

Wag the Spinoza



The Rise and Fall of SuZy-Q. Yoda

A Short Political Novel by Anonymous (as told to David Reed)

NOTE: ANY RESEMBLANCE BETWEEN THIS STORY AND REAL EVENTS OR PEOPLE IS PURELY COINCIDENTAL.

Chapter 1: A Vacuum Forms

A cat wags its tail, because the tail does what the cat tells it to do. If the cat followed the tail, the tail would wag the Spinoza.

At the onset of the 1997-1998 academic year, rumors circulated Clark University's campus that Spinoza the Cat had been spotted wandering around the residence halls. No further substantial evidence was brought forward at that time to confirm those rumors. At the same time, the student body was hit with surprising news. Student Council President Hairmaster France was resigning from office. France made no explanation for his

departure, despite constant questioning from *The Harlot*. Suddenly, a vacuum had appeared in the power structure of Student Council and no one was exactly sure how to fill it. With the absence of the president, the vice-president must take up the role of president, thus sitting Vice-President SuZy-Q. Yoda assumed the Presidency.

It was an uncommon event for a president to resign, and a handful of Clark students showed concern. The majority of students, however, had long ago lost faith in Student Council and paid very little attention to what was happening. France said very little

on the matter and what he did say was largely ignored. Most students naturally assumed that Clark would go on as it had been going on.

In the office of *The Harlot*, discussions of the recent events took precedence over all other business. As confusion was the only other order of business, the theme for the upcoming issue was set.

"Does anyone have any idea what is going to happen?" Editor-in-Chief Sammy Bugger asked. The staff looked blankly at each other. They weren't sure if anything like this had ever happened before.

One staff member mumbled, "I've

heard P. J. Jingles wants to run if there's an election."

Sammy snorted. "There can't be an election," he said with authority that no one questioned, though everyone wanted to. "Not for president, anyway. Yoda has to assume the presidency, once Hairmaster officially resigns." At that point, the conversation steered toward speculation about the kind of president Yoda would be.

Just a few nights later, on September 14, Student Council went into Executive Session, closed to the public, and Hairmaster France handed in his resignation. As soon as France was formally no longer part of Council, Yoda looked at Secretary Beth Nafta and Treasurer Randall O'Moran, her eyes burning with frustration. "I will not be president," she said. "I don't want to be, so I will not be."

Nafta spoke up, "But according to the constitution, you have to become president. It's very clear. And if you don't accept, then it falls to me."

"No, I don't think it's very clear at all. And you aren't going to be president, either," Yoda added. "I think the bylaws are very unclear, and I think Judiciary will decide the same thing. And a special election will be held." And that's just what happened.

Meanwhile, somewhere in Maywood Hall, the editor of *FeetCrud*, and the current Junior Class Representative, was looking through a pile of photographs from last year's Spring elections and he found something he shouldn't have. He was certain he was mistaken, but he had to get to the Council office to find out. What he found brought him no further to the truth, but it did give him more of a reason to find the truth.

The next day, Yoda was the first to go into the Council office and saw the filing cabinet drawer accidentally left open. She knew too well what was in the drawer of the filing cabinet, and so she went immediately to check on who had taken the office key out last. That information in hand, she began setting her future plans into action.

Not long after, Junior Class Rep. Alex Rockford was impeached by Council for too many absences. And P.

J. Jingles prepared to run for Student Council President.

Chapter 2: A New Leader?

The room seemed hazy, almost smoky. It wasn't smoky. No one in it was smoking, but it *felt* smoky, like the smoke-filled rooms in those pathetically inaccurate "political conspiracy" movies. Lefty Sidekick had just walked in. The meeting was ready. Once again, Lynn Hashbrownie thanked her lucky stars that the lunatic that had designed the University Center had had no concept of spatial relations, which had resulted in dozens of rooms where they could meet unseen and uninterrupted. Hashbrownie had already spoken to Yoda and knew what was coming, but having Sidekick there was a surprise, and not a pleasant one.

"I asked Lefty to come," Yoda said. "Eventually, we'll need her help."

"You're pretty confident," Hashbrownie observed.

"Who else is there?" Yoda asked.

"What about Jingles?"

"We can take him out of the campaign altogether."

"No, we can't," Hashbrownie corrected. "We actually looked at the bylaws. He didn't do anything wrong."

"But as far as he knew, he was doing something wrong!"

"We can't ban him from running because of that."

"We can if we want to!" Yoda was on her feet, now. A chair would be flying in a moment. "I will not sit around and let that over-grown spoiled brat become president! I can't work with him! I need someone I can trust. That's why we need Lefty to win."

"And I think I can beat him," Sidekick shot back.

But Yoda's blood was boiling. "Remember last time? You lost to Hairmaster France!"

Sidekick sat down. She knew how Yoda could get when she was worked up. It was all so important to her.

"Calm down, Yoda," Hashbrownie said, trying to coax the Vice-President into a more stable state of mind. "We'll take care of Jingles. He'll never make it past the debates. And we can

arrange to have some people there to question him about homosexuality. You know how he reacts to that."

"Yeah, that might work," Yoda said, finally calming down.

"Good. Now, what was it you needed to talk to me about?"

"These," Yoda said, handing over several photographs and sheets of paper. Sidekick couldn't see what was written on them. Lynn read them and frowned. Yoda smiled. She knew she'd hooked Lynn. Hashbrownie passed the papers to Sidekick, whose eyes suddenly went wide. "I believe that *FeetCrud* may have access to this information."

"I can't believe this," Lefty was muttering, again and again.

"We can't let this get out," Hashbrownie said. "This would discredit all of Council. Yoda, is this true?" Yoda nodded. "We have to keep this from you certain *FeetCrud* has this information?"

"I can't be sure," Yoda admitted, "but I don't want to take the chance."

"Student Council is in a very precarious spot," Hashbrownie commented, not speaking to anyone, just thinking aloud. "They need a strong leader. Hairmaster failed completely. You can turn this boat around, Yoda. I know you can."

"I have to be Vice-President," Yoda said. "It's the only way to finish what I've started. But with Lefty, yes, I can fix Council."

"Then we have to make sure that this information doesn't get out."

"How are we going to do that?" Sidekick asked, blinking. It suddenly occurred to her that she was now in way over her head.

"I think I know," Lynn Hashbrownie said, then got up without another word and left the room.

"What exactly is going on, Yoda?" Lefty asked once the door was shut.

"Council needs a leader. You and I, we can be that. This is what we've been working towards since last year."

"No, I mean this," Sidekick said, waving the papers and photographs. "What is going on? Why didn't I know any of this before now?"

"That isn't important right now," Yoda



Jessica Grindstaff

Stefan Ostentatious, incognito

replied. "It was just a minor oversight that I'd hoped to avoid dealing with. And we still might. Now, let's get to work on what you're going to say at the debate." Yoda pulled a handful of index cards from her pocket. "Here are the question they'll be asking. Let's go over them."

The next day, Dean Darnigroan's office released a memo complaining about misappropriations of Student Activities Fund money by *FeetCrud*. While Lynn Hashbrownie's name appeared no where in the complaint, it was observed by *Harlot* editor Bugger and several other witnesses that Hashbrownie's knowledge of the memo seemed far more detailed than it should have been. Immediately, Student Council sprang into action and, in closed Executive Session, decided the fate of *FeetCrud*. A simple probation period was recommended by Judiciary, but Yoda voiced her opinion loudly that *FeetCrud* should be disbanded completely, or at least not allowed to publish for the remainder of the year. A long debate quickly ensued.

Chapter 3: The Sidekick Administration

“This election is such a joke,” a lone Clark student grumbled in the U.C. on October 14th, the

day the new president of Student Council was to be elected. Stefan Ostentatious laughed. He was in a very good mood today, though he wasn't exactly sure why. It was just the kind of day he would have on occasion where he would jump out of bed in the morning and smile.

He'd already cast his vote in the election. It seemed perfectly obvious to him that Sidekick would become the new president, and that was all right by him. Just as long as it got Council back on track.

While he was standing in his usual position at the Info Desk, not doing anything in particular, someone approached him from behind and tapped him on the shoulder. Stefan turned around. The stranger, who was not really a stranger though they couldn't have actually spoken more than two or three times the entire semester, leaned forward and whispered in Stefan's ear. "I have something you should see," the stranger said. "Meet me outside the library tonight."

That night, with Lefty Sidekick as the newly elected president of Student Council, Stefan Ostentatious sat outside the library, shivering slightly from the chill in the air, awaiting the stranger. Just after one in the morning, the stranger appeared. "Where have you been?" Stefan asked angrily. "Do you know how long I've been waiting?"

The stranger smiled. "I know exactly how long you've been waiting. I've been watching you the entire time. But nothing could happen before now." The stranger handed Stefan a blindfold. "Put this on."

Stefan started to argue, but knew he wouldn't get very far. Reluctantly, he put on the blindfold. No sooner was he plunged into darkness when the stranger took him by the hand and began to lead him in what Stefan was pretty sure was the direction of Jefferson Academic Center. He was led up stairs and down stairs, around corners, spun in circles, and finally led inside some building and a long, slow decent began. At last, the stranger stopped and told Stefan to take off the blindfold. They were in an enormous

room, with no windows, and which Stefan guessed must be far underground. On one wall, above what looked like some kind of altar, was carved into the stone a seal that look suspiciously like the Clark University seal, but which had on it a sword and the words:

FIAT INFINITUM

Stefan shivered uncontrollably at the sight of it. They were alone, but he felt the eyes of a hundred spectators on him.

Finally, he was able to ask, "What is this place?"

"This," the stranger said, "is what you should be working towards. Forget Student Council, it's time will soon pass. This is the future. This place is where we meet, where we plan, and where our plans are finally executed."

"Who?"

"We called ourselves the Eternal Order of the Future. And we want you to join us, Stefan."

"Me? But why?"

"Because you will be beneficial to us. I am a member, as are many influential people on campus, students, faculty, and administration. We are the ones who make a difference, Stefan, and you can make a difference, too."

Stefan was suddenly nervous. Was this for real? Could it possibly be a trick? "What if I don't want to join?" he asked.

"Why wouldn't you want to join? We can give you anything you want, Stefan. We can make it all happen. I can personally guarantee that, if you join us, you will be the next Student Council President."

"I don't want to be president."

"You will, Stefan. Just wait. You will."

The burglar broke into the *FeetCrud* office, after she was certain that pesky editor wouldn't be returning for a while. She took her time, looking for anything that might be related to the information she wanted. She found the completed new issue and looked through it. The article she had worried about wasn't even included. The allegations would disappear before they could even be properly brought to light, which was good enough for her. And besides that, Rockford was looking in the wrong

direction entirely. He had no idea what he'd almost stumbled across. Satisfied, the burglar made a quick phone call, then left.

Not long after the break-in, which went completely unnoticed by the *FeetCrud* staff, Student Council finally agreed to unfreeze their funding and place them on probation for the remainder of the academic year. New President Sidekick looked at Vice-President Yoda as she made the announcement. She saw Yoda smiling.

Chapter 4: Running it Like an Amusement Park

Randall O'Moran looked up at the bright Florida sky. What was he doing there? He should have been home, enjoying the Thanksgiving Break as much as possible, but he was instead in Florida with most of the rest of Student Council. Why?

He was attending a leadership conference, and it was almost over. Before Break, Yoda had come to Council with a great idea. She'd complained loudly, as was her style, it seemed, that Council needed to be leaders in the Clark community, and that perhaps they could benefit from this conference down in Florida. Having just created a new group which O'Moran did not completely understand, something called ReProgramming Council, Yoda and Lynn Hashbrownie had suggested taking money from that account and using it to fund the leadership conference. O'Moran had agreed to this, thinking that the conference would ultimately benefit all of Clark.

Now, as it was drawing to a close, O'Moran wasn't quite so sure. He had listened to enough I'm-okay-you're-okay speeches and had so many cooperation clichés running around his head that he felt like throwing up, but nothing of any value. The entire conference, as far as he could see, peddled to the common sense impaired. The whole week felt like it was eating away some part of him, and he had to make it right. He hadn't even originally

been invited. But then, Yoda had figured out some way to cut corners and invited Randall along. But as far as anyone at Clark knew, he was home for Thanksgiving. He wondered if he might yet find a way out of this. And so thinking, fell asleep in the sun.

That night, O'Moran went to Yoda's hotel room. Sidekick was there, as usual, and the two of them were sipping drinks as he walked in. Yoda smiled and waved Randall in. He sat down next to her. He moved stiffly because of the sunburn that he had gotten from falling asleep outside, and wanted nothing more than to lie in bed until the burning faded. But he had to get this off his chest. Yoda sensed his discomfort, but thought it was only the sunburn.

"I don't like this," he blurted out suddenly. Yoda was stunned and confused. He clarified. "This trip was useless. What was the point of all this? Is this just a vacation?"

Yoda smiled. "You mean you're not enjoying the conference? But I'm learning so much. Lefty and I were just talking about it. You need to give it another chance, Randall."

"Are you kidding me?" O'Moran yelled. "This is a joke. I can't believe we spent student activities money getting ourselves here." He was working himself up now, Yoda could tell, and she was worried. "They'll kill us when we get back and tell them how much of a waste this was."

"No, they won't, Randall," Sidekick said soothingly. "You're just overreacting."

"Lefty is right," Yoda chimed in. "You just need to relax. Take a look around you. Enjoy what you're learning."

O'Moran shook his head. "I'm sorry, Yoda, but I've got responsibilities, and one of those is to keep an eye on how money is spent. When we get back, I'm going to have to recommend that you and Lefty be investigated for a possible misappropriation of funds."

Sidekick's face drained of color. Yoda's smile remained unchanged. "You do what you feel you have to, Randall. That's for later. For right now, just enjoy yourself." She handed him a shot glass of tequila.. Randall drank it

without thinking twice.

Ten hours, two bottles of tequila and three lines of cocaine later, Randall O'Moran woke up. He was in his hotel room, which was the good news. Unfortunately, he had no idea who the naked woman next to him was. He quickly showered, got dressed, and left the room. Outside, Yoda was waiting by the pool, looking much less hungover than Randall was certain he looked.

"Have a nice night, Randall?" she asked casually, handing Randall an envelope. She then turned and walked away. O'Moran opened the envelope, looked at the pictures inside and realized two things. First, he should never drink tequila again. Especially in a neighborhood with more than one strip club. Second, he would never tell anyone about Yoda's misuse of funds.

Once they returned, Randall O'Moran tried to go back to his job as treasurer, but it was useless. He couldn't keep his mind on his job. All he could think about were the photographs that Yoda was holding over his head. Finally, unable to take anymore, Randall O'Moran called the other members of the Student Council Executive Board to a brief meeting in front of the Info Desk and handed them his resignation.

Chapter 5: Exit Treasurer,



Abby Logan

Randall O'Moran, ex-treasurer

Enter Treasurer

Winter Break came at last, and not a moment too soon. For some, it was a time of pause, when the troubles that had become endless in the past semester finally disappeared, if only for a few weeks. For others, it was a time to plan what the future would hold. For all, it was a time of inactivity, and so nothing of importance happened.

By early January, SuZy-Q. Yoda was looking carefully through very thick files, systematically placing them in two piles, one labeled "safe" and one labeled "discredit." On one file she spent an especially long time, that of the only candidate for the newly vacated position of treasurer, Rob Sour. After many hours, she finally put it in the "discredit" pile. There were some things she wouldn't be able to tolerate.

Once Break was over, Yoda was quick to begin her campaign of discredit. She didn't actually have any wish to change Council, the threat of change would be enough for her to do what she needed to. So, she arranged a meeting with representatives that she had seen vote consistently against her ideas and quietly reminded each and every one of them, in turn, of the impeachments that had occurred at the beginning of last semester. The silent threat was obvious: vote my way, or you'll be the next to go. The candidate treasurer, however, would prove a much greater challenge.

An initial look at candidate Rob Sour's file had revealed nothing of value to use for blackmail. His time on Student Council had been apparently free of controversy, something which Yoda didn't believe for one second could be possible. Everyone was hiding something.

But an even more thorough search also proved fruitless. Finally, it came down to choosing someone to run against Sour. Several problems faced them. First, it would have to be a write-in campaign, which was almost surely doomed to failure. Second, they couldn't find a candidate.

Two weeks before the election, and Yoda and Lefty were ankle-deep in papers filled with possible candidates

and why no one would ever vote for them. Bugger heard the knock, but didn't respond. He was lost in thought, staring at words that had long ago stopped making sense. It was five in the morning, and this zombie-like state was the closest he was going to come to sleep that night. The knocking came again, louder, and Sammy jumped. Opening the door to the *Harlot* office, he found Yoda standing there, a thin folder in her hand.

"You should run with this in the next issue," she said, handing Bugger the folder, then leaving. Bugger stared at the folder before opening it. Inside was a detailed report on Rob Sour's



Jessica Grindstaff

Rob Sour gives the camera a sweet smile.

encounters with at least three different prostitutes in the last month, and included a signed affidavit from one of the prostitutes. Finally, the file contained pictures which appeared to back up the entire story.

He couldn't use the pictures, of course, but the rest was fair game, especially with the election in less than a week. But something still felt wrong. He waited until seven, which seemed a much more respectable hour than six for some reason, and called ex-Student Council President Chris Hasbeen. Hasbeen, of course, was sleeping, and was not happy to hear from Sammy at such an early hour.

"You know more about this than anyone," Bugger said to the groggy Hasbeen, after explaining the situa-

tion, "so you need to tell me what I should do about this."

There was a long pause on the other end, then, "You can't use it. We both know it's been faked, and we can't let Yoda win this round. Lose the folder. Shred it."

"What do I tell Yoda?"

"Nothing. After you don't run the story, she'll never mention it again. I guarantee it. I know how these things work."

Bugger wanted to ask Hasbeen how he knew about such things, but instead thanked him and hung up. He then walked over to the shredder and dropped the contents of the folder in. The next week, an election was held for treasurer. Rob Sour ran unopposed and, oddly enough, won. Interest in Student Council was approaching an all-time low, but things were about to change.

Chapter 6: Shifting Agendas

“What are you going to do about Rob?” Lynn Hashbrownie asked Yoda one day in March. “Are you going to be able to work with him?”

“I can handle him,” Yoda assured her. “We'll just keep him out of the loop. That shouldn't be a problem. We've been keeping Beth out of the loop the whole year.” It was a good day to relax. A suddenly warm snap had hit the campus and the students were enjoying the weather. Yoda was just enjoying her success.

The end of the year was approaching, as were the Spring Elections, and she had chosen not to run again. Student Council didn't interest her as much as it had before. She would ride out her term, finish making the sweeping changes that the Council needed, and move on to her next goal.

Hashbrownie handed Yoda a sheet of paper. “You should look into this. He sounds like he could be a good speaker.”

Yoda read over the paper. He sounded good. Leadership, exactly what Council needed to learn about. Exactly what the whole campus needed. Yes, this speaker could go along way toward finishing what she needed to

do here.

"Do you think Council should fund this?" Yoda asked. Hashbrownie shrugged. In her mind, Yoda started running the numbers. Would the rest of Council go for it, though? There were quite a few new faces now, and she couldn't be sure which way they would vote. But maybe she could work around all that.

The new Maywood Hall Representative, Meister Eckhart, formerly of WCUR, was taping flyers to the flagpole in Red Square when Chris Hasbeen approached him. Eckhart knew him well, and greeted him with a friendly wave. Chris Hasbeen did not wave back.

"You need to be careful," he said to the Maywood Hall Rep. "There are things going on in Council that no one knows about."

"Like what?" Eckhart asked. He was waiting for a punchline. There wasn't one.

Instead, Hasbeen handed him a crumpled pile of papers: the Student Council constitution. "Lefty shouldn't be president."

"What are you talking about?"

"It's all very clear. There never should have been an election."

"Shouldn't that have been up to Judiciary to decide?" Eckhart was new on Council, but he had an idea about how things should function.

Hasbeen shook his head. "It should have been up to them, but Yoda really made the decision. She wanted Lefty on Council."

"But why?"

Chris Hasbeen smiled, which seemed to be all he ever did lately.

Yoda walked into the office while Sour was signing purchase orders. "Here you go, Rob," she said without breaking her stride. "One more thing to sign."

"What's this for?" Sour asked, already halfway through his signature.

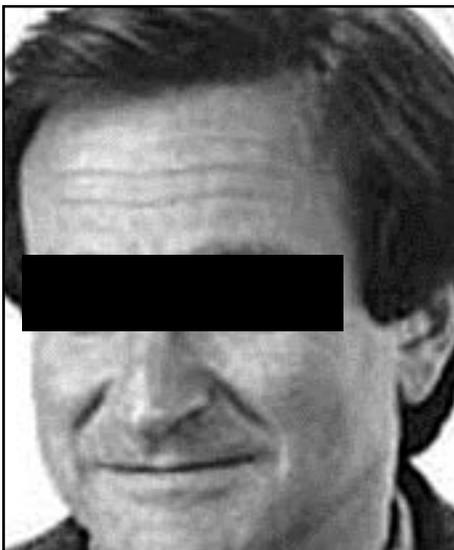
"Just a lecture on leadership. I think it will really help a lot of people here become better at their jobs."

"Sounds good," Sour replied, giving the paper back to Yoda and turning back to the small pile of paperwork covering the table in front of him. Yoda

smiled as she left, just because she couldn't help herself. It was all so perfect. Just the way she'd wanted it to be.

Chapter 7: A Midnight Meeting

Stefan Ostentatious stood in front of the stone altar, facing the hundred members of the Eternal Order of the Future, their hoods drawn so their faces could not be seen. The huge underground chamber was nearly full. These were the people who made the decisions, these were the people with the power, and



Meister Eckhart gives the camera a surlly grin.

Ostentatious was about to join them. He turned to face the Grand Ringbearer, standing a full seven feet tall like a living shadow, his face invisible beneath the robe.

"Stefan Ostentatious," the Ringbearer said, his deep voice reverberating through the chamber, "You have come to us to petition for entrance into the Eternal Order of the Future. What is it that you seek?"

Ostentatious was sweating. Would he get the words right? He'd heard that one wrong word or phrase and he would be shunned by the Order forever. "I have come to see the future," he said finally, breathlessly.

"Will you protect the secrets spoken in this hall?" the shadow asked.

"I will," Ostentatious replied.

"Will you follow the bidding of the masters of the Order?"

"I will."

"Do you give yourself freely to this place, to honor it until the future finally has past, and will you become one of us?"

"Until the day I die," Ostentatious concluded.

"Then turn, and look on your new family." Stefan turned and, one by one, all of the Order of the Future removed their hoods. All except the Shadow behind him, he did not move.

Stefan stayed by the altar for the remainder of the meeting, where it was finally agreed by all that Stefan Ostentatious would be the next president of Student Council. All running unopposed, all three candidates running for Student Council positions were elected on March 17. Rob Sour was elected for a second term, Beth NAFTA was voted into the Vice-Presidency, and Stefan Ostentatious was, unsurprisingly, elected President. Yoda ignored the election completely, except her expression to Judiciary that the MassPIRG referendum should be questioned. It undermined her ability to run the Council and the student organizations properly. The question was brought up, but nothing came of it.

Later that week, Meister Eckhart was sitting in the first-floor study lounge in Maywood hall when the Great Hasbeen came in and dropped off an envelope addressed to Eckhart and signed "someone who's watching." Hasbeen claimed he found the envelope laying on the floor outside the door to his room, and then left. Eckhart carefully opened the envelope, which included copies of a purchase order signed by Sour and Lynn Hashbrownie for \$2,000 to pay for a leadership speaker, and a detailed letter of explanation. Eckhart quickly stuffed the contents back in the envelope.

Chapter 8: The Fall

Just before the Student Council meeting of Sunday, March 29th, Chris Hasbeen called Maywood Hall Representative Meister Eckhart. Their talk was short.

"You know you have to do this, Meister," Hasbeen said.

"This is going to cause a lot of problems," Eckhart observed.

"It has to be done. For one thing, it's the only right thing to do with the information. Second, she's gotten too comfortable in her position. She has to be taken down."

"I'll do it, don't worry about that."

"I know you will," Chris Hasbeen said, like a soothing parent. "But you need to do it the right way. Nothing can stop this, now. Make sure nothing does."

"How long have you known about this?" Eckhart asked.

Chris Hasbeen hesitated before answering. "I don't know anymore than you know, Meister. And it's as much a surprise to me as it was to you."

"That doesn't answer my question."

"Goodbye, Meister."

On March 29th, an Executive Session of Council was held, after which Representative Eckhart made a motion to begin impeachment proceedings against President Sidekick, Vice-President Yoda, and Treasurer Sour for the possible misappropriation of Student Council funds. The motion was seconded by Hughes Hall Representative and president-elect Stefan Ostentatious, and passed by acclamation. Beth Nafta, suddenly representing the entire executive board of Council, quickly appointed Ostentatious to the position of acting treasurer. Yoda remained silent for the remainder of the meeting. Sidekick was not in attendance.

Chris Hasbeen walked out of the meeting as soon as the impeachments were announced. He had no interest to stay to hear about how much money SPORK needed for some ridiculous event. Sammy Bugger met him as he was coming out. He was smiling.

"How'd it go?" she asked.

"You have to think of it like crew," he said, much to her surprise. What did Chris Hasbeen know about crew? "Student Council is the boat, and one member of that boat stood up and tipped the entire boat over. Now, the coxswain has to decide who was responsible and what to do with that team member."

Chapter 9: A Quiet Retirement

Yoda walked into the Student Council meeting on Sunday, April 5, and signaled to Lefty to call the meeting to order. Judiciary was about to make the announcement that they had found Yoda guilty of misusing her power as Vice-President and they would recommend she be removed from Council. Before that announcement came, Yoda indicated that she had something to say.

"First, I want all of you to know, I do not lie, cheat, or steal.

"A great American said, 'It is not the critic who counts; not the man who points out how the strong man stumbles, or where the doer of deeds could have done them better. The credit

"Always give your best, never get discouraged, never be petty; always remember, others may hate you, but those who hate you don't win unless you hate them, and then you destroy yourself."

belongs to the man who is actually in the arena, whose face is marred by dust and sweat and blood; who strives valiantly, who errs, and comes short again and again; because there is not effort without error and shortcomings; but who does actually strive to do the deeds; who knows the great enthusiasms, the great devotions; who spends himself in a worthy cause, who at best knows in the end the triumphs of high achievement and who at the worst, if he fails, at least fails while daring greatly, so that his place shall never be with those cold and timid souls who know neither victory nor defeat."

Yoda shifted slightly in her chair and looked down at the table before con-

tinuing.

"We think sometimes when things happen that don't go the right way; we think that when someone dear to us dies, we think that when we lose an election; we think that when we suffer defeat, that all is ended.

"Not true. It is only a beginning, always. The young must know it; the old must know it. It must always sustain us, because the greatness comes not when things go always good for you, but the greatness comes and you are really tested when you take some knocks, some disappointments, when sadness comes, because only if you have been in the deepest valley can you ever know how magnificent it is to be on the highest mountain.

"Always give your best, never get discouraged, never be petty; always remember, others may hate you, but those who hate you don't win unless you hate them, and then you destroy yourself."

Then Yoda rose, walked over to Lynn Hashbrownie and put her arms around her, and left the room. And with that, SuZy-Q. Yoda was done with Student Council. Lefty Sidekick was found to not be at fault in the misappropriation of funds and was reinstated to her position. Rob Sour was also found not at fault except for negligence and was reinstated to treasurer, but placed on temporary probation.

Epilogue

After the meeting, it must have been close to midnight, Eckhart met Sammy Bugger outside Dana Commons. Bugger had called this meeting to clear up what Eckhart had not known.

"You might find this interesting," Bugger said, handing Eckhart a file. Eckhart read it as Bugger summed up its contents. "That's the birth certificate of SuZy-Q. Yoda. The real one. According to that, she was born in California on January 9, 1913."

"What?" Eckhart stared at the paper, shocked. "That's impossible."

"It's even stranger than you think. We looked for her transcript in Student Records. She's not a student."

"What are you talking about?"

continued on page 24

"She's not technically a student at this college. It's just that no one ever checked. And those that did must have liked her so much, felt she was doing so much good for the University, that they ignored it."

There was only one question left. "Then, where did she come from?"

"I don't know," Bugger admitted. "There's only one other person I've heard of with that birthday, and he supposedly died years ago. And here, look at this." Bugger handed Eckhart a photograph. "This is what started it all." It was a picture of Yoda, taken shortly before she was elected. In the photo, a picture of Richard M. Nixon was visible in the background. The resemblance was obvious.

More confused than ever, Eckhart walked back to Maywood Hall. Along the way, he met Chris Hasbeen.

"You did a good job, Meister," Chris said cheerfully.

"Are you happy Yoda's out of your way?" Eckhart asked accusingly.

"Why would I want Yoda out of my way?" Chris replied, smiling. Eckhart walked by him and into Maywood. He needed a rest.

"Did you plan for all this to happen?" Ostentatious asked the Ringbearer of the Eternal Order of the Future

Did the Ringbearer smile? His face still wasn't completely visible. "We plan very little, Stefan. We only foresee what will come, and pass judgment of whether this bodes ill or well for the University."

"And this?"

"Difficult to say. But one thing is certain, Stefan. You will have much work ahead of you in the coming year. I hope you are ready."

"Won't you be there to help me?"

"Of course I will. I will be near you the entire time. You should go, now, Stefan. The Future can be trusted to attend to itself."

Once Ostentatious was gone, Ringbearer (and Johnson Hall Representative) Jared Wozniak removed his hood. He was, indeed, smiling.

The source who provided the author with the transcript of this speech does believe that the individual who gave the speech was speaking with a true heart and a clear conscience. The author remains unconvinced. •