

The Stony Brook

"Let Each Become Aware"
Founded 1957, Incorporated 1976



Statesman

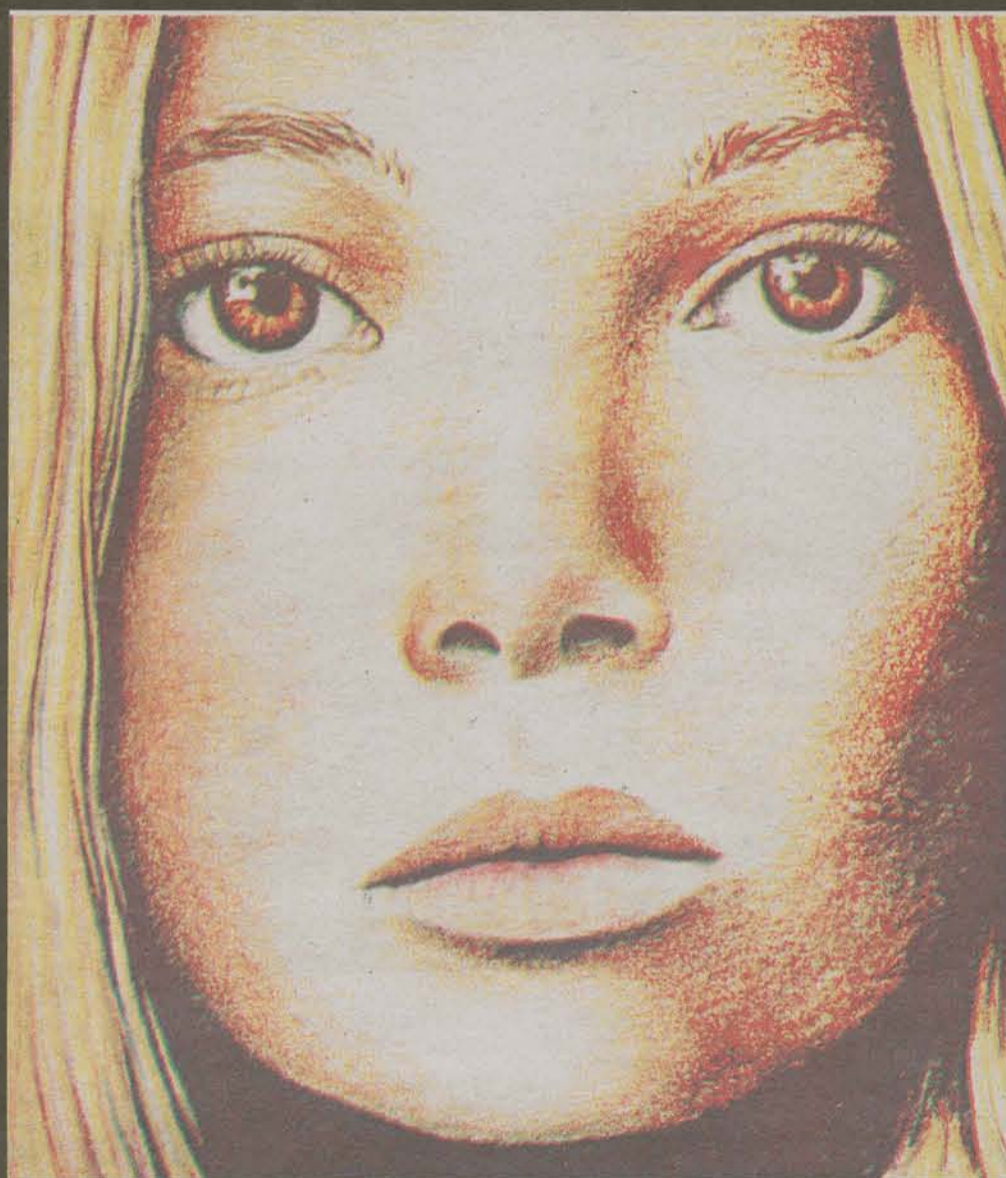
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Voices from the Brook



By Elizabeth Janowski

Artistic Supplement
Fall 2001

Bird Song: Composition Eleven

By KRISTOPHER LEE
Statesman Staff

I hesitated at the gate of the cemetery. What did I think I was doing? I was listening to voices in my head was what I was doing. I was letting this get to me too much. But it was so convincing. It seemed so real. He could have said it from some hiding place, but it didn't matter. What mattered was that I could find out about Crista.

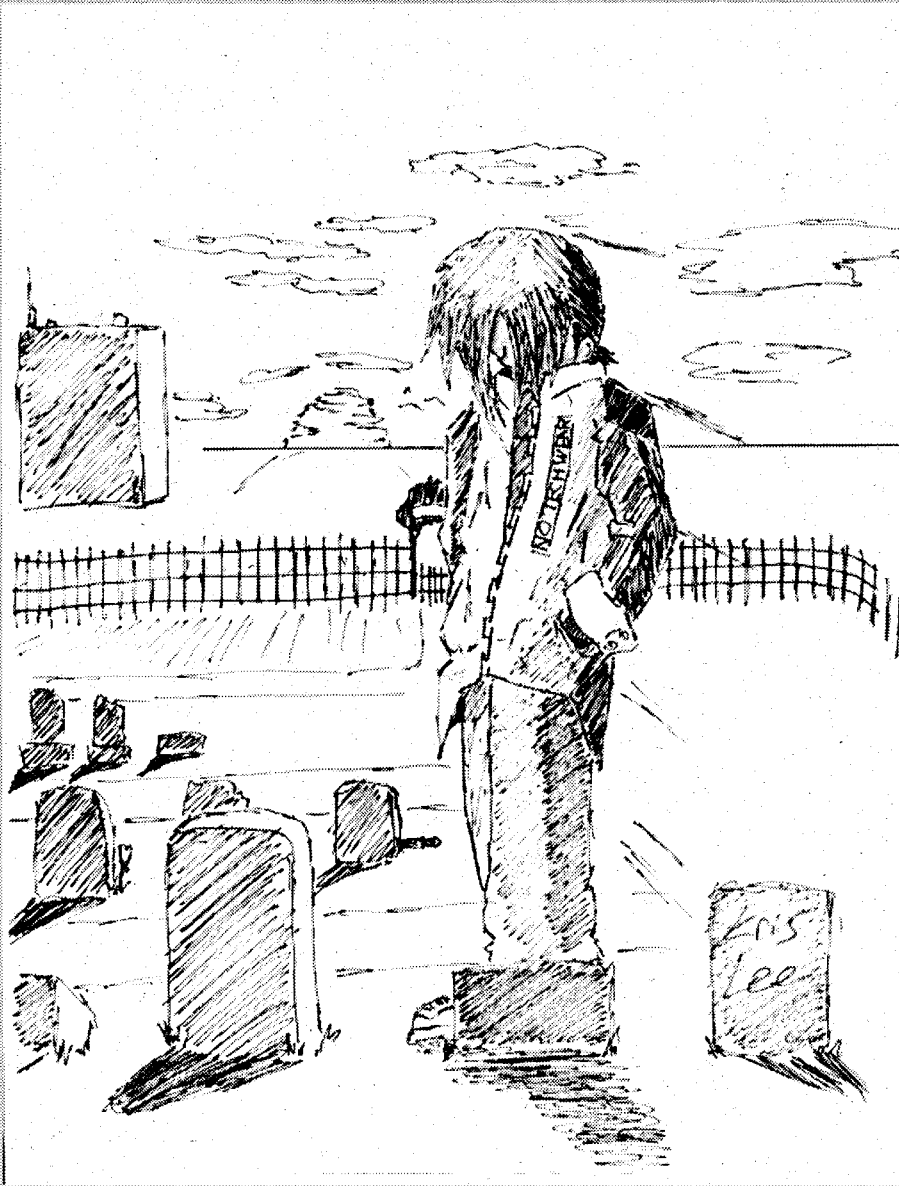
What was she hiding from me? Was she who she was? My mind was already forming stupid assumptions to the answers I would find here.

This would have been the perfect spot to find out that the girl I've been dating was actually dead, one of those silly Unsolved Mystery stories where the truth is I've been having sex with a woman who's been dead for twenty years.

No that was impossible... wasn't it?

I looked around, not knowing what I was looking for. I glanced here and there randomly. Searching the graves expecting to see her name etched into the stone. The date of her death being long before I met her. It's funny that no matter how hard you prepare yourself you can still be surprised.

My body and mind went numb. I did not know what to think, what to feel, my whole world was turning upside down. I was standing before the tombstone of my



beloved Crista, fighting to keep back the confused rage that was building inside me.

"Here lies Crista Parks beloved daughter, strong willed and forever in our memories."

I read the same sentence over and over again unable to believe. She died on the exact day we met. The sky seemed to echo my mood, tumultuous clouds played above me as dark looming rain clouds threatened to burst and fall down upon me. I doubt if I would have noticed if it did. I barely noticed the light touch on my shoulder.

"Excuse me sir. Were you... a friend of Crista's?"

The boy was half my age and except for a few blemishes and the short hair looked like Crista. I felt a cruel smile start to play across my face. The words came out horse and so softly I feared he hadn't heard me.

"Yeah you could say that."

"I see. My name is Mike, I'm her little brother. How close were you?"

"I don't know how close we were. I don't know anymore."

"Oh. Do you want to come back to my house? I'm sure my mother would like to talk to you."

I shrugged but inside I knew this could be my chance to learn about the real Crista Parks. About her family and whether or not I was in love with a ghost.

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at 7 PM

Stony Brook Union
Auditorium

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and talents displayed by SBU
students. A special tribute to the
9/11 events will be highlighted.

A Cold Piece of Apple Pie with Clementine Juice

BY BRAD JERSON

i was thinking earlier about my life-
just ten minutes ago writing a poem, flashing black things on
a snow covered screen making noise
in my room in a building down the path from a pond
or a sewer with geese.
eleven minutes ago rehashing Memories of a time worth forgetting like
the time I cut my knee
the Swings were rickety and the posts were close in the backyard down the road
100 feet
eleven minutes and 45 seconds ago moving my flesh toned appendages so briskly on a
plasticky board sold for Free
twelve minutes ago putting my weaknesses on paper to share with the group of twenty thousand

strangers and a page of newsprint so full of Life.
thirteen minutes ago there's a supposed unlucky number thirteen
friday the thirteenth, how bout september the 1998th?
breast cancer, chemotherapy, lack of sleep, lack of hair, lack of Hope
Glass Plus, Norman Rockwell, Shiny Nickels
all make things look so Simple
when it's all so hectic like the path of goose waste down the way
from the jukebox that holds the records of me.
but thirty seconds from now thinking about how Happy I really am
a chinese fire drill through some really nice Dreams.

Rejection

BY MICHAEL CHRISTIANSEN

in another memory
that could have been me;
sleeping beneath the sheltering tree;
hiding from the rain and sun;
resting on decomposition.

but the frame of your current phase
did not fit my ego-image:
so I, the fallen candidate
walk on, to find a love to keep
and a tree that does not weep.



Statesman/Marie Huchton

The Spectre of Memory

BY MICHAEL CHRISTIANSEN

when the stars fell from the sky —
sprinkled like glitter on my rust covered field;
and the wind blew backwards —
like every dream you forgot to live;
i introduced you to ignorance.

keeping you smothered deep within my embrace —
hidden from the world;
you knew nothing of what was to come —
and were so content with finding out, day by passing day.

until a time arose, foretold by the arrival of spring,
in which you had to know untold revelations
and I, no longer having the appropriate response
loosened my embrace and let you go on alone —
into the very world that i had tried to keep from you

i now often find myself thinking of you —
constantly embracing the frozen space
where you once had refuge.

please know
that if you ever wish to re-live the past
you can find me forever hiding from the rain
beneath trees trapped within the constraints of winter.

Invitation

Oh baby come to me.
Whisper sweet words in my ear,
Hold me close, drawing me near,
As I relax, with nothing to fear.

As you approach I smell your scent,
So strong, sweet and intense,
And your embrace is so inviting,

As you squeeze me, the feeling is so
exciting.

Kiss me with lips so soft and sweet.
Explore me, your chocolate candy treat.
As your lips slowly press mine,
Our tongues begin to intertwine.
Your lips lightly graze my face,
Sucking my lips, enjoying the taste.
I feel your energy as we breathe,

And I slowly get weak in my knees.
My temperature begins to rise,
As you take me on my emotional high.

Touch me on my shoulders and waist.
I shake and shiver for you,
As I wait and anticipate.

Your hands circle my breasts,
As your lips slowly put me at rest.

You suck, nibble and tease,
As I relax, enjoying the way you please.

We dance fast to reach our peak,
Our hearts join in one unified beat,
We both feel the intensity and the heat,
Then slow down, as we Reach.

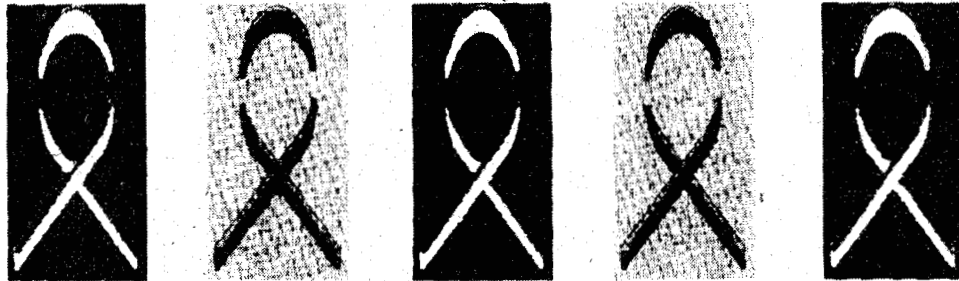
- Vivian Obi

POLITY - YOUR STUDENT GOVERNMENT

AFRICAN STUDENT UNION
PRESENTS

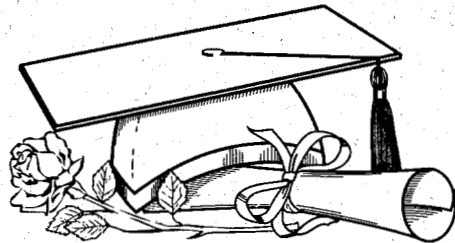
AIDS

AWARENESS



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Information regarding the December 16th Graduation Ceremony for
December 2001/January 2002 graduates has been mailed to your registered addresses.

If you have not received the information, please stop by the
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440 Administration Building or call 631-632-6320.



The Deadly Crush

By KARL FLUSSWURT

It was a cold night up in the Green Mountains, around forty degrees, and sirens were flashing from both vehicles. The coroner was examining the scene of the tragedy and I saw my own corpse along with everyone else. The State trooper was filling out the report, while a couple was shocked to see their first corpse.

Then my mother started to rush to the scene, pushing the State trooper aside to see what had happened. With one look, she broke down into tears and started screaming "God, why, oh why God, why?!" as she cradled my corpse back and forth with my blood spilling into her right hand and onto the green grass.

As I saw a girl crying, I began to rethink how this all started so beautiful, and how at the end, I am seeing my own corpse.

It was three years ago: I was in high school at that time, already in my junior year. My mother wasn't happy with me back then because of my poor marks in Chemistry. We had constant arguments over the subject and the fact that my high school diploma was in jeopardy.

In order to please my own mother, I signed up for tutoring in Chemistry. Two days later, I had been informed that I had been appointed to a tutor and that I had to meet her after school.

I assumed the tutor would be some mundane mastermind. So I decided to purchase coffee from the student cafeteria and drink it for the purpose to say alert to every boring detail that the "brain" had to say, otherwise I would fail Chemistry.

Keeping myself occupied with looking at notes from class, she walked up to me and asked, "Are you Glenn Basel?" I assured her of my identity.

I pushed aside my notes to take a glance of what this tutor looked like. My eyes started scanning her from her six inch brown shoes and then moved upward to her long, thin legs, which were dressed in gray stockings.

Above her skirt line, I could see her thin abs and mesomorphic* chest, along with her thin, muscular arms and long, thin fingers that were suitable for typing or playing the piano.

Nevertheless, the most attractive feature on her five-foot-ten mesomorphic body was her face. Her radiant red hair reminded me of the sun at its twilight state, her medium size nose had a round ending to it, she had small ears, and lips that would make any man desire to kiss them.

But the most attractive feature, the most appealing, was her ocean blue eyes, which had a hypnotic effect on me and left me with a feeling of floating in a sea.

"Hi, my name is Monique Levice. I am your appointed Chemistry tutor," she said. Then she started asking me questions about my difficulties in Chemistry: what concepts did I find were most difficult to conceptualize in the course and what difficulties did I have with applying concepts in the subjects.

We first started out on a crash course of the basics, which lasted for thirty minutes, but later on, we got from the atom to the solutions. We moved from counting atoms to the most difficult stoichiometric concepts and equations.

Every week, we would review concepts that had boggled my mind and she would show me how to apply the concepts in order

to get the right answer.

My grades improved dramatically from a D- to an A-. Both my teacher and my mother were pleased to see me perform better in Chemistry and saw no worry in whether or not I would get my high school diploma.

However, those weeks of tutoring and training had a latent function: a friendship between Monique and I had developed. Even after tutoring for hours, she sat aside with me during lunchtime at the "loser" table.

The reason why they called it the "loser" table is because that table had been unofficially assigned to students who had little or no friends and did not belong to any high school clique.

She did belong to a clique, but decided to sit with me because she wanted to be my friend out of kindness, not sorrow. I had some friends, however, those friendships were only based on sorrow and pity for me.

I learned more about Monique every time we talked at lunch. For example, she was born in Czechoslovakia and migrated to America with her family at age seven, and she was in A.P. Chemistry and Honor Physics at the same time.

Every minute I was with her was pleasure to me. I would get a chance to listen to her sweet, angelic voice, which was like bell chimes to my ears, and look into her eyes to get the same hypnotic feeling that I had experienced the first day we met.

At the end of my junior year in high school, I ended up getting an A- for the year, and it was due to the intelligent girl I had developed a liking to. After weeks and weeks, months and months, my love for her grew stronger, as if a tumor was attached to my heart. Every week I wanted tell her how I felt and soon I would get the chance to do so.

The week before finals, I waited for her at her locker, hoping to meet her and thank her for her accomplishments in tutoring me. I had a bouquet of dogwoods, white and beautiful, that were all for her. As I saw her walk slowly, hearing the sounds of her shoes tapping onto the floor one at a time, I was preparing mentally on what I was going to tell her.

"Are those dogwoods for me?"

"Yes," I replied.

"Why, thank you, Glenn, you're too

generous."

She gave me a hug, which was unexpected. No woman, except for my own mother, has ever hugged me; not even my relatives would hug me because it had been considered deviant. After hugging me for thirty-five seconds, she performed her duty of unlocking her locker.

"Well, it's my way of saying thank you, for all you have done for me."

"Well, your welcome Glenn, it was interesting tutoring a student like you. Most of the people I tutor are not as dedicated to studying Chemistry like yourself. In fact, they just drop the course and move on, but you Glenn, you decided to work hard and stick to the course."

As she continued with her speech, I decided that it was going to be now or never.

"Monique, that's not the only reason why I gave you those dogwoods. I have a confession to make: I am in love with you. Ever since the first day we met, I wanted to be with you.

Every minute that we spent together over the past months has been a joyful experience for me, and I hope it was for you. I had to express my true feelings for you Monique. I can't keep them inside me any longer."

"Well Glenn, that is very flattering and all, but I have to tell you something. I am involved with someone else, someone that you don't know, and we already have a great relationship, so we shouldn't spoil it, since it has meaning."

"But Monique, you have no idea how I feel about you. I want to be with you. You make me feel different and you're not like other women I have been with, in fact, no other woman has ever made me feel this way."

"I'm sorry Glenn, but I am with someone else, and I think we are better off as friends."

But I didn't want her to see me as just a friend. I wanted her to see me more than just a friend; I wanted her to fall in love with me the same way I had fallen in love with her.

I made my last attempt to "woo" her by kissing her. My lips pressed against her lips, the lips that I had been dreaming of kissing, night after night, since I met her.

The experience felt like a thousand massages on my facial muscles, like

something out of the heavens, like the first time I took a lick of my first ice cream cone that my father had brought for me at age five. It only lasted ten seconds, and then her response was slapping me in the face, packing her bag, and dumping the bouquet into the trash bin.

One week later, I took a bus that would take me to her neighborhood. I walked to her place of residence and knocked at her door. The door opened and I saw her face. She looked like she was dismayed to see me.

"What do you want?" she asked me.

"I want to apologize for what happened last week. I am sorry that I kissed you without your permission. I don't know what came over me, and I didn't know that you were involved with someone else.

I hope that we can restore our friendship. I brought a dozen roses with me, and I hope that you will find it in your heart to forgive me. I still want to be your friend."

"Well Glenn, I accept your apology and I still want to be your friend. I just hope that you will never pull a stunt like that again."

As she accepted my roses, she gave me a hug and our friendship had been restored after that event. The sad part is that I still was in love with her, so I had to do what was appropriate, which was hide my true feelings for her and never reveal them again.

The following year, senior year, everything was calm. Monique still sat with me at the "loser" table and no one was quick to judge her for that action. From twelve to twelve-thirty, I would go through that same joyous experience that I had been through in my junior year, however there was only one thing that was different.

Every week, Monique would tell me about how wonderful her boyfriend was and how deeply in love she was with him. His name was Marcus, who was five years older than she was. He was from the same town that Monique was born in and had everything that I lacked.

He had a successful career as a computer engineer at one of the world's top software companies in Boston, tons of money, a Mercedes-Benz C-Class Coupe, and a log cabin in the Green Mountains in Vermont, which reminded him of his log cabin back home in Czechoslovakia.

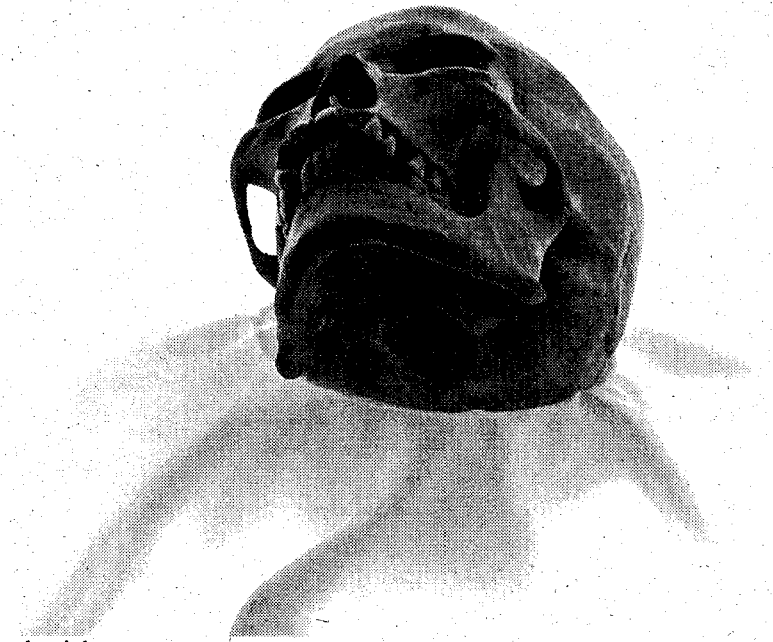
She had met Marcus in a church chorus group; Marcus was a religious Catholic who also shared the same values with Monique. The moment I heard that this "clown" was with Monique, I wanted to put his face in cement and throw him into Lake Champlain, where he would drown.

I wanted to be with Monique, I wanted to spend time with her and eventually grow old with her, although my mother forbade me to get married because she had a crummy marriage with my father, who left her when I was only ten.

She felt it was best that my brother and I go to college to get Social Science degrees and become Catholic priests. I guess you can say that my mother thinks that all men are created to carry out evil.

After the prom that I couldn't go to and the graduation, which I didn't want to attend, Monique and I went our separate ways. Later on in August, I had received a letter from Southern Connecticut State University stating

Continued on Page 10



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On Truth: The Life That Imitates Art

By **FREDDY DAVIS**
Statesman Staff

The way one has viewed the history of mankind's art has been ever so revealing of the society and the aspects in the unique form each has taken on over time from various cultural perspectives.

In ancient times art was considered to be a patronage to the gods, one crafted items for rituals or just simply to honor and worship these higher authorities. This art was in turn celebrated as a projection of the god's greatness, a traditional icon. Yet the idea emerged that one should not be led around by the senses in a craze for lust, eye-candy, or other supposed deceptions. This was in this new realm of pure reason that directed the main focus of art.

It was with the emergence of Platonic thought that man began to see reality in a whole new light. The concept of universals came about and in such the subjective vision of each individual man became belittled. The realm of the senses was seen as a mere copy of these forms of reason, and art was viewed upon as being third removed from the truth, a copy of a copy.

During the Middle Ages it became blasphemous to worship idols as a form of art for they were mere copies and could never begin to encompass the true glory of this one eminence from which all emerged. They were "mere" icons that tried to tantalize one in being ruled over by the evils of the bodily senses.

In the more modern era this view on art again began to shift towards a more "enlightened" approach. It was here that the presence of Hegel began to be heard. For with Hegel art was not some copy that needed to be overcome or risen beyond, no for Hegel art was the path towards this actual one universal, the claim to the Absolute Spirit. Yet there still was this bewildering of art, for it still was held that art needed to be progressed to a point where one was past the "classical" and "fine" forms to a state of this absolute where all was one. Unlike Plato, Hegel held that it was through such a vehicle that one could see such progress.

The next and seemingly most dramatic stance in the way art has been viewed comes near the turn of the century when the ideas of Nietzsche became prevalent. Nietzsche, unlike Hegel, did not hold there to be some natural progression towards this one absolute but that we were already in this human situation that can continuously be overcome.

In each step it also had to be realized that the senses and reason go hand and hand. Art was the reflection of pure instincts; the basest of all human emotions and the consciousness was still an emerging trait in man but one that without these pure forms of instinct and passions could not

subsist and would die out. It is here in art that we see such a battle.

At this point in time art tried to portray this psyche in how we, from this human perspective, view the world. In this process it took on the distorted forms of cubism in trying to display a three-dimension image on a two-dimensional canvas as the way we actually see the world as in the works of Picasso and in surrealism that used distorted suggestive imagery to portray the psyche of how we interpret the world as we have come to find in Dali's pieces.

There seems to be a set historic progression of art though, but what link do all these forms have in common? What seems to have transcended time in the artistic experience to still reach out to us today from a piece of another age long gone by? How can this voice be expressed and ever present in every piece of work that can rightfully be called art? What they all share in common is a captured human emotion through which we can connect to across time. In art these captured emotions are of those expressed on the intangible subjective level that only come to be in the expression of an act and are never as fully expressed as in the form of art where it can have it way in a complete manipulation over the tangible. It is in art that these emotions get combined with a set culture and battles the political and social endeavors encompassed during that time in history.

During each period man was still burdened by abstract security and only by projecting it on to something he could personally create and mold into the form he desired that was right for the embittered emotion was this security made tangible. Thus the settings of political and social movements, along with each individual and their country's unique culture only made the need for this expression of emotions ever more present during these distinct periods in history.

In turn the optimum outlet for such expression in art flourished. For it is perhaps in these expressions, first in thought, and then in art which can only fully express such a manner had these physical events emerged with each capturing a depiction of the loss or heightened sense of security of the time.

What is depicted in these pieces is this intangible reason and base emotions that are made tangible in color on the canvas or on the stage or screen for all eyes to see. For even when we look close enough we can see the inner struggle in the artistic endeavor, even the struggle of the artist himself to have such passion reach such consciousness in the work.

So then what is art? It is a battle that takes place in the deepest fibers of man's existence in a struggle for consciousness. It is the fight of the intangible over reality. The quest for actualization but of a purely subjective matter

By **ELIZABETH JANOWSKI**



"Gray Skies"

BY RABAB AHMED

They say truth is beauty,
but where's the beauty in war, hatred, racism.
Rage and revenge hidden behind plastic smiles
helicopter wings churning the great black cauldron
which used to be the sky
human brains merged into a mush of confusion
we come together only to fight against each other
unity in hatred
happiness in bloodshed
great blue eyes reflecting the tinge of bloodiness
tis only a matter of chance.
Can't get away, can't close our eyes and dream
it won't end till the world becomes a pool
of black and red
death and destruction becomes our soul purpose
in living
who wanted to find truth?
why must there be a raging storm to find
the bottomless pit of the gray seas.
the only truth we can find today is
that we live in a world where peace and love
has a place
only beside the cemetery,
killed in battle as we fight for that we kill.
we look at each other with faded smiles of yesterday
mistrust, confusion, and hatred
amidst hearts of steel
the day will come when love and peace will reign
a kingdom devoid of humans
who have killed that which they searched
leaving destruction the master of all.

Alice's Blackberry Tea

BY JESSICA TEN DOESSCHATE

Would you like a cup of sanity?
She held the teapot high,
No, not for me, (daintily)
The moon's as full as I.

Random thoughts with lemonade
Taste sweet against your tongue
Impatient dreams do promenade
While sleepless nights-are being sung

Twisting clichés around my finger
Melting clocks with flapping wings
Fantasies that forever linger
Of red queens in the minds of two-headed kings

Sanity plays a tricky game
What is commonsense is nonsense
So should surely be the same
Then, since birth, have I had it ever since?

Would you like a cup of sanity?
You, re sure to like the stuff.
If what's common is just calamity,
Then, no thanks, I've had enough.

The Depository

BY JOSH ADLER

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invites the Stony Brook community
to the first presentation
in the 2001-2002 Presidential Lecture Series
Celebrating Diversity*

★ ★ ★

**"War and Peace and the World Religions:
Indic Contributions to the Dialogue"**

Robert Thurman

Author, Scholar-Activist, Advisor to the Dalai Lama,
will discuss insights on India's cultural experiences and religious traditions
and their contributions to world peace.

★ ★ ★

Wednesday, December 5, 2001

Campus Life Time
12:40 p.m.-2:10 p.m.
Student Activities Center Auditorium

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The Stony Brook Statesman Thursday, November 29, 2001

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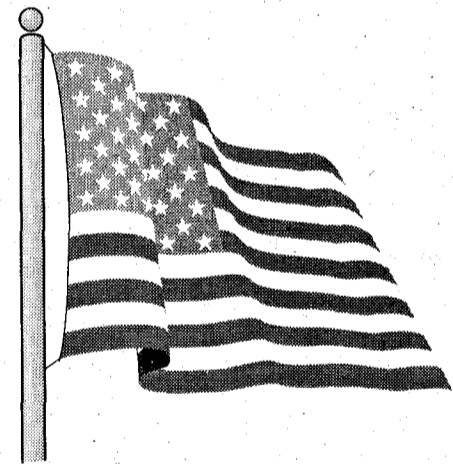
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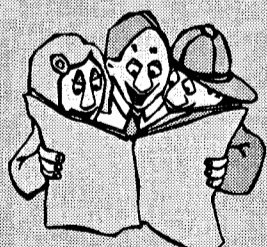
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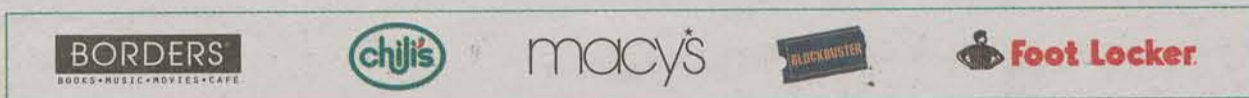
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The Deadly Crush

Continued from Page 5

my acceptance after being on the waiting list since February.

My mother wanted me to go to Stony Brook, since it was so close to home and allowed her to check on me every week to see if I had performed any deviant behavior. However, I convinced her that Southern Connecticut State had a better psychology department than Stony Brook did.

She later came to an understanding why I wanted to go Southern Connecticut State. But the fact that they had a better psychology department than Stony Brook did was a lie. I didn't do any research on which college had a better psychology department.

Hell, I didn't really give a flying rat's ass if I studied Psychology. The only reason why I attended Southern Connecticut State is because Monique had been accepted there.

She had received a scholarship from the university, since she was a female student whose major was Chemistry and scored a 1390 on the S.A.T.s.

Already knowing that she planned on attending Southern Connecticut State from our lunch table chats, which I missed so much and considered a part of my "salad days", I didn't know which part of the campus she resided in.

It took me two weeks to find out where she lived on campus, and I found out when I saw her in the school's computer laboratory on a Friday night.

After seeing her in the laboratory, I noticed that she had not changed since high school. She was still a goddess in my eyes; when I looked at her face, I went through the same experience that I had been through on the first day we met. But what was I to do? With a love inside that grew so strong, it was at the point of obsession.

Should I tell her the truth that I have deceived my own mother to be with her for the next four years and beyond, or just be a ghost and watch her every move, listen to every word she speaks, and take the same classes as her?

If I told her the truth, she would get scared and inform the proper authorities about my obsession with her, hence making it sound like a stalking case.

Stalking women in Connecticut is a serious offense, and if I were to get convicted of such a crime, I could get fifteen years in jail and bring shame upon my family.

Taking the same classes with her, including Calculus II and Organic Chemistry, would be like high school, and I knew that Monique would not be there to save the day again. So

my final option was to follow her, record her every move and speech.

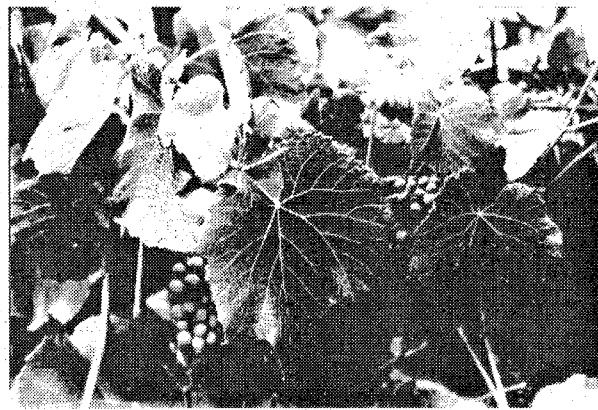
I did record her every move and speech, I followed her home from the laboratory without her noticing. Then I realized that in order to record her every move and speech, without me being caught would be difficult and expensive.

So I decided to use my mother's credit card, which had a limit up to five thousand dollars, to buy a new wardrobe, electronic gadgets, a make up kit, a ton of wigs, beards, and mustaches.

I brought a digital camera for \$325 to record her every move, \$910 on a make up kit to hide my true identity, and a flatbed scanner for a \$110 to scan pictures of Monique from my high school yearbook and have them posted to my windows desktop.

I also bought an \$80 micro-cassette tape recorder, which would allow me to record her speech when I followed her in my various disguises.

One day, I would follow her to Advanced Physics wearing a trench coat, a curly blond wig, and sunglasses. The next day I would wear an Armani suit, which was already



in my possession with a short, straight red hair wig, and a mustache, sitting two rows from her in the school library.

The day after, I would wear a mime suit, put a fake scare over my left cheek, sunglasses, and a black beret while having lunch with her, however I was sitting right behind her.

Being a ghost around Monique allowed me to watch her every day. Recording her every move and word was like being with her everyday, at every minute. I posted pictures of her moves on my dorm room wall, from Monique eating and drinking, to her reading books on Physics and the Universe.

I created a collage in memory of her. But what I loved was listening to her sweet, angelic voice every night when I

went to sleep. Instead of cramming for Psychology quizzes and tests, which I should have done, I went to bed at ten every night, no matter what, and played the tape that had Monique's voice on it.

The tape would inspire my conscience to dream my favorite fantasy, which involved an elevator in an unknown building. The both of us were on our way to the twenty-second floor, but then, out of the blue, the elevator stopped, and the emergency lights went on.

I attempted to call for help through the phone that they always install in the elevator for emergencies, but I could not get anyone on the other end. I then pressed the alarm button, but no one heard the ringing at such a continuous rate.

Then both Monique and I decided to scream for help, and after two hours we stopped due to the sharp pains we felt in our throats.

Then Monique started to cry, worried that she would not get out of the elevator, and I told her "If there is anyone in the world that I want to be with, stuck in an elevator, it is with you, my dear."

After saying that, she became relieved by my optimism and kissed me on my left cheek. Then I asked her to dance with me in the doomed elevator, telling her that the fear of entrapment would go away if she concentrated on something else, and she replied "Yes," with a smile.

After assisting her lift off the ground, the both of us assumed slow dance positions. As we danced, the music became louder, and as a result, Monique laid her head on my shoulder as we both continued to dance to the smooth sounds of Sade.

Then Monique would tell me that she felt comfortable and safe when she was with me. Sade's music would get louder when the both of us were looking straight at each other, and we moved our lips closer towards each other like magnets with opposite poles for the sweet kiss that I always wanted since the first day we met.

The kiss would last longer than the one I gave her a year ago, and it felt like taking my first lick of a thousand ice cream cones. The both of us would kiss for as long we had been entrapped in the elevator, which left me smiling while I was dreaming.

It was already October and I had received an electronic mail letter with an advertisement regarding a lock picking kit that was on sale at \$875. The kit would give me the ability to absorb more knowledge about Monique, and allow me to investigate if she was going to break up with Marcus, as I have heard her talk about several times on the tape.

She was concerned with the fact that their relationship was not as fun as it used to be, and that the both of them were going their own separate ways. Monique stated that she'd rather break it off now than break it off later.

On a cold, moist Tuesday morning, around 8:30, while both her and her roommate were away at class, I had the perfect opportunity to sneak into her dorm room and see what she was up to, regarding her relationship with Marcus.

Looking under her bed, in her dresser draws, all in

Continued on Page 14

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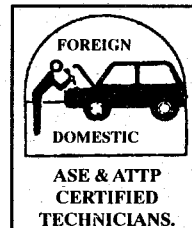
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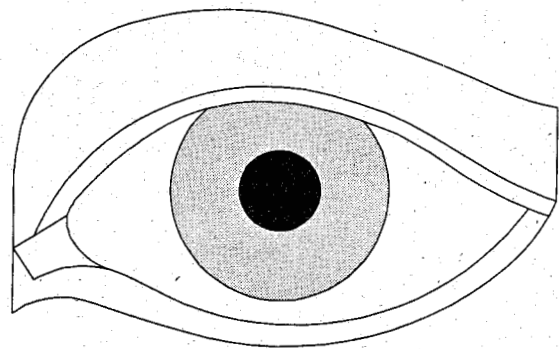
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GOOD LUCK ON EXAMS

GENESIS

This is a story about the struggle between good and evil. It takes place in a place called the Tkei Kingdom in which a self proclaimed revolutionist is on trial for his crimes against the Tkei. This would be the first step in what would be a series of events that will change the Tkei fate for ever and would force certain individuals to seize their destiny and other's to face their doom.

The accused is a former general. A sworn protector of this society. A man who is widely respected and a born warrior. But he has committed treason against us. He has violated our beloved constitution and raged wars in our streets.

...and he has murdered all who opposed him in his warped crusade.

Agnos! Do you have any thing to say for your self?

NO!

Because you see just like you, I know the Prophecy. I know what the Scriptures say Gallium.

and when you banish me from Tkei, know that I will be back to take my rightful place.

After King Gallium banished Agnos from the Tkei Kingdom, things were calm in the country, that is until Twenty years later. Now Gallium near death is succeeded by his son Gwei who becomes the greatest and the most charismatic leader and warrior in the history of the Tkei. From the day he was born he was raised to be just that, this is because the Prophecy states that the king's son would rise and lead the Tkei over it's enemies. Gwei destiny began to unfold after a battle between the Tkei and a rival state, in which the Tkei won and was receiving the refugees from that state into their kingdom.

Are you O.K. Kcrd?

You did pretty well considering that this was your first time in battle.

Yeah! well it helps when I have you teaching me Gwei.



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Loneliness

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 echo through the fog of darkness
 Monumental waves
 crash upon my soul
 Bitter hemlock
 trickle down my throat
 Lifelong shadow
 linger and wouldn't go

Sorrow within
 stares squarely at my sins
 Oh Lord, have mercy on me
 send me the worthy soul
 Thy cup we should share
 Thy seeds we should sow

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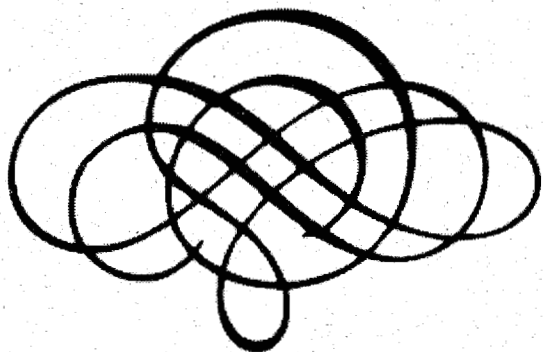
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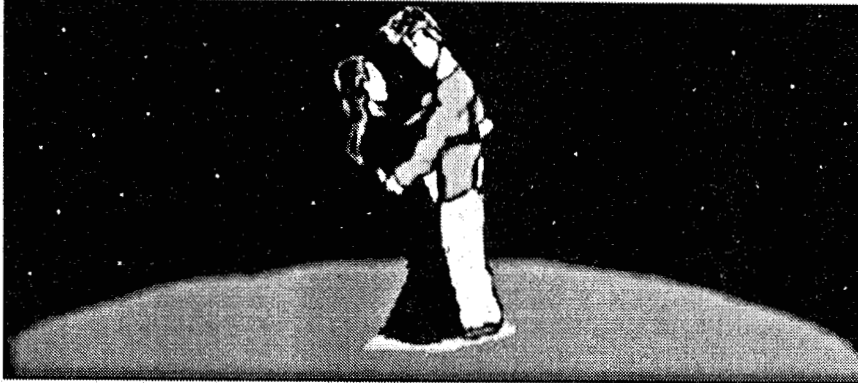
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For more information contact: Stony Brook University
 Clinical Research Trial Center (631) 444-9033

Now Gwei was no stranger to the opposite sex, He was known to be a ladies man, but several nights after the battle he would run into a women refugee that he would not be able to resist.



NOW IN THE BEGINNING XINA DID NOT WANT TO GIVE GWEI THE TIME OF DAY, BUT HIS PERSISTENCE PAID OFF AND THEY ENDED UP FALLING MADLY IN LOVE. THEY WENT EVERYWHERE AND DID EVERYTHING TOGETHER. THEY SEEMED TO HAVE HAD THE PERFECT LOVE, BUT LITTLE DID THEY KNOW THAT WAS ALL ABOUT TO CHANGE TRAGICALLY.



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631-941-1400**



The Deadly Crush

Continued from Page 10

attempt to find her diary and/or date book, I suddenly stumbled upon a handwritten note on her keyboard. It had her handwriting, with a message that said MEET MARCUS AT HIS CABIN ON FRIDAY-IMPORTANT.

After reading the message, I suddenly noticed that next to her mousepad was her address book, and decided to find Marcus' address.

After finding his address, I decided to follow Monique to Vermont in order to find out about the state of their relationship.

Deciding to skip a review session before my first Psychology midterm, I decided to buy a bus ticket to Vermont on Thursday morning, using my mother's credit card again.

When I arrived in Vermont, I went to the nearest motel to buy a room, since I was going to spend two nights in town because the next bus to New Haven was on Saturday morning, not Friday midnight.

When I arrived at Marcus's cabin, I already had my binoculars to see if Monique was going to end the relationship with Marcus. Keeping my fingers crossed that my wishes would come true, at seven in the evening, I sighted Monique in her '96 yellow Mazda Protege, pulling up to the cabin.

Looking at Monique and Marcus from a sight where I thought they couldn't see me, especially if it was night already, I finally saw my competition. I was competing against a blond, six-foot-two mesomorphic 23 year old man who had jade eyes, and was dressed in a plaid shirt with blue jeans.

I saw the two exchange formalities, and then Monique started to explain to Marcus the problem in their relationship. After Monique had her say, it was Marcus' turn to speak. I was thinking that he was going to tell her that it was over, that he fell in love with someone else or felt that they should see other people.

Then Monique would be with me and fall in love with me, and if possible grow old with me. When I was looking at the cabin, I saw him go on the floor with one knee, and pull out a small black box. When Monique took the small black box and opened it, inside was a fourteen karat gold ring with an octahedral-shaped diamond.

When she saw it, she slipped the ring into her middle finger and kissed him. The both of them started to hug each other, and as I saw all of this happiness inside the cabin, outside the cabin was a man with a broken heart.

I decided that I couldn't watch any more of this romance and returned to my motel room and began to cry myself to sleep. I couldn't sleep that night. I was too focused on the fact that Monique was going to get married and spend the rest of her life with Marcus, and how I was going to live in pain and torment until my death.

My love for her did not die, but the fact that I was in love with a woman who would soon be Mrs. Marcus Tabor gave me pain in my intestines. On the way back to New Haven, I was thinking of how I was going to get Monique back, but all I came up with was the ending to the movie *The Graduate*.

When I returned to New Haven, I went to my dorm room, wishing that I were dead and looking forward to a sleep with an infinite duration. I opened the door, and all of a sudden I heard a voice with a loud tone.

When I heard "You have a lot of explaining to do, mister," I turned to see who it was, and then knew that my life was officially over when I saw the look on my mother's face. The agenda for her surprise visit was to discuss the credit card statement, but after being in my room for ten seconds, she recognized an even bigger problem.

After finding out my deadly obsession about Monique from my roommate, my mother said I had two options. One of the options was that I drop out of college and check myself into a mental institution back home.

The second option was if I decided to stay in New Haven, my mother would tell Monique about my deadly obsession and advise her to contact the proper authorities about my deviant activities.

Seeing how I cost my mother over five thousand dollars,

set my family back financially, resulting in my brother attending public school, I did what my mother wanted me to do, which was to drop out of college and check into a mental institution back home.

By Tuesday, I had already packed my things for the trip home. I withdrew from all my courses, and explained to the registrar that I would not be attending Southern Connecticut State in the near future.

By Wednesday, I checked into a mental institution with the support of my mother, where I would spend the next 18 months. I had been assigned to a single room, which had a bed that felt like a flat piece of slate rock, walls painted in pale green, and a white marble floor.

Aside from the bed, there was a fenced window that blocked everything but sunlight and a maple wood dresser.

For the next eighteen months, my assigned psychotherapist treated me with "talk therapy". In addition, I was treated with drugs from my psychiatrist to treat my depression, and attended group therapy sessions, which were controlled by the nurses.

With the exception to the drug therapy, all the other

therapies convinced me that my obsession was unhealthy, unacceptable, and that I should move on with my life. After eighteen months, I was allowed to go back to my community.

The night before I was released from the institution, I had a dream about Monique. The both of us were in the Caribbean or the South Pacific, stuck on a desert island, wearing clothing that had been torn and ripped.

She was wearing a blue-green dress that had ripples at the bottom, white pearls, and a dogwood that was set in her hair. She came close to me and said, "If there is anyone in the world that I'd want to be with, stuck on an island, it would be with you, my dear," and kissed me.

She started to make passionate love to me under the shades of the Coconut palm trees. The dream lasted only for a while, until the nurse woke me up and told me to get ready to leave for home.

After the one-hour drive from the institution, I arrived home where my little brother greeted me. I assumed that he would be frustrated with me because my actions in college resulted in the loss of all of his friends back in Catholic Elementary school, but he wasn't upset at all.

Instead, he gave me a hug and said "Glad your home, brother," and I replied "Well, so am I, so am I." I entered my old room, which I had abandoned for nineteen months, and began to unpack. I was half way unpacking my clothing when my little brother gave me an envelope.

I thanked my brother, tipped him a dollar, and told him "Go to the arcade for a while and play whatever game you want." My brother left in a hurry to attend to his hobby without even thanking me, but the important thing was the letter was from Monique.

I was hoping that it was good news, but it turned out to be the opposite. Instead, it was an invitation to her wedding, which was set on the 22 of June of this year. I didn't want my mother to know, so I decided to burn the invitation and wash it's ashes away. I still kept the envelope, in order to know where she resided now.

The following night, I could not sleep. Thinking about her marriage to Marcus, I woke up with sweat all over my forehead, and found it difficult to breathe. I couldn't take it anymore; I had to get rid of both of them.

If I can't have her at all, then no one can have her after all. I decided to steal some money from my mother, in order to buy a bus ticket to Marcus' cabin in Vermont, and her gun, in order to end all of this misfortune.

I went to the bus station at five o' clock in the morning.

Concluded on Page 15





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The Deadly Crush

Concluded from Page 14

brought the ticket and sat on a second-class bus that was making two stops: Albany and Middlebury.

Carrying nothing but a receipt for a one-way ticket to Middlebury, \$0.38 in my pocket, and a 38 Smith and Western, I arrived at the cabin, ready to shoot at anything that moved. I saw her with that "clown" Marcus and I wanted to kill both of them right on the spot.

Pointing the gun directly at Monique first, I took one last glance at her before I shot her. When I saw her laughing and happy, it brought back memories of the "salad days", the experiences that made me fall in love with her were coming back.

I then realized that seeing her happy was what made my life worth living. I decided at the last minute not to kill her and Marcus, putting the gun into my pocket. Seeing her with Marcus was the best thing for her because she was happy, and for me, since I was a witness to her happiness.

I still loved Monique and I couldn't get her to love me, hence my dream of being with her was shot down. Ever since I met Monique, my life had changed; without her, I would be empty.

The pain of Monique choosing Marcus over me was too great to bear, and seeing her again with him would just bring me back to the mental institution back home. In order to end the pain, there was only one way out. I put the gun to the right side of my head slowly and pulled the trigger.

Within milliseconds, I went from living to deceased, with a bullet hole at each end of the head, while blood spilled on the ground.

When both Monique and Marcus heard the gun shot, they rushed to see what had happened and were horrified when they discovered my corpse, still dripping blood. Within minutes, Marcus called the emergencies about my suicide, while Monique joined me in viewing my own corpse.

My mother decided to follow me to Middlebury after she found out that her money and gun were missing, and later found the envelope that indicated Monique's address on top of my unfixd bed.

My mother assumed that I had gone out to kill her, so she drove as fast she could in her white '96 Ford Taurus. After driving for nearly twelve to fourteen hours, she arrived at Middlebury, however she was too late.

When I saw her appear on the scene of the suicide, I began to feel sorry for her and my little brother, for I had left them nothing but pain. Now I am a ghost, as I was in college, expect I don't wear disguises and no one can see me.

I guess now I can spend eternity with Monique until the day she dies and maybe will become a ghost.

It's amazing what love can do to a guy, especially when he is dead. It just comes to show you how love can turn a normal human being into a sick, crazy person who becomes obsessed with another human being.



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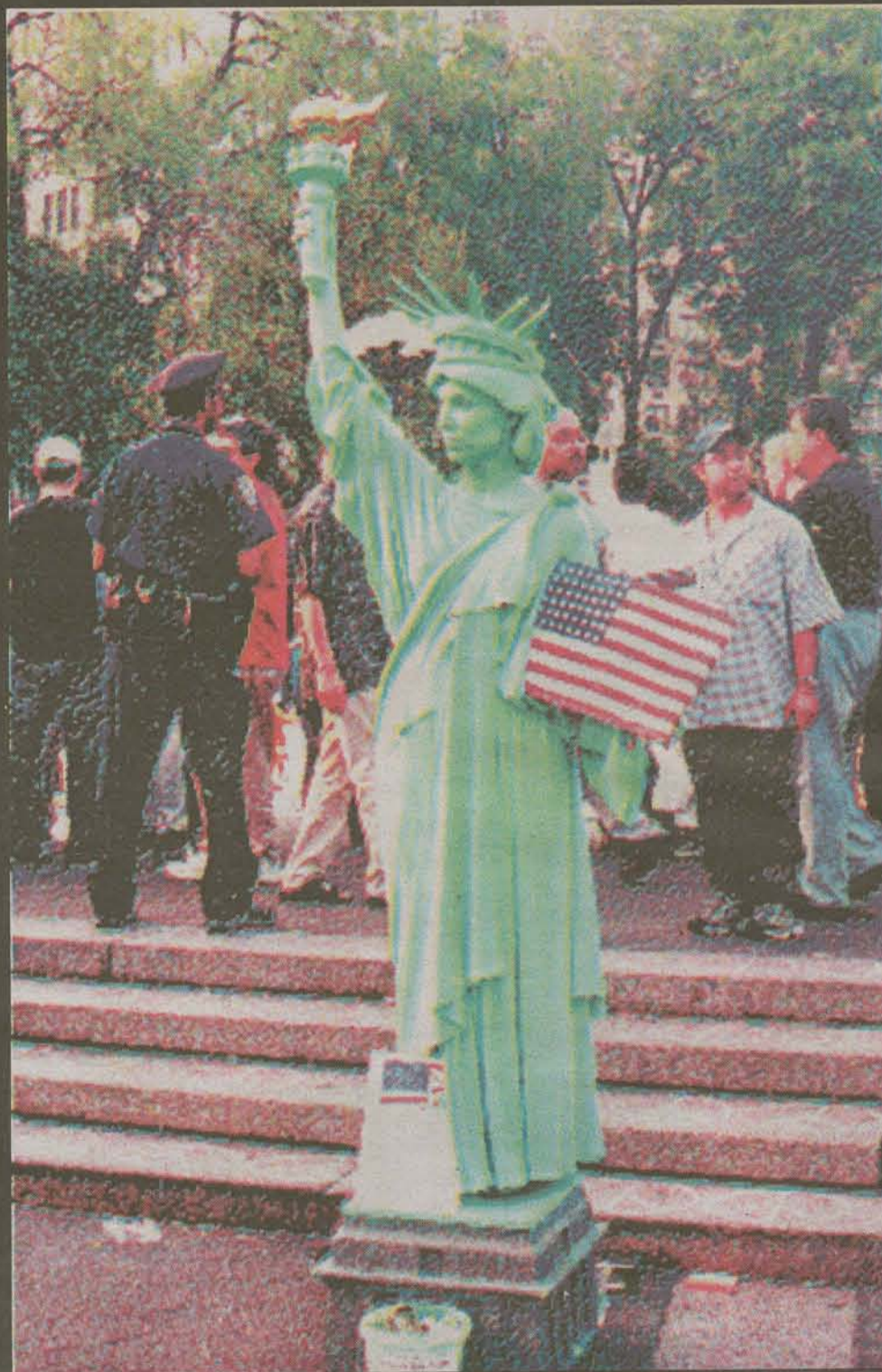
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