

# The Blue Print

Spring 1485 Edition

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## Look Out

Benjamin Bachman

Mr. Yawahtah has always been keen on expressing his opinion of human technological advancement in light of its impact on societal organization. Those who have attended his dystopian history class will know him for saying: "Humans have spent centuries—all of history—stretching the bonds of nature. None of us, therefore, have any genuine reason to return to or commune with it, for human beings are superior." Despite the ruckus that Yawahtah has caused with the science teachers at West Aurora High School, he has been highly vocal concerning his support of the Pave the World Foundation, a humanitarian relief organization that endeavors to destroy natural environments around the world in order to improve living conditions for populations that are still weighed down by poverty.

Recently, the organization invited Yawahtah to speak at its 2015 convention in Naypyidaw, the capital city that the government of Myanmar is building in the middle of the Southeast Asian rainforest. In his address, Yawahtah passionately championed the government of Myanmar for extending the reach of human influence into the wilderness. By illustrating what is possible for human society apart from nature, Yawahtah claimed that Myanmar has become an example for other countries around the world. He argued that more nations should build 20 lane highways in an effort to develop connectivity between disparate communities. In this way, expansive roads into the middle of nowhere would allow a mass diaspora from the overcrowded cities of the world. With the settlement of vacant lands, impoverished individuals and families would have access to living space where initiatives to build infrastructure would supply jobs and much needed money to the people. Yawahtah also projected an explosion for the ubiquitous use of automobiles and electricity in developing countries through the exploitation of profits from the extraction of fossil fuels. The use of these resources is a critical element of Yawahtah's vision because he sees them as the vehicles upon which humanity may advance towards more efficient means of harnessing greater quantities of energy. The Earth is of little value, he said, when the entire universe awaits exploration.

The next year of projects that Pave the World addressed following Yawahtah's speech focus on the endeavor that it considers to be the next step towards freeing humanity from Earth. Through a massive expansion of the human environment worldwide, Pave the World plans to

## Look Out...continued

eradicate poverty and provide an education to all. In 2016, the organization will be building massive highways into rural India and sponsoring the first metropolis to be built in Antarctica. With these efforts, it is hoped that technological advancement will be encouraged and a reservoir of collective learning amassed. The foundation firmly believes that this communal innovation can unite mankind with a perspective that looks beyond Earth.

## PDA Infects the Helpless Minds of Young Teens

-Gail Anderson, American Daily

BUFFALO, NY – In recent years, a new disease known as Publico Displays Affectionitis, (known commonly as PDA) surges through the nation, seemingly affecting mostly young teens, but sometimes adults, due to overexposure. Scientists have not been able to pinpoint the cause or find a conclusive cure as this point in time.



"It happened so suddenly," Ms. Sarah Smith, a new English teacher at a small public school in Western New York said, looking visibly shaken. She claims to have been innocently going to the copy room, and when she rounded the corner, she saw it. "I was so frightened... I didn't even know that was possible..." she said, regarding the vigorous PDA. "I don't know if I will ever be the same again."

We were able to make contact with one of the infected 9<sup>th</sup> graders, Mary Johnson. She has been placed in isolation, but we were able to get in for a brief interview.

"I don't know what has overcome me," She exclaimed, looking shocked at herself. "Whenever I see my boyfriend, I just..." She trailed off. Suddenly, we were ushered out by the authorities with a warning that we could contract it if we stayed much longer.

## PDA...continued

At the time of this printing, young Mary has relapsed and we are looking for stem cells to fend of the PDA virus. Contact our studio directly if you are willing to donate.

## Lost and Found Ideas

By Ravenna VanOstrand

An infestation of lost-and-forgotten ideas broke out in one of the West Aurora High School classrooms last Friday. Unlike the majority of lost-and-forgotten ideas, which end up in the lost and found, these ideas have been reported to be: humming, growling, gurgling, and howling to the likeness of "souls being extracted from writhing victims," remarked sixteen-year-old Aiden Hawthorne, a frequent visitor to the lost and found. The school administration politely requests that certain individuals retrieve their lost-and-forgotten ideas room B853, before the cataclysm continues.

In an interview with Mr. Robbins, the assistant principal, he admitted: "The administration's concern for this matter has escalated since the discovery of the absence of room B853. This fourth-floor classroom contradicts the architecture of our one-story building."

After further investigation, the teacher who utilizes this classroom was revealed to be Mr. Lynch, who teaches: antigravity, grasshopper politics, and pterodactyl care. A check to school records confirmed that these classes were never incorporated into the curriculum, and that no teacher by the last name of Lynch was ever hired. Also, the roster of students supposedly attending these classes were never enrolled in the West Aurora High School.

Strange as the circumstances remain, the administration desperately encourages students to retrieve their lost-and-forgotten ideas as quickly as possible. After all, situations like these tend to vanish and get buried into the abyss, once solved.



D. Zert Baker, Staff Reporter

*East Aurora New York-* In a benevolent move, teacher Don Spinach kindly agreed to donate his very own bicep muscles to cows in need of thigh muscle for their daily activities of basically standing around. "I'm always soooo tired after a long day of grazing," stated Skinny Cow model, Bethany. "Now I can stand and eat at the same time. Thanks, Mr. Spinach!" After taking a field trip to a local dairy farm, Don and his students noticed a number of the bovine herd laying down on the job. One student, Wach Zarning, asked Farmer Brown about his exercise and diet regimen for the cows. After receiving no comment, the class went to work. Posters, raffles and give-a-ways raised a great deal of money, but no solution to the devastating muscle deficit noted in the black and white creatures. Enter Don Spinach. "No one seemed aware that through a simple procedure, these cows could get their lives back together. So I just did it." Doctor Fraudenschtein, noted bovine muscle enhancement surgeon, completed the procedure. He was awed at the excess of Spinach's muscles and knew, "all parties involved would now be able to stand on their own two feet, or four hooves, or whatever." Even though his biceps have been reduced from 36" to 27", Don has been humble. "Cows shouldn't have to feel like second class people. They deserve thigh muscle too."



## Grisantiism

By Zach Warning

This just in...

The new faith, Grisantiism, has been confirmed.

Ladies and gentlemen, this is no fad. In small town East Aurora, New York, America, Planet Earth, a new faith, very similar to Pastafarianism, known as Grisantiism, has arisen, with a substantial following of six. Let's break down what these wonderful people believe:

They are of monotheistic faith, believing in only one, true god, known as Science. It is through the preaching of Science's righteous power that sect leader, Lord Grisanti, earned his prestigious prestige. Scribed in their holy book, known as Science: Prove it or Repent, are the words "Ladies and Gentlemen, shutith thine yaps", a symbolic representation of the inner silence we all share. Next to that, Lord Grisanti writes, "There is a Do-Now on the board", the symbolic metaphor for reaching life's goals in a timely and efficient manner. To live in the now, per se, or, for the younger members, yolo. Every man should perform his Do-Now.

Thus the term Dunaugh (Doo-now) was created to describe a monk of Grisantiism who follows Science with great perseverance in the now, formerly known as Scientists. The "Devil" of Grisantiism goes by the name of Kohl, who, it is foretold, will bring forward all of his Earthly forms from deep underground to be burned, thus releasing his Carbon Ar-my unto the skies. Only Science, with her 3 angels, Reduce, Reuse, and Recycle, can stop the deadly Kohl. (This has nothing to do with the unfortunately named Kohl's, nor their wonderfully priced products. I am not liable for any lack of business after the insurrection of Grisantiists).

In an age of religious toleration and pragmatism in America, I'm glad to see the Grisantiists being accepted with such open arms. The members, again, all six, are as follows:

1. Harold Notarealperson Jr.
2. Jiminy Crocket
3. Lawrence Grisalsonotarealperson
4. Blue (former actor from the hit television show, "Blue's Clues")
5. Charles Darwin (Deceased, given honorary membership).
6. Global Warmingisa Farce Sr. (Recently evicted from the church for suspicions of worshipping Fossil Fuelism).

With such a strong following, not to mention such firm beliefs in righteous and powerful life morals, Grisantiism has a future in the hearts of Americans and across the world.

## Establish A More Personal Relationship With Students

by Anony-Mouse

In recent years colleges have begun weighing admission to their schools with any and all online content pertaining to their applicants. The days of students hiding embarrassing pictures, personal documents, and possible evidence in criminal proceedings safely and securely on the world wide web are over. But colleges feel perusing Facebook accounts simply does not invade the personal lives of their students to the extent they desire. A new section to the Common App has been added with the petition of several hundred colleges, in which

## Admissions Officer...continued

students will be required to answer one hundred multiple choice and thirty free response questions pertaining to their habits, hygiene, and weekend escapades. "Do you bite your nails, if so what finger do you start with?", "Do you acknowledge



your own putrid body odor?", and "Do you crumple or fold when you go to wipe?" will all be mandatory questions with heavy impact on the admission of potential students. Questions such as "When you pick your nose, where do you stick the booger?" and "Are you even slightly aware your fly is down?" require in-depth personal analysis for schools to truly understand the lives of the applicants. Says one admissions officer "By adding this new section to the Common App, colleges will be sure to keep a diverse and responsible student body free of wedgie pickers and booger eaters".

## West Aurora "Track" Team

-Staff Reporter

This just in, west Aurora track team scandal involving the police...well sort of.. According to former West Aurora track captain, who will remain anonymous, the actual intentions of this team are unknown to the school. Former captain says, "We are training not only to win but to learn vital life skills for situations in which most of us are most likely to endure." Proceeding this statement is a descriptive outline of a typical West Aurora track practice by the former captain. The practice begins like any typical track team warms up, with a warm up jog around the school however, after this jog the chase portion of the practice begins. With the coaches chasing the students to simulate an actual police chase throughout the woods, of course teaching them dodging tricks along the way. After this exhausting chase concludes, the jumping portion of the practice begins. The coaches, specifically the prestige Mr. Come-ins exemplifies perfect form while jumping that he hopes to pass along to his runners. The jumping, whether high jump or long jump, plays a key role in creating a legitimate police chase scenario due to the many buildings jumped in a typical chase. "My favorite practices were always the ones when Come-ins would wear his police jogging suit, it always inspired me to run faster and jump even higher," according to the former captain. This other type of training on the track team has assisted many students in their future, including Ekaf Eman, the famous west Aurora runaway theft. We could not get into contact with him, for he is on the run, however his skills learned at practice seem to be assisting him greatly.

## Strength in Whiskers

Teresa Nojaim

Mr. Nojelly recently made a generous donation to the Hispanic Mustache Organization. He donated his beard and mustache clippings to the club in order to help underprivileged children in Spain have mustaches like their elders. This extra facial hair given by Mr. Nojelly was surgically implanted into one lucky boy's face. The kids involved in this organization range from the ages of four to twelve and are so grateful for the donations. Mr. Nojelly is working with other men with plenty of facial hair to spare to inspire them to give back to these poor children of Spain who are forced to live without a thick full 'stache. Many of these kids live on the streets and fight for themselves but without facial hair how can

## Strength in Whiskers...continued

they show any dominance over another person who perhaps does have a mustache? With Mr. Nojelly's along with many other men's donations children no longer have to worry about this being an issue. Currently, over 13,000 people have donated their extra beard and mustache hair to make a change in these young men's lives and to help better their futures. Donate now at [www.mustachesforouryouth.spain.com](http://www.mustachesforouryouth.spain.com).

## Student Makes Shocking Self Diagnosis: Too Many T-Shirts

-Staff Reporter

The day seemed perfectly normal; students laughing, talking and enjoying their mornings. Sally Smith sat in her homeroom expecting an ordinary day, and then a half sheet of paper was placed on her desk. "It was instinctive, almost like I didn't know what I was agreeing to," Sally told us in her exclusive interview. Without hesitation she circled 'medium', signed her name, and proceeded to write an illegible reminder for twenty dollars on her left hand. Smith continued that the rest of the day was ordinary and everything seemed fine. Until she got home and went upstairs to get a sweater. That's when she noticed it, the problem that had been growing for more than five years now. "I couldn't believe my eyes. For the first time I realized what I had been doing, what I couldn't stop doing" Sally regretfully told us, "I had collected more than one hundred t-shirts."

"The hardest part was probably telling my parents," spoke Sally last Saturday at a youth conference. "I remember going downstairs and avoiding the point for a while before finally saying it. Mom, Dad, I have too many t-shirts." Mr. and Mrs. Smith expressed to us that they had some suspicions that they had avoided discussing or acting on until the problem was too pressing. Furthermore, officials have spoken to teachers and coaches who claim they "had no idea this was such an issue in student's lives."

Sally now speaks to schools and communities and allows students access to plenty of information before they purchase a t-shirt. She has donated over 150 shirts and hasn't gotten a new one in over four months.

## This New Global Warming Solution Will "Blow" Your Mind

Georgia Hopkins, American Daily

LOS ANGELES, CA – Scientists have been trying to stop global warming for decades. Many "solutions" have failed, but a new study finds promising results. Scientists in Buffalo, NY have discovered a new and innovative way to stop global warming in its tracks.

"The process is simple. All we've been doing in standing outside and using our lungs, mouths, and other air passages to blow the CO2 from our lungs into the sky," explains the top scientist on the project, Dr. Steve Brule. "The Sun's rays simply get blown back into space."

Similar studies in Japan have been brought to the surface, with study groups of 20-30 people blowing into the air at the same time.

"All of our employees have designated blowing times," says correspondent Hinata Kurosawa. "We want to make sure the Earth stays at a normal, healthy temperature."

Soon, schools, businesses, big corporations, and even government offices will have a requirement of "Sun Ray Blowing Schedules," for each employee, student, and official. Those with medical conditions such as asthma and lung cancer, will each be given little fans to point into the air in order to encourage them to contribute to reversing global warming's harmful effects.

Bet you didn't expect to find us here, inside your beloved Blueprint! But, now that you're here, why don't you read us? We've got some great stories for our Blueprint Insert Edition (and many unnecessarily collective pronouns!), the first of which is actually a fool of a fool in that it is very serious – thought-provoking in its darkness and its empowering of a reader to glimpse through someone else's eyes. Enjoy!  
-Jon Javor, Editor-in-Chief

# THE VOICE

OF THE EAHS  
LITERARY  
MAGAZINE

“Look Ma, I'm an Insert!”

## Aimless

by Ben Bachman

Weightless I am, drifting without form in the unending current of a stellar wind. The stars are dust blowing around me; through the sinews of time I have charted a course for infinity. The skirling vanguard of the raging squall pervades my insubstantial being. Its sparks burst upon the blackened embers of my soul.

Energy radiates from the undying inferno at the core of the universe. It strikes my heart as a bolt of lightning plasma. Pressure builds in my veins for the split-second of a beat as blood races to my furthest members. It is a signal and my eyelids sense the pulse, suddenly snapping into the glare of reality.

Peers are assembled in rows about me, listening to an interminable drone. Here in this room the shameful aspirations of a morose future come into focus beneath the veil of erudition. For those few who still strive for genuine, virtuous achievement, the stakes of the battle have never hung so close to relinquished victory. From the momentary lapse of deceptive clarity an ethereal cloud again engulfs the mind.

Again I permit the stellar wind to catch the wings of my spirit. This time it comes with tongues of fire that consume me in my delirium as I plummet into the bottomless realm of darkness. Precipitously falling forever, I expect no end, yet suddenly stillness reigns. There is solid ground beneath my mislaid feet.

I raise my head and open heavy eyes to discover where I have fallen. I recognize nothing. Alien trees tower formidably above my head. The vines and roots at their feet devour piles of rubble, the remains of a hapless race long vanished from this place. Marvels before my weary hands bloom flowers amidst the forsaken ruins. Surely I have sown before, in grounds beyond the circles of this foreign world.

The eaves of the dark wood reach down, beckoning for me to ascend towards the dominion of the sun. When light breaks upon my tender face, the lay of the land unfold before me like a scroll. At the foot of the hills, a stream meanders into a vast plain before it is lost in the fold of the trees. A vast sea of golden water glints in the light of the sweltering sun.

I know this land.

The monarchs of the forest hold their court in silence; among them the thoughts of a pilgrim are elevated by that same infectious growth and persistent dynamism of which the trees are possessed. The wind pushes me on, but I walk with delicate feet the halls that none have ever walked before me, I occupy the realm of fantasy.

One step and a rivulet springs forth at my toes among the stones. I begin to follow. Like water my soul is helpless to resist the forces of the universe. Down the channels and watercourses, I tumble over waterfalls, for my spirit dwells in the water as it is tossed through currents and eddies. At times I am stalled or seized by foaming chaos. Brilliant color paints my skin as the water shines through my eyes.

At last I am born into the air once again, my first breath is the rasping noise of the spray. Water drops from the curls of my hair. In the ripples I see my face.

It is changed.

The world and its cares have made their mark, for I no longer recognize the gaze that stares back at me. I have been painted with the suggestions of adulthood. Scars and shadows delineate my features—age has taken hold from the midst of youth's prime. I feel a chain to which my body is bound and cuffs that grapple with my spirit.

Time beckons onward, and the water tells me the grievances of a people I now begin to remember. I see pride and defiance as I peer into the waters. I see anger that surfaces in appalling suffering and poverty. A fear grows in my heart, for I begin to believe that humanity has been tarnished forever.

The essence of humanity cannot recover.

## Aimless...continued

A racket grows above my head; darkness looms in the sky. Monsters grapple at roots that write like snakes. This forest is still reeling from its own devastation. The consequences of destruction have never vanished. I cannot see what gives this conflict substance. There is simply a void.

I must believe.

Human beings have defied the bonds of their existence, and they are sure to face the consequences. One day, their imperfections will catch up with them and they will be destroyed by their own self-crafted demise.

I find a message upon a huge stone amidst the ruins, all that remain of the house where I used to live. I am asked to choose the world where I want to live. I reach out for the vision of paradise even as the horrific reality reaches out to take me in. It offers triumph in the midst of imperfection. In everything there is a savage beauty, for beauty is strongest in the midst of horror.

Dark vaporous fingers reach out of the emptiness and take me in, for I cannot escape reality. I see the universe being swallowed up by the earth.

It seems like a fantasy—to great and awesome to be real, to full of possibility.

My eyelids are slit open and the artificial light of the classroom floods in, but my vision quickly reverts to the true reality. We live in the midst of the interstellar realm. Earth is as much a figment of the cosmos as is the nearest black hole. I am in the midst of it all, and each movement I make has universal significance. I can only wait to see if one day I can walk in dreams.

Section 2:

Consequence

Find out where I am

Behold the strange environ, wonder what has happened

Section 3:

Self

Tumble down a waterfall;

at the bottom there is a pool

I can see my scars, what I have become

It is nothing, the spirit can change in an instant

Section 4:

History

View history in the pool, follow the river

See how we have come here

We have vanished from this land without a trace

and the earth has erased our existence

Section 5:

Science, belief, and nature

Clash among the trees; monsters in the ruins grapple at the roots of trees, which rise in defiance

Birds wait for spring; they fly in to the emptiness that overtakes the sky and offer a choice—even

atheists are filling their emptiness with substance

Section 6:

Freedom

Discover an epitaph left on the hill

I am forced to change, to choose reality in spite of

visions of paradise

Almost forced, fall in as I reach out for the

vision of paradise

Reality begs with the triumph of breaking

the law of imperfection

Beauty in everything

Beauty is greater in the midst of horror, that is where its power is strongest

Section 7:

The weight of universal significance.

Flash—see the universe

Flash—see the classroom

Flash—see the earth in the universe

I am in the midst of it all, but I cannot make a difference

I can only await the day when I will walk in

dreams.

## The Chemistry Battlegrounds: Out of Boredom, For Glory!

by Matilda Musial

The frosty grass crunches under heavy boots, worn leather and iron over frozen earth. Armies march towards each other to the gruesome field of battle, kings and warlords watch from the surrounding hilltops, preparing for - “Water is neutral, with pure water at a pH of 7.

An acid is defined as anything that donates a proton, while a base accepts a proton.”- a fierce and swift battle. For centuries, this bloody war has ravaged the once fertile land, generations living and dying on these - “...thus, water is the most common acid, *and* the most common base. Now, acid rain, with a pH of about 5.6 for this area, is created when coal-burning power plants...”- bloodied plains.

Gleaming plate armor and sweat-stained linen, scuffed leather and worn wood. A tattered pennant flutters in the harsh wind, the only other sounds in the godforsaken valley are the far-off cries of the opposing army and - “Today, every power plant has a scrubber on top of the smokestack.

## The Eruption of a School Day

by Madison Palmer

It is just a regular day in social studies, and we are talking about some random disaster back in, like, some Roman time, and my mind is feeling so held back.

“Oh my gosh, how about we just reenact the eruption instead of talking about it?” Sarah



“I love you, you love me, let's get together and erupt Pompeii. With a great big hug, and a holocaustic explosion from me to you, won't you say you love me, too?”

says to me from the seat behind.

“I know, but I never think that will happen”, I say in response. As I say it, I drop my head to my desk in boredom. After few minutes of my head on my desk, I hear a scream. I quickly lift my head up and all I see is fire and smoke and Sarah, and I try to ask her what is going on, but all she says to me is the word “Pompeii!”

“Come with me; we've got to get to the other side of the volcano!”

“Volcano!?” She then tells me that in a few more hours, the wind will blow the ash towards the town. On our way out of the town, we catch up with our classmates. We go farther, but then there is rubble stopping our progress. I tell everyone to move out the way; I've got this. When I get to the boulder in our way, I go all Hulk and lift it up, and everyone starts cheering. But then some ninjas pop out! So Sarah and I take it upon ourselves to kick some ninja butt! After a long battle between us and the ninjas, (and then skeleton pirate captains), we finally all make it to the other side of the mountain, only to find out the erupting volcano was being caused by a purple dragon. My whole class and I saved the town of Pompeii, only to have my-

## The Future of Dreams

by Zachary Warning

Have you ever just drifted off into your own magical little world? Well, we've all taken a math class, so of course we have! (My apologies, mathematics department!). As both a fiction writer and certified nerd, my daydreams have never been about the normal things, such as crushes or homework assignments. At least 80% of my daydreams in the past year and a half have been about the book Jon – I mean Editor-in-Chief (please don't whip me, good sir) – and I have been writing. In short, my daydreams always, without fail, take place in fictional worlds.

Now, my degree in Nerdology from Geek University is in the field of Science. So of course, this is the world I imagine on a daily basis:

Picture a planet with brown, bubbling, boiling lakes of muck and white foam, skies of grey, sickly clouds, brown grasses, thirsty for any sort of liquid water. Picture "fallout days" instead of "snow days". Warm winters. Drought-ridden springs. Festering summers during which the lakes continue to shrink. And yet, on this seemingly dead or dying planet, life blooms all around. Not animals or plants, or at least not many, but one species. People by the trillions, capable of sucking up entire lakes in the search for a glass of water, removing entire forests simply to print articles about the evils of such an act. A species who scrapes the sky with its buildings, punctures the mountains with its roads. Such a planet exists today, and, surprise, we live on it. But there's a catch – this world is in the future. Yes, ladies and gentlemen, here's the lesson that accompanies all my daydreams. This is only one future. There are an infinite number of possibilities, many of them good, but the path we currently take points to my nightmare world. Your nightmare world. As sad as it is, not many care about my dreams. They say that's simply what they are, dreams, and that there is no danger, no threat, no imminent doom or apocalypse around the corner simply because it's a few degrees hotter. I tell them all the same thing: Do not deal with a flood when the waters touch your chin. Deal with it when the waters are at your ankles.

My apologies if this was not the crazy, off-the-wall daydream you all (or none of you) dreamed of. (Get it? Dreamed of? It's a pun...because...you know...dream. Forget it). But this is truly what I daydream about. The burden of knowledge is great, especially when you are nearly alone. My dreams have political parties, controversy, and disbelief where they shouldn't, and it's sickening. For once, I don't want my dream to become a reality, and I

We actually got more serious submissions than I was expecting. But that's okay, because I think seriousness is just as important a virtue as silliness. So now, I'll give to you some silliness: ASK THE EDITOR is back!!! I've gone around asking questions to some students around EAHS, but due to this format, I can only include two responses. So dive right in, and prepare for the good, the bad, and the just plain stupid...

## ASK THE EDITOR...

The forum where you get the answers to your most pressing questions, answered thoroughly to the absolute least of my ability, I solemnly swear.

-Jon Javor, Editor-in-Chief of the VOICE

### Q: What's your favorite color?

A: A simple question. A classic, really. Of course, anyone who's read ASK THE EDITOR before knows that there's no such thing as a simple answer for a simple question. So what *is* my favorite color? To answer that, I need to delve deeply into the heart of western-based subjectivism, philosophy, religion, and politics. I'll start with the simplest one: politics (there's a new one). In a world of party schisms, can one truly proclaim their love for one color or the other without appearing sectionalist? What if I said "Red"? Then could not people think me a Republican, and the same goes for "Blue" and the Democrats. Religiously, red is the color of Hinduism, green the color of Jainism, orange the color of Shintoism, and neon magenta-pink-chartreuse the color of Christianity (look it up, I dare you). So is not declaring a color preference also declaring a religious preference? Philosophically, I am a subjectivist, who believes that there are no true answers, and everything is subjective, or relative to something else, and since they're always being subjective about everything, it makes sense that they haven't decided upon a color. Purple. I like purple best.

### The Future...continued

should hope all of you think similarly. Wow. Depressing. Well, might as well end it on a high note. Here's a joke:

What do you do with a ladder?.....Climate.

## Dreams of the Future

by Jon Javor

Imagine a future where no one had dreams. I'll give you a hand: it's the same future that Zach depicts in the adjoining piece (and yes, I will whip him for his infraction of my title, because I'm that kind of editor), but Mr. Warning has always been the environmentalist of we co-authors, and myself the humanist. So I daydream about the people. So I daydream about hopelessness, dreamlessness, and desperation. In his future, there are no dreams. There is nothing to hope for. Survival is a necessity, hardwired into our brains. It doesn't count as a dream because it is more animalistic than humanistic. I think of humans, and their lack of dreams.

I, too, have a degree from Geek University. But not in Nerdology, as my learned colleague Mr. Warning possesses, but in Hypotheticalology, the infliction of hypothetical scenarios on others to make them think:

What if we didn't dream? And by "dream", I include hope. What if there was nothing to hope for anymore, especially the bleak and dimming future? Picture surviving day-in, day-out, without any of the amenities to which we have become so accustomed. Of living like animals, at the mercy of nature, in a feral, unreasoning state. But not at the mercy of Mother Nature—our environment—so much as Human Nature—the empowered—generals, autocrats, demagogues. The ones who make our lives into a statistic. But, worse, we accept it. No, that's wrong, since acceptance implies thought beforehand in order to accept. This is a world without independent thought. The animal need for survival had burned all the rest: the reasoning and daydreams alike, the creativity, the spontaneity of charity. The Humanity. Children who are dirty and hobbled and ugly beat up the one beautiful child that stumbles witlessly into their midst, because he is beautiful, and rather than aspiring to be beautiful like the newcomer, inside and out, they inflict on him physical deformity with their fists and mental deformity with their words. And there's the environment. The environment rules us, which is only logical, because we created it. But there is no reason to realize that. Only rage. Rage against our situation, against each other, and with every battle the inhabitants of this world fight with



(P.S.: That isn't me, thank goodness. I Googled "random guy", because I didn't have a picture of myself handy, and he turned up. You're welcome.)

WHAT ARE THEY SELLING???



### Dreams of...continued

their neighbors, they truly fight against each other, against unity, against Humanity. Because they fight like animals over scraps of food and water for themselves, and then hide it from their community.

I envision the Golden Age of the Animal Human. The Golden Age of Dreamlessness and Thoughtlessness. But it can be averted, as Mr. Warning talks of, no dream is set in stone (and that was a terrible pun, so I *will* forget it). And he makes reference to my dreams, as I have to his, with "...political parties, controversy, and disbelief where they shouldn't..." The subjects of my daydreams are the perpetrators of the status quo in his. And it is truly depressing, and wrong. As he, and I, said, it is not set in stone, and we can change what we are when we are mindless, dreamless, before it is set in stone. Because the stone into which it would be carved would be the tombstone of Humanity itself. But we are adaptable. Dynamic. We are better than our weakest links. We are still Human. For now.

## The Chemistry Battlegrounds...cont'd

The scrubber releases a base that filters most of the acid out of the smoke, the by-products are used to make sulfuric acid..." - the labored breathing of scared boys playing soldier, waiting on death. A thick quiet has settled over the camp, where women and boys wait in silent terror, -"And the acid of your stomach is extremely strong! Every three to four days your body make a new mucus lining. Anyway, acids react with metals to produce Hydrogen gas..." - anticipating the return of wounded survivors and wagons of casualties. There will be no shortage of dead to be mourned, injured to nurse, and heroes to feed and clothe. Carrion-eating birds circle overhead, a gristly reminder that many men will never - "A Hydronium Ion is an H+ and water-bonded together, and the H+ is also a proton as the Hydrogen atom has lost its' only electron." - again see home, their grieving wives and children will be left without a body to bury as mass graves along the river fill. "Most people know strong acids will burn you, however strong bases can be 'caustic', and eat away tissue equally and horrifyingly well."

## Q: What do you think of chocolate sales going on in school?

Imagine the Mexican drug cartels, multiplied by...four. This is how our schools will be if the sales continue. Hear me out. Once supply runs out, chocolate, being as it is a highly addictive narcotic opiate depressant hallucinogen (little-known fact), will be as desperately sought after as gum was in Middle School (and we all know how *that* turned out). Gangs will rally around sharing the resources plundered from other gangs, the weak shall be picked off, the strong shall become the new weak, and then they too shall fall. Havoc shall run amuck, and amuck shall run havoc. The gangs will dissolve in infighting, their biological, animalistic dependencies on the substance tearing apart the very fiber of their beings, and complete anarchy—loss of all society—shall ensue. The solution: either never run out of chocolate (unlikely), or give it all to me, your Esteemed Editor, before the toxic dependency becomes unbearable. It is not too late, brethren!