

Lifestyles

A rose between friends

With the left flipper she ricocheted the ball off of the bumper and into the double bonus hole. The ball stuck inside the hole. In the process of trying to free the ball, she accidentally tilted the machine. She tilted the machine chained next to her also.

"Damn it," she said. "I'm sorry, here's a quarter."
"That's alright. I still have five games left."

She drank a diet soda and ate an ice cream cone for breakfast. The radio played in the background: You never asked me what I wanted. You only asked me whv."

There was a long article in the "Philadelphia Inquirer" on space exploration. According to a highly respected professor at Cal Tech, we could send a person to Venus or Mars. The problem was getting the person back to Earth. The professor proposed two solutions based on this fact. One, we ask for volunteers to go on such a mission. He was sure that there were plenty of brave patriotic americans who would volunteer for the sake of space exploration and country. Otherwise, he suggested, we send monkeys.

The halls were crowded. She heard snippets of conversation on her way to class.

"She's such a nice and the formula in class is different Steve asked me to drink five beers in about an hello Helen."

"Oh, hello, I'm sorry Alex. I didn't hear you because of the noise. She had a crush on Alex. He wasn't really handsome, but his eyes sparkled as if in reflection on an inner vitality. Alex also shared her love for the stories of Checkow. And he never seemed to notice her blackness. Unlike most other whites, his attitude towards her was neither condescending or demeaning. He treated her naturally.

"The meaning of life, according to Lawrence, is in love, sexual not platonic," droned the professor. Helen examined the wood on her desk. The grain ebbed and flowed like waves on the ocean. The blond wood reminded her of what she imagined Alex's skin to be like. She was running her hands through the silky, thin hair on his chest.

Alex and Helen were friends. They often ate lunch together after class and discussed books or movies or other people they both knew. But their relationship had never developed any further.

She once followed him to class. He lived in a red brick house with many windows. On the way to class he picked up his mail and met two friends. She imagined leaving him a note in his mailbox:

"The frail petals that encircle the
flower of my love longs
to enfold you."

There would never be such a note however. Helen was married. Her husband supported her financially to a certain extent and besides He loved her. She was his first lover, his only lover and he was utterly devoted to her.

She could not hurt him. She couldn't even say no when he asked her to marry him. But she never really knew if she loved him or not. Love was so strange. She loved her brother, her parents and her friends -- yet with that love she need not be monogamous.

"You don't ask me to apologize. I won't ask you to forgive me," sany a voice on the radio. She had just won two games on the pinball machine. Alex walked in.

"Did you finish reading "A Catcher in the Rye?" he asked.

"Yeah. And you?" She responded.

"No not yet, I'm almost done. We still have a few hours till class. I'm going to go home and study," he said. Helen quickly lost the two remaining games.

It was a cold, crisp fall day. The leaves were crimson and ocher and the ones on the ground were leather brown. The wind whipped around the buildings through the streets. Someone was having a bonfire, she could smell it in the air. An elderly derelict lay sleeping covered with newspaper on the soft earth. Helen smiled down at him.

She walked into the florist shop and purchased a single long stemmed rose. Attached to it's stripped thornless stem as a blank note card in a limegreen envelope. One the outside of the envelope was written "To Alex."

"Why don't you tell me 'bout the mystery dance. I want to know about the mystery dance," sany a voice on the radio. She carried the lone rose in a brown paper bag. The derelict she had passed by before had woken and was smiling. He was already drunk. Helen opened the door to Alex's mailbox slowly so it wouldn't creak. It was only open half was when she stuck her hand down the crack and placed the flower inside. Helen quickly shut the mailbox and scurried away.

She imagined the two of them were in bed together. Their lips were madly kissing. Her brown and pink breasts were thrust against his warm chest. His hands cupped her round supple buttocks. Just the thought of it made her tingle.

She waited for him to come to class. He was late, but he was carrying the single red rose. Alex smiled back at her from the front of the classroom. But he didn't guess that it was she who had sent the flower. He couldn't see her cry, because she was crying on the inside.

Travolta, Tomlin disappoint

by Susan Girolami

After 'Saturday Night Fever' and "Grease," "Moment by Moment" was disappointing.

John Travolta stayed with his 'agressive rough and debonair' character but the plot of the movie made this character look very childish.

The movie opens up as usual with Travolta trying to get a woman's attention. Except this woman could have been his mother. Lily Tomlin played the very serious part of this 'older woman.' Tomlin needs to be congratulated for holding up that long in a very serious drama. She wasn't snorting as Ernestine in this role.

The love story was not an unfamiliar one. Tomlin was very wealthy and her husband was caught having an affair with a younger woman, so Tomlin left her husband.

She went off to her beach home where a young snotty nosed kid, namely Travolta, followed her. He had remembered her and her husband hiring him for one of their parties.

Tomlin didn't give Travolta the time of day. But, this didn't stop him. Tomlin gave in. From then on it was bedroom scene after bedroom scene. What was so ironic about all was that Travolta's name in the movie was "Strip."

The couple had their conflicts and everytime Travolta ran away Tomlin would go back and get him.

All in all the plot of the 'love story was not the least bit appealing. But Tomlin did her best with the acting and Travolta was his usual self.

Orienteering: a demanding sport

by jeff drinnan

Upon arriving at our third checkpoint we aligned our maps with our compasses. We looked at the densely wooded hill across the field on the other side of the road that wound down into a valley towards the bottom of the hill and out of sight.

The next checkpoint was somewhere on or beyond the hill. Should we follow the road? That was one possibility. After considering our options, we decided to do a "beeline" to the next checkpoint, climbing the hill directly towards our target.

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Orienteering is played in the woods and involves both mental and physical facilities. Locating various checkpoints by using a map and compass is the object of this sport.

It's modus operandi is determined by the type of orienteering event. In cross-country orienteering, participants are given a map with each checkpoint location circled. Using

compass directions and distances to points given, the goal is to visit all checkpoints in the shortest time.

Another orienteering event - Score Orienteering - is played by giving participants a specified time in which they try to visit as many of several checkpoints as they can.

While route choice is made by participants in the aforementioned events, in line orienteering the orienteer is given a route to follow, but must plot the location of hidden control points en route on their maps.

Time is a competitive factor in this event. For those who prefer a more leisurely trek through the woods, there are events where time doesn't count.

Deciding which route to take is an integral part of orienteering (excluding line orienteering). A participant may have to choose between a hilly, rocky and highly vegetated route and a dirt road route on

level ground that's twice the distance to a checkpoint.

Assessing one's physical abilities plays a role here. Although the road may take you smoothly to the next checkpoint, you may gain speed by charging up the hill through rough terrain if you're in good physical shape.

Orienteering is much more popular in Europe and Canada, where there are national orienteering organizations, than in the United States, where national clubs don't exist and where the sport is in its' nebula. Ski orienteering is also popular in Europe.

An integral tool of the infantry, orienteering is used primarily in the United States by the military. Soldiers learn to navigate through friendly and enemy territory and sneak up or run from the enemy.

Knowing each others position, finding various landmarks, making rendezvous and other military maneuvers are done

via orienteering. This sport was started by the military.

Orienteering was brought to civilians by Major Ernst Killander, who planted the seed in Stockholm Sweden in 1919. Then president of Stockholm's Amateur Athletic Association, Killander introduced orienteering as an answer to the difficulty in retaining the youths interest in track and field, using the forest hill and lake inundated countryside as a playing field for the new sport.

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After assutting the densely wooded hill we found our next checkpoint, but only after being confused by other smaller hills and valleys after reaching the top of the initial hill. Here's where assessing one's mental abilities played a role in orienteering.

We found two more checkpoints with less difficulty and found ourselves on a dirt clearing just outside the woods, over-

looking road junctions and a stream that crossed the road which ran through a field and out of sight.

We followed the stream through the field to another road which we followed a few hundred meters to our next checkpoint.

After walking back down the road, we walked through a field on a diagonal. Passing a herd of cattle I remarked "Can bulls run fast?"

"Yes," answered Barry. "Why?"

When he looked at the cattle he shared my slightly less than euphoric feeling.

Fortunately no animals followed us and soon we saw a white phallic structure in the distance.

This landmark turned out to be our final checkpoint. Here we met the rest of the gals and guys who were orienteering with us that day.