

by Rich
Danner

Highacres Creative

by Michele
Carlin

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In a time long since gone in the vast Scholar's Kingdom of Nittany, there existed a small, isolated mountain citadel in the province of Filberton. This citadel, aptly called the Filberton Commanderie, was dedicated to the higher advancements of the art and sciences. Because of Filberton's location on Nittany's northeastern frontier fringes, a small standing militia was also constantly maintained among the scholars, as several barbarian hordes often made deadly attacks on the frontiers of the scholar's Kingdom of Nittany.

This military guard was stationed off the grounds of the Commanderie in Filberton Village, which was located about three league away from the Commanderie. It was the duty of this small guard to protect the Commanderie and the people of the village from the barbarian hordes, who valued Filberton highly for its strategic location in the surrounding mountains. Being under the rule of the Scholar's Kingdom of Nittany, the military guard was also required to study the arts and sciences at the Commanderie with the scholars, which they readily did in their spare time between barbarian attacks.

Several years soon passed and the scholars saw a growing problem developing between them and the militia. The problem was one of a lack of communication between the scholars and the guards, as both parties were quickly becoming more and more unaware of what the other was doing. In a grand effort to heal the festering wound, a council of both parties was held to find a satisfactory compromise. A compromise was quickly reached; as both parties decided to create a monthly report of the past month's occurrences, which would then be mass produced and distributed to all the members of the Filberton Commanderie--scholars and

military guard alike.

The task of creating the written report fell under the jurisdiction of the Commanderie's School of Letters, who organized a just group of scholars and military for the sole creation of the report, which went by the name of The Rose. The Rose was selected as a title because it mirrored the purpose of the Filberton Commanderie, which was to be an isolated source of the beauty of knowledge in the wild, barbarian frontiers of the Scholar's Kingdom of Nittany.

After many years of growth and development, The Rose prospered from the continually healthy support of the Teaching Masters and the total populace of the Commanderie. Among its featured contents were postings of the barbarian attacks, upcoming events at the Commanderie, and capsules of news regarding miscellaneous occurrences in Filberton Province and the other provinces of the Scholar's Kingdom of Nittany. All went well, and it seemed as if The Rose would never die, especially from the enormous success and acclamation that it had merited.

After many years of success, The Rose suddenly and tragically lost its former luster. Its decline began when the students lost interest in The Rose. Consequently because of the students increasing disfavor of The Rose, the Teaching Masters lost interest as well, and soon even The Rose's own special staff broke apart, leaving its publication in the hands of a small few who remained dedicated to its cause. This was indeed The Rose's darkest hour, but still The Rose remained, for better or for worse. At times, the Teaching Masters failed to fund the cause, and the ragged, but fiercely loyal staff was forced to distribute hand-copied copies of The Rose to the students; this seemed better than nothing.

Soon the old communication problem between the students

and the militia returned, and the wound festered once again. The students and military; however, no longer cared, and became deeply engrossed in trivial activities they called "other things." At any rate, The Rose was severely ignored.

One day, the helpless staff became informed of a massive, all-out barbarian attack upon the Filberton Commanderie and Filberton Village. The staff quickly acted to get this grim news out amongst the scholars, and most importantly, the militia, which was the only hope for all the people caught in the way of the advancing barbarian hordes. Unfortunately, The Rose's coffers were empty, and The Rose could no longer afford to go any deeper into debt. Nevertheless, the dauntless staff persevered to get The Rose out to inform the people of the impending apocalyptic danger. Miraculously, the staff managed to get enough copies made to inform the people of the danger. But to the dismay of the staff, the students and military blatantly ignored The Rose, and the streets of the Commanderie were littered with the fresh copies of the emergency issue.

With the dawn of the next day came the terrible barbarian masses, who first captured the scholars at the Commanderie and then the people of the village. The military guards were easily captured in the midst of sleep. They had taken no preparatory defense action to stem the attack.

By the day's end, all of Filberton was ransacked and set aflame. The people of the province were herded onto the grounds of the destroyed Commanderie, and, with no show of mercy, were brutally massacred by the barbarian marauders. Late that night, the flaming bodies of Teaching Masters, scholars, military guards and villagers lit up the dark, moonless night.

The dictionary defines confidence as "full of trust." So having confidence in yourself means you have faith in your abilities-- such as in passing a quiz, believing that you will be the best that you can be throughout your college career. Confidence develops from your inner-self as well as the feedback you receive from fellow peers and adults within your own community.

As incoming freshmen we are beginning to realize "who we are", however, we must deal with the opinions of others and how they think we should be. As young adults we receive bits of feedback that will eventually form our identities. However, it is our responsibility to realize our talents and to search for our dreams, despite what others might say.

As we get older, the tasks we are faced with will become more complicated, and the risks will seem much greater. It took each of us a longer time to learn to read than it did to learn to walk. Now we must behave in the same manner-- however, we no longer have parents to encourage to achieve that terrific grade or to pressure us to succeed. The power is in our own hands.

Tomorrow is ours, and su-

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