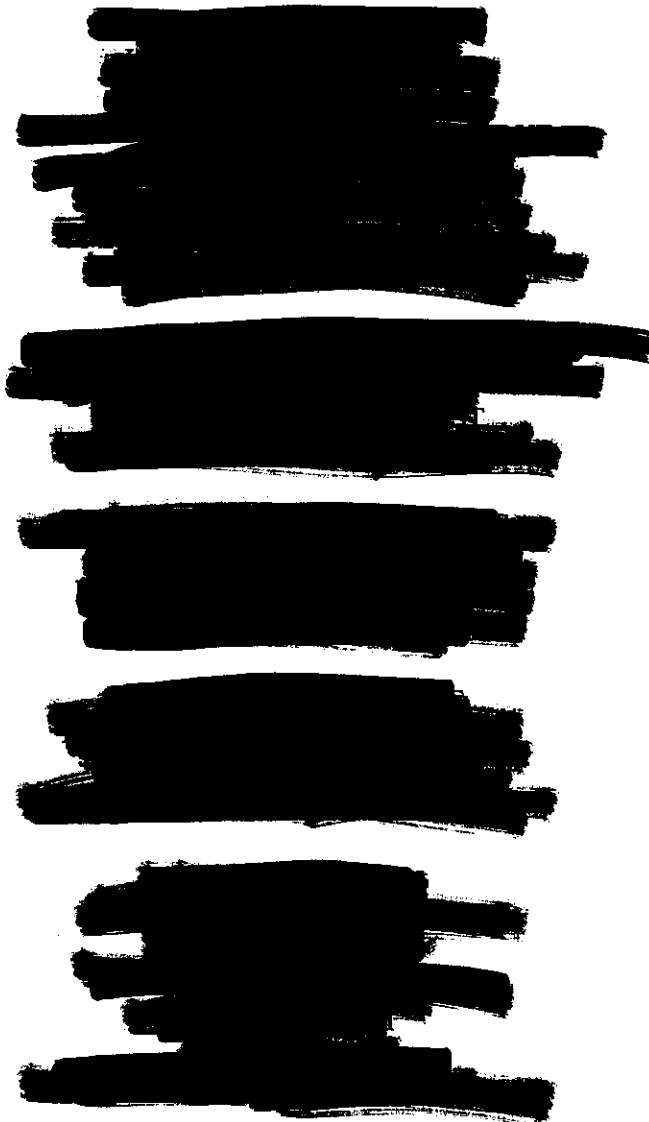
© 1996 KMFDM ENT. US PUBL.

This song is not as important to me as the previous, but I still like it for its meaning.

Some of it's lyrics are true to me, but some are not. I believe that these lyrics have a significant amount of meaning to them, so that is why I choose to include this song. It is one of my favorite songs, and I can remember many times when I have actually listened to this song instead of just "hearing" it and thought, "This does have some meaning to it." As opposed to just "hearing" a song, "listening" is when one understands and thinks about the lyrics, or at least, that is my point of view.

JC-001-026554

"STRAY BULLET"



© 1996 KMFDM ENT. US PUBL.

I believe that this song describes my actions and thoughts the best. I have often been described by my friends and even family as a "stray bullet." Jokingly, some people have said that I am a "juggernaut, dearest friend, worst enemy, anarchist" and several other sayings from this song. That is why I chose to include this song, because it has several things in common with me and my personality.

Quotes From the Play

"Why, yesterday I did not have so many friends!"

"I have told her, and she loves you."

"It seems too logical, I have missed everything, even my death!"

"The blood was his."

"And you gentlemen, remember now, no rescue, let me fight alone."

--Each quote is from Cyrano, each font symbolizes the feelings--

Understanding the Play: *Cyrano's tragic flaw*

In Edmond Rostand's play Cyrano de Bergerac, Cyrano has many talents and marvels. He is a poet, a fighter, a lover, a hater, a man of honor, and a man of secrecy. However, he does have one tragic flaw. In the play Cyrano has a rather enormous nose, and he is well aware of this. He loses his temper at anyone who attempts to laugh or make fun of his nose. He thinks that no one could ever love him for his looks and often insults himself about his own looks. He knows he is a great poet and can make women love him for his words, but when it comes to his physical appearance he hides in the shadows and behind others. When it came to his true love Roxane, he uses Christian and his good looks to write what he has always wanted to write to Roxane, and confess his love. But, through Christian he did all of this. So throughout almost the entire play Roxane believes that Christian is the man of her dreams since she receives such beautifully written letters and poems thought to be from Christian. In reality they are from Cyrano. Cyrano is afraid to admit his love to Roxane because he fears that his nose will lead to his downfall with her. Ironically, it did. But rather than Roxane loving only a man who has good looks and a superb writing mind, she falls in love with the soul of a man with such great writing and speaking skills that she had loved so much. Which was Cyrano. Cyrano was only able to confess his love to Roxane when he is about to die. Cyrano's beliefs of his nose and physical appearance being repulsive led to his downfall by only letting him confess his love to Roxane minutes before his death.

What grade I deserve: B+

I feel that I deserve a B plus on the assignment for a few reasons. One of which is the amount of time and effort I spent on my cover sheet and picture. I feel that one could not have more of a renaissance theme than that picture. I have filled all of the requirements except my last paper is about half of a page short. Grammatical and mechanical errors are things that I feel I could have corrected even more if I had spent more time on that part of the assignment. However, most of my time was spent in the cover picture and the first two papers along with the appearance of the total project. That is why I feel I deserve a B plus or a solid B on this paper.

Eric Harris

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Eric Harris

eBlyrx

Poems and Song Lyrics

"SON OF A GUN"

[REDACTED]

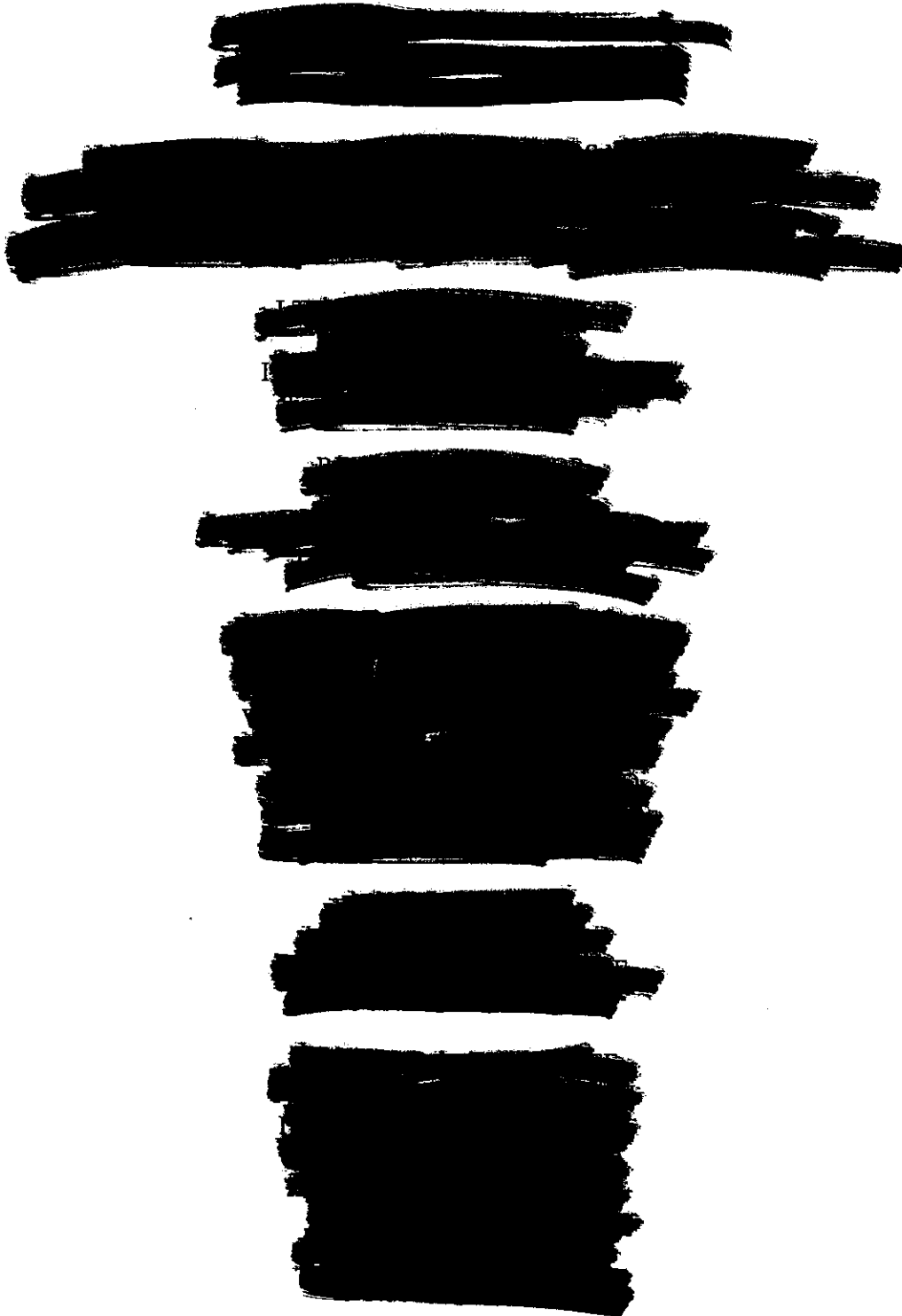
© 1996 KMFDM ENT. US PUBL.

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JC-001-026562

memorable points in my teenage life, so it therefor comes to mind on many occasions. That is why this song means a lot to me.

WASTE

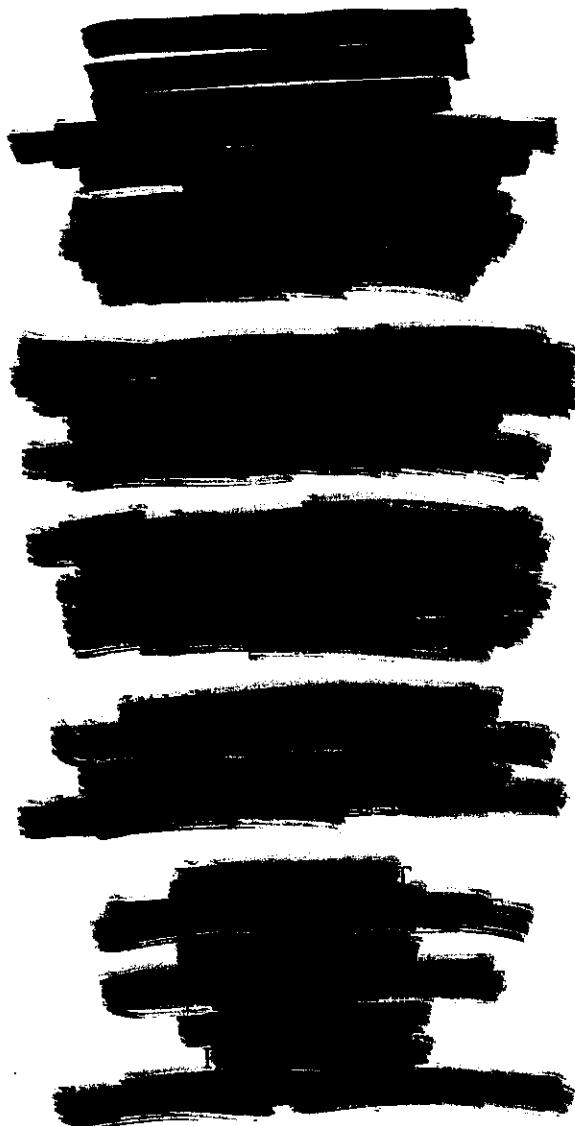


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JC-001-026564

STRAY BULLET



© 1996 KMFD ENT. US PUBL.

I believe that this song describes my actions and thoughts the best. I have often been described by my friends and even family as a "stray bullet." Jokingly, some people have said that I am a "juggernaut, dearest friend, worst enemy, anarchist" and several other sayings from this song. That is why I chose to include this song, because it has several things in common with me and my personality.

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"Why, yesterday I did not have so many friends!"

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"The blood was his."

"And you gentlemen, remember now, no rescue, let me fight alone."

--Each quote is from Cyrano, each font symbolizes the feelings--

Renaissance Essence

In the play Cyrano de Bergerac, written by Edmond Rostand, Cyrano displays a true renaissance essence. He displays a knowledge of poetry, words, feelings, a superb fighting and fencing talent, and extreme generosity. I myself display a variety of mental and physical skills that could classify me as a "renaissance" man. I am efficient in several sports, in writing, in speaking, and in thinking.

In sports, I have been known to play soccer, baseball, football, and even mountain biking. In the sport of soccer, I have played as an offensive and defensive player. These two positions are very different from each other, since offensive is attacking and defensive is defending. I have proven myself to be a superb player in both positions. As for baseball, I was an excellent outfielder and excellent second baseman. These positions are very different from each other and I show a bit of the renaissance essence in the fact that I was good at both of the positions. Playing football and mountain biking are two very different sports from each other and from soccer and baseball. Being able to play them both with a bit of talent shows that I have some renaissance spirit in me.

In the field of writing I have been known to display several different writing techniques. Such as harsh, kind, gibberish, serious, dramatic, and several other kinds. I have written harsh and kind letters to friends. In later response they have said the letters were effective. I have been know to write and even speak plenty of gibberish and meaningless sayings. Serious and often dramatic essays and speeches have come from me, some speeches have even been inspiring. My

writing and speaking techniques have varied day by day and essay by essay, so one could say that I have a bit of the renaissance spirit in me.

My thoughts are the most original and distinctive part of my character. The variety and degree of my thoughts makes me a definite renaissance man. Thinking of topics from love to hate, from anger to enthusiasm, and sorrow to joy. Thoughts are such a unique aspect of one's character that one can not really describe them in a short essay. However, I believe that everyone has a little bit of the renaissance spirit in them just from their thoughts alone.

Sacrifice

In the play Cyrano de Bergerac, Cyrano made many honorable and brave sacrifices. Such as when he gave up all of his money so the poepl in the theater would be happy or when he spent every day crossing enemy lines just to send a letter to Roxane, his secret lover. I myself can recall one such brave and valiant sacrifice I made in my lifetime. It was when I rode my bike across a one mile trail and back to get my friend out of trouble.

My friend Kris and I were riding our bikes across a dirt trail in a wooded area in upstate New York. We were about a mile into the woods when we found a large drainage pipe. We decided to go explore inside and about 5 minutes into it we ran into a wave of water that knocked us out of the pipe. I landed in a pond below and got a large cut on my right t high but Kris was caught in some fishing wire right outside the tunnel. After about ten minutes of tugging and pulling we decided that I should go and get a knife to cut the wire since Kris was so entangled in it. So I got onto my bike and peddled through the forest with one leg since my other leg was in too much pain from the cut. I made it to a boat house and found a fishing knife and returned to Kris. He was beginning to get worried about his situation because the water kept getting colder. Even though he was only in about a foot of it. I cut him loose and we both went back to his house and tended to our wounds. The cut on my leg was bigger than I first thought it was, I ended up needing 13 stitches and was left with a very impressive scar. Throughout my whole bike ride to get the knife and return I was in constant pain and agony. My entire leg was covered with blood and dirt and washing it off in the pond's water only hurt more because the pond did not exactly have pure clean uncontaminated water. This was my sacrifice. To save my friend in spite of my pain. I very well could have stayed and spent another half an hour untangling my

friend, but his arm was starting to turn blue since his arm's blood circulation was cut off and I did not think we had time to waste. Plus our parents wanted us back home soon, so we needed to hurry for that reason too. Kris thanked me and was shocked that I did all that for him in spite of my painful wound. That is my most noble sacrifice that I can remember.

Chatroom 1

[REDACTED] i will get over him
REB DoMiNe: ok
[REDACTED] good question
[REDACTED] i am not sure
[REDACTED] prolly just when he compliments me
[REDACTED] but i get so aggrivated with him sometimes
[REDACTED] i dont think that i am in love really
REB DoMiNe: alright.
REB DoMiNe: doesnt sound like it
[REDACTED] no it doesnt
REB DoMiNe: but then again, remember this:
REB DoMiNe: love in my view means something different to everyone. what one person calls true
love can
REB DoMiNe: be just another cheap thrill to another
[REDACTED] i think i am just obsessed with the idea of a great boyfriend and hes the closest i got
[REDACTED] yeah i guess your right
REB DoMiNe: hm, that might be it
REB DoMiNe: might just want love so much we exaggerate our feelings
REB DoMiNe: and romantisize them
[REDACTED] i think that i am just comfortable with him and right now i dont feel comforatable
about
[REDACTED] much
REB DoMiNe: why do you feel comfortable with him?
REB DoMiNe: in othre words..what is so great about Mr. [REDACTED]?
[REDACTED] cus i know he likes me as a person
[REDACTED] we can talk about anything
[REDACTED] life goals
[REDACTED] hes alot like you
[REDACTED] only there
REB DoMiNe: damn
[REDACTED] and hes fun
REB DoMiNe: mhmm
[REDACTED] we can goof off or have a deep conversation
[REDACTED] see i am really insecure
REB DoMiNe: it doesnt seem like he can have a deep conv.
[REDACTED] and so when he tells me that i am his best friend and stuff it makes me feel needed
REB DoMiNe: just seems that he would say things like "yeah...i agree....yeah...uh huh....yeah"
REB DoMiNe: yeah.
REB DoMiNe: well, i can see that
[REDACTED] it is easier to have a deep conversation with people that i met in person in person
[REDACTED] because i need to look into their eyes
REB DoMiNe: ah.
[REDACTED] i need to see what they are feeling
[REDACTED] i dont know
[REDACTED] he has such beautiful eyes
REB DoMiNe: you see, i have never had any conv.s like this in real life
[REDACTED] i fall into them when i look at him
REB DoMiNe: so i wouldnt know.
[REDACTED] really never
REB DoMiNe: nope.
[REDACTED] do you not have many close girl friends
REB DoMiNe: just conversations at school about school things
[REDACTED] wow
REB DoMiNe: no, i hardly have any

[REDACTED] that seems strange to me
[REDACTED] i think with things like this it is easier to talk to people of the opposite sex
[REDACTED] i am not sure though
REB DoMiNe: heh. i have a bigass feeling you would hate quiet a few people here
[REDACTED] alot of fake people
REB DoMiNe: mhm.
[REDACTED] that dont think
REB DoMiNe: followers, airheads, losers, dumbasses
REB DoMiNe: yep
REB DoMiNe: they only think about social life instead of life life
[REDACTED] ahh that is so annoying
REB DoMiNe: mmmhm
[REDACTED] i hate people like that
[REDACTED] i am so glad that you arnt like that
REB DoMiNe: as am i
[REDACTED] it would be scary cus i prolly never would have met you
REB DoMiNe: call it fate or call it a coincidence...but i call it damn cool
REB DoMiNe: and good
[REDACTED] no kidding
REB DoMiNe: so, what do you think when you look at the stars?
REB DoMiNe: (to start a new topic)
[REDACTED] i tink wow they are so pretty
REB DoMiNe: ...i hope thats not all...
[REDACTED] i have no idea about another species
REB DoMiNe: go on
[REDACTED] i dont see how there couldnt be the universe is so big
REB DoMiNe: mhm
[REDACTED] but then i wonder why havnt we found em yet
REB DoMiNe: ah
[REDACTED] ya know i mean we have been searching for so long
REB DoMiNe: yeah
REB DoMiNe: and if there is other life, why havent they tried to contact us?
[REDACTED] i know why havnt they tried to find us
REB DoMiNe: u think because they dont want to?
[REDACTED] how do they live, communitcate, think, act look like?
[REDACTED] i am not sure really
[REDACTED] mbe they already found us adn didnt like us
REB DoMiNe: could be
REB DoMiNe: i know thats what i would think
[REDACTED] yeah i would think man as a whole this planet sucks and the people are pretty
[REDACTED] damn stupid
REB DoMiNe: yyyyyyyep
[REDACTED] we only use 10% of our brain, that i jst dont get
REB DoMiNe: yeah.
REB DoMiNe: and the people that use more than 10% are called crazy
REB DoMiNe: or stupid even!
[REDACTED] i know
[REDACTED] or freak
REB DoMiNe: mhm
REB DoMiNe: its all backasswards
[REDACTED] lol
[REDACTED] that is a funny word
[REDACTED] i will have to use it sometime

REB DoMiNe: you and me are the ones who should be running the world, not all these lameass
lying politic

REB DoMiNe: heh

[REDACTED] yah that would be so cool wed have all the answers

REB DoMiNe: i would love to be the ultimate judge...and say if a person lives or dies

REB DoMiNe: be godlike

[REDACTED] yeah could i be your goddess

REB DoMiNe: "you'll be godlike"-KMFDM

REB DoMiNe: hell yeah

[REDACTED] ho yeah

REB DoMiNe: like my quotes in my profile say, its only cool if i say so and it only sucks if i say so

[REDACTED] i would love to hold someones life in my hand

REB DoMiNe: me too.

[REDACTED] hey hold on i want to read your prof

REB DoMiNe: and say "you dont deserve to live, you are worthless, die"

[REDACTED] do you know how many people i would do that to

[REDACTED] the world would be a much smaller place

REB DoMiNe: someone once told me no one is worthless, maybe so, but they are definitely pointless

REB DoMiNe: there would be about 100 people left on earth if we could do that.

REB DoMiNe: have you ever seen that movie made for tv "the Stand" by steven king?

[REDACTED] no

[REDACTED] i dont think that people are worthless but i agree pointless

REB DoMiNe: check it out sometime. it has a nice view of the world after 98% of it is dead

[REDACTED] like their life is going nowhere

REB DoMiNe: yeah. and they only are helpful because of their "job"

[REDACTED] but some of them dont even have jobs

REB DoMiNe: like, yeah thanks you made a movie, so the flip what

[REDACTED] and half of them could be replaced by robots

REB DoMiNe: yes, very true

[REDACTED] hey so whats up
REB DoMiNe: wow im so glad i found u online. here i was just about to mail this to you:
REB DoMiNe: Well, i wrote my mom a 2 page note last night and put it on the counter. i told her about our conversations and why i stay up so late and how its my life and i am in control of it and a lot of other stuff that they have been bitching at me about. so we will have to see what they say
REB DoMiNe: about that when they get home from work tonight. im happy, i finally got the courage to tell my parents what i really think. i put it on paper so they wouldnt think i was "talking back" or haveing a "bad attitude" or something.
[REDACTED] wow i am so proud of you
REB DoMiNe: thanks!
[REDACTED] well you have to tell me evrything they say
REB DoMiNe: ok i will
[REDACTED] so you have to tell me bout your dream world
REB DoMiNe: alright. how long can you be online right now, i mean do we have time to talk?
[REDACTED] yeah i got all day no plans
REB DoMiNe: awesome. ok picture this: (typing)
REB DoMiNe: your in a large rectangular room, about 10 feet by 4 feet. it reminds you of the inside of a hull of a boat. there are old computer screens around you on the walls. except something is different about them, they are futuristic looking, but yet hundreds of years old. they are covered with dust and mold and vines. the only light in the room is from a full moon that seems to dance around in the sky, so the shadows are all creeping around you. now, in the front of the room, and on the ground, are
REB DoMiNe: windows, you can see out the windows and you are looking onto a vast sea. large hill of water going uuup and doowwwn constantly, the only sound is the wind and the movement of the water. the room that you are in is moving, like a blimp would. and you are just standing there, staring out into the sea.
REB DoMiNe: that is one place i have imagined i would like to be.
[REDACTED] wow kind of gloomy
REB DoMiNe: yeah. but its still nice. no people at all. kind of like, everyone is dead and has been for centuries.
[REDACTED] wow that does sound nice
REB DoMiNe:can only wish.
[REDACTED] i would love that but i would need some people
REB DoMiNe: eventually i would only want 1 or 2 people.
[REDACTED] i think i would want 4or5
REB DoMiNe: it would be tough to decide who though.
[REDACTED] not so much for me
[REDACTED] i keep my friends close
REB DoMiNe: what kind of people would you want with you?
[REDACTED] i know for sure my best friends
and you
REB DoMiNe: =] thanks.
[REDACTED] sure
[REDACTED] i hope you could stand my friends
REB DoMiNe: if everyone was dead except say 4 or 5 of us. would you want to build up a new human race or eventually let us go extinct?
[REDACTED] i think i would want us to go extinct but it would be inevitable that people would have sex
REB DoMiNe: true.
REB DoMiNe: maybe if we were all sterile. (couldnt reproduce)
[REDACTED] it just is inevitable
[REDACTED] he he
REB DoMiNe: yeah.
[REDACTED] smoking seeds makes you sterile
and i think all stupids should be steril anywy
REB DoMiNe: yeah, in our dreams. it would be great if we were that lucky
REB DoMiNe: i dont think i would want to bring a child into this world.
[REDACTED] he he been around hte world and found that only stupid people are breeding

[REDACTED] why too many stupid
REB DoMiNe: maybe its natures way.
REB DoMiNe: yeah.
REB DoMiNe: jst the world itself.
REB DoMiNe: i dont know.
REB DoMiNe: but i think i would want us to go extinct also.
[REDACTED] i know what you mean we are all peices of shit
REB DoMiNe: but i would definitely leave behind some things.
[REDACTED] yeah
REB DoMiNe: like ancient civilizations have done. (pyramids, stone hedge, etc)
REB DoMiNe: rrrrrr. i just wish i could actually DO this instead of just DREAM about it all
[REDACTED] yeah i always wonder what we have done and left behind that others will wonder about
REB DoMiNe: lately we havent left anything worth leaving.
[REDACTED] i know
REB DoMiNe: just buildings. yey doggie.
[REDACTED] yey doggie?
REB DoMiNe: woopdy doo. woo fucking hoo. big deal etc etc
[REDACTED] oh ok
[REDACTED] i am a little slow at times
REB DoMiNe: why cant we make anything like the pyramids any more.
REB DoMiNe: oh dont worry, i can be slow as hell sometimes.
[REDACTED] he he
[REDACTED] i thin we are just incapable of making anything amazing
REB DoMiNe: i think yer right.
REB DoMiNe: we only make things that "look" neat. nothing has any depth or meaning.
[REDACTED] yep just as long as it is good on the surface
REB DoMiNe: mhm
[REDACTED] but all that shimmers is not gold
REB DoMiNe: yeah....silver too. heh.
REB DoMiNe: atleast in societies mind
[REDACTED] yeo
[REDACTED] yep
REB DoMiNe:ugh
[REDACTED] what that mean
REB DoMiNe: nothin really. just thinking.
REB DoMiNe: bout what we were talkin about
[REDACTED] makes me mad too

#1

The first quote I chose to write on is, "No one knows he is fortunate until he becomes unfortunate." In the book, this quote has a lot of significance. Such as when Reuven was in the hospital recovering from his wound. When he was looking outside at the people walking in the fresh air, he remembered how he took his everyday walks for granted. He took many things for granted in the beginning of the book. But when he was in the hospital, he realized how fortunate he was. One other thing he took for granted was his eyesight. His eyesight wasn't even something he ever paid much attention to, but once it was taken away, he realized how important it was and how much everyone takes it for granted. When he was in the hospital, he realized that he had lost many normal activities. Such as walking, seeing, reading, and to just be free. I believe that we all take things for granted. Then once we lose that privilege, we realize how fortunate we were. Personally, this quote is very true. I have had many experiences where something was taken away from me that I used every day. Such as when I had surgery on my chest. When I got back from the hospital, I couldn't do anything that involved using my chest muscles. This meant I barely could even laugh. I learned then how many things I took for granted.

#2

The second quote I chose to discuss is "Things are always what they seem to be, Reuven? Since when?" This quote is very significant in the novel because of Reuven and his prejudice against Danny and the Orthodox Jews. He thought, at first, that Danny was an evil, "snooty" person that wanted to kill him. Then later he realized that Danny was a very intelligent,

thoughtful, and caring human being just like himself. There were many points in the novel in which things were not as they seemed. Such as when Danny hit the baseball at Reuven's head. Reuven thought that Danny did it on purpose but he really wasn't aiming for Reuven. Another point in the novel might have been when he was wearing his glasses at the baseball game in the beginning of the novel. He saw several things that to him, seemed bad or different, but later he sees that those things were normal just like him. Like Dov, the boy who ran into Reuven during the game. It seemed to Reuven that he was a mean bully, but later he sees him in the synagogue and sees that he is just like everyone else. Personally, this quote means a lot to me. I have had countless experiences in which I thought I was sure about something, then later it becomes the opposite of what I thought. Such as when I had a friend that at first, he seemed to be a normal friend just like my others. Then he lied and turned on me, for no reason, and tried to get me in trouble and trying to get money out of me. This is probably the best example in my life of this quote. I have learned in my life to never believe first impressions, and always look a little deeper, because things aren't always the way they seem.

During the early nineteenth century the Congress of Vienna and the European Settlement played major roles in shaping Europe after the invasion of Napoleon. Napoleon was defeated, treaties were formed, alliances were erected, the Congress of Vienna settled problems of territory and French boundaries, Napoleon was defeated again at Waterloo, and peace was eventually laid down in Europe.

After Napoleon was defeated at Leipzig in October of 1813, he went into exile on an island off the coast of northern Italy. European countries wanted to restore power to what it was before Napoleon so the Treaty of Chaumont was formed. One of the most important figures in this settlement was a British foreign secretary named Robert Stewart, Viscount Castlereagh. The treaty provided that the Bourbons be restored to the French throne and France would be contracted to its boundaries of 1792. The Quadruple Alliance between Britain, Austria, Prussia, and Russia was also formed. The other remaining problems were to be solved at the Congress of Vienna.

The congress of Vienna lasted from September 1814 to November 1815 and was mainly assembled to settle territorial disputes. The Bourbon monarchy was restored and the boundaries were cut to keep France content. Also, several states were created around France to act as barriers to any more French expansions. Monarchs were to govern these states as well, as to stop any republican or democratic form of government that followed the French Revolution. This settlement of eastern Europe sharply divided the great powers.

Russia wanted to rule all of Poland, Prussia wanted all of Saxony, Austria did not want to give up Poland or see Prussia gain power and Russia to grow deeper into Europe. The Polish-

Saxon question almost brought the countries to war but Talleyrand, a representative of France, solved this problem. He suggested that Russia might agree to their demands if France, Austria, and Britain were to have a secret treaty. This caused the Russian tsar to agree to becoming ruler of a smaller Poland and Prussia would only accept part of Saxony. This led to France being included with the great powers since it peacefully and wisely solved a large problem between the great powers.

However, on March 1, 1815 Napoleon returned to France and revived his still loyal army. The major European leaders saw this as a great threat and sent their armies to crush Napoleon. He was defeated and sent back into exile at the battle of Waterloo on June 18. The period of time in which Napoleon was leader again is called the Hundred Days, and this period of time made peace hard for the great leaders of Europe. Austria, Russia, Prussia, and Britain wanted to prevent any more episodes like this, so Russia suggested a Holy Alliance. This would be an alliance whereby the monarchs promised to act together in accordance with Christian principles. England refused to sign the treaty and the Quadruple Alliance was then renewed. The Holy and Quadruple Alliances were formed to keep peace in Europe and prevent other leaders like Napoleon from taking control of Europe again. France was proposed to be put under military rule but eventually a legalistic balance of power and methods for adjusting to change was used.

The main goals of the Congress of Vienna was to arrange an acceptable settlement of Europe that would have lasting peace and to prevent another Napoleonic era. The goals were met very well. No more leaders like Napoleon came to power and no war broke out for years. France accepted the new situation with ease and the great powers solved their problems reasonably. The only thing the congress did not accomplish was recognizing and providing for

the great forces of nationalism and democracy that would stir the next century. The congress could not have anticipated these great powers to come or yield to forces they disapproved.

In general, the Congress of Vienna and the formation of the Quadruple Alliance kept peace for about 50 years and no major hostile conflicts for 100 years.

Eric Harris
4/11/96
Period 2

BOOK REPORT CORRECTIONS

1. The reason I did not capitalize the name of this book is because I was slightly confused. I thought that you were supposed to put quotation marks around the title instead of underlining it.
2. The reason I did not type out "can't" is because I am used to using shortcuts. For a long time now I have been using shortcuts in my papers and I forget that you have to write out words completely, instead of using a contraction.
3. The reason I did not underline the title of this book is because I was still confused. Just like the first time I did this at the beginning of the report, I was not sure if I should have underlined or put quotations around the title of the book.

**Nature is evil
in Macbeth.**

Eric Harris

9/29/98

period 5

Webb

Eric Harris
Period 4
10/10/96
Question #4

In *The Crucible*, John Procter displays a great amount of courage. In the story, John Procter did many courageous acts. One such act was when he confessed to lechery, another was when he said his wife would never lie, and the last was when he tore up his confession statement.

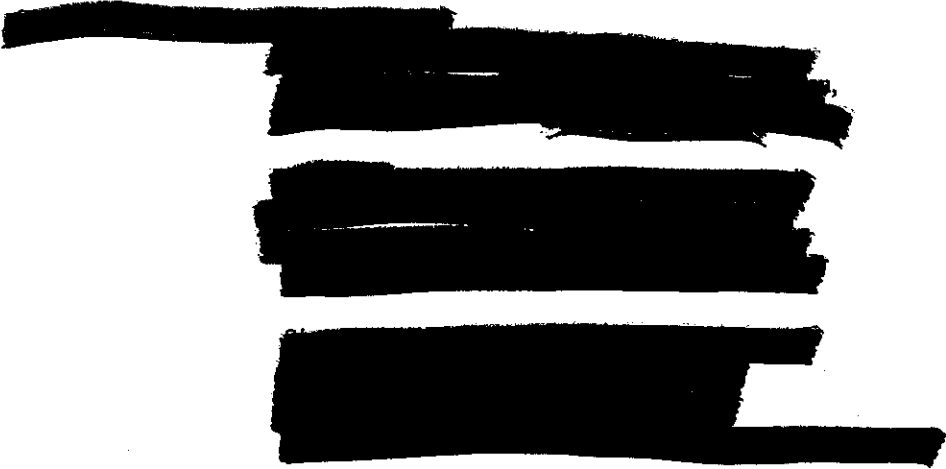
Confessing to lechery took an extremely great amount of courage to do. He confessed to make Abigail look like she was lying and to show the court that all the girls were lying. By confessing to lechery John Procter ruined his own reputation and made his wife feel horrible. It takes a great amount of courage to confess to such an awful sin like lechery. Another courageous act was when John Procter told the court that his wife has never and will never lie. This was courageous because he just confessed to lechery and his wife didn't know about it. Since she would want to protect him, she would probably lie to save his name. Also, she would never tell the court that her husband was a lecher because that would give her a bad name too. John did not know exactly what his wife would say, so he took the risk and said that she would never lie. The last main act of courage by John Procter is when he denied being a part of witch craft. Not only did John deny being a witch, but he tore up the confession in front of the judge. This act cost him his life because after he tore it up Reverend Hale said, "Man, you will hang!" However, this courageous act saved his name and soul because he didn't lie and didn't let the court make him do anything against his will. John knew he would hang if he didn't confess, so at first he did confess. However, since he did not put his full name on the confession

statement, the judge said it was not a valid confession. John was enraged that they wanted to not only make him lie and confess, but they also wanted him to ruin his name permanently. He would never do that so he tore up the paper. This was the ultimate act of courage and bravery.

John Procter did many courageous things in *The Crucible*. Some of his most courageous acts were when he confessed to lechery, when he told the court that his wife would never lie, and when he tore up his confession to the court about witch craft.

JC-001-026584

des Model



du hast

du hast



you



NOTE: "du hast" is difficult to translate because some ambiguities are lost in the process: "du hast" literally is "you have" but sounds exactly like "du hasst" which means "you hate". This is the same for "du hast mich", which is "you have ... me" but sounds like "you hate me". So they're building the sentence "du hast mich gefragt" word by word, which I can't do in english (word order). However "du hast mich gefragt" has no ambiguity in it, so only when you hear this part it becomes clear, they're singing "you have" and not "you hate"...

Du riechst so gut: D

You smell so good:

Translation by: REB

JC-001-026588

du riechst so gut

Du riechst so gut:

[REDACTED]

You smell so good:

[REDACTED]

Translation by: REB

JC-001-026589

elements

Al	aluminum
Ar	argon
As	arsenic
Ba	barium
Be	beryllium
B	boron
Br	bromine
Cd	cadmium
Ca	calcium
C	carbon
Cs	cesium
Cl	chlorine
Cr	chromium
Co	cobalt
Cu	copper
F	fluorine
Fr	francium
Au	gold
He	helium
H	hydrogen
I	iodine
Fe	iron
Kr	krypton
Pb	lead
Li	lithium
Mg	Magnesium
Mn	manganese
Hg	mercury
Ne	neon
Ni	Nickel
N	nitrogen
O	oxygen
P	phosphorus
Pt	platinum
K	potassium
Ra	radium
Rn	radon
Rb	rubidium
Se	selenium
Si	silicon
Ag	silver
Na	sodium
Sr	strontium
S	sulfur
Te	tellurium
Th	thorium
Sn	tin
W	tungsten
U	uranium
Xe	xenon
Zn	zinc

engel

engel



engel [angel]



Chorus...

entrance Essay

Eric Harris
Period 5, 8/31/98
Webb

Picture an Earth that has been obliterated by nuclear war and alien attacks leaving cities and military forces in ruins with only a lone marine as humanity's last fighting force. Picture holographic walls, crushing ceilings, oceans of blood and lava, strange ancient artifacts, and horrible sour lemon and rotten meat stench in the air. Imagine being trapped on an abandoned cold steel base floating in space for eternity, a leathery skinned monster roaming under a strobe light waiting for a fight, and astonishing weaponry designed to your special needs. All these places and ideas have been created and recreated many times by yours truly.

It can be hard to be original in our generation, with so many movies, books, published ideas, and songs that can be copied. People can combine ideas from several different fields and mix them into a new trend or fashion but, in reality, it is just more of the same. In order to tell of my creative talents, I must first tell my view on "creativity." My mind is so full of creative, original ideas that sometimes I have trouble keeping them at bay. For the past three years, I have been involved in a computer game called Doom. Even though one might think it is just a game, I believe it is one of the best ways to show my creativity and intelligence.

I believe creativity is a term that is relative to the observer. What one person may think is completely incredible and uncanny, another might think is just more of the same. In reality they both can be correct. I think that about a third of what an average high school student says in one day can be found in a movie or a book. While that student may not be plagiarizing on purpose, someone else might think they are. My point is that, for me, it is hard to describe my creative talents and to be sure that they are original and unique at the same time.

Doom is a first-person "shoot-em-up" style game. So basically, one runs around levels and shoots at monsters with military weaponry. To most people it may be just another silly computer game, but to me it is an outlet for my thoughts and dreams. I have mastered changing anything that is possible to change in that game, such as the speed of weapons, the strength and mass of monsters, the textures and colors used on the floors and walls, and greatest of all, the actual levels that are used. Several times I have dreamed of a place or area one night, and then thought about it for days and days. Then, I would recreate it in Doom using everything from places in outer space with burned-out floor lights and dusty computers to the darkest depths of the infernal regions with minotaurs and demons running at me from every dark and threatening corner. I have also created settings such as eras of ancient abandoned military installations deep in monster-infested forests with blood stained trees and unidentifiable mangled bodies covered with dead vines and others that portray to futuristic military bases on Mars overrun with zombies that lurk in every corner. These places may seem a bit on the violent side and, I assure you, some of them are. However, many times I have made levels with absolutely no monsters or guns in them. I have created worlds with beautiful, breath taking scenery that looks like something out of a science fiction movie, a fantasy movie, or even some "eldritch" from H. P. Lovecraft.

Now, I know that other people are just as creative or more creative than I am, but I believe that I will always be the best at Doom creativity. In this day and age it can be hard to find a skill that can be completely dominated and mastered or a skill that almost no one else has. This is why I choose a simple computer game to express my talents.

The children and the birds in the short stories 'White Heron' and 'Scarlet Ibis' will be compared and contrasted in terms of appearance, how they were used in the story and how the children protected the birds. The short story 'White Heron' was about a little city girl that moved to the country and protected a bird, the White Heron, from being found by a hunter. In the story the little girl always wore a white dress, symbolizing goodness, purity, and kindness, and the White Herons' feathers were also white. The short story 'Scarlet Ibis' is about a boy that was born very weak and everyone thought he would not live, but with the help of his ashamed older brother, he learned to walk and be like all the other boys. One day after Doodle, the little boy, had buried a Scarlet Ibis that had died from exhaustion from a storm he was killed in a heavy rain and lightning storm. Doodle was a thin, red colored, crippled boy that died in the shape of an 's' and the Scarlet Ibis had red feathers, was very weak, and died like an 's' also. The little girl and Doodle were used in the stories as protectors and saviors for the birds. The little girl in the 'White Heron' protected the bird how she wanted to be protected and tried to keep the birds nest a secret. Doodle also protected the Scarlet Ibis by burying it after it had died. Doodle and the little girl were different in appearance because the little girl symbolized goodness and Doodle symbolized death, agony, and suffrage. The difference between the usage of the children and birds in the stories was that Doodle was used as a sorry and crippled boy. On the other hand the little girl was perfect and wore a white dress all the time. The birds were different because the Scarlet Ibis was only in the story near the end and died, but the White Heron was a main part or conflict in the story and lived. The way the children protected the birds was different because Doodle only buried the bird and didn't save it from any danger. On the contrast, the little girl saved the white

heron from the hunter by not telling him where it was and also protected the bird the way she would want to be protected. I compared and contrasted the children and the birds in the short stories 'White Heron' and 'Scarlet Ibis' by means of appearance, how they were used in the story, and how the children protected the birds.

f

Fading, failing, fainting, faking, falling, faltering, fanning, farming, fasting, fattening, faulting, favoring, feasting, feeding, feeling, fencing, fending, fertilizing, festering, fetching, feuding, fibbing, fiddling, fidgeting, fielding, fighting, filing, filling, finding, fining, fingering, finishing, firing, firming, fishing, fitting, fixing, fizzing, flagging, flaring, flaking, flaming, flanking, flapping, flaring, flashing, fleeing, flexing, flicking, flipping, flirting, flinching, floating, flocking, flooding, flopping, flossing, flowing, flubbing, fluffing, flunking, flushing, fluxing, flying, foaming, fogging, foiling, folding, forcing, forging, forking, forming, formatting, framing, franking, freezing, frizzing, frying, fueling, fumbling, fussing.

Final map

Trenchcoat Mafia

Hit-Men

For Hire

Eric Harris

Period 2

12/10/98

T-dog

JC-001-026598

Table-of\ -Contents

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Product Overview

In this city, protection is needed. Day by day people grow more and more agitated with one another and become less understanding and forgiving. Even though programs made by anti-hate groups and police try to keep people from being prejudiced and having stereotypes, most people are still the same.

The so-called "Trench Coat Mafia" is a small group of friends who generally wear dark clothes, military fatigues, and long black dusters. Most people usually just stare and whisper when they see us. We don't mind because we generally don't like people anyway. Now they have reasons to stay clear of us.

JC-001-026600

MAP

This map depicts our current locations. We are located in a few different houses in the Columbine area, along with a safe location in the mountains. We also have connections with people in Mexico, Germany, South Africa, and New York City. The locations in the Columbine area are strategically positioned so we can launch attacks in almost any neighborhood with a few minutes notice. We also have caches of weaponry and explosives located around the CHS area and in certain fields, all to serve you, the customer.

JC-001-026601

Business Organization

Now, with more and more violent fights and nearby gang activity at locations like Chatfield, we believed that we needed to start a business. The business is basically to kill people who anger our clients. Hence, the "Trench Coat Mafia Hit-Men for Hire" business was created. Several weapons, such as a sawed-off pump-action riot-gun, an AB-10 machine pistol, home made rocket launchers, swords, and daggers were gathered to help our business. Now on school grounds we can't be armed. Everyone knows that if someone is caught with a weapon they are suspended or expelled, which would not help my business at all. Therefore, using our resourceful home computers, we acquire the full name, telephone number, and address of our target. Then we hunt the target down and relocate him/her to one of several secluded areas, like the bottom of a lake.

Fund Raising

As far as costs are concerned, we can be pretty lenient. For underclassmen, the cost is \$50 a day for general protection. For upperclassmen it is \$20 a day. Now if you wanted someone so intimidated that they would not even get out of bed in the morning, that costs about \$100. Assaults and beatings can range from \$200 to \$500, depending on the severity. For relocation of problem targets, the price is usually between \$1,000 and \$10,000. It basically depends on the location and time of the hit, as well as if there will be witnesses or if it requires us to take out a whole group of targets.

We raised enough money to start our business strongly. Most of the money came from personal reserves. We also got money from relocated targets. Weaponry we already had, and ammunition isn't too expensive these days. Political contributions are the main expense.

Advertising Campaign

Our advertising campaign is quite simple. We don't want to start a war, at least not yet, so we can only help certain groups of people. We will help whoever is willing to pay the most for our protection. It is a first-come-

first-served basis. My business will reach the intended audience by word of mouth alone. That may seem like we wouldn't get many clients, but we have already made \$20,000 since we started the business only a few weeks ago.

So if you need our help, just come up to me, or one of my associates, and tell us a little about yourself and your problem. We'll see what we can arrange for you.

Conclusion

The fact is that people need protection from the dangers of every-day encounters and the "Trench Coat Mafia" is willing to protect you. For a small cost, you can walk the halls knowing that you have your very own personal guards keeping a close eye on you. No one, no matter what size, will give you any trouble.

gatsby

Wasting Money

by

Eric Harris

period 1

5/12/97

Mrs. Caruthers

In the story, The Great Gatsby, there were many different themes. One of the most outstanding themes was the use of money in society. The West egg was the middle class section of the community and the East is where the higher class lives. Nick, Tom, Daisy, and Gatsby all live in the higher class section. Many of them have used their money unconsciously or wastefully.

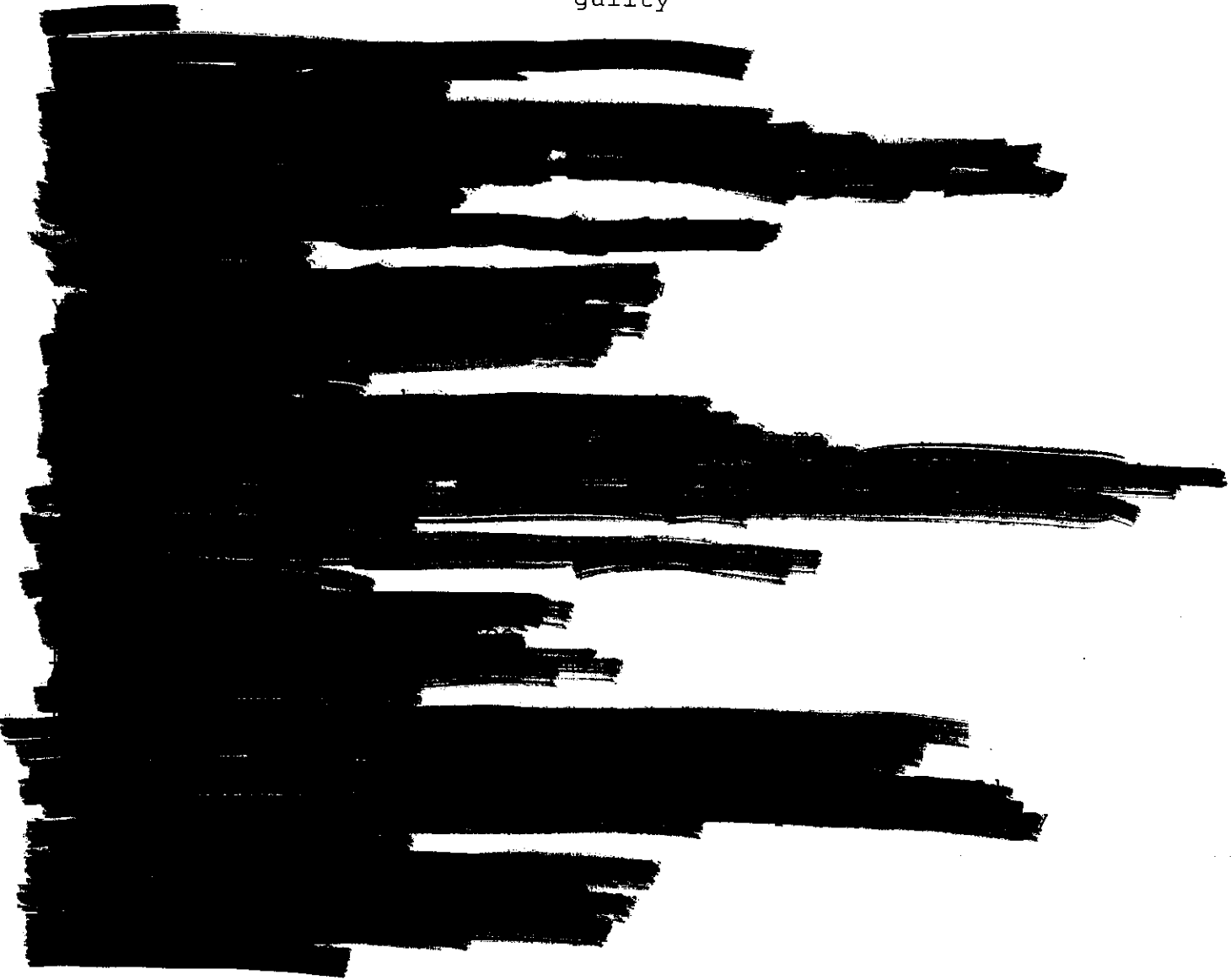
Gatsby used his money in many wasteful ways. Some of these ways might have seemed unimportant or insignificant, but when one looks back on the story, these acts will look strange. Such as, when Gatsby and friends rented a luxurious hotel sweet for a few hours. Gatsby also went flying in his expensive air plane often and acted as if it was no big deal. Since he never truly worked for his money, he doesn't know how to enjoy his money and spend it wisely.

Tom and Daisy also used their money wastefully. Most of all though, they were inconsiderate. Throughout the story Tom and Daisy treated their child as if she was a piece of furniture. They would call her down and look at her, then send her back up to her room. Never thinking about her feelings and her needs for love and care. The most likely cause for their actions is probably their money. Since they did not earn it by working, they were spoiled and their inconsiderate actions were just a side effect.

In F. Scott Fitzgerald's novel, The Great Gatsby, there was a wide use of themes. One of the larger themes was money. Many of the citizens living on the East egg used money quite wastefully. Since most of the rich people got their money by inheriting it, they do not know how to work or do any thing else by themselves. In my opinion, those people are inconsiderate, selfish and they do not deserve to be at the top of society.

guilty

guilty



guns

Eric Harris

Period 4

R.D.

Guns! Boy, I loved playing “guns” as a kid. It is one of the few things I miss from childhood today. Living in a rural town in Michigan for three years, I played a lot in a forest. My brother, two friends and I would always be running around shooting imaginary bad-guys. The woods behind my house were vast, empty, and old. It smelled of a musty tree or maybe of pine trees most of the time in there. Those woods left so many memories in the mind it’s amazing. Such as how scary they looked during hard rain storms or how dark they were at night. I was even afraid to go into the woods during nighttime, for fear of the unknown. For the most part, however, my memories are fond ones. My brother, Sonia, and I had countless missions in those woods, hunting for enemy troops and stopping invasions. We would set up little tree fort made of loose sticks and branches, and use them for our bases and camps. “Fire!” I would scream, as we all made as many fast gun sounds as we could, waving our deadly plastic toys around. Almost every time we had a firefight, we would pretend one of us would be injured. We always would carry little bandages and tape with us to dress the wound. Luckily, the bullet would always go right through so we wouldn’t need to perform surgery. Sonia, being her crazy self, would run right into the battle screaming and firing at all the bad guys, as we gave cover fire. It seemed to vivid, our fighting, and so real. Now that I have actually fired weapons I realize how unrealistic we were, but hey, we were just kids!

“Where’s the air support?!” my brother screams, as I reload my M16. “Hell if I know!” I retort. “We got more incoming APCs on our 6’s, set those mines quick!” Sonia hollers. The bad guys were surrounding us, but we had plenty of ammo to last us for hours. I toss a few stick grenades into the trees ahead, and duck as they go off killing the wave of enemy troops. Kevin was setting the mines for those trucks and Sonia was

JC-001-026609

launching rockets at the platoon on our left. "Grenade!" I scream as I see a stick fall in our base. Sonia and I jump out over the tree trunks as the grenade destroys our base. "We gotta move, now!" Sonia yells in my ear under all the shooting. We run right past my brother and he joins up in the evacuation. Just then our air support flies by overhead. "There's the gun-ships!" says my bro., as we dodge tree limbs, bullets, and mortars. We stop at a group of rather large trees and turn and return fire. The air support is dropping napalm on the advancing troops, and launching rockets at the trucks. We pull out a huge machine gun and set it up on a stationary position in a tree. Sonia and Kevin start spraying bullets everywhere as I use hand-to-hand combat on a few bad guys that made it to us. By the time I finish them off with a really strong stick, it's time to go inside and do some homework, and Sonia needs to go out to dinner with her family tonight, too. All in a day's work as a kid, I guess.

One of these days, real soon, I will call up Sonia and see if she still remembers me. And see if those woods, our forts, and our hide-outs are all still there where I left them over seven years ago.

Guns in School: Solution

Guns in schools are a growing problem in today's society. Every day the news broadcasts stories of students shooting students, or going on killing sprees, or even just bringing a gun to school. Students bring guns to school for many reasons. Some for protection, some for attacking, and even some to show off. However, a school is no place for a gun. Solutions for this problem are hard to come by and often too expensive for most schools to even consider. Metal detectors and more police officers are two very good solutions, though.

Metal detectors posted at entrances in schools can prevent guns from entering schools. That is a given fact. Although, the cost of these machines are rather high and some schools simply can not afford them. Tax payers and donations are other ways to form money to buy detectors, but some tax payers would not be happy with the prices. Several schools in the United States have metal detectors, and shootings still take place in the school. Students can be very resourceful, and can find ways to avoid the detectors. The idea of more police officers is a very good solution. However, this would also cost more money for the tax payers. The end result, in my opinion, is worth every penny spent.

Police officers can discourage students from bringing weapons and can stop anyone who manages to get a weapon in the school. They are there to protect and serve, so students can go to them if they want to report someone with a gun or any other incident. More cops in schools is a great start to preventing more shootings in schools. On the other hand, the more cops in a school the more it begins to look like a prison. The community does not want its schools looking like jail houses with the children as the prisoners. They are there to learn, and if students feel uncomfortable, that only leads to more problems. Drop-outs, grades, and student moral would

all get worse with the presence of police. Even though the cops are there for the students safety. Therefor, only a few cops should be assigned to schools at first. Let them get familiar with the students and let the students get to know the officers. This will help the moral of the student body.

Metal detectors and other forms of detectors are very good solutions. Once installed in all main entrances, students can simply walk through while trained officers can search suspicious bags and backpacks if the alarm goes off. Students will be much more safe, but the fact of low moral is still present. One problem with metal detectors is that several school-related items are metal and would most likely set off the alarm. This leads to several searches that turn up nothing. This can cause long lines and be a hassle for students.

More and more we hear of shooting sprees and rampages on the news. Some can be prevented, some can not. Almost any school shooting could have been prevented in some way or another, we just have to spend the necessary time and money to figure out how. Metal detectors and more police officers are only two good solutions. If tax payers can afford to do one or both of these solutions, then that is fantastic. If not, then the community needs to figure out other ways to keep guns out of schools. Students can not learn very well and be motivated if they know that someone in their classroom has a gun with them. In conclusion, metal detectors and more police officers are a great start to the fight against guns in school.

Helmer

Helmer=Eric Harris

Nora=

Maid=

The scene starts right after Torvald has read the letter from Krogstad.

Helmer: NORA!

Nora: [*screams*] Oh--!

Helmer: What is this? You know what's in this letter?

Nora: Yes, I know. Let me go! Let me go!

Helmer: [*holding her back*] Where are you going?

Nora: [*struggling to break loose*] You cant save me, Torvald!

Helmer: [*slumping back*] True! Then its true what he writes? How horrible! No, no its impossible—it cant be true...

Nora: It -is- true. I've loved you more than all this world.

Helmer: Ah, none of your slippery tricks.

Nora: [*taking one step toward him*] Torvald--!

Helmer: What is this you've blundered into!

Nora: Just let me loose. You're not going to suffer for my sake. You're not going to take on my guilt.

Helmer: [*walks over to hall door*] No more play acting.[*locks it*] You stay right here and give me a reckoning. You understand what you've done? Answer! You understand!?

Nora: [*looking squarely at him, her face hardening*] Yes. I'm beginning to understand everything now.

Helmer: [*striding about*] Oh, what an awful awakening! In all these eight years—she who was my pride and joy—a hypocrite, a liar—worse, worse—a criminal! How infinitely disgusting it all is! The shame! [*NORA says nothing and goes on looking straight at him. He stops in front of her.*] I should have expected something of the kind. I should have known. All your father's flimsy values---BE STILL!--All your father's flimsy values have come out in you. No religion,

no morals, no sense of duty—Oh, how I'm punished for letting him off! I did it for your sake, and you repay me like this.

Nora: Yes, like this.

Helmer: Now you've wrecked all my happiness—ruined my whole future. Oh, it's awful to think of. I'm in a cheap little grafter's hands; he can do anything he wants with me, ask for anything, play with me like a puppet—and I can't breathe a word. I'll be swept down miserably into the depths on account of a featherbrained woman.

Nora: When I'm gone from this world, you'll be free.

Helmer: Oh, quit posing. Your father had a mess of those speeches too. What good would that ever do me if you were gone from this world, as you say? Not the slightest. He can still make the whole thing known; and if he does, I could be falsely suspected as your accomplice. They might even think that I was behind it—that I put you up to it. And all that I can thank you for—you that I've coddled the whole of our marriage. Can you see now what you've done to me?

Nora: [*icily calm*] Yes.

Helmer: It's so incredible, I just can't grasp it. But we'll have to patch up whatever we can. Take off the shawl. I said, take it off! I've got to appease him somehow or other. The think has to be hushed up at any cost. And as for you and me, it's got to seem like everything between us is just as it was—to the outside world, that is. You'll go right on living in this house, of course. But you can't be allowed to bring up the children; I don't dare trust you with them—Oh, to have to say this to someone I've loved so much! Well, that's done with. From now on happiness doesn't matter; all that matters is saving the bits and pieces, the appearance-- [*doorbell ring, HELMER starts.*] What's that? And so late. Maybe the worst--? You think he'd--? Hide, Nora! Say your sick. [*NORA remains standing motionless. Helmer goes and opens the door.*]

Maid: [*half dressed, in the hall*] A letter for Mrs. Helmer.

Helmer: I'll take it. [*snatches the letter and shuts the door*] Yes, it's from him. You don't get it; I'm reading it myself.

Nora: Then read it.

Helmer [*by the lamp*] I hardly dare. We may be ruined, you and i. But—I've got to know. [*Rips open the letter, skims through a few lines, glances at an enclosure, then cries out joyfully.*] NORA! [*NORA looks inquiringly at him.*] Nora! Wait!--better check it again—Yes, yes, it's true. I'm saved. Nora, I'm saved!

Nora: and I?

Helmer: You too, of course. We're both saved, both of us. Look. He's sent back your note. He says he's sorry and ashamed—that a happy development in his life—oh, who cares what he says! Nora, we're saved! No one can hurt you. Oh, Nora, Nora—but first, this ugliness all has to go. Let me see..*[takes a look at the note]* No, I don't want to see it; I want the whole thing to fade like a dream. *[tears the note and both letter to pieces, throws them into the stove and watches them burn]* There—now there's nothing left— He wrote that since Christmas Eve you—Oh, they must have been three terrible days for you, Nora.

Nora: I fought a hard fight.

Helmer: And suffered pain and saw no escape but—No, we're not going to dwell on anything unpleasant. We'll just be grateful and keep on repeating: it's over now, it's over! You hear me, Nora?! You don't seem to realize—it's over. What's it mean—that frozen look? Oh, poor little Nora, I understand. You can't believe I've forgiven you. But I have Nora; I swear I have. I know that what you did, you did out of love for me.

Nora: That's true.

Helmer: You loved me the way a wife ought to love her husband. It's simply the means that you couldn't judge. But you think I love you any the less for not knowing how to handle your affairs? No, no—just lean on me; I'll guide you and teach you. I wouldn't be a man if this feminine helplessness didn't make you twice as attractive to me. You mustn't mind those sharp words I said—that was all in the first confusion of thinking my world had collapsed. I've forgiven you, Nora; I swear I've forgiven you.

Nora: My thanks for your forgiveness. *[she goes out through the door...right]*

Helmer: No, wait--*[peers in]* What are you doing in there?

Nora: *[inside]* Getting out of my costume.

Helmer: *[by the open door]* Yes, do that. Try to calm yourself and collect your thoughts again, my frightened little songbird. You can rest easy now; I've got wide wings to shelter you with. *[walking about close by the door]* How snug and nice our home is, Nora. You're safe here; I'll keep you like a hunted dove I've rescued out of a hawk's claws. I'll bring peace to your poor, shuddering heart. Gradually it'll happen, Nora; you'll see. Tomorrow all this will look different to you; then everything will be as it was. I won't have to go on repeating I forgive you; you'll feel it for yourself. How can you imagine I'd ever conceivably want to disown you—or even blame you in any way? Ah, you don't know a man's heart, Nora. For a man there's something indescribably sweet and satisfying in knowing he's forgiven his wife—and forgiven her out of a full and open heart. It's as if she belongs to him in two ways now: in a sense he's given her fresh into the world again, and she's become his wife and his child as well. From now on that's what you'll be to me—you little...bewildered...helpless thing. Don't be afraid of anything, Nora; just open your heart to me, and I'll be conscience and will to you both--*[NORA enters in her regular clothes.]* What's this? Not in bed? You've changed your dress?

Nora: Yes, Torvald, I've changed my dress.

Helmer: But why now, so late?

Nora: Tonight I'm not sleeping.

Helmer: But Nora dear..-

Nora: [*looking at her watch*] It's still not so very late. Sit down, Torvald; we have a lot to talk over.[*she sits at one side of the table.*]

Helmer: Nora...what is this? That hard expression..-

Nora: Sit down. This'll take some time. I have a lot to say.

Helmer: [*sitting at the table directly opposite her*] You worry me, Nora. And I don't understand you.

Nora: No, that's exactly it. You don't understand me. And I've never understood you either—until tonight. No, don't interrupt. You can just listen to what I say. We're closing out accounts, Torvald.

Helmer: How do you mean that?

Nora:[*after a short pause*] Doesn't anything strike you about our sitting here like this?

Helmer: What's that?

Nora: We've been married now eight years. Doesn't it occur to you that this is the first time we two, you and I, man and wife, have ever talked seriously together?

Helmer: What do you mean---seriously?

Nora: In eight whole years—longer even—right from our first acquaintance, we've never exchanged a serious word on any serious thing.

Helmer: You mean I should constantly go and involve you in problems you couldn't possibly help me with?

Nora: I'm not talking of problems. I'm saying that we've never sat down seriously together and tried to get to the bottom of anything.

Helmer: but dearest, what good would that ever do you?

Nora: That's the point right there: you've never understood me. I've been wronged greatly, Torvald—first by Papa, and then by you.

Helmer: What! By us—the two people who've loved you more than anyone else?

Nora: [*shaking her head*] You never loved me. You've thought it was fun to be in love with me, that's all.

Helmer: Nora what a thing to say!!

Nora: Yes, it's true now, Torvald. When I lived at home with Papa, he told me all his opinions, so I had the same ones too; or if they were different I hid them, since he wouldn't have cared for that. He used to call me his doll-child, and he played with me the way I played with my dolls. Then I came into your house..-

Helmer: How can you speak of our marriage like that?

Nora: [*still going on*] I mean, then I went from Papa's hands into yours. You arranged everything to your own taste, and so I got the same taste as you—or I pretended to; I can't remember. I guess a little of both, first one, then the other. Now when I look back, it seems as if I'd lived here like a beggar—just from hand to mouth. I've lived by doing tricks for you, Torvald. But that's the way you wanted it. It's a great sin what you and Papa did to me. You're to blame that nothing's become of me.

Helmer: Nora, how unfair and ungrateful you are! Haven't you been happy here?

Nora: No, never. I thought so—but I never have.

Helmer: Not....not happy!

Nora: No, only lighthearted. And you've always been so kind to me. But our home's been nothing but a playpen. I've been your doll-wife here, just as at home I was Papa's doll-child. And in turn the children have been my dolls. I thought it was fun when you played with me, just as they thought it fun when I played with them. That's been our marriage, Torvald.

Helmer: There's some truth in what you're saying....under all the raving exaggeration. But it'll all be different after this. Playtime's over; now for the schooling.

Nora: Whose schooling...mine or the children's?

Helmer: Both yours and the children's, dearest.

Nora: Oh, Torvald, you're not the man to teach me to be a good wife to you.

Helmer: And you can say that?

Nora: And I ...how am I equipped to bring up children?

Helmer: Nora!

Nora: didn't you say a moment ago that that was no job to trust me with?

Helmer: In a flare of temper! Why fasten on that?

Nora: Yes, but you were so very right. I'm not up to the job. There's another job I have to do first. I have to try to educate myself. You can't help me with that. I've got to do it alone. And that's why I'm leaving you now.

Helmer: [*jumping up*] What's that!?

Nora: I have to stand completely alone, if I'm ever going to discover myself and the world out there. So I can't go on living with you.

Helmer: Nora! Nora!

Nora: I want to leave right away. Kristine should put me up for the night..-

Helmer: you're insane! You've no right! I forbid you!

Nora: From hereon, there's no use forbidding me anything. I'll take with me whatever is mine. I don't want a thing from you, either now or later.

Helmer: What kind of madness is this?

Nora: Tomorrow I'm going home... I mean, home where I came from. It'll be easier up there to find something to do.

Helmer: Oh, you blind, incompetent child!

Nora: I must learn to be competent, Torvald.

Helmer: Abandon your home, your husband, your children! And you're not even thinking what people will say.

Nora: I can't be concerned about that. I only know how essential this is.

Helmer: Oh, it's outrageous. So you'll run out like this on your most sacred vows.

Nora: What do you think are my most sacred vows?

Helmer: And I have to tell you that! Aren't they your duties to your husband and children?

Nora: I have other duties equally sacred.

Helmer: That isn't true. What duties are they?

Nora: Duties to myself.

Helmer: Before all else, you're a wife and a mother.

Nora: I don't believe in that anymore. I believe that, before all else, I'm a human being, no less than you..or anyway, I ought to try to become one. I know the majority thinks you're right, Torvald, and plenty of books agree with you, too. But I can't go on believing what the majority says, or what's written in books. I have to think over these things myself and try to understand them.

Helmer: Why can't you understand your place in your own home? On a point like that, isn't there one everlasting guide you can turn to? Where's your religion?

Nora: Oh, Torvald, I'm really not sure what religion is.

Helmer: What..?

Nora: I only knew what the minister said when I was confirmed. He told me religion was this thing and that. When I get clear and away by myself, I'll go into that problem too. I'll see if what the minister said was right, or, in any case, if it's right for me.

Helmer: A young woman your age shouldn't talk like that. If religion can't move you, I can try to rouse your conscience. You do have some moral feeling? Or, tell me...has that gone too?

Nora: It's not easy to answer that, Torvald. I simply don't know. I'm all confused about these things. I just know I see them so differently from you. I found out, for one thing, that the law's not at all what I'd thought...but I can't get it through my head that the law is fair. A woman hasn't a right to protect her dying father or save her husband's life! I can't believe that.

Helmer: You talk like a child. You don't know anything of the world you live in.

Nora: No, I don't. But know I'll begin to learn for myself. I'll try to discover who's right, the world or I.

Helmer: Nora, you're sick; you've got a fever. I almost think you're out of your head.

Nora: I've never felt more clearheaded and sure in my life.

Helmer: And... clearheaded and sure...you're leaving your husband and children?

Nora: Yes.

Helmer: Then there's only one possible reason.

Nora: What?

Helmer: You no longer love me.

Nora: No. That's exactly it.

Helmer: Nora! You can't be serious!

Nora: Oh, this is so hard, Torvald... you've been so kind to me always. But I can't help it. I don't love you anymore.

Helmer: [*struggling for composure*] Are you also clearheaded and sure about that?

Nora: Yes, completely. That's why I can't go on staying here.

Helmer: Can you tell me what I did to lose your love?

Nora: Yes, I can't tell you. It was this evening when the miraculous thing didn't come... then I knew you weren't the man I'd imagined.

Helmer: Be more explicit; I don't follow you.

Nora: I've waited now so patiently eight long years.. for, my lord, I know miracles don't come every day. Then this crisis broke over me, and such a certainty filled me: *now* the miraculous event would occur. While Krogstad's letter was lying out there, I never for an instant dreamed that you could give in to his terms. I was so utterly sure you'd say to him: go on, tell your tale to the whole wide world. And when he'd done that..-

Helmer: Yes, what then? When I'd delivered my own wife into shame and disgrace..!

Nora: You're thinking I'd never accept such a sacrifice from you? No, of course not. But what good would my protests be against you? That was the miracle I was waiting for, in terror and hope. And to stave that off, I would have taken my life.

Helmer: I'd gladly work for you day and night, Nora, and take on pain and deprivation. But there's no one who gives up honor for love.

Nora: Millions of women have done just that.

Helmer: Oh, you think and talk like a silly child.

Nora: Perhaps, but you neither think nor talk like the man I could join myself to. When your big fright was over... and it wasn't from any threat against me, only for what might damage you... when all the danger was past, for you it was just as if nothing had happened. I was exactly the same, your little lark, your doll, that you'd have to handle with double care now that I'd turned out so brittle and frail. [*Gets up from table.*] Torvald... in that instant it dawned on me that for eight years I'd been living here with a stranger, and that I'd even conceived three children.. oh, I can't stand the thought of it! I could tear myself to bits.

Helmer: [*heavily*] I see. There's a gulf that's opened between us... that's clear. Oh, but Nora, can't we bridge It somehow?

Nora: The way I am now, I'm no wife for you.

Helmer: I have the strength to make myself over.

Nora: Maybe.. if your doll gets taken away.

Helmer: But to part! To part from you! No, Nora, I cant imagine it.

Nora: [*going out, right*] All the more reason why it has to be. [*she reenters with her coat and a small overnight bag, which she puts on a chair by the table.*]

Helmer: Nora, Nora not now! At least wait until tomorrow.

Nora: I can't spend the night in a stranger man's room.

Helmer: But couldn't we live here like brother and sister..-

Nora: You know very well how long that would last. [*throws her shawl about her*] Good-bye, Torvald. I won't look in on the children. I know they're in better hands than mine. The way I am now, I'm no use to them.

Helmer: But someday, Nora...someday...?

Nora: How can I tell? I haven't the least idea what'll become of me.

Helmer: But you're my wife, now and wherever you go.

Nora: Listen, Torvald... I've heard that when a wife deserts her husband's house just as I'm doing, then the law frees him from all responsibility. In any case, I'm freeing you from being responsible. Don't feel yourself bound, any more than I will. There has to be absolute freedom for us both. Here, take you ring back. Give me mine.

Helmer: That too?

Nora: That too.

Helmer: There it is.

Nora: good. Well, now it's all over, I'm putting the keys here. The maids know all about keeping up the house... better than I do. Tomorrow, after I've left town, Kristine will stop by to pack up everything that's mine from home. I'd like those things shipped up to me.

Helmer: Over! All over! Nora, won't you ever think about me?

Nora: I'm sure I'll think of you often, and about the children and the house here.

Helmer: May I write you?

Nora: No... never. You're not to do that.

Helmer: Oh, but let me send you...-

Nora: Nothing... nothing.

Helmer: Or help you if you need it.

Nora: No. I accept nothing from strangers.

Helmer: Nora... can I never be more than a stranger to you?

Nora: [*picking up the bag*] Ah, Torvald.... It would take the greatest miracle of all..-

Helmer: Tell me the greatest miracle!

Nora: You and I both would have to transform ourselves to the point that... oh, Torvald, I've stopped believing in miracles.

Helmer: But I'll believe. Tell me! Transform ourselves to the point that..?

Nora: That our living together could be a true marriage. [*she goes out down the hall*]

Helmer: [*sinks down on a chair by the door, face buried in his hands*] Nora!....nora..! [*looking about and rising*] Empty.....she's gone. [*a sudden hope leaps in him.*] The greatest miracle...- [*the door SLAMS shut*]-

the end.

herzleid

Be-wahret ein-ander



http

http://therapy.eics.com/rammstein/rammstein_e.htm

I AM POEM

Eric Harris

per. 6

10\30\95

I am a nice guy who hates when people open their pop can just a little.

I wonder what my soccer team will be like in the Spring.

I hear myself turning on the ignition of an F-15.

I see myself flying above everyone else.

I want to fly.

I am a nice guy who hates when people open their pop can just a little.

I pretend I am walking on the moon.

I feel that I will get straight A's again.

I touch the sky.

I worry that I will have a fire in my house.

I cry when I see or hear a dog die.

I am a nice guy who hates when people open their pop cans just a little.

I understand how to play soccer.

I say that a sport is something that you have to break a sweat in.

I dream that I am the only person on Earth.

I try to be as nice as I can.

I hope there isn't another O.J. trial.

I am a nice guy who hates when people open their pop cans just a little.

ID Software,

Hello, my name is REB. I have been playing your mega-hit Doom for about four and a half years now, and no matter what new games are invented and sold, I always have come back to doom2. The atmosphere and over-all feel of the game is still unmatched in my books. I have been creating my own levels and patches for about three years, and am still going strong. I have read all four books published by ID software about the Doom story. Fly and Arlene, and their adventures. I have noticed now that Quake is the new "story" in the ID books. However, I have been wondering for the past four years if a Doom 3 has even been considered by ID Software. Just imagine, all the old baddies and guns from doom, all the old textures and environments that made doom have such an impact, all of them on today's and tomorrow's newest gaming engines. Imps, humans, demons, spiders, all of them remade into an engine like the one used for quake 2. If it's a story line that kept you from making Doom 3, that is the least of your problems in my opinion. If the Doom novels aren't enough, or suitable, then I am positive there are hundreds of legitimate stories out there. Even I could come up with enough of a plot to make another Doom game. The plutonium pack and such were great, but they were still all on the same doom engine. I believe that the world of the space marine should be taken one step higher, or one lift higher. How many times have you wanted to look up and down, go underwater, see the "other" side of the doom eye, climb on top of the E1M8 star, and so many other things in doom? Maybe it is just a fantasy of mine, but then again, it is so very possible to make it real. If you need workers for doom levels or for graphics, I could even be a start. With my background and love for the game, I don't think there are many people at all in the world who know more about Doom than I do. I may not be able to make Quake 2 levels, but my doom levels could be one hell of an inspiration for new worlds. So, in conclusion, I have 3 questions...

- 1: Has it ever been considered that a Doom 3 could be made on an engine like or better than Quake's?
- 2: Is it possible to make even a Doom add-on for Quake, Quake 2, or other games of the kind?
- 3: How about a Doom movie?

Please reply as soon as possible, and if it is at all possible, try to have the creators of the original Doom and Doom 2 read this letter.

P.S. Would you like some screen shots of my latest doom levels, "Tier?" Maybe ID could use some of these levels...

---Loyal Doomer, REB.

Intvuw

WHAT WAS YOUR LIFE LIKE DURING THE GREAT DEPRESSION? DID YOUR FAMILY FEEL THE FULL IMPACT OF THOSE DIFFICULT TIMES?

Well, we had a home, had food on the table. Whenever mama made a loaf of bread it was a treat. I had nine people in my family and we lived in a little three room house. We always had a family gathering in the summer and went to the park to have picnics and play. most of them lived on farms so they had a lot of food because they raised it.

WHAT DID YOU AND YOUR FRIENDS DO FOR ENTERTAINMENT?

We never went anywhere, just played. We did go to the Saturday Matinees. Went to Sunday School and had picnics in the summer.

WHAT WERE YOUR FAVORITE MOVIES? FAVORITE ACTOR OR ACTRESS?

A western cowboy show, it was a serial. Tom Mix, Clark Gable, and Merna Loy.

CAN YOU REMEMBER THE NAMES OF ANY POPULAR SONGS?

Just Signin' in the rain.

WHAT KINDS OF DANCES DID YOU DO?

None, never was a dancer.

WHAT DID YOUR FAMILY DO FOR ENTERTAINMENT? DID YOU HAVE A RADIO? WHAT PROGRAMS DID YOU LISTEN TO?

Played cards, My parents went to square dances. Played dominos a lot. Yeah, we listened to Amis and Andy, and Ma Perkins.

WHAT WAS YOUR TOWN/CITY LIKE?

Just a normal town, nobody really had anything. Everyone that we knew didn't have a job, but a lot of the men were on W.P.A.

DID YOUR FAMILY OWN A CAR? IF SO, WHAT KIND? DO YOU REMEMBER THE PRICE OF GASOLINE?

Yeah, we had a model T. I sure don't.

DID YOU WALK TO SCHOOL? HOW BIG WAS IT? HOW MANY TEACHERS DID YOU HAVE?

Sure did. Pretty small. Just one, all day long.

WHAT SUBJECTS DID YOU STUDY?

Reading, writing, arithmetic, and some home EC.

DO YOU REMEMBER THE SOUP LINES?

Yes I do.

WHAT WAS YOUR GREATEST FEAR?

Worms, and snakes.

DO YOU RECALL ANY INTERNATIONAL EVENTS?

Just World War II, Hitler invading Europe.

HOW WERE TEENAGERS THEN DIFFERENT FROM TEENAGERS TODAY?

They didn't carry guns, they obeyed their parents, didn't talk back. Just more civilized.

DID YOU LIVE ANYWHERE ELSE BESIDES OKLAHOMA CITY DURING THE DEPRESSION?

Well in the summer of 1937 we moved to Denver.

DID YOU TAKE ANY FOREIGN LANGUAGES IN SCHOOL?

Nope, just English.

HOW LONG DID IT TAKE YOU TO WALK TO ELEMENTARY SCHOOL?
MIDDLE SCHOOL? HIGH SCHOOL?

About ten minutes, and about thirty for middle and high school.

IS THERE ANYTHING ELSE YOU WOULD LIKE TO ADD OR SHARE ABOUT THIS TIME IN YOUR LIFE?

I was just glad to get out of Oklahoma City. It was cold in the winter time. Denver was so much better.

Hi. I have a few things I really want to say but I never seem to be able to say them in person.

Even though I have only known you for a few weeks, and have hardly had any time to really *know* you, I would really like to get to know you much better. Actually when we worked together Monday night I wanted to ask you to just hang out for a while after work and maybe just talk. Like about that guy that you mentioned, the one that you met on AOL, or about work, school, people, anything. I just really wanted to spend some time with you. But, since your friend stopped by I assumed that you and her would be leaving together so I just left without saying anything. You see, I just hope that you feel the same. I am just kind of going on a hunch here, but I hope I'm right. I don't know if you like talking...or just to me... or what. From what I gather from people at work and by just being there, I see that almost every guy there flirts constantly with you or at least tries. And I try too, just to make you smile, but I have never been good at "flirting" or even just talking. I see that you are a very busy girl, and have a great family and nice friends, and you seem to like to talk about what your thinking, but so far, have been cut off short. You see, I have never understood why girls spend more time with guys who just look good and flirt a lot then with guys who actually have something intelligent to say and are a little "deeper" than most other guys. Oh well. I guess what I am trying to say is... if you have time in your life to just sit down, relax, and talk with a guy who cares a lot about you, and if you want to, let me know. Because I really want to get to know you, and who knows, maybe even "go out." If you don't.... just don't say anything. I'll understand, I'm used to it. Well, bye for now, maybe ill see you at work sometime this week. Please reply, or call, if you want to do something.

-Love Eric.



OH my gosh, I forgot to call you huh?

REB DoMiNe: yup.

I am so so sorry...let me explain...

REB DoMiNe: oh ok.

both [redacted] and one of my other friends came in tonight to ask me to go out and I told both of them no way because i wanted to go home and take a shower and just relax and I was thinking the whole shift that I was gonna call you and I just forgot after those two left around 8..I am sooo sorry :-)

REB DoMiNe: aah. doooont worry. i understand.

I feel so bad though, please don't be mad my mom is going to braid my hair real quick....I'll be back in like five

REB DoMiNe: oh dont worry. we gota do something though...you owwwwwe me nowwww=]

REB DoMiNe: ok. i should still be on

Ok I'm back

REB DoMiNe: ok cool.

REB DoMiNe: so were you very busy tonight at work?

yeah it was, but there were four of us

REB DoMiNe: so.....

REB DoMiNe: how is life treating you today?

pretty good, kinda sad because I started packing up my room

REB DoMiNe: aah. getting ready to leave huh.

yep, I have about three weeks to pack it all up though, I am leaving for most of August until right when I have to go up to CSU

REB DoMiNe: so wait, where are you going in august then?

to Wisconsin, I used to live there, I am going to stay with all of my relatives for two weeks to visit

REB DoMiNe: aah. thats great.

so what did you do today?

REB DoMiNe: ah not much. made a few calls and finally got my paycheck from tortilla wraps.

yeah I saw that sheet in the drawer, what was all of that about

REB DoMiNe: helped my mom pack too, she leaves for steamboat springs tomorrow morning

REB DoMiNe: well when [redacted] hired me, he never gave me the W-2 form to fill out, so i had to fill that out like around the beginning of this month and i couldnt get it to him until like monday...

REB DoMiNe: uh oh [redacted] just got on.

yeah I know, I had to work with him for a half an hour today

REB DoMiNe: harrrr har. =]

he was being lazy like usual and me and [redacted] both had to re-do what he attempted when he left that sucks

REB DoMiNe: I'm used to it with him, are you two friends at all?

REB DoMiNe: wellll. kind of yeah and kind of no.

REB DoMiNe: we have never even done anything together so not really.

REB DoMiNe: and from how i see he treats others...no not really.

that is what I though!

thought!

REB DoMiNe: =]

REB DoMiNe: what you doin tomorrow?

I am going to Idaho Springs with my family to meet some old friends from Kansas who are staying in the mountains. We are going to Beau Jo's pizza

I have to go to tattered cover in the morningq

REB DoMiNe: so uhhh, pretty un-eventful day huh. kind of boring i see...heh.

yep, pretty boring!

REB DoMiNe: heheh

what are you up to tomorrow

REB DoMiNe: i got a diversion meeting, i need to get my new medication, i work at blackjack, and my dad gets back from oklahoma tomorrow night so i need to drop my car off at SW plaza.

sorry about that, someone just called me

Kokain

REB DoMiNe: you're just to popular.=]
[REDACTED] oh please
REB DoMiNe: so are you lookin forward to CSU?
[REDACTED] I am really really excited, especially to get out of this house
REB DoMiNe: yeah
REB DoMiNe: lucky. i got another year still.
[REDACTED] hahaha! you going to college?
REB DoMiNe: mmm. not sure yet. probly not. maybe just a 2 year college or something small. major in computers graphics or something. but im almost positive not a 4year deal.
[REDACTED] I know your dream is to work at Tortilla Wraps for the rest of your life!
REB DoMiNe: oh yeah man...SSSShhhh dont tell though!!
[REDACTED] it will be our little secret!
REB DoMiNe: thanks! hehheh
REB DoMiNe: so what got you interested in.....communications was it?
[REDACTED] yeah and journalism,broadcast journalism or magazine journalism or advertising
REB DoMiNe: wow. you sure know what your doin huh. well that is very cool. good luck.
[REDACTED] well I hope I still like it when I get to college :-)
REB DoMiNe: yeah. i hear people change majors a lot once they are in college....not to get ya all nervous or anything..
[REDACTED] that has already made me nervous, thanks though!
REB DoMiNe: heh.
[REDACTED] what do you REALLY want to do then
REB DoMiNe: well what i REALLY want to do is go on a nice long vacation with someone for a few months. maybe costa rica or something. even a nice long road trip. but i just want to leave denver and all the damn people for a while. kind of take a break ya know?
[REDACTED] I suggest you do that then
REB DoMiNe: buuut. i guess something to do with computers. maybe games, maybe graphics, maybe internet. kind of wide area.
REB DoMiNe: mm. thanks.
[REDACTED] do you do any of that stuff now?
REB DoMiNe: yeah. i am pretty familiar with computers right now.
REB DoMiNe: especially computer games..heheh.
[REDACTED] you make games?
REB DoMiNe: oh no. but i play a few games in particular a lot.
[REDACTED] which games?
REB DoMiNe: mostly doom2. but i play quake and quake2 and duke nukem also.
REB DoMiNe: ever heard of them?
[REDACTED] nope, don't play computer games really
REB DoMiNe: yeah. gee your wierd, all the other girls i know are always on the computer!!! heheh. justkidin sorry!
REB DoMiNe: gawd jen.
[REDACTED] what?
REB DoMiNe: heh. nothing.
REB DoMiNe: but yeah. im usually doing something with doom2. but i love making graphics and stuff too.
[REDACTED] what kind of graphics?
REB DoMiNe: umm. hm. kind of hard to explain. i like very intense, deep, colorful, graphics. things that are out of a dream or something from deep space.
REB DoMiNe: things that make you go "awwhhhhhhhhhhh..... ..thats. ...aaaawwwesome"
[REDACTED] that sounds pretty cool
REB DoMiNe: arrg, hey, have you ever had a dream that you just cant stop thinking about? i had this wierd daydream today and i cant stop thinking about it.
[REDACTED] what was the dream?
REB DoMiNe: you really want to hear it?
[REDACTED] yeah

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REB DoMiNe: alright. cool. gimme a sec to type it all out.

[REDACTED] ok

REB DoMiNe: ok, i am walking through this very deep forest at night time...i am wearing all this military gear like im a marine or something...there are these big flares going off way up high in the air and they are flying through the sky so there are shadows dancing all around. then i come out onto this beach that reminds me of one of those marine life posters with all the dolphins, whales, stars, oceans and everything. i look up into the stars and they are everywhere, like

REB DoMiNe: 10 times as many stars as you have ever seen. then i hear this voice saying "watch out for the flares and have a swell time!" and i get launched into space right into the stars.

[REDACTED] that is pretty crazy, I don't usually remember that much detail in my dreams, just bits and pieces

REB DoMiNe: same here. i cant belive i remembered all that. sounds kind of fun though..i guess

[REDACTED] that is a fun dream...I just get flashbacks during the day if I dream and that is all I think about

them

REB DoMiNe: yeah.

REB DoMiNe: hey, can i ask you a kind of personal, "deeper" question?

[REDACTED] sure

REB DoMiNe: what do you think about when you look at the sky at night, when theres no clouds out and you can see all the stars?

[REDACTED] I'm not sure if I should answer that

REB DoMiNe: ? what do you mean...

REB DoMiNe: im sorry if i said something wrong...forget i ever asked it.

[REDACTED] it's just that my mom keeps walking in here and I feel kinda weird when she sits next to me to talk it I am typing stuff like that

REB DoMiNe: oh. yeah i know how you feel. my mom does that too.

[REDACTED] my dad is out of town and I think she is lonely

REB DoMiNe: so i didnt like....offend or scare or anger you did i?

REB DoMiNe: thats so sad

[REDACTED] no, not at all

REB DoMiNe: phew. heh. sorry to put you in a kind of wierd position. you dont have to answer that if you dont want to.

[REDACTED] no worries

REB DoMiNe: coo

REB DoMiNe: hey, tell yer mom i said "hi" if shes still there!

[REDACTED] she is in the room right next to me, I told her

Kokain
(COCAIN)

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

A STUDY OF CHEMICAL EQUILIBRIUM

System 1: Solubility Equilibrium

Obtain approx 5ml of a saturated NaCl solution. Add drops of concentrated HCl until a change is noticed. Record your observations in the data table. Wash the solution down the drain with plenty of water.

System 2: Acid-Base Equilibrium

Obtain 4ml of distilled water. Add 2 drop of bromothymol blue as an indicator. Add .1 M NaOH one drop at a time until a color change occurs and record observations. Then neutralize the NaOH with the same concentration of HCl, adding a drop at a time until the color has changed. Dispose of the solution by washing it down the drain with plenty of water.

System 3: Iron (III) Thiocyanate Equilibrium

USE CAUTION! Place .2 M Fe(NO₃)₃ in a 100cm³ beaker. Record the color. Add 4ml of .1 KSCN and about 55ml of water to the solution and mix thoroughly. If the color is very dark, add more water. Separate this sol. into three 4ml portions (using large test tubes). To one test tube, add 10-15 drops of Fe(NO₃)₃ (aq). To the second tube add 10-15 drops of KSCN sol. To the third tube add a few drops of 6 M NaOH. The Fe(OH)₃ that forms is nearly insoluble. Record observations of the three tubes. Dispose in the same manner as the previous systems.

Data table:

Stress on added or removed	Observations
Part A: Step 1: Cl	
Part B: Step 1: NaOH	
Part B: Step 2: HCl	
Part B: Step 3: NaOH	
Part C: Step 1: Fe(NO ₃) ₃	
Part C: Step 2: KSCN	
Part C: Step 3: NaOH	

Vitrifax: On Stanislaw Lem - Reviews of Lem's books

<http://world.std.com/~mmcirvin/vitrifaxrevs.html#returnfromthestars>

This web-page provides book reviews on all of Stanislaw Lem's books. Including Return From the Stars. It has a brief summary and explanation of the book and some information on the author and the translators.

Stanislaw Lem

<http://catalog.com/hopkins/lem/Lem.html>

This web-page is a collection of several letters and reviews on Stanislaw Lem's novels and short stories. There are brief descriptions on Return From the Stars, but if one would wish to know about other books Lem has written, then this is a very helpful site.

Planet BrainSex: Stanislaw Lem

<http://www.webcom.com/bsx/lem.html>

This particular web-page is about Stanislaw Lem. It tells about a lot of his earlier writings and shows some of his art that was used for a few of his own books. The site is very informative and easy to navigate on.

The Future of Humanity: A Lecture by Isaac Asimov

http://www.clark.net/pub/edseiler/WWW/future_of_humanity.html

This site is from a lecture given by the famous Russian author, Isaac Asimov. Isaac Asimov has written science fiction books just like Stanislaw Lem and I have found that their books share a few of the same thoughts and ideas. I believe that if one is interested in reading

novels by Lem or Asimov, this lecture can be a great start to the science fiction realm of literature. Asimov explains beliefs, ideas, philosophies and other interesting concepts that support science fiction.

The Existentialism Hideout

<http://www.geocities.com/Athens/6510/mainframe.htm>

Although existentialism is not a major theme in this novel, it does show up once or twice. Along with several other philosophies such as nihilism, anarchism, and a little bit of the belief called Angst. Since the novel deals with all sorts of mixtures of feelings and philosophies, I suggest exploring this page and other pages about the topics just mentioned to get a good view of some of the thoughts one might expect from Return From the Stars.

The science fiction novel, Return From the Stars by Stanislaw Lem, is a story of an astronaut named Hal Bregg who returns from a voyage that was ten years long for him and his crew and 150 years long for Earth. Society has drastically changed and he is haunted by memories of his dead crew members.

The story begins in an absolutely stunning description of a futuristic city as Hal Bregg wanders around in it. For hours he explores the new and amazing city, lost and confused by all the new customs, procedures, and strange people. He soon is confronted by a woman and Bregg tries to explain to her about his background. The woman is frightened by his size which is larger and more muscular than everyone else in the city and shocked that he is not "betriated," which is a process all humans and other evolved life forms go through at birth to nullify any violent impulses or harmful actions. Bregg then goes to a hotel and searches for any old friends or people that he might know or that might be able to explain what has happened to Earth.

After talking to a few doctors and scientists he discovers that all his work was for nothing. Almost half of his crew died for barely anything useful. Space exploration was deemed unimportant and wasteful. All sports and physical competitions ceased to exist because they were too dangerous. Any records set would only be broken by men or women that were not normal or were genetically enhanced, all human limits were reached and humans stopped striving for anything better. Remaining sports were padded to the point of which they were almost comical for Bregg to view. The human race lost all sense of romanticism and adventure.

Bregg is crushed by this news. He attempts to surround himself with whatever he can that remained from his time. He purchases books, (which were almost impossible to find since no books had been published for fifty years), and finds an antic car, which still was futuristic to him, and moves to a small town far away from any cities. While reading his books he discovers

that all cars, planes, trains, and any other forms of transportation have been deleted or changed so that absolutely no risk is involved for humans. Cars are replaced by "gleeders," which are described as flying black cigars. Several other ways of transportation are changed to be more efficient and safer.

Anything that poses a threat to humans is done by robots. Hal Bregg learns that robots are a major part of society. He learns that robots create, supervise, repair, and destroy themselves and no human intervention is required any more. He learns from a famous author and scientist that space travel is pointless since it takes so long to reach another solar system and get back that by the time the ship has returned, Earth has changed so dramatically that none of the information gathered is worth anything. Also, the author states that the odds of finding another advanced civilization are very small, and that even if one was found, by the time the ship returns to earth, the earth has changed drastically and then all the information that was gathered by the crew of the ship is useless because the alien civilization has changed too. Bregg is angered by his readings.

With the arrival of one of his crew mates, Olaf, he begins to feel better and not so alone. Olaf and Bregg talk of their time on the voyage and recall all that they have been through and what has happened to each other after they got back to Earth. Bregg is continuously haunted by memories and flashbacks of his dead crew mates, and tells the reader about how each one died and how he was involved in the death. After a love affair with a married woman who has mixed feelings for Hal but still cares for him, Hal tries to commit suicide in his car but is stopped by Eri, his lover. Hal leaves Eri and goes to see one of his other surviving crew mates, Thurber. After talking with Thurber for a while Hal learns of another space expedition that has been planned out in complete secrecy from the public. While deciding to leave Earth again or to stay

with his new wife Eri, Hal runs away into the mountains. There, he climbs to the top of a small mountain and looks over on the city and ponders about life, the human race, and the expedition, and finally decides to return to Eri.

Return From the Stars is an extremely well written novel even though it has been translated twice, Russian to German and German to English. The novel has some of the best descriptive scenes I have ever read, it possesses several very absorbing ways of thinking and philosophical views on life and humanity, and it has several greatly thought-out views on space travel and science.

In the beginning of the novel Stanislaw Lem describes an amazingly advanced city with all new forms of buildings, transportation, lighting, architecture, and several other things. The characters perception of this new world along with the vast and expressive description of this world adds up to place a brilliant picture into the reader's mind. I read the first twenty pages with out even flinching I was so engrossed. Lem creates a whole new world and transports the reader to this place. His use of descriptive words and analogies are fantastic, along with his ability to let the character wander in his own thoughts and react to the environment. The scenes in which Hal Bregg has flashbacks of his mission and when some of his crew members were killed are beautifully written also. His description of space, planets, and the ship are spectacular. His descriptions are so life-like and well written that sometimes I forget that I am reading a book and it is not real.

This book made me think. That is putting it lightly. Since the descriptions are so detailed and brilliant and it seems so real it made me think about what it would be like to be there and what the other characters are thinking and several other things. During the story, the main character, Hal Bregg, reads several articles and books on what he missed while he was away.

Some of the things that he reads are most interesting. He reads about a process called "betritization." This process was started about twenty years after Hal left Earth. What it does is it neutralizes strong impulses and nullifies immoral thoughts. It becomes simply impossible for one to imagine harming another. This process is also used on animals, too. At a certain time in the book Hal encounters two very large lions at night in a park. At first he is terrified but then he realizes that the lions will not attack and moves on. This has changed humanity all together, one article Hal observed had a meaningful quote in it; "they took the man out of man." That quote basically sums it up. Later, while Hal is at his resort, he begins to think about why people are even living anymore. He starts having thoughts about existentialism and nihilism. He tries to explain to himself why mankind has stopped to wonder or explore. Thoughts arise about what he has to live for and if he should do anything about his situation. Even with his wife Eri he feels like a strange foreigner. All these thoughts packed into one book provide one fantastic story.

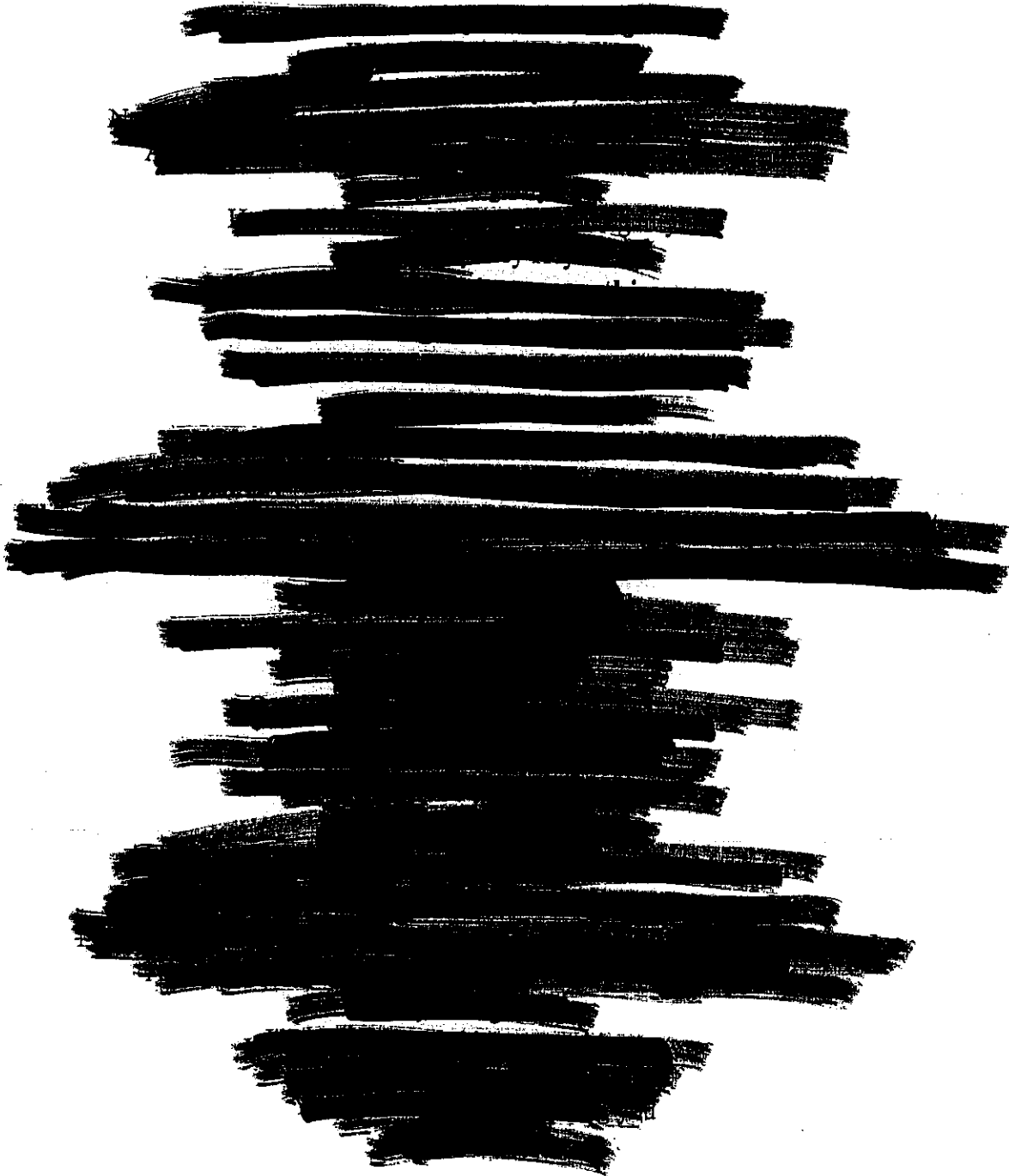
When Hal Bregg left Earth, he believed that he was doing something great for mankind and that he was going to be remembered for all time. Throughout his missions he became more and more lonely and depressed. There were so many ways to die in space and the odds of one of those things happening was not that small, as he found out when about half of his crew died. One died in a probe sent out to gather data on a planet, and Hal waited all alone for his crew-mate for more than two days even though he knew there was almost no chance of him being found. Another died on a planetoid, and when Hal went down onto the surface to find him, he discovered that he was still alive and thought that he was in hell. Hal was shot in the stomach trying to take his crew-mate back to the main ship. Others died as well, and when Hal returned to Earth, he was hardly recognized for his efforts and deeds. No one cared anymore. Since space exploration was deemed useless, society only noticed that a large old man was now walking the

streets, and not a space hero that had returned from the stars. Since space travel can never be any faster than the speed of light, it was found that any attempt to find intelligent life forms was pointless. It was never scientifically proven in the story that faster-than-light travel existed. The only proof was that if an alien civilization discovered this technology of faster-than-light travel they would eventually come to our universe or within our range of vision, and since that has never happened in recorded history, it is highly unlikely that it exists at all. Also, since the time difference between the explorer and Earth was so great, it would be worthless to send out an expedition that would take 200 years to return from. These are just some of the views on space travel and humanity that I received from reading this book, but there are several more.

I recommend this book to anyone who likes to think deeper than the every-day things like soap operas and what is "hip" in fashion. If you have never read science fiction before, I recommend this book to you. It gives you a chance to escape this world and enter an entirely new one. Some of the stereotypes of science fiction repulse people away from any good worth while science fiction novels. Do not believe that all science fiction is Star Trek and Star Wars where every character has some long unpronounceable name from a planet far, far away and a time long, long ago. That would be like believing the only romantic thing every written was Romeo and Juliet. Out of all the great novels on the list I received to choose from, this one was not even on it. Another book by the same author called Solaris was, though. I read a few reviews on this book and found that it did not seem like I would enjoy it. The library had this book so I checked this out instead and my teacher okayed it. I strongly urge that this book be put on the list of great novels. I have also read Papillon and All Quite On the Western Front, and this book, in my mind, is the best of the three. So, in conclusion, I recommend this book to anyone who likes to read and think.

lyrx

Guilty by Gravity Kills



William Shakespeare uses the theme of nature in almost all of his writings. In the play, Macbeth, nature is strongly used for a bad or negative image. One strong example is the use of witches to show evil and darkness. Another example is the symbolism used when Banquo is murdered.

The witches are used throughout the play as symbols of bad nature. In I.i., I.iii., III.v., and in IV.i. the witches represent an evil force in nature. In the first scene of the play the witches are used to intrigue the audience and to show chaos. The quote, "When shall we three meet again/ In thunder, lightning, or in rain?" (I.i.1) means that the witches are unnatural since lightning and thunder represent unnatural events in nature. Those events tend to disturb peace and calmness in the world. "When the battle's lost and won," (I.i.4) is a paradox and is considered to be a disturbance of nature. The very next quote, "That will be ere the set of sun," (I.i.5) means that the witches will be meeting in the darkness. Darkness represents chaos or the unknown in nature, so the witches are used to show this. "Fair is foul, and foul is fair," I.i.12) is another use of paradoxical language. Therefore witches are a form of the unnatural, or of the bad in nature. Banquo describes the witches as being ugly and sinister. "You should be women,/ And yet your beards forbid me to interpret/ That you are so," (I.iii.46) means that the witches have beards and are very hideous. This shows that the witches are a disturbance to beauty and harmony. "Lesser than Macbeth, and greater," (I.iii.66) is another use of paradoxical language to show the witches are unnatural. The quote, "Fillet of a fenny snake,/ In the cauldron boil and bake;/ Eye of a newt, and toe of a frog..." (IV.i.12) is an example of how the witches deviate from good and how they are anomalies of nature. Macbeth recognizes the witches as evil also. "How now, you secret, black, and midnight hags?"

(IV.i.48) implies that the witches are representing darkness and evil. Nighttime and darkness are common symbols of things that are bad or unnatural. These quotations show that Shakespeare, using witches, exercised the use of nature as forces of evil in his play several times.

The murder of Banquo in the third act uses nature as a force of evil in several different ways. "The west yet glimmers with some streaks of day," (III.iii.8) is one such example. This quotation implies that the sun will soon be down and darkness will come over the land. Banquo is approaching into the murderers' trap and therefore darkness is being used as an evil setting. Since Banquo is murdered in the dark, darkness can be said to be evil. When Banquo says, "Give us a light there, ho!" (III.iii.12) he is calling to his murderers, which shows a bit of dramatic irony. The murders give him a false sense of security by showing him light to guide him into their trap. Therefore, in this case, light is used as an evil force of nature. Banquo practically helps call the murderers upon himself when he says, "It will be rain tonight," (III.iii.23) since rain is an unnatural event in nature. Banquo is about to be murdered when he says this, and rain is an unnatural event, so therefore rain is used for an evil force of nature. During the murder the one light is blown out, once again proving that darkness is an evil force of nature. The act of murdering is evil and definitely unnatural, and a murder in the dark is just that much more evil. Banquo's murder has several evil forces of nature surrounding it, such as darkness and nighttime. This proves that nature is used as a force of evil in the play.

Nature is a popular theme in many stories and plays. William Shakespeare is one master at using this theme to his advantage. In his play, Macbeth, nature is used as a force of evil. Throughout the play darkness, nighttime, witches, thunder, and lightning

are used as forces of evil. Witches represent the unnatural and chaotic side of nature along with pure evil. The murder of Banquo proves that darkness and nighttime are used as forces of evil and that bad things occur during these time periods or locations. The use of nature as a force of evil is definitely obvious in the play, Macbeth.

Medea Quote

The quote I have chosen from the play "Medea" is when Medea says, "no, like some yellow-eyed beast that has killed its hunters let me lie down on the hounds' bodies and the broken spears." This quote shows that Medea wants to die fighting, be brave and courageous and not let her hunters take her without a struggle. This pertains to today's society because generally people who are in trouble or on the run think or want to think that they will not go out without a fight, and some people believe that they will be taken quietly and calmly, and not struggle at all. In the play, it is what the Greek women want Medea to do, be taken without a struggle, but she refuses.

Some people in today's society believe or want to believe that they are tough and strong. They think that they will not go out without a fight and can be brave in the face of danger and apprehension. Then again, there are people who say and do go out with a fight and aren't captured easily, proving they are who they say. There are also people who do not fight or struggle when captured. Euripides wants the readers to believe that Medea is as strong as she says and that she will put up a fight in the face of danger, which in my views she would. There are several different types of people in today's world as there was in ancient Greece. Medea is the type of person that is tough and hard as "stone" as she is often referred to as. The Greek women are the types of people who are more calm and have less of a will to be free or stand up. It seems like today many people are like that too, and that the people who are like Medea are rare or hard to find. Which is what the case is in the play. Medea is a foreigner to Greece and is different from all the people there.

So in conclusion, Euripides' play "Medea" has several themes and ideas that still pertain to today's society. One example is the quote by Medea, "no, like some yellow-eyed beast that has killed its hunters let me lie down on the hounds' bodies and the broken spears." Medea is portrayed as the type of person that would not be captured without a fight and would make a stand. The Greek women in the play tell her not to stand up, therefore they are the kind of people that would not fight or be courageous. This is like today's society because it seems like there are a few people like Medea and the majority of the people are like the Greek women.

As I walked through the broken door entrance to the final military installation, I realized that this hellish experience was almost over. The invasion was stopped, all of the aliens were dead, and whatever wasn't dead was waiting for me ahead. While I was leaning against a granite wall in a large calmly lit room, I scanned over the dozens of marine bodies that scattered the floor in front of me. A last, futile, stand that wasn't enough to ward off the alien attacks. Bullet shells sprinkled the floor, on top of the carpet of blood. I must go on, to fight whatever waited ahead, I am the only one left on humanity's side of the battle. The bright room ahead suggested that I wouldn't have anywhere to hide once I showed myself. I almost laid down beside my fallen comrades and just went to sleep, as some of them appeared to be. But that would mean that they bad guys would win, and I just could not allow that to happen. So I gathered up all the bullets and superior firepower I could scavenge off of the dead soldiers, or what was left of them, and prepared myself for the last battle.

As I entered the last military base on the moon, I came upon a hellish sight. Bodies of my former marine buddies were scattered across the stone floor. The deathly dark glow of light from above provided barely enough light to notice the blood and flesh splattered on the large slabs of granite that passed for walls. The platoon had tried to barricade themselves in, but with the alien fire coming through two gigantic windows and with a blitzkrieg of monsters in the small doorway between the windows, the marines couldn't hold them. Arms, legs, and heads were tossed about as if a small child turned on a blender with no lid in the middle of the room. Some were burnt off, some torn, some eaten. Even though the mass of alien bodies outside the room was at least 10 times the marines', they still fell. I must be crazy to fight this war; I must be out of my battered mind. How could one soldier stop all of these monsters? There must be some way out of here that doesn't involve firepower. It is just too much, all the death and destruction. It's pointless, there's no way, no way at all. I can't fight anymore-let them take Earth-I'll stay here on my little moon-along with my squad of dead soldiers.

THE HANGOUT

In the small, rural town of Phillipsburg on the border of a large, tall forest, a group of 6th grade boys are hanging out near a small shopping plaza. Dave, a five foot seven blond boy was talking with his two best friends, Danny and Bill.

“Hey Danny, uh, me and Bill were wonderin’ if uh, if you wanna go out in the woods after school and look for a new hangout place?”

“Yeah, I guess. I mean these guys are fine, but I think we should find a hangout place just for us three,” said Danny quietly.

“I know what ya mean, I’m getting sick of John and his little sidekick Joe. It’s like they’re joined at the hip almost.” I whispered. I did not want John and Joe to hear this little conversation.

Danny was a short kid, about five feet. He has the most wicked eyes I have ever seen. Maybe like some sort of a demons’ eyes or something. His short buzz-cut made him look like a mini-marine with glasses. Bill, on the other hand, was about my height and is pretty large. His hair-cut is as if he stuck his head out of a car window for a while and then added a lot of hair spray. And out of the two of them, Bill is the brave one, not to bright but brave.

"Oh, Danny, bring your firecrackers in case someone from the gang follows us. If we even find anything," said Bill, the pyro in the group.

The next day we left our houses and went out into the tall forest to look for a new hangout place. Some of the trees in there must be at least a hundred feet tall. The large, almost majestic trees swayed in the light spring breeze. As we traveled through this giant forest we came to a stop at the largest, fattest, most oddly shaped oak tree we have ever seen. Its' snake like arms twisted and pushed through all the other trees surrounding it. And they were surrounding the tree, almost as if protecting it from some monster. When we saw this tree and its branches running around everywhere Danny said, "I think we just found a new hangout place."

We had. We used the low branches to sit and do homework on and all the others to mess around on. The tallest branches are reserved for a kind of a lookout tower for any of the old gang guys coming to take what is ours. After about ninety minutes of messing around we went home.

The next day at school we were talking about whether or not we should put any traps around the oak, that's what we call the place, for any intruders.

"I think we should because John and his gang walk close to there every day and they might hear us one day and try to takeover our place." I said to Bill and Danny.

"Yeah but we might trip on them ourselves, ya know," said the always safe Danny boy. "And besides, they would probably see all of the traps."

"Then we cover them up good and make a map of where they are or something." Bill said.

"Make a map of where what are?" Asked John, who we didn't even see walk by.

"Nothing John, we were just talking about our homework," said Danny, as he fought to come up with another excuse.

"Liar. I heard about the new hangout that you guys found and starting tomorrow, we're gonna hangout there too, because that place sounds pretty cool," said John confidently.

"I don't think so John, that is our place, not yours and only we hang out there. And we will defend it if you try and go there." I remarked.

"Fine then, we'll fight you for it! And were gonna kick your butts." And then he left.

"Great man, just great, were gonna be buried at the oak if we don't let them go there!" Danny said as he panicked.

"I don't think so Danny boy" I said, thinking of a way to defend our, well our fortress now.

That day after school we set up trip wires, ditches, and a covered river all around the front of the oak. The thick, twisting branches of the oak tree and the smaller siblings around it formed an organic barricade and wall. We even brought in our new paint ball guns. With four buckets filled with up with paint balls and a small box of assorted fireworks, we were ready to kick some butt!

The next day at school we could only think about the fight that afternoon. I was thinking that we would win in the end. But I heard that they had some paint ball guns of their own and that all of Johns friends were coming. The feeling before the battle was one I never felt before. It was a mix between anticipation, hope, fear, and wonder. If we

didn't win, we would be laughed at for the rest of sixth grade and John would have his buddies pick on us every second.

After school we went to the oak and began to prepare for battle. About fifteen minutes later we saw them coming. We slapped down our protective visors and put on our masks for the paint balls. We fired a warning rocket in the air above them. They responded with a barrage of red and yellow paint balls that splattered all around us. Bill and Danny were at the bottom of the tree and I was at the top. I shouted "you asked for it!!!" and began to fire off a couple of paint balls.

Bill screamed out "Let's rock!" and fired about fifty balls out of his fully automatic paint ball gun.

Danny and I both fired a twelve pack of bottle rockets out of our little guns made to fire the rockets. We made them out of a foot long pipe and a little wooden handle. A couple of them must have exploded close to them because we heard a couple "OW!"s and "AAAH!"s. As I fired more balls of paint I saw Joe trip over a trip wire and fall into our little man-made pond, which was obscured from his vision by leaves at the time. He was so embarrassed of his unexpected swim that he began to get up and run away. I fired about twenty balls that hit him as he scurried away.

After about ten minutes of steady barrages of paint balls and explosions from our pyrotechnics the only person that was left was John and a friend of his, Matt. Matt was only about ten meters from the closest branch of the oak tree when I grabbed three strips of two hundred firecrackers. I lit one after another and tossed them at him. After he ran away we had to deal with John. He had just got onto the first tree branch when Danny popped up and stared at him with those animal like eyes. John seemed hypnotized so me

and Bill surrounded him and blasted his face with paint balls. Danny then launched a potato from our secret weapon, the potato gun and it hit him in the stomach and he fell off the branch, staggered up, and started to run. As he ran, we unloaded the rest of our paint balls on them, about sixty bottle rockets and about five potatoes from our potato gun.

We had won. The oak tree was ours for the keeping. The injuries were light, Bill was hit in the shoulder with a bottle rocket and Danny was shot in the left forearm with what appeared to be a pellet. Someone must have had a pellet gun. On the contrast, I was bruised in the shoulder when a broken branch fell on it. All of us were bruised and dripping with paint except Danny, who had only one hit in the foot.

When we went out into the battlefield we found six paint ball guns covered in green paint, which was the color of Danny's paint balls. Another gun had a bottle rocket stuck in the barrel, one of Danny's rockets.

"Gees Danny, you went berserk here. You must have hit these guns ten times each," I said in amazement.

"Yeah I guess I did lose it a little."

After that day we went to that enormous oak tree every afternoon. We never had to defend it again and John became the school dork. The hangout was ours.

Eric Harris
period 4, 9/18/96

Native Americans were very diverse and complex people. However, they had many things in common. They believed in many Gods, and they also had generally the same ideas about how the world was created. Indians also used natural resources and animals for almost everything.

One generalization for many Native American cultures is the belief in God and the creation of Earth by him. Many cultures believed in more than one God. "O our mother the Earth, O our father the Sky" is one example. The Indians ideas' about how the Earth was created involved many of the same things. Like animals helping humans and lots of water or great floods.

Indian cultures used natural resources for almost everything. They used trees for their homes and weapons. They used plants and shrubs for many medicines and food. The Indians also respected nature. In almost every culture there would never be a wasted or unused animal corpse. They all used the entire parts of every animal to help them. Most Indian tribes never killed just to kill. The Indian tribes would use animals for clothing, food, weapons, and many other everyday uses.

Native Americans were very different and complex people. Even though there were hundreds of different tribes, they shared many of the same ideas and beliefs. Such