

growth. Even then, her step did not slow. She had to return to the mountain and see the goddess again. That was where she belonged now.

Behind her, Sari heard Luzah announce that a new Lottery would be held tomorrow when the sun was high.

Sari nearly collapsed from exhaustion when she finally reached the crossroad. But she allowed herself only a moment to catch her breath before starting up the right-hand path; up toward the mountaintop and the home of the gods. Exiled from the village, this would be her home, now. Sari imagined a great embrace from all of the gods on her arrival, especially Shimara, whom she loved above all the others.

She had not gone far up the path before Shimara appeared before her, blocking her progress along the narrow, rocky path. They stared at each other, surrounded by boulders that towered above them like mimics of the mountain's greatness, before Shimara finally spoke. Sari had been expecting loving words of greeting, but her voice, though still full of music, was cold.

"Go back," the goddess said. "You don't belong here."

"They drove me from the village," Sari said, not believing her ears told her the truth. Was even the goddess abandoning her?

"As I told you they would," Shimara replied. "Did you not believe me? But now you think you can come and be with us, but you are not welcome here, Sari."

"I have no where else to go." Sari's mind filled again with confusion and rage. "This is your fault! You told me many things and now I am no longer welcome in my village. How can you turn from me now? Where else can I go?"

"Dear Sari," Shimara said, her voice softening. "I never said knowledge was an easy thing to possess. It takes great strength to face what you must now face, but I chose you, dear Sari. Do you understand that? I chose you because I know you have the strength to face what lies before you. You must find yourself, which is never easy, but you must do it from here without me. You are mortal. You cannot come any further. You do not belong here."

Sari took a step forward, begging Shimara not to send her away, but rage sprang to the goddess' eyes. "If you take one more step toward us," she said, her voice now like thunder and waves, "we will kill you." Behind the goddess, Sari caught a glimpse of a pair of glowing eyes and knew it was Little Ti, waiting for her to take another step so he could drag her away and punish her gleefully for

her trespass.

Tears of desperation blurred Sari's vision and she fell to her knees, sobbing loudly. She reached out to the goddess, unable to form any audible pleas, but begging all the same. The skin of her hand became unbearably hot in an instant and began to blister, all under Shimara's unforgiving gaze. Sari screamed and pulled her hand back. The heat faded to an echo before Sari even stopped screaming. The wind blew sharply and the goddess disappeared without a word into its folds. Sari was left alone, but she could feel the power of the gods around her and knew they would no long tolerate her presence. Pulling herself upright, Sari started back down the trail on her final long walk.

At the fork in the path, Sari started again down toward the cliffs. The sky above was beginning to lighten, the stars fading into a clear blue, flawed only by the black smoke that was still coming from the mountain. Reaching the cliff, Sari stepped to the edge and looked at the horizon that was coloring itself with the pastel hues of sunrise.

She remembered in a flash all of the prayer she had ever offered to Father Paga and his children; prayers of hope, prayers of despair, and those offered Shimara for a good night's sleep. She knew now that none of those prayers had been answered. The gods live in silence. The traditions were empty. All she had ever done in her life, all that she had ever overcome, she had done on her own. Her prayers and the advice of Luzah had been worthless. Shimara had taught her that. She had no where to go. The village had cast her out and almost killed her. Tonight she had seen too much to live with the blind. She looked down at her aching, blistered hand. Even the gods wanted nothing to do with her. Death awaited her on all sides, but would she let Luzah have the pleasure of watching her die? No, she could not do that. Would she face death at the hands of the gods? No, that was not the way, either. Shimara had told her to find her own way, even in death. The more she considered it, the more it made sense to her. This, then, was the price of the knowledge Shimara had given her; the knowledge of herself. Rather than live for the gods and their ignorant, self-professed servants, she would gladly die for herself.

With a silent prayer of thanks to Shimara, Sari stepped from the cliff's edge and fell, with the restrained grace of a martyr, onto the rocks and waves below.

J O T A r e s p o n d s ... by Karren Young Editor-in-Chief, Journal of the Arts

This letter goes out to the individual who expressed grave discontent with this year's Journal of the Arts in a letter to the editor printed in the last issue of the *Scarlet*. This individual's perception of the Journal is that of a symbol, a shining neon sign advertising the "self-absorbed [or maybe what the person wanted to say— narcissistic] attitude prevalent on campus." I was personally insulted and extremely hurt when I read these words. However, the author's point was well taken. I can understand how the Journal may seem to lack diversity, but there are good reasons for it appearing as such.

First— as Editor-in-Chief, I am the only staff member who knows the authors' and artists' names when we consider their pieces. So, it just so happens that many of the written pieces (twelve, according to this author who so kindly took the time to tally) were submitted by JOTA staff members. We did not, in fact, sit there laughing away, ripping up others' work so we could substitute it with our own. The pieces got in because the staff believed they were good— it's as simple as that.

Now maybe, as Editor-in-

Chief, I could have taken out some of the staff's work and replaced it with other poems that the group didn't like as much. However, the group discussed it and decided to leave the Journal as it was, without artificially diversifying the content. This whole issue of diversity was a concern to me, and I even took out one of my poems because I felt uncomfortable with having so many published.

Second— art work. Let me just say that every person who submitted art work had at least one of their pieces published in the Journal— every single one. I also "have eyes to see many talented people at this school"— but not all of them are so "eager to express and share themselves." If they are so eager, why didn't they submit?

I suggest that people stop pointing misinformed fingers and maybe communicate the issues directly to the people at the source of their problem. Contact the JOTA staff if you have concerns or suggestions before publicly slamming us in the media. We at JOTA work very hard to publish the best possible work, and these issues concern us all, staff and students alike.

Winner of the Loring Holmes and Ruth Dodd Drama Contest

HARVEY by Dave Reed

Cast:

Harvey

Guide

Dragon

Builders (silent parts)

Harvey is in bed in the center of the stage. He wakes up, yawning, looks around confused. Enter Dragon.

Dragon: Happy Birthday.

Harvey: Wha...?

Dragon: Don't ask me anything. I only work here.

Exit Dragon. Enter Guide, holding bundle of cloth that looks like a baby.

Guide: Baby Boy! There you are! Come on, get up! We need to get you ready.

Harvey: Who are you? What's going on?

Guide: What's going on? Why, only the biggest day of your life! So far, at least. Come on, Baby Boy, out of bed! We've got a lot of work ahead of us.

Harvey: Baby Boy?

Guide: Oh, sorry. Let's see, I have it here somewhere. Ah, here it is! Harvey. That's your name. Harvey. At least, it will be in about twenty minutes.

Harvey gets out of bed. Looks around.

Guide: (calling offstage) Let's go, fellas! We don't have all day.

Enter builders, who start building in background.

Harvey: What is this place?

Guide: Well, it's nothing, really. Not right now. But eventually this is going to be your life. Or at least, the foundation of all you'll encounter in your life. That's what they're building. They're Architects, and they're creating your life. It's something of a rush job, I'm afraid, but I wouldn't worry. Those guys are miracle workers. In the meantime, Harvey, we have to get you ready.

Harvey: Ready for what? This doesn't make sense.

Guide: For your life, Harvey. Right now, you're waiting, but in a little while, your mother is going to give birth to a healthy baby boy, who she's going to name Harvey. It's your birthday, Harv.

Harvey: Oh right. There was this dragon. But he left.

Guide: Never mind him for now. First, allow me to introduce myself. I'm your spirit guide.

Harvey: Oh, hi. I'm Harvey. I

guess. I kind of have to take your word for it.

Guide: You have so much to look forward to, Harvey. Such a journey awaits you. I envy you, you know. That sights you'll see, the things you'll do. You have no idea what I'm talking about, do you Harvey? That's okay. That's why I'm here. Before you go off into the world, we've found it is helpful if we give you a little background. A crash-course in being alive, if you like. It lessens the shock. And you will be shocked, Harvey. There's no way around it. In fact, as time goes by, you'll probably forget all of this. But every now and then, something will happen and you'll realize that you knew all of this before. Before you were even born, we taught you these necessities. It's just a small service that we supply to you, the soon-to-be-born. We'll bill you later.

Harvey: Well, gee, thanks. But if it's all the same to you, I'd rather go back to bed.

Builders carry bed off stage.

Guide: You don't have a choice in this, Harv. Sure, you get to choose a lot of your life later on, but not this. No one has ever refused to be born. Here, take a look at this.

Guide shows Harvey the bundle.

Guide: This is you, right after

you're born. Cute little guy, aren't you?

Harvey: That's me? But I'm so small.

Guide: You grow up fast. I can't teach you any of the early essentials: walking, talking, burping, the proper uses of a toilet. Your parents will have to do that. Of course, that's their job. All you have to know about your first few years of life is to point and gurgle a lot. Oh, and try not to keep your parents up too much at night. They need sleep, too.

Harvey: Hey, look. I'm drooling.

Guide: Yeah, all over me. Ick!

Harvey: Hey, it's not my fault.

Guide: I know. I don't mind much, really. You are pretty adorable. Anyway, let's move on to Childhood. This is a pretty important lesson, Harvey. So listen up. Harvey: I feel like I must be dreaming. But I can't really remember having dreamt before.

Guide: It's a little disorienting, I understand. If it will make it easier, we can just say that you're dreaming. Though, to be accurate, that distinction is very difficult to make at this point. Either that or you're a grown man who's dreaming about a conversation he once had with his spirit guide just before he was born, but that idea gives me a headache.

Continued on page 28...

Harvey: Okay, I'm dreaming. There, that's better.

Guide: We aim to please. But listen, Harvey, just because you think this is a dream does not mean that you can forget all this stuff as soon as you wake up. This is important stuff.

Harvey: Important for you, maybe. Not me. I already told you, I don't want to be born.

Guide: Why not?

Harvey: Well, for one thing, you haven't given me one good reason why I should. Why is this life, or whatever, so much better than just staying here?

Guide: Well, um...

Enter Dragon.

Dragon: (to Guide) Excuse me for a moment. He doesn't look like he's going to cooperate.

Guide: I can change his mind. Just give me a chance. Once I explain all that life has to offer, he'll go happily.

Dragon: How are you going to explain death?

Guide: I'll worry about that when I get there.

Dragon: You should start worrying about it now. No one has ever refused to be born. If he does refuse, who knows what will happen. It would be a catastrophe. Not to mention that you'd lose your job.

Guide: Thanks for the warning, but I have work to do.

Dragon: I'll be watching you.

Exit Dragon.

Guide: Uh-huh, that's nice. Where was I? Ah, yes, childhood. This will be a very complicated and delicate time for you. I won't lie, Harv. It's gonna hurt.

Harvey: Hurt?

Guide kicks Harvey in the shin.

Harvey: Ow! What was that for?

Guide: Nothing. No reason. Not everything people do has a reason. That's the first lesson of childhood. It's a cruel world that you're about to enter, but in all honesty, nobody cares. I know it suddenly doesn't sound quite so pleasant, but that's part of the reason I'm here. One of the first things you need to realize as you grow up is to just keep going. Never let disappointment stop you. Or pain. Or failure. Everybody has a hard childhood. But by the time you reach mid-life, you'll remember it as the best of times. You'll be deluding yourself, of course, but every now and then we encourage that.

Harvey: I suppose I should be writing this down. Look, you're wasting your time. Life doesn't sound like much fun at all. I'd rather stay right here.

Guide: Why? What's so great about this place?

Harvey: I don't know. It's just familiar, is all.

Guide: Maybe this will change your mind. This is my favorite part of childhood. Your imagination. Watch this.

Enter Builders, with castle.

Harvey: I live in a castle? Oh wow! This is great!

Guide: You only live here sometimes, Harvey. This is the playground of your imagination. It will allow you some escape when you most need it, and will give you a place to let yourself grow, more than your parents would ever

allow if it was up to them. But it isn't. Your imagination is completely your domain. You can paint the world with any colors you want. The only drawback is that no one will be able to follow you all the way into your world. So, you will eventually learn compromise. But look at it this way: your imagination is a kind of private stage, and watch as the exposition enters, stage right.

Enter Dragon, stage right, with helmet and sword.

Guide: And here are your tools.

Dragon puts helmet on Harvey and hands him the sword.

Harvey: What am I supposed to do with them?

Guide: Now, you slay the dragon.

Harvey: Oh. Why would I want to do that?

Guide: I don't know. I understand that it's just something little boys do.

Harvey: But he's never done anything to me.

Guide: Now you're getting into morality. You don't develop that until later. But, if you really need a reason...

Dragon: Yo' mamma's so fat, when she jumps in the air, she gets stuck!

Harvey: You can't say that about my mamma! She's not really that fat, is she?

arveuide: No.

Harvey chases Dragon back and forth, finally enters stage without Dragon.

Harvey: Where'd he go?

Guide: Away. He's a very busy dragon. And you're a very busy boy. As time goes by, you continue to chase the dragon, but for different reasons. The dragon doesn't appear as often as he use to, so you go looking for him. You'll never find him, but you'll look. It's all part of what you're going through. You're leaving the dragon and the castle behind. You're growing up.

Builders remove castle, revealing Dragon wearing sunglasses, in beach chair, with a margarita.

Harvey: Sounds nasty. Is it possible to skip over this part?

Guide: If I had a nickel in my pocket for every time someone asked me that, I'd weigh a lot more. But the truth is, no, you can't skip growing up. Many try, but no one makes it. The best you can hope for is a pleasant insanity, but you're not cut out for that.

Harvey: But childhood didn't seem so bad. Chasing dragons, exploring a world so full of new things. What does adulthood offer?

Guide: When you put it that way, not much.

Harvey: Sounds like fun. I'll be with my castle if you need me.

Guide: Harvey! You can't just leave.

Harvey: Why not? Why can't I just walk away from all this? Why can't I just refuse to be born?

Guide: Well, to start with, there's no where for you to go. You're not even alive yet, Harv.

Harvey: But haven't I been growing for months already? Why is this day so important?

Guide: Ah. Well, that's a little more political than we like to get. We try to avoid that question as best we can. We really don't care when you started living, per se. Until today, you were never really

Harvey, and Harvey is who we're concerned with. You're getting born, Harv, whether you like it or not.

Harvey: Now I get it. You're all out to get me.

Guide: That just paranoia. You should get use to that. The most important thing to know about being an adult is that now you're on your own. Your parents are taking a backseat to self-discovery, and when you fall down and get a boo-boo, no one is going to kiss it and make it better.

Harvey: I don't like the sound of this at all. If you're trying to win me over, you're not doing a very good job.

Guide: The truth can hurt sometimes, I guess. But it's not all bad. Here, let me show you something.

She unwraps bundle, revealing a mirror. She holds it up to Harvey.

Guide: That's you. Age 38 or so, shortly before your mid-life crisis kicks into high gear. You've already divorced your first wife and are looking for your second. You've had some bad luck in that department, I'm afraid. Of course, this is mostly speculation. Nothing's set in stone. We've found stone to be a pretty inefficient way of storing information like this.

Harvey: So that's what I'm going to look like? If I decide to be born, that is. I still haven't agreed to any of this.

Guide: You don't have a choice. And yes, this is what you'll look like. More or less. Give or take a beard, mustache, the occasional scar. But that's the general idea. Of course, then there's always plastic surgery.

Harvey: Plastic what?

Guide: Never mind. It would take too long to explain and there's really no need to tell you about it now. If I spoiled all of life's surprises, I'd lose my job.

Harvey: Oh, I understand. I guess.

Guide: But that, conveniently enough, brings us to our next point. As an adult, you'll have to make a lot of decisions about your life. It's important for you to understand that all of these decisions will affect you profoundly. They can easily change the course of your life in radical ways. But that doesn't mean you should be afraid of these decisions. There is no wrong choice. Your life will support you in whatever you choose. Billionaire or bum, it's still your life to live. Never let anyone tell you that you made a mistake. There are no mistakes, only challenges.

Harvey: What kinds of challenges?

Guide: All kinds. The greatest challenges await you in life, Harvey. Challenges that will raise you again and again to new levels. Challenges that will-

Harvey: Forget I asked. Can't we just skip to the end.

Guide: Fine, the last lesson is death.

Harvey: Ah. What's that?

Guide: I'm getting to that. You see, birth is the beginning of your life. And death is the end of it. Sooner or later everything comes to an end, and so must your life.

Harvey: So what you're saying is that after I live for a little while and go through all this stuff, I'm going to wake up dead someday and that will be the end of my life.

Guide: Yes.

Harvey: Bye.

Guide: Harvey, get back here!

Harvey: I don't like the way this is going.

Guide: This is important. This is probably the most important thing I have to tell you. Listen to me Harv, you're going to die.

Harvey: I don't want to hear this.

Guide: I know, I know, but this is necessary. What would happen if you went out into the world thinking you would live forever, only to find out later that you were wrong? Can you imagine the therapy sessions you'd have to go through? Death is as much a part of life as childhood. We teach you these things because once you're out there, in the world, you need to already be aware, whether you've forgotten these lessons or not, and you probably will, you must be aware of these things that are happening around you. When you build your first castles out of clouds, you'll remember this other castle and this other dragon. When you learn that things don't always go your way, you'll realize that you somehow already knew that. And when you first see something die, it won't surprise you quite so much that in time, all things die. And that's your final lesson. Life is fragile and fleeting, so remember to enjoy it as much as you can. Do you understand?

Harvey: I don't care. I'm not going out there. I'm staying right here for the rest of my lie, or whatever you want to call it.

Guide: I understand how you feel. But-

Harvey: You understand? Let me ask you this, when was the last time you died? Hmm?

Guide: Look, death is a lot like life. You really don't have a choice.

Harvey: Well, I'm not going without a fight!

Guide: Well, if that's the way you're going to be about it, fine.

Dragon: If he doesn't get born, you're in a lot of trouble.

Guide: What can I do?

Dragon: Go ask for help. It couldn't hurt. You go, I'll keep an eye on him. Maybe even try to convince him myself.

Guide: Good idea. Thanks.

Exit Guide.

Harvey: I don't want die. I mean, what's the point? I go through all this trouble of being born, and then I'm just supposed to turn over and die? Doesn't sound like much fun to me. I was doing so well until I got out of bed. Now this whole great adventure is supposed to be opening up before me, but I don't feel excited about it at all. I'd rather be in bed.

That's the problem with this whole "living" nonsense. All overrated if you ask me. Not that anyone does. I don't know what I'm doing here, I don't know where I'm going. What's it all for? What's the point? Maybe there is no point. Maybe, but how should I know? No one'll tell me. Half of what I say is so confused that it doesn't make any sense, and the other half are all questions. Do you think that's bad? I can't tell. No one'll tell me that, either. Maybe I'm just supposed to kill that dragon, and then everything will be better. I don't see how, but it's possible. Anyone up for poker? You'd have to teach me how to play. Do I speak with an accent? I'd guess that everyone does,

to someone else. Maybe I should just stop asking questions. That'd make it all easier, wouldn't it? Maybe that's what I should do. Time to lay down and die! I like that. At least it's definite. Why can't we start from there? Start somewhere definite, then work backwards. Yeah, that'll work. Maybe. Kind of hard to tell, in the end. Couldn't hurt, though. I guess.

Right! Now, I've got it all figured out. I just need to change the system around a little. We start by dying, and then we... Well, then we do something else. I'm not sure what. What comes after dying?

And why doesn't anyone answer me?

Dragon: Because you didn't say the magic word. That, and we're all sworn to secrecy.

Harvey: I won't tell anyone. I promise. Cross my heart and hope to die, as if I had a choice. It doesn't seem fair to send me out there without telling me at least a little something about what the point of everything is.

Dragon: Don't ask me. I just work here.

Harvey: This doesn't make sense. There must be a mistake. Life doesn't seem like such a bad thing, but then they throw in this "death" thing at the end of it. I just don't get it. That can't be it, that can't be all there is. Can it? What's the point? What does it mean? There must be one, right? Maybe when my spirit guide comes back, she'll tell me. Probably not. She's been kind of vague about stuff like this the whole time. Come to think of it, I wonder if she even knows what she's talking about. What kind of training do you need to become a spirit guide?

I don't want to die. Not after all that. Heck, I'd rather die right now, while I'm still confused and haven't even been through all those experiences that will make up my life. It'd be better than going through it all just to finally say, "That's enough, I'm done, don't forget to take care of my children if I have any!" and wave goodbye and then fall down and die. That's not what I want! Not until they tell me what it's all for, anyway. If they told me that, I'd have no problem whatsoever. What's the big deal? Just tell me! I refuse to be born until they give one good reason!

Dragon: There are no good reasons. Do you realize that you're doing what no one else has ever

had the guts to do? No one in history has ever successfully refused to be born. If you do it, the effects will be wide-spread and permanent. You'll really shake the system up. For one thing, your spirit guide will lose her job.

Harvey: Is that good?

Dragon: It is for me. Hopefully, they'll give me her position. I've always want to be a spirit guide, but I failed the written exam.

Harvey: So what can I do?

Dragon: You can skip over the living part.

A hang-man's noose drops down in front of him. Harvey puts his head in the noose.

Harvey: Oh. Well, I guess that takes care of that. I hope death isn't painful. Oh well, it'll be a lot less painful now, I guess. Better than going on for years and then just stopping. I couldn't take that. Okay, let's just do it and get it over with. This shouldn't take long. I hope. Goodbye, cruel world, I hardly knew thee.

Enter Guide, on throne being carried by Builders.

Guide: Harvey! There you are. It's almost time, Harvey. I hope you're ready for this. To tell you the truth, even I'm a little nervous. Harvey? What are doing?

Harvey: Don't try to stop me!

Guide: Stop you from doing what? What's going on?

Harvey: You can take my life and shove it! I don't want to live. I want to die. Now!

Guide: Really? Most people wait until a few years after their born before they decide that they want to die. I'm impressed, Harv. You're very mature for your age.

Harvey: I'm not kidding! This is it. It's over.

Guide: Over? You haven't even begun! You have no idea what's waiting for you out there. Get your head out of that thing, Harvey, this is serious business.

Harvey: Who cares what's waiting for me? It doesn't mean anything. No matter what, I'm gonna die, right? So what's the point of living to begin with?

Guide: Boy, you really ask the tough questions. I can't tell you that.

Harvey: Why not?

Guide: Because I can't. It's privileged information.

Harvey: Been nice knowing you.

Guide: Harvey, stop it! You'll cost me my job.

Harvey: Why should I care?

Guide: Because I know that deep down you do care, and frankly the world could use a few more people like you.

Dragon: Don't listen to her. Life sucks.

Guide: You keep out of this.

Harvey: Just answer my question and I'll be born. Until then, I refuse.

Guide: Don't refuse. You have no idea what that will do to this place. It could cause the place to come crumbling down on top of us.

Harvey: Yeah, I've heard something like that. Now, are you going to answer my question or not?

Guide: Okay, Harvey, what's the question?

Harvey: What's the point of life?

Guide: I can't tell you that!

Harvey: I hope you enjoy your retirement.

Guide: Wait! Hold it! Look, I could lose my job for this, too, but I'm not going to let you just throw away all the stuff that's waiting for you out there. Now listen to me, Harvey. Listen carefully.

You ask me what the meaning of life is, and I say I can't tell you. And that's true, technically speaking, but maybe I can give you enough to let you figure it out for yourself. Life is about traveling. You will travel far, in your life and in your dreams, and as you travel you'll be searching. Wandering and searching, scanning each new horizon for a glimmer of that final destination. You'll always travel to that horizon, and find nothing there, nothing but the next horizon and the next disappointment. You see, there is no destination, Harvey. Those travels can only lead you back to the beginning, back to the only place you really know. When, as sometimes happens, you reach someplace and decide, "This is it, this is the destination I've been looking for," what you don't realize is that the destination is only another beginning from which you will travel again. All your life is spent finally in search of the place from which you came. Even death, which you are such a big fan of suddenly, and which you consider the final destination, is far from an ending. Into the ground you will be placed, given back over to the soil from which all life grows, and from which new life will spring in a cycle that leads, like your life, back to the beginning to start all over again.

But, that doesn't mean that

there is no meaning to all of this, though it may seem so. There is a reason to that search that all living creatures face, Harvey. And it's different for everyone. I've gone this far, so let me just spell it out for you: the road beneath you is the reason. You are a traveler by nature, and curious by temperament. You search, perhaps, because you have no other reason within you, but the sights you see along the road are themselves more important than the destination which is only another beginning. You see? It's what you see in your life that matters, not how it ends. So, to take that away from yourself would defeat the purpose of life, wouldn't it? Life has no meaning except for life itself.

Harvey: So that's it? That's the big secret?

Guide: That's it.

Dragon: That's it? That's no secret. Just a bunch of philosophical nonsense!

Harvey: I was hoping for something a little more enlightening. Some deep dark secret.

Guide: I know you were, but that's all there is. It's time, Harvey. What do you say? Are you ready for life?

Harvey: What's philosophical... whatever?

Guide: You'll find out. Are you ready for this?

Harvey: I guess I'm as ready as I'll ever be.

Guide: And if you don't remember anything else, remember this: You can watch that horizon, as you're bound to do, but don't forget the road. Remember that when you wake up.

Harvey: I will thank you. Will I ever see you—

Harvey freezes, staring straight ahead.

Guide: I hope not. You have better things to see out there. What you see will become your traditions, and your traditions will become your myths, and those myths are what keep you traveling. Onward, to begin again. Happy Birthday, Harvey. The meaning of life. Sheesh! Why do they all want to know that? Good thing he didn't ask me the meaning of death.

Exit Guide.

Dragon: Not bad. Maybe she is better at this job than I would be.

Exit Dragon. Curtain.

In accordance with prophecy, WheatBread announces the 1997 Writing Contests. Please submit all entries on the back of unlicked postage stamps. Entries will not be returned to sender. Loser.

The Tricky Dicky Traina Commencement Speech Contest

What will he say? Submissions should contain minimal relevance to the interest of the graduating students and maximum impact on people with money.

Best Hallucinogenic Short Story Written Under the Influence of Botchelized Asparagus

Submissions should be limited to those affected by three stalks of asparagus and have to be delivered by a tram.

Best Haiku Poem Written By Someone Other Than Mike Schemaille

Imposters will not be appreciated. Rollerblades optional. Report all sightings.

The H.D.W. Stupendously Expendable and Flustering One-Act Drama Contest

Entries must be at least two acts. Subject to review by Brian I. Katz

Best Nine-part or Ten-part Radio Series

Entries will be reviewed by a panel of impartial judges and the winner will be Dave Reed.

Rules

1. Each entry must be edible and unsigned.
2. The title of the entry should be enclosed in a 5 x 5 gift box, together with the name and address of the author and a list of casual acquaintances.
3. Some of the judges can be bargained with.
4. All entries must be written in a Slavic language.

**WheatBread
Writing Contests**