In this spooky edition of the Middlebush Times, you will be exposed to all sorts of academic horror stories. Events and situations that will make you cringe at the thought of ever having to experience them yourself. Many of our graduate students were brave enough to share these experiences, and for that I commend them. Some chose to remain anonymous. Others chose to share their names. All in all, their stories should connect to experiences we have all had in academic (to varying degrees).

This edition will also highlight the contributions of graduate students dealing with different types of horror stories. Ones where a good laugh (and maybe a 6-pack) are not going to make everything better. These unfortunate realities will hopefully motivate us as scholars and people to raise awareness among ourselves and our communities that we live in a horrifically stratified society. While this may be a downer on such an important American holiday, it cannot be overlooked.

Happy Halloween!

By Stephen Christ

Call for Submissions

I would like to invite all graduate students, faculty, and staff to submit an original piece to the November newsletter. Submissions can be on any topic! Please try to keep word length of stories between 200-400 words. Potential submission topics could include: movie reviews, music recommendations, de-stress techniques, exercise advice, or literally anything else.

You can submit your story anonymously by placing it in my mailbox, or you can email it to me at src257@mail.missouri.edu by Tuesday, November 19th.
Academic Horror Stories

The Other Mr. Rodgers
By Braden Leap

My academic horror story involves the first college paper I ever turned in. Fresh off receiving an A in college English my senior year of high school and getting an iPod for a graduation present I arrived at Mizzou thinking I was hot shit. Unfortunately, Mr. Rodgers, my Iraq/Vietnam War professor, did not share my opinion. After writing a brilliant essay on the Vietnam War that utilized a John Madder reference (it made sense, really), I handed it in with the expectation that I would continue my streak of A papers from high school. A week later I received the paper back. Scrawled in giant red ink across the top of the page Mr. Rodgers had informed me that my paper was so bad that it did not deserve a grade. Not even an F. It was so bad that the man had literally not taken the 2.5 seconds it would have taken to connect three slant lines to form a giant red F on my paper. I was shocked. I called my mom. I probably went back to my dorm room and did nothing the rest of the day. Luckily, this horror story has a happy ending. Mr. Rodgers allowed me to revise, he taught me the joy of topic sentences outside of class one night in Middlebush, and he continued to critique the way I wrote my name on papers because apparently it implied I thought little of myself. Regardless, I didn’t fail the class. In fact, after my first paper catastrophe I received a grade on my next two papers.

Hung Out to Dry
By Stephen Christ

I was a twenty one year old graduate student presenting my first ever original research project at an academic conference. The plan was simple: smile, introduce myself, discuss my research (nothing spectacular, but definitely solid), and soak in the praise. I had envisioned the process going just like that in my head, but reality had something much different in store for me. The topic of my presentation was the social construction of racial ideologies in the U.S. and Latin America (yes, I am well aware that setting up such a binary is problematic—remember, I was just starting out). I had conducted interviews with many people from these regions and was proud of my findings. The day of my presentation felt like any other at a conference. As I gazed into the crowd of my session I saw what seemed to be friendly faces. Comforted by this, I settled in for the session. I went fourth out of four, so I had plenty of time for the stress to build. Finally, when it was my turn I started my presentation. Hands shaking, voice cracking, what I am fairly confident sounded like complete mumbled gibberish, and accomplishing a world record for total “ums” in a fifteen minute span, I powered through my talk. Assuming no one would ask me any questions, I sat back and waited for the session to end. Then, to my horror, and older, mean looking man (going off a highly traumatized memory) literally stands up, points at me, and tells me that he thinks I am wrong. I was not prepared for this. I wanted to say “dude, I am 21 year old kid who did this research as an undergrad. You are on a different level than me, so please don’t do this,” but I couldn’t. I felt I needed to defend myself or be forever remembered as the guy who got owned at the conference. I was terrified, and severely overmatched in terms of knowledge, but I felt (and still do) that the research I was presenting was perfectly in line with a large body of research on the subject. This guy wouldn’t relent, though. He was making negative comment after negative comment and making me look like a fool. I looked around the room hoping the session organizer, my adviser, ANYBODY, would do something to make it stop. Nobody did. I had this guy ripping my research to shreds for a solid ten minutes. Finally, with a laugh, he tells me “that’s what I have to say.” The session ended, and I quickly left. Angry with everyone in the room for letting me be hung out to dry like that. I never saw the guy again, and I hope I never do. This event still haunts me at conferences and in class discussion. I cringe at it happening again.

Comprehensive Exam Pandemonium
By Anonymous

It all started the Friday morning of the second week of my comprehensive exams. Having already completed the social inequalities exam (with what I believe to be gold), I was all set for culture and identity questions. The week leading up to the second round was stressful, but a strange sense of calmness set in about Thursday. Everything was going to be okay, I thought. Friday morning I woke up early a came to Middlebush at 8:30 to pick up the questions. That morning my wife had mentioned to me that her side was hurting her. While I was concerned for her, I did not think anything of it. At about 8:35 I went to my office to open the envelope with my questions. Damn, I thought! These are tough. As I started stressing over how I was going to answer, my phone rings. It’s my academic adviser calling me to tell me “that’s right now, they scream.” As they lift her into the wheelchair, my wife turns to me, pulls down her oxygen mask, and tells me to leave her to go work on the exams. I stood there with five people staring at me trying to decide what to do. To leave or not to leave. Either action had a negative consequence. I decided to stay and we went to the E.R. Now, its 5:00 on Friday and I sitting in a hospital room certain I am going to fail comprehensive exams. Finally, at about 6:00 a doctor comes in and says all the tests are normal and that they did not know what caused the pain or reaction. Wow, this whole day is a waste I wanted to tell them. I finally got home at 7:00 that night and got to work. I pulled the first and only all-nighter of my academic career that night. I got the exams done mid-day on Monday and was able to pass. I still think about that day and smile.
More Academic Horror Stories

Prideful Temper Tantrum

By Anonymous

During my undergrad, I had an instructor who wrote in his syllabus that he reserved the right to fail anyone who did not turn in each and every assignment, no matter what the assignment may be weighted as far as points are concerned. More reasonably, he had a late policy that deducted 10% for each day an assignment was late. I had several large papers and presentations coming up (you know, things seem to converge all at once sometimes), and in the midst of all that, a small paper in his course slipped my mind. It was due the Friday before Thanksgiving break, and I failed to remember that until we returned from break. So obviously at this point my grade would be a zero under the late policy. However, knowing that if I didn’t turn something in he would fail me, I typed up a half sheet of not great work. I was getting a zero anyway, so I wanted to dedicate my time to these other papers and presentations which were bigger and actually worth points. I explained to him how I had forgotten, how I understood both his late policy and his right-to-fail policy, and that since I was getting a zero anyway, I really needed to put my energies into these other projects, but I was turning *something* in. Perhaps I should mention at this point that this was at least my third class with this instructor. We had a pretty good rapport, he’d had me over to his house for dinner my freshman year, and I worked a few hours a week as his office assistant. I assumed he would understand my honest mistake of forgetting the small paper and my need to focus on the larger projects now that getting points for the small paper were out of the question -- in fact, I figured he would find it humorous. Boy was I wrong. When final grades rolled out in December, I had a C posted in that course. I knew beyond a doubt that I had pulled off a B. (He was a tough teacher, but the material was interesting, and I really did try hard -- so I was proud of that B). I emailed him asking if it was an accidental typo, and (in so many words) he said I was lucky to get a C because he was within his rights to fail me. Long story short, I filed a grievance and lost, though the dean never actually sent me an email or letter stating that, so when I inquired again in the spring about the status of my grievance he said it had been closed weeks ago and that now my timeline had passed to do something else about it. I’m sure that was not in compliance with the grievance policy, but I wasn’t smart enough to look into it. Come graduation, my GPA is 3.9, which was .1 away from summa cum laude. I should have worn the title of magna cum laude with pride, but I kissed his ass, wrote another short paper, and he changed my grade the day before graduation. In fact, I think they’ve long been tossed. Also worth noting: In the course I had with this instructor before the course this incident took place in, he regularly asked me to marry him. At the time it seemed very joking, but in hindsight (as I’m so much older and wiser, har har) it is really creepy. I think he did admire me for my brains, and he knew how much I adored him as a professor. So I think when that little paper that slipped my mind wasn’t my number one priority he took it personally and pushed back hard. Also creepy

Public Speaking Disaster

By Anonymous

I always hated public speaking. I just don’t like getting in front of crowds. One semester I was forced to enroll in Public Speaking. It was a general education requirement I could not get out of. Part of the class was actually giving a speech to class. When it was my day to do it I completely froze up. I was horrified, then I uncontrollably blurted “Shit!” I ran out of the room and never wanted to go back. My professor followed me into the hallway, gave me a pep talk and I got to try again. I did it, but it was one of the most embarrassing moments of my life.
Funny *Phd Comics* Horror Stories We Are Familiar With

ANATOMY OF A GROUP MEETING PRESENTATION

- pulled all-nighter. finished slides 5 minutes before meeting started.
- trying to come up with insightful question that will impress advisor.
- first year, only person actually paying attention. has no clue what's going on.
- relieved she doesn't have to explain why she hasn't done anything this week.
- starving, thought there'd be food at meeting.
- has written two proposals in his head since meeting started.

AVERAGE TIME SPENT COMPOSING ONE E-MAIL

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Professors: 1.3 seconds</th>
<th>Grad Students: 1.3 days</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>yes, (send)</td>
<td>dear (2) prof. smith,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>do it, (send)</td>
<td>i was wondering if perhaps you might have</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>see attached, (send)</td>
<td>possibly gotten the chance to potentially</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>no, (send)</td>
<td>find the time to maybe look through that</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>draft paper that i passed you at the end of</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>term last term (in case). i know you are</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>very busy these days. do you have any good</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>ideas? if you do, i wouldn't hesitate to</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>email them over to me.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

WWW.PHDCOMICS.COM
Who is your intellectual hero?

1. Jenn Stafford  
2. Eva Woods  
3. Teah “Slim” Hairston  
4. John Pruitt  
5. David Elliott  
6. Robyn Swink  
7. Gummi Odds  
8. Veronica Newton  
9. Robert Schmidt  
10. Mike Sickels  
11. Kristen Kalz  
12. Ashley Vancil

a. Michelle Obama  
b. Amit Prasad  
c. Simone DeBeauvoir  
d. Cornell West  
e. My mother  
f. John Dewey  
g. Karl Polanyi and Patricia Hill Collins (equally)  
h. Joan Hermsen  
i. Gummi Odds  
j. My dog, Harriet  
k. Pierre Bourdieu  
l. W.E.B. DuBois

Answers on back page.

When surveyed on where our graduate students would ideally be employed after graduating, this is what was found:

N=27

Thank you to everyone who took the time to complete the surveys. You all are awesome!
Watching a good movie is one of my favorite things to do. There is just something about getting lost in the world of Hogwarts, watching Brad Pitt save the world, or laughing at Adam Sandler’s (funniest person ever) great jokes. I recently watched a couple of wonderful movies that have left a big imprint on me. I will provide a short summary of them below. I hope you watch them. Then, let me know if you agree or not!

Cloud Atlas is the best movie I have seen since Titanic—that’s really saying something! The movie details six stories which take place over several centuries. I think the big idea is that a persons actions in one life generates consequences and constructs the realities of future lives. Everything and everybody is interwoven. So, the takeaway for me was that past, present, and future are always structuring our present situations and interactions. The movie was produced independently of any major studio, but thanks to generous rich people who donated money, was able to cast huge stars like Tom Hanks and Halle Berry. Without giving away too much, the plot is full of love stories, hateful crimes, depressing losses, and happy triumphs. I highly recommend it for anyone who likes movies. It really is that good. Go watch it!

District 9 is another phenomenal movie. The movie is a social commentary on the South African Apartheid. In the movie, an alien species lands in Johannesburg. Lacking military force or resources to survive, they are quickly placed in deplorable camps. These camps are underfunded, heavily policed, and sites for all sorts of hateful crimes against the aliens “prawns.” The movie follows the struggles of one government worker who quickly realizes how bad it can be to be on weaker side of a power dynamic. All in all, the movie does a great job of making you think about how messed up some of our ideas of how social life should be structured. Another must see!
“Has it been 11 years? WOW!” I said this to myself three weeks ago during Coming Out Week 2013. I realized while talking to some of my students about the upcoming events that it had indeed been 11 yrs. since I first came out to some of my friends at Mississippi State. I asked Stephen if I could write a column on LGBTQ issues in academics and in general shortly after this revelation. I have so many times avoided the subject in interacting with some students, faculty, and the general public. What can I say, sometimes we just want to be people and not LGBTQ educators. Though this is one of the primary reasons I came back to grad school. There are just some days we do not want to come out to yet another person. We do not want to have to deal with all the questions or the possibility of negative reactions. This is something I had to explain to a group of about 25 frat guys that same week as a member of an OutReach Panel.

But another issue has plagued me lately. Many of you know that I have become an advisor to the recolonizing chapter of my fraternity here at Mizzou. As a part of that I have had mixed feelings about taking on the role of not only fraternity advisor but frat guy educator on LGBTQ issues. At least twice this semester there have been statements made by some of the guys that were offensive to say the least. But I had that same feeling, I don’t want to deal with this right now. And so I let things go. Moreover, I had been thinking about this from the perspective of their struggles recolonizing. The campus is not the most LGBTQ friendly. Though great strides have been made, the situation, especially in the Greek system is not that great. And the old view that being the “Gay frat” is bad is ever present in my mind from my research and my personal experiences. And so I had been stressed that something would come up about it, or someone would do something that would force me to deal with the situation. You should also know that 11 years ago, I came out to my brothers at MSU. Most were great and it made no difference. Yet I was afraid of what might happen with this group, though most of them are much younger.

Then I decided to attend the Coming Out week event, “Coming Out While Greek.” To my joy and amazement, there were so many individuals in attendance that they had to switch rooms for the event. It was your typical coming out panel who discussed their personal experiences and touched on what it is like to be gay, lesbian, bisexual, and trans and a Greek. I discovered during this presentation that one of the young men was a Beta Theta Pi. This is the group who just built the giant new house, is one of the largest chapters at Mizzou, and this particular brother also just happens to be running for MSA President, and is already serving in his chapter as an executive officer. It hit me that the chapter could no longer use a gay advisor as a problem because they had to compete with one of the largest chapters on campus who had an out gay officer and candidate for MSA office. Moreover, in the same instance I discovered something troubling. An individual that the Beta pointed out to me as a member of my own fraternity I had never seen. He had never come to chapter. He according to the Beta was a member of the first group of guys that were recolonizing the chapter. So how is it that I hadn’t met him? I was at every chapter. I have yet to determine, but this has stirred me. Could it be because he was gay? This I don’t know for sure but is something I feel compelled to look into. I cannot be an advocate for anyone else if I cannot be an advocate for my own fraternity and potential brothers.

And so this brings me to the reason for this edition of Queer Qorner. It has been 11 years. But the coming out never stops. However, having a department that is supportive and welcoming allows me to feel safe. It also helps that I don’t have to come out all the time in the department. This may seem insignificant, but let me be the first to tell you, coming out all the time or on a regular basis, or having to be the educator for everyone else gets very tiresome. Yes many of us get into professions to do just that. Social, legal, political, and health advocates chose to engage in coming out/advocacy behavior on a regular basis. Instructors too take on this mantel no matter what subject they instruct. But there are times we desire to just have a normal day at the office where we do not have to explain to people who we are and what it is like. We after all are just like everyone and want to be treated the same. And then one of the important things about being your colleagues is that we can have that normal day at the office. So what am I saying? Thanks for allowing me to be me. And in the future continue to treat LGBTQ colleagues the same as others. There are many times we need just that. But also thanks for celebrating who we are and the diversity that we bring. Remember that a kind word from a colleague on a gloomy day can help. Asking how we are and how things are going is nice. And supporting us and making us feel welcome is a great gift. No matter where some of us are in our coming out experiences or in a personal lives, supportive and encouraging colleagues are always appreciated. And remember, it doesn’t have to be Coming Out Week or Pride when you do something to make us feel at home and comfortable, anytime is the right time!
Rant Radar—Halloween Edition

By Kevin Martin

We have all had them. We have all done something outrageous to them in our fantasies! We have all had them make us feel unappreciated and seemingly confirm the fear we all have that we are hacks. You know who I am talking about, that obnoxious undergraduate who is still wet behind the ears and think they know everything. Whether its carrying on a conversation while you lecture, sauntering in 30 min late and then leaving 10 min before class ends, or making you feel like you no matter how much you prep and develop your lectures it isn't enough, they know how to get under your skin. You dislike them because they do not see the value in what you do. They treat your hard work like you threw it together 5 min before class started. Ignoring you and the readings you have chosen to help them understand the course material, they scoff at your every challenge to what they think is important. You have spent 4 to 6 years studying the ins and outs of the discipline and your specific areas of interest, yet they seem to have the power to wave their wicked wand and we end up feeling like Gulliver in Brobdingnag.

In all reality, most in academia face many more monstrous things than sophomores with the idea that they have read a few scholarly articles and now can converse with us and walk in our world. Many times, it really is that our own doubts about our abilities fuel our overreaction. Now don't get me wrong there are times that undergrads get big heads and they need to be kindly but firmly made to understand that you are the instructor and they are the student. But the reason that they possess more power than they should and are able to stab us directly in the heart is that we place a lot of who we are on the line. Their reactions to and interpretations of us take one mythical proportions sometimes. Why do we allow this? We are human and we all desire for others to like us, no matter how ghoulish we seem to be on any given day. Moreover, their opinions of us do not simply exist between student and instructor. They go beyond the class room and develop a life of their own. Not only do student's portrayals of us create, in many instances, great horror stories rivaling anything Stephen King has ever written, but they also follow us around professionally. From student evals, to departmental rankings, to the type of jobs we get there is some level of power that our students wield that scares and haunts us. It is as if sometimes they snatch the mask we are wearing with our costume off and reveal who we really are underneath.

But fear not dear reader! It is all a horrible candy fueled nightmare! You will awake and the sun will yet again rise. The slings and arrows of yesterday are quickly turned to dust. We pick ourselves back up and move on hoping for that gleam we love to see in their faces when they get something we were taking great pains to get them to understand. The email you receive from that student you hadn't seen in years saying thank you for making them learn something they didn't want to or work harder than they thought they should. Or even better a student you have mentored achieves a new success. You wear this around on your breast like a strutting peacock. Or you simply find when you get to work the next day you feel energized, recharged and the daunting storm on the horizon is merely a wispy cloud. You find your second wind and move on. Whether it be a kind word from a colleague, a hug from a partner, or a sweet note from your mom.

So babies don’t you panic! By the light of the Night it will seem alright! The truth is that all of us have had those students. They force us to take stock in ourselves and if even for a moment reevaluate how and what we are doing. In many instances we should probably actually thank them. Why? Simple, in many ways they are there to remind us of who we are and why we started doing what we do. As well, if something in their frustrating and painful strike allows us to either see something we need to work on or allows us to more clearly understand where we need to focus with students, they have provided us a small gift. It is a moment of reflection. A moment to think about ourselves and not take us so seriously. This may seem counterintuitive. Yes they can be frustrating and hurtful. But most of the time we pick ourselves up, screw our courage to the sticking place, and carry on. Not because of them, but in spite of them. Not because they are right, but because we have a chance to look at ourselves in the mirror and thus rediscover ourselves. In the end, the sharpest tongues and the harshest words only serve to discredit their attacks and reaffirm our self-image. We are not the monster, no we are the champion. We are not the academic frauds we fear we are. So dust yourself off, stuff some extra straw in your shirt scarecrow, and set your course. The things you were searching for the wizard didn’t need to give you, they were there all along, and you just didn’t see them. But thanks to the friends on the journey with you and your own spirit, you will get back home, wherever that may be!
Clark Lane: Where the Sidewalk Ends in Columbia

By Andrew Bisto

It is late Monday night (10.21.2013) as I write this. Earlier in the morning a call for submissions to this publication came out and I didn’t intend on writing anything. But the course of my day changed all of that. I did the usual things. Gave a last lecture before an exam, had a meeting with my advisor about the progress of my project, copied important meeting notes and distributed them to my committee, compiled 4 boxes worth of old exams and papers to be shredded, read and sent a mind numbing amount of emails, and protested outside city hall for the construction of a sidewalk along Clark Lane. For those who have not had the pleasure of driving down Clark Lane, let me tell you, a sidewalk is needed. With a business district that includes a handful of fast food locations, a few sit down restaurants, a home supply store, and a large gas station, many people who live down Clark Lane walk to this district to work and get the supplies that they need. Across highway 70 is Patricia’s and other types of facilities just mentioned.

Several people stood outside before the City Council meeting to demand a sidewalk. As it stands now, many people walk along the shallow strip of loose rock that rests just outside the white lines of the two-lane road. One person was telling reporters how he was hit by a car recently, and was carrying around the side mirror of the car that hit him. It had fallen off from impact and the driver never stopped, it was a hit and run. I came back to the office to finish the workday with some writing, but it didn’t seem to come. So I grabbed some newspapers and went out.

Three front-page news articles held my attention for the remainder of my night. USA Today’s “Dick Cheney is back: Robust, heart-strung” suggested the once militaristic corporate executive of a Defense contractor has settled down a bit from maximizing profits by killing children and families. His most recent project involves collaborating with a physician on a book that details the chronology of Cheney’s heart problems as they correlate with advances in the medical field. A few digs on Obama were made throughout the interview. Like this one – “His priorities are radically different from mine, …I’d put defense first and foremost. The Constitution and the oath of office, the first thing you need to focus on is defending the nation. All the highway money, food stamps and education, and everything else we like having the government do, don’t amount to a hill of beans compared to our inability to defend the nation” (Page 10.21.2013:2A). Well, at least he has settled down from making policy. His replaced heart is not much warmer than his old one. Somehow this war mongering former executive of a military logistics company represents national interests.

The next two articles come from the New York Times. “China’s Arms Industry Makes Global Inroads” was sure to displease Cheney. Or perhaps provided satisfaction for some promise of future military logistical support. So it goes… Turkey selected the China Precision Machinery Export-Import Corporation over NATO supporters for their “long-range missile defense system” (Wong and Clark 10.21.2013:A1). According to the article, China has become the 8th largest exporter of foreign arms by value in the world, totaling $2.2 billion. The United States, on the other hand, has a 39% share of the $73.5 billion global exports in foreign arms ($28.665 billion). The missile defense system sought by Turkey, known as the HQ-9, costs $750,000 per missile and Turkey made a bid for $3 billion (which has not been signed. A point repeated throughout the article).

At this point I reminded myself of my own writing. I wanted to write a short abstract for a MSS presentation but I was feeling a bit overwhelmed. Next to the article on the Chinese arms industry was a summary of the JPMorgan settlement with the federal government over investigations into their practices including the “sale of troubled mortgage securities before the financial crisis” (Protess and Silver-Greenberg 10.21.2013:A1). In a telling rundown of the true financial crisis facing the nation, JPMorgan had earlier offered to the federal government a settlement for $1 billion, and then $3 billion, which were both refused. Jamie Diamond (CEO of JPMorgan) personally called the Attorney General’s office to re-open settlement talks just hours before a press conference on the investigations into the bank in late September. The new offer this time? $11 billion. But the Attorney General still thought this was too low, and the most recent
figure stands at $13 billion, with “no promise of dropping the criminal investigation” (Protess and Silver-Greenberg 10.21.2013:B4).

Of course the bank assumed that coughing up more dough meant their legal status would remain unscathed, but this is not the full slap in the face provided by the article. Further down the column, the Times goes so far as to mention that the $13 billion, which would be the largest settlement by a single corporation to the federal government, has been argued by some as case of the government “going too far” (Protess and Silver-Greenberg 10.21.2013:B4). The reason for this claim? “A $13 billion penalty would be more than half of JPMorgan’s profits last year” but we still do not even know “whether JPMorgan will admit to all of the improper actions cited by the Justice Department” (Protess and Silver-Greenberg 10.21.2013:B4).

As young workers are getting hit by traffic demanding the city of Columbia for a sidewalk and piece of mind and a general recognition of their worth and rights, a major bank is offering anywhere between $1 billion to $13 billion to avoid a criminal investigation into their business practices. All the while they are still conducting business, criminal charges notwithstanding, including personal calls to the Attorney General to negotiate a deal. Major corporations are receiving record profits, settling out of court with record settlement deals to avoid the full extent of the law, and we are left with much less of what Cheney calls a ‘hill of beans’ to fight over and demand.

The book, Where the Sidewalk Ends, a collection of poems by Shel Silverstein, haunts me tonight. I was in the 1st grade when Mrs. Wallace read to us from these inspiring pieces sparking our imaginations. I was being pushed to think of where the sidewalk ended when I was 7 years old, more than twenty years ago. Now, after chanting and talking with residents who need a sidewalk near their residence in our hometown, I feel the need for more of that inspiration I felt when in a small classroom. I know where the sidewalk ends in Columbia. I know we have the money in this country to pay for vital social services. I know we can take all of the money we spend on “defense” and use it to feed, shelter, clothe, educate and provide health care for the entire population, without one person left out. I know it is going to take more than a change of heart to accomplish.

Trivia

1. C
2. G
3. E
4. I
5. F
6. J
7. K
8. L
9. B
10. D
11. A
12. H