



**100 WAYS TO
MAKE HISTORY**



Volume 1

May 20th, 2011



Chapter 1: 

THE CALL TO ADVENTURE



1



MAKE A DECLARATION

Declaration of Compassion

by *apieceofcakeaday*

In this age when globalization has brought us closer together and interconnectedness has become a necessity, but technology and partisanship have divided us, we declare our commitment to compassion.

In the course of our modern mindset, we find ourselves treating our resources as limitless, but our empathy and tolerance of others as finite, it is time to declare a new pursuit of compassion. We can strive to spend our time on grand, generous imaginings instead of petty occupations. Our education and evolution should teach what and whom deserve our thoughts. With a broad mind Compassion stems from mindfulness, and we pledge to be aware of our inner thoughts and outer actions.

We pledge to always consider the needs and perspectives of others and collaborate to foster a world of international understanding. We

will actively see from each others' viewpoints, acknowledge and embrace our differences, understanding that is what makes us better as humankind as a whole.

We acknowledge the occasional frustration we may encounter in the journey of building compassion for people with conflicting points of view, and we pledge to push our boundaries, and make compromises.

We pledge to acknowledge all artistic creations, and to recognize that the quest for goodness, beauty and wisdom is what makes us human. We will protect and honor creative thought because we cherish the men and women from whose minds such creativity sprung.

The future necessitates compassion, and through compassion, we will build the future.

Friends And Future Patriots: Here's To Embracing Bad Ideas

By kylecameron

Preamble:

Within the newly curated exhibit celebrating the 100 year anniversary of the Stephen A Schwarzman Building are only 250 items from the entirety of the library's material collection, selected to represent the greatest works within the archives. I was fortunate enough to be on the opening tour, in which the curator expressed his vision for capturing the story of the human condition in barely 250 artifacts. Stressed was the juxtaposition that one would find walking through the collection - side-by-side are items that invite one to look closer, and those that invoke the instinct to turn away. Items both traditionally 'historical,' in the way we tend to think of things like treaties and ancient tablets, and items like personal effects that are seemingly mundane - yet deeply human and compelling. This was done intentionally, an attempt to express the essence of the vast breadth of the items kept within the library's collection.

Within one collection is featured a draft of the American Declaration of Independence, written with a deep sense of urgency in Thomas Jefferson's

own inspired hand. Next to it stands ceremonial regalia once worn by an impassioned member of the Ku Klux Klan. While absorbing inspiration from the Declaration, two young women caught my attention with their reaction to the regalia. It was visceral, an almost startled slight jump when they turned its way. "Wow that creeps me out," I heard them say as they walked away.

I'm sometimes struck by the fact that I don't have those same gut reactions. But what I remembered in that moment was the environment and philosophy that characterized the way I was raised and the world in which my worldview developed. This was a world where not only were my ideas the products of generations of mixed backgrounds - parents and grandparents and beyond from hosts of varied ethnicities and family origins - but I was presented a contrast of ideas, from parents who believed I should be exposed to all sorts of experiences - both seemingly good and bad.

What I've found is that true intellectual independence comes from that exposure. I've been reflecting on the idea that in this way the

Declaration espouses ideas that are just as relevant today as ever - an age where people are beginning to question Google and other filtering services with deeply ethical questions of who is filtering what information, and where organizations like Wikileaks are fighting to change the nature of its distribution.

What I've found is that there are seemingly "bad" things out there in the world. Everything from "bad" search results to bad men in Klansmen robes. But limiting our exposure to them seems in some ways worst of all.

I once ran into a particularly poignant expression of this idea, from the cartoonist-philosopher Scott Adams of the Dilbert series:

"Regular readers of my blog know that the goal of my writing is to be interesting and nothing else. I'm not trying to change anyone's opinion, largely because I don't believe humans can be influenced by exposure to better arguments, even if I had some. But I do think people benefit by exposure to ideas that are different from whatever they are hearing, even when the ideas are worse. That's my niche: something different. That approach springs from

my observation that brains are like investment portfolios, where diversification is generally a good strategy. I'm not trying to move you to my point of view; I'm trying to add diversity to your portfolio of thoughts. In the short term, I hope it's stimulating enough to be entertaining. Long term, the best ideas probably come from people who have the broadest exposure to different views."

I've found that it is in fact juxtaposition of seemingly contrasting ideas that highlights the meaningfulness of exposure, and the potential to drive intellectual development - often in surprising ways - that all ideas share.

With this in mind, I declare a proclamation: to expose as many of my fellow friends and compatriots to seemingly bad ideas, the ones whose true value come to light only years in the future - to lengthen the scope of their minds to see the long-term value of investing in exposure to ideas.

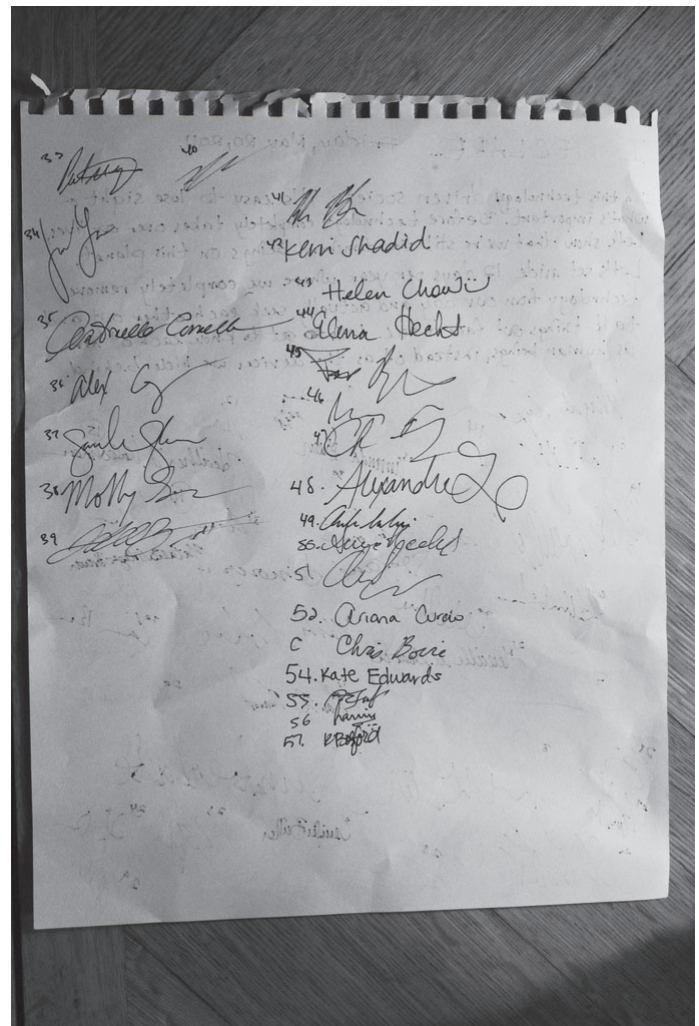
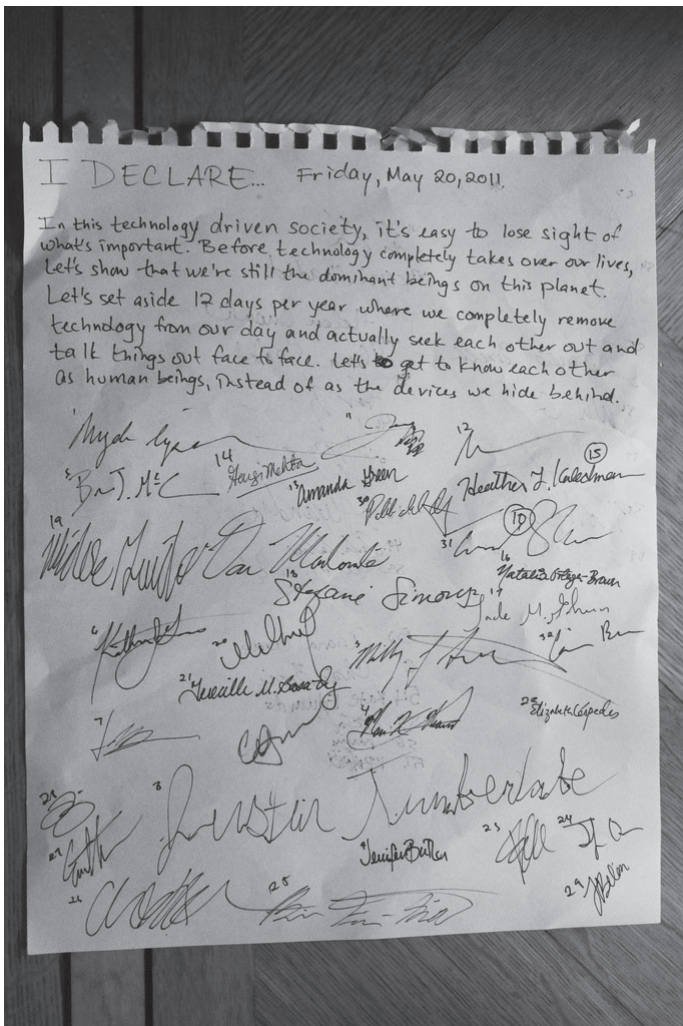
(Declaration and signatures to follow)

Declaration of Independence 12 day/yr Technology Ban

By librarychick85

I DECLARE... Friday, May 20, 2011

















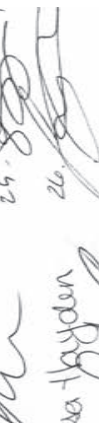
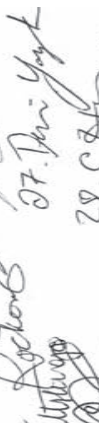



In this technology driven society, it's easy to lose sight of what's important. Before technology completely takes over our lives, let's show that we're still the dominant beings on this planet. Let's set aside 10 days per year where we completely remove technology from our day and actually seek each other out and talk things



Create Your Declaration

By team Hustle Infinity

We declare that we'll work to end violence in the world. Violence is simply a cry for love. We want to remove guns, bombs and other weapons so humans have to talk out their differences.

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9. Gyle Asnible
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11. Neville U. Sosa
12. Amanda Green
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58. Lauren Lindley

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ASHLEY D'ANGELO

MARIE WEAVER



Kristina Sueser

Hana Poterfal

Prany Mei









Matt Jean-Lubin

Ashley Van Buren

Vladimir Baranov





Friends & Family Future Patriots:

-To bad ideas!

[Signature]

Christina Gonzalez

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Joseph

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Jenny

Regina Chen

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By D

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John J. C.

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Kelly Bruggs

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Ann D

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Thank you so much!

[Signature]

Molly Rusland
Michelle Yang
Lute Kingma
Jay Sinderbrand
Aftin Atakly
Blaine Thon
Dorine Wong
Will
Ruty de Vora
Jenny Nazquez-Skin
Allan
Erin McHugh

Miguel Morin
Jeremy
Margaret
Catharina Lundberg



2



PLAN AN EPIC JOURNEY

Voyage

By meruiz83

Leaving on a day where the sky is calm and the sun is shining brightly, I begin to find myself in a solitude of reflection, for today I embark on a journey that will define the epitamy of me. For years, I've waiting to travel the world and see the sights the world has yet to see; explore nature in a way that human beings has yet to explore.

I climb aboard a plane taking me to the Caribbean Islands of my ancestors; traveling along the roads they have traveled and learning the lessons they had to teach. Going to the farmlands from whence my family came, I hope to feel the freedom of the open surrounding land, where the trees stand proudly and do not fear the hands of man. It is pure... untainted.

Along the way, I will take any adventure the lands have to give me. Hurling myself from a plane as I

take in the world entirely, yet landing softly in its warm embrace; scooba diving in the depths of the ocean as I discover reality's secrets (what really lies beneath?)

I travel not for the sake of traveling, but for the sake of finding the inner me. Who am I really if not a child from nature? It's like a rare epidemic that makes one stop and look around at the beauty that just is.

As humans, we have forgotten. Somewhere along the way, we have lost touch with the inner sanctum of our world. I have made it my ultimate quest to see the world for what and how it really is, admiring the beauty and its undying devotion. I know little of the world, and yet, the world will soon learn of me.

Map of David Trahan's Voyage

By brooklynknight

EARTH -----> SPACE

A Journey to the Past to Sustain Our Future

By Amanda Moore and Mary Pasho McGregor

Our journey would be one across the dimension of time - to the past. The goal is to prevent social and environmental disasters that have built over time and are difficult to overcome in the 21st century.

STOP 1: 1852, South America

We'll arrive before the great acceleration of tropical deforestation in the industrial age. With news from the future about the environmental dangers of mass deforestation, we will work with agricultural and industrial agencies around the world to build a collaborative map and schedule of deforestation to minimize environmental impact while still trying to meet the material needs of the industry. We will avoid the extinction of many tropical species, mass erosion, and displacement of native peoples.

STOP 2: 1903-1908, Dearborn, Michigan, United States

We'll be present for the unveiling of the blueprint for the first mass-produced, fuel-powered automobile, established by the Ford Motor Company. We'll explain to everyone involved in the production what the ramifications of gas fuel will ultimately do to the environment and international relations in the 21st century. We don't plan to eliminate the invention of the automobile, but possibly change our world's dependence on it.

STOP 3: 1945, Jemez Mountains, New Mexico

We'll travel to the site where the first atomic fireball was released into the atmosphere. We will impress upon everyone involved in this incident that their lives, along with the generations that follow them will be dramatically enhanced if this fireball is never detonated. Millions of future lives will be saved and a nation-wide fear that will seize people in the following decade will be avoided entirely.

sled

byline byline byline

The day I make my voyage will be sunny, so sunny you can barely see, but cold, the kind of cold that freezes the snot in your nose. I will put on my favorite silk long underwear and my favorite parka and my favorite balaclava, but mostly because I like the word "balaclava" and not because I need the balaclava.

I step outside and lean down to pet my dogs. There are eight of them, gorgeous animals with sleek fur and lean bodies, and they whine for a treat, which I take out of my pocket and give to them happily. One

of them, Jack Donaghy, rolls over in the snow and I laugh. They know we have work to do, though, so they jump up and wait for me to harness them.

The harness goes on swiftly; all the dogs are ready in less than ten minutes, and I check to make sure I have everything I need. Food: check. Backup gear: check. I set out across the tundra and drive the dogs for miles and miles. It's just me and the dogs and the snow and the sky and the cold and the wind and nothing else.

Eating in Chinese Restaurants in Every Single Country in the World.

By Jenny8lee

Chinese food is the most pervasive food on the planet. It's served on all seven continents, even Antarctica, as Monday night is Chinese food night at McMurdo Station, which is the main scientific station in Antarctica. There is even Chinese food in space, as NASA serves thermostabilized sweet and sour pork on its shuttle menu.

Wherever Chinese people land, they cook. And there are Chinese restaurants tucked in nook and cranny, small town, grand city, rural village, highway stops. It is like a gas, if there is real estate, Chinese people will create a Chinese restaurant.

So one day I want to eat in Chinese restaurant in every single country in the world. From Mali to Fiji to Argentina to Ireland, each country has created their version of Chinese food in a worldwide system of globalization.

Here we define a country by if it has a top-level Internet domain, as defined by ICANN. We would take pictures and create a worldwide map (maybe using Foodspotting!) which pictures of Chinese dishes.

There are world class restaurants in Australia, England, Singapore and Japan. There are ones that have dishes that make you cringe in Ireland and Germany. But in each place Chinese food has flourished because it adapts to the native palate.

In France, you can eat salt and pepper frog legs. In Mexico, the Chinese restaurants look like fajitas and they serve cold sweet tea rather than hot bitter tea. In Italy, all the Chinese restaurants serve fried gelato. In England, they have a dish called crispy shredded beef, which is a lot of crisp, a lot of shred but not a lot of beef. In Peru, there are chifas on every other block, almost like the density of Starbucks in lower Manhattan. Korea uses a Chinese noodle dish, jiyajiangmian, to calculate their equivalent of the consumer price index. In Mauritius (a country which blends French, Indian, Chinese and island cuisine), they put cheese on lo mein. Japan, the only country that could have a Chinatown which is both clean and expensive, has their own version of Chinese food, including Chen's mapotofu and ramenized dan dan noodles.

Ireland has their most popular Chinese dish, called three-in-one, which mixes (yes) curry, french fries and fried rice in one globular carbo mix – best consumer when you are drunk.

Eating in a Chinese restaurant in every single country on the planet is an announcement that yes, I have been there and I was not just there as a tourist. I ate Chinese food in the ways that the locals ate Chinese food. I am truly worldly.



MAKE IT MASSIVE

United States Subway System

By chozzles

I love the New York City Subway, but it'd be great to make it even bigger, and go even farther. I've scanned in my image, but here are my lines:

1/2/3: Seattle - Portland - San Francisco - Los Angeles - San Diego

4/5/6: Boston - NYC - Philadelphia - Washington, DC - Raleigh - Charleston - Jacksonville - Miami

7: Missoula - Salt Lake City - Las Vegas - Los Angeles

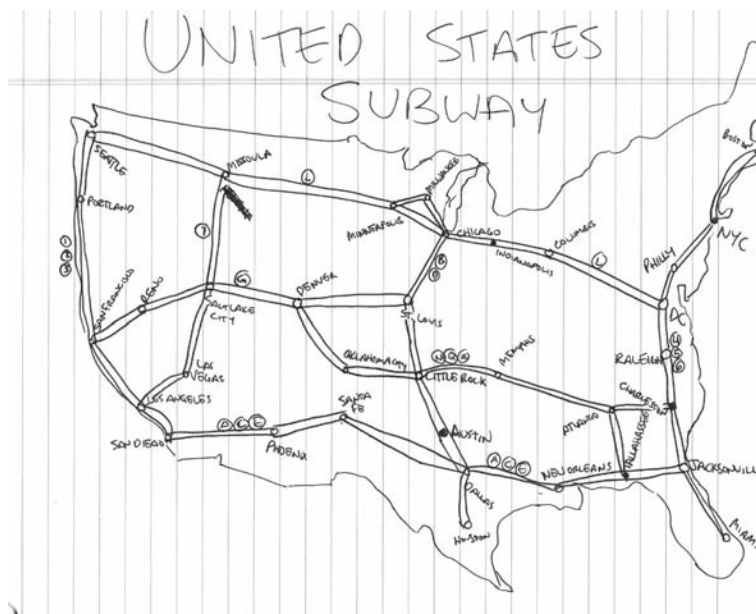
A/C/E: Jacksonville - Tallahassee - New Orleans - Dallas - Santa Fe - Phoenix - San Diego

B/D: Chicago - St. Louis - Little Rock - Austin - Dallas - Houston

G: St. Louis - Denver - Salt Lake City - Reno - San Francisco

N/Q/R: Charleston - Atlanta - Memphis - Little Rock - Oklahoma City - Denver

Shuttles from Chicago/Minneapolis to Milwaukee and Tallahassee to Atlanta



One Damn Big Dam Project To Move the Country Forward

By Sean DiBartolo and Dustin Doloff

Dwarfing the Three Gorges Dam in China, the Damn Big Dam in the Adirondack region would provide massive amounts of energy, helping supply a good portion of the Eastern Power Grid. The lake created by the DBD would serve as location for recreational activities for local residents to recharge their sacra just as the power generated from the dam itself would recharge their electronics. The Damn Big Dam would serve as the spark for an eco-power revolution, jump-starting a new wave of recreational locales that provide the electricity of modern life in an economically efficient capacity.

We see this today with solar-panel roofs and backyard windmills to a lesser extent, but it lacks in wide-spread adoption. The Damn Big Dam would serve as an enormous symbol of what it means to be environmentally conscious as well as business friendly. In the 10 years required to build such an undertaking, the construction project will provide jobs for nearly 30,000 people and will have helped bring our country out of the Great Recession. It will be marked as one of the major civil engineering projects of the 21st Century.





4



GET INSIDE THEIR HEADS

Life is What You Make of It

By zinstr

“Life is like a spatula spinning only until you sneeze.”

- Cindy Gordon

Explanation for those who need it: Life doesn't always make sense. It's up to you to interpret it and give meaning.

Words

By jcurwin

Words are magic. We can enter each other's imaginations and share our dreams. The miracle of a letter is profound. Look at the letter "a." Each language gives us access to the inner soul. Find the magic. Find the

In the stacks...

By viaveres

In these stacks live the dreams of children.

Simplicity

By CapeKid

Be nice.

Realm of the Unknown

By meruiz83

Anything and everything can be found as inspiration, yet nothing tickles the senses like a good book. Adventure lurks all around, who is dares take the plunge into a realm of the unknown? Separate yourself from all you know and wander into the abyss of your imagination. It's speaking to you...Are you listening? Can you hear what it has to say? Come, let us embark on this journey, where words fall down like a cascade of

The Voice

By Robot Ian

There will be a voice that says, "You belong elsewhere." It will whisper of inadequacy and hubris, and every name that has ever been given to inertia. Know this: It is not the voice of wisdom. And words will flow when you are no longer listening.



5



PUBLISH AN OPEN LETTER

What is this Rectangular Object

By Majestas

Dear Roald Dahl (World's Greatest Storyteller [Or at least MY favorite])

You have changed not only the way I think, but you and your stories have instilled my belief in the power of story, in people, and most importantly, in the impossible. When I first read your book, "The Twits," I was only seven years old. It was so funny that I laughed out loud at the hilarious antics of the characters. And when I was finished I closed the book and examined it. What was this rectangular, unassuming object which had brought me such joy? There seemed nothing particularly exciting about it. It had a title in large letters, a colourful but simple picture just below that, the paper on the

outside was thick and the paper on the inside was thin. And something else, a name written on the front. Your name. You had made it all possible. And at seven years old something told me that if I just experienced such pleasure reading this book, the pleasure this Roald Dahl character experienced from writing it HAD to surpass that.

There and then I set to writing my first book. There and then I discovered my life's work and the deepest passion of my soul. There and then I became a writer.

Thank you, Mr. Dahl.

30 Rockin'

By a|lobster

Dear Tina Fey,

Thank you. Thank you for being a smart woman who doesn't shut up. Thank you for being a lady writer in a field where ladies aren't necessarily respected. Thank you for being ballsy. Thank you for wearing glasses. Thank you for making a show that takes place in a universe that is so unlike the real world and yet almost hyper-real.

Thank you for showing me that a piece of art can be smart and hilarious and successful. You make me want to be a better writer.

Yours,

Anna

To The Dreamers...

By Finnegan Brantley

The shape of the glass will always change in your memories but the glass you'll remember ☒ raised above the blacks and whites and grays of the long brown table. And the colors were there at the table. And all the odors were there; the kitchen odors and the colognes and the smells of clothing that didn't fit you ☒ our father's jacket and his scuffed borrowed shoes ☒ these colors belonged to you now and only the glass changed shape in the hands in front of you.

And you won't remember the colors much longer, nor the wonderful odors and their places throughout the room, nor the shapes of glasses, nor the bite of the green Georgia winter, nor the gowns, nor the strands of hair you took the time to arrange.

Eventually you won't remember the stone fireplace and your position in the back of the great room. You won't feel the white gloves and the hands they

held beneath the table (they were everyone's hands, holding everyone's hands).

You'll forget the stopping of clocks, the explosions in the sky, the black waters and endless champagne...

But the weight will remain.

And your shivering thoughts will spread themselves across you like a blanket, and your body will fill all the patches your mind has slowly misplaced. And I swear to you, you will remember.

All my love,

Christopher

The Cat's Pawjamas

By TheGKnee

Dear Descendant of Mine (yes, you!),

The transcendent love of a fellow living creature is personified in Charles Dickens' heart-warming yet slightly morbid desire to convert his pet cat's paw into a fancy ivory letter-opener. To come face to face with such an idiosyncratic show of affection from an incredible historical figure, such as Mr. Dickens, is truly a powerful experience. It goes beyond the realm of eccentric behavior, into a more innocent frame of perception. A fearless point of view even. A vision of a great man with everyday sensibilities. It fills the imagination with images of Charles Dickens settling down with a cup of coffee in his office, preparing for a day's worth of work, as he reaches for both the mail and, more importantly, his letter opener. His incessant need to fill the mundane

monotony ordinary life with a creative energy, sends ripples throughout time and space. It tugs at the heart-strings of humanity and allows for the simple things that we encounter to take on a more meaningful shape.

Sincerely,

Damian Acosta

PS- The Past was so much cooler than you could imagine.

Open Letter to Greg Mortensen

By lorene

Dear Greg Mortensen,

You've recently come into some trouble with allegations that the stories you told in your bestselling book *Three Cups of Tea* were inaccurate. I read that book two years ago while traveling through Southeast Asia. Mr Mortensen, true or not, it's an amazing book that has changed my life.

Supporting women's education is great. As a woman I'm 100% behind that, but doing so in countries where doing so can put a target on your head is extraordinary. I've been quite taken by the "Girl Effect" and the notion that if you educate a woman you make her entire village better.

Reading *Three Cups of Teas* has inspired me to take action and support causes that support women's education and microfinance efforts to support women's businesses. It's also caused me to have a greater appreciation for the education I've had in

the United States. As a woman engineer and the first person in my family to graduate, I felt a kinship with many women in the book.

So even if your tales were false, I think they were worth telling simply for the way you've inspired me and others. I have encouraged everyone I know to read that book and even if the whole tale is proven false I will continue to do so. The inspiring message trumps veracity.

I do hope your story was true though, and that you will continue on your mission.

sincerely,

Lorene Voskinarian

Dear Santa

By Wishme

I know you're listening and I'm sorry I haven't written. It seems I've gotten too old for you and my stocking is ripped and the seams won't close. But mostly because I forgot how to end the stitch and the attic is full of mice searching for the last crumb of digestive biscuit. But you need to know that part of you is still in my heart even if I don't see you as a jolly man in a red suit. You're the bastion of hope. Of surprise in the morning and the sheer joy of

discovery. Wrapping paper has given way to layers of dirt being peeled away to reveal layers of our past and the stories we still tell. From father winter to inspiration for archaeology and quest for knowledge and eternal discovery and fascination. Year round remembrance for delight. Thank you for planting that seed of joy and being a reminder that there is light in the dark winter and more to be known

Thank You, Grammy

By brooklyknight

Dear Grammy,

You never put up with the bullshit in our family. You cut to the chase. You said it like it is. You got to the point quickly, and more importantly, got the resolution quickly. My mother looked to you when she needed guidance. I looked to you too. I miss you

terribly. I will always take your strength with me. I will always cut to the chase. I will always find the quickest resolution. I will always remember that love conquers all, and that conflicts are just temporary. Thank you, Grammy.

Love, David

Sometimes, you need more than a protector

By Chela

Dear Felines,

The mice in the desert aren't such a problem really. Even when your civilization depends on grain storage pretty heavily, small rodent populations aren't the biggest concern. What kills our children, takes down our soldiers and makes lacing up sandals a bit hard is something that has plagued mankind since the Garden - snakes.

That's where we thought you would be most useful, our feline domesticus. You were fast, sharp teeth, viscous bite. You are perfectly designed for destroying the vermin of mankind. We watched in awe as you went from stalking to pouncing like a demon. We named goddesses after you, and worshiped your destructive power. From afar.

Then something changed. We noticed you didn't just devour small creatures and shred their flesh to tatters. You also purred. Maybe the first head scratch didn't happen for the first thousand years of domestication, but eventually the relationship got a

bit more reciprocal. We could finally say "thanks" for saving our children from venom and disease.

Once we started to cuddle, it was a slippery slope from carnivorous guardian to lap companion. Now, when you jump on our heads at 6 am, we don't really mind. When you purr so loud it gets scary - that's ok. Even when you kill small rodents and drag them bloody all over our couches - that's ok too. We love it. Because in your own predatory way, it shows you like us. And we have always loved you, for both your cuddles and your snake catching teeth.

In the future, snakes aren't such a problem. But feeling loved? That's another task you seem to perfectly designed for.

Love,

Hominids

Jasmine

By liminary

Dear Jasmine,

Out of all the people that I have encountered in my life, you alone stand out in the sea of faces that I can remember having changed my perspective about the world. When I met you studying abroad in Singapore, I felt that I was so young and naive and one-dimensional in my thinking about the world that we live in. My horizon was narrowly stretched only to the limits of my own existence.

You didn't seek to change anyone necessarily but your passion about the bigger issues that affected people from all over the world really inspired me. From our conversations on our trips all over Southeast Asia, you talked about the need to experience travel as a way to open oneself up to new ideas and most importantly, to learn from the different cultures that we encounter. We sought to stay away from the mediocre but be brave enough to seek the unknown. We saw the real faces of the countries we visited and not the facades that are presented to mere tourists.

From you I learned to embrace difference and to see myself as someone who can make positive impact on others. I've carried that belief and made it a part of me from that point forward, and it has only grown deeper and more profound over time. Even though we have lost touch, the spirit with which you carried your convictions I have similarly tried to pass on to others. We need tolerance in this world more than ever and more appreciation too for the simple things in life that we typically take for granted. I am making it my goal to live never stop learning while traveling and making positive change along the way. Yes I might not be able to change the world but I have the power to change the life of one person, and the next, and the next.

Thank you for being so inspirational.

Sincerely,

Vanessa

Fleming's Gift

By brf

Dear Mr. Fleming,

You are a stranger we once encountered on a very long journey. Unbidden and without our knowledge, you did something incredibly kind, thoughtful, and selfless to make our journey more comfortable. We discovered your name is Fleming, and honor your thoughtfulness by looking for opportunity to do kind things for others.

We also, when raising a glass, toast to "Fleming" instead of reciting the traditional toast and will do so forever more.

Gratefully,

Bun & Skully

Mmm, Pee Wee-y

By mackenziey

Dear Pee Wee,

Twenty years after your show went off the air, Saturday mornings still taste of secret words, snack time, and surprise visits from large-headed door-to-door salesmen. Your Playhouse was not the worn-in living room of Mr. Rogers--which almost certainly smelled of mothballs and sour milk--or the puppet-riddled house of Captain Kangaroo--who, let's face it, was pretty creepy. In your world, screaming was sanctioned, the furniture talked, and mistakes were easily undone with a mecca-lecca-hi-mecca-heinie-

ho. You taught me that friends come in all shapes and sizes and colors, and that sometimes your bestie turns out to be a gay cowboy, and that's okay. You taught me that real men favor slim-cut suits. You taught me that growing up doesn't mean losing a sense of play and wonder, and for that Pee Wee, I thank you.

xxx,

MacKenzie

Symbiotic Apology Letter

By EBAD

Dear Canis lupus lupus,

It was the caribou. So many goddamn caribou. Everywhere. Hairy, stinky, hooped steaks just roaming the north like nothing mattered. Tundra, snow, hungry, cold, wild. There were so many goddamn caribou. We met at least 80,000 years ago. We were hairless primates with little more than a pound of brain. You ate garbage, we avoided being eaten. Thanks for that. The two of us grew closer. Inched forward. Trusted. We became friends some would say. Cooperation evolved. Communication evolved. Culture evolved. You allowed us to live.

Allowed us to settle. Allowed us to farm. Gave us time.

Your protection saved you and killed you. Our success over the eons killed you off. One shot gun at a time. Now off that goddamn "dead list," America hunts you from helicopters. I'm sorry. I'm sorry for ruining things. A formal letter this may not be, but an open thank you for finding us. Although I love you, I'm sorry you did.

- Homo sapien sapien



6



KNOW YOUR PAST

Immigrants

By IndianGypsy

In 1925 Ernesto Armendariz came to America. In 1984 I was born in Lubbock Texas.

My family came to America by plane. My uncle was first. He was sixteen. My mother came next. Then the rest of the family followed. They immigrated to the states by Air India and for some reason, still unbeknownst to me, they picked the middle of the Texas panhandle. Of course they went back, and on occasion they still go back to India, but their home is here in America. It's not to say that they're no longer immigrants, but it's to say to some degree they have forged for themselves a new home.

Yet, to some degree, Ernesto was always here. His home was less than five hundred miles south of the Texas Panhandle. His home was in Mexico.

I like to think I myself have an immigrant story. It's maybe selfish to marry myself to such a loaded term, but to some degree, moving to the socially isolated megalopolis of New York from the rural outskirts of the Texas Panhandle, I have immigrated. I've taken my life with the spectre of dreams and possibility in search of a new home. That's what Ernesto did when he crossed the El Paso border and it's what my mother did when she crossed customs after deboarding her flight, and in this night, our stories have intertwined.

About a year ago I met a young girl named Adalhi Armendariz. We both live in Brooklyn just a

neighborhood away from each other. For most of her life she has lived in New Jersey, but now she calls New York home. Her grandfather is Ernesto.

In the map room of the New York Public Library, you'll find maps of different locations all from this current era: topographical maps, Rand McNallys, and Maps that in scale would cover the long-wall in my very short-walled apartment. Also, if you go to the genealogy room you can research, thoroughly, any person's lineage and history. You can find pictures of factual documents, like the image of Ernesto's border crossing, that objectify and actualize that moment in history. But as Adalhi and I met here on this night with 499 of our newest friends, we through our own choices, decisions, and dreams--and a tiny bit of luck--made our stories a part of each others' history.

Ernesto crossed a border. My family boarded a plane. Both families came from very different worlds and made America their home. I don't know what the future will hold or when the world will end (supposedly it's tomorrow). But I do know that people will still have dreams, and while doing so, will search and go and trade in the comfort of the known for the possibility of the unknown. And somewhere along the way the dreams of one will cross and with the dreams of a few, and in those moments, the realization will occur that we are all a very real part of a very real and very large story. And this story we can chalk up as a very real history.

Gone but not forgotten:

By christine.m.longo

I started out trying to find my great-grandmother, who immigrated to the United States around 1913. Unfortunately, her exact name has been lost, a cruel quirk of transliterated spelling of Arabic names. So instead I went forward a generation, to my grandparents. Lo and behold, there they were, names address, birth date, and his death date. He's been gone since 1993, but he still counts. On the

census, in public records, for anyone who cares to look. It's comforting, in a small way, when I think of all the information about me that's available on the internet and Facebook that someday, two or three generations from now, I will still count. Though, perhaps I don't want those college drinking photos to be the sum of how my great-grandchildren know me. Maybe there is value in being forgotten.

A Catalyst for Greatness

By Sarah Baird

In order to truly know who you are it helps to know where you came from. You are shaped by the social and culture influences of the generations that came before. Everyone claims to have inherited something from someone in their family. For me it's perhaps my strong mind and my desire to take the lead that I get from my mother, who gets it from her father and the tale goes on and on. What if you went back roughly 400 years and found that you were a direct descendent of someone historically significant? Through my research at the Milstein Genealogy Room I discovered that I am a direct descendent of William Brewster. He was the only university educated person aboard the Mayflower and became the leader of Plymouth, MA.

Before making the journey to the United States he printed and published religious books until his print business was seized by authorities under pressure from Sir Dudley Carleton and his business partner was jailed. He then joined the first group of Pilgrims to make the voyage to North America. Brewster was passionate about his religious beliefs to the point that he refused to give up, even if that meant leaving his native country to a relatively unknown country where he would not be prosecuted for his beliefs. His desire to lead

and his strong mind was followed by generations of greatness. His notable direct decedents include Presidents of the United States, Senators, Supreme Court Justices, astronauts, poets, actors and notable businessmen all who have pushed beyond the limits of an average person to achieve their goals.

With a lineage stacked with these great leaders it's hard to believe one could stand beside them in history with equal accomplishments. However, knowing that those who came before you were able to lead others even in difficult times provides more confidence that you'll be able to achieve equally great things. I may not be elected President of the United States of America but I do have the desire to lead and a strong mind that pushes me to overcome challenges and obstacles. These traits may not be directly traced back to William Brewster, but I am. Like those who came before me I believe I'm meant to achieve great things.

For others unlocking the keys to their lineage may help them understand the great people who came before them. Perhaps this information will be the inspiration for them to achieve goals far beyond what they imagined.

The Lost Tribe Of Leykos

By TheGKnee

The Leykos have been sort of a mystery to society. They tend to have eccentric introverted personalities. However don't let their quiet demeanor fool you for a second.

Originally from Poland, Joseph Leyko found a home in the county of Kings. Or as it's called nowadays Brooklyn. And that's about it. That's all the history available in the archives of the geneology section of the New York Public Library, which houses the main ancestry records for the US.

But see, that's part of the Leyko Plan. Having been in love with one of them for over two years, I've come to understand their simple and sublime plan; Fade away from the limelight and raucousness, to

hone in on the subtle nature of humanity. They've got it down to a science. It's almost an inherent unspoken tradition passed on from generation to generation and there are no signs of it ceasing anytime soon.

It's a known fact that one of the Leykos has been known to steal packets of jelly from diners, for reasons unknown. Some say this Leyko was wronged by a one-eyed man with a jelly factory. Others say it's a hobby. But one thing is certain, the Leyko family has earned their place in history by riding the subtle waves of love and affection and continuing to spread their caring nature onto their children.

A 1930s Copy

By CaseyLynn

In the future, I will not appear on a paper census report of New Castle County, Delaware.

That is not to say that I won't come close. That is not to say that I won't try.

Delaware, you only have three counties. And my old Sussex self has already tried one.

But this is about the future.

Hold on though. These forms and columns, haven't I already put in my time?

I sure got a packet. I sure filled out some papers.

It jammed up my mailbox and I carried it with me for a week because I was afraid to fill it out because I was afraid to be seen.

1930s East Coast and you weren't afraid. Or you were, and you got over it too.

How alike we may have been.

In the future, I will not appear on a hand-written paper census report of New Castle County, Delaware.

With all of that cursive, uniform script, row after row. Someone wrote this with their paws, their grips, their mitts, their pens. It makes you all look like one big household, you Newcastle County Delaware.

I want to go to that cookout, a big family Sunday dinner. Let's see the old haunts, all of Wilmington, true before being tried. Let's say we had burgers, extra cheese. Let's say there are many evenings like that to come - warm and familiar and poised to move from conjecture.

Because in the future, I will still be counted among them.

Being of them.

And yes mine will be all typed up neat and nice. Statistical, searchable, accessible.

But I still can't wait for you to go ahead and find me.

Finding the Future Through the Past.

By whatsgoodinny and Heather Kalachman

Brought me to tears. Grandpa, Grandma, MelBrought me to tears. Grandpa, Grandma, MelBrought me to tears. Grandpa, Grandma, MelBrought me to tears. Grandpa, Grandma, MelBrought me to tears. Grandpa, Grandma, MelBrought me to tears. Grandpa, Grandma, Mel

We are all the young leaders of tomorrow and if any of us believe enough in something, and we persevere, we will achieve it.

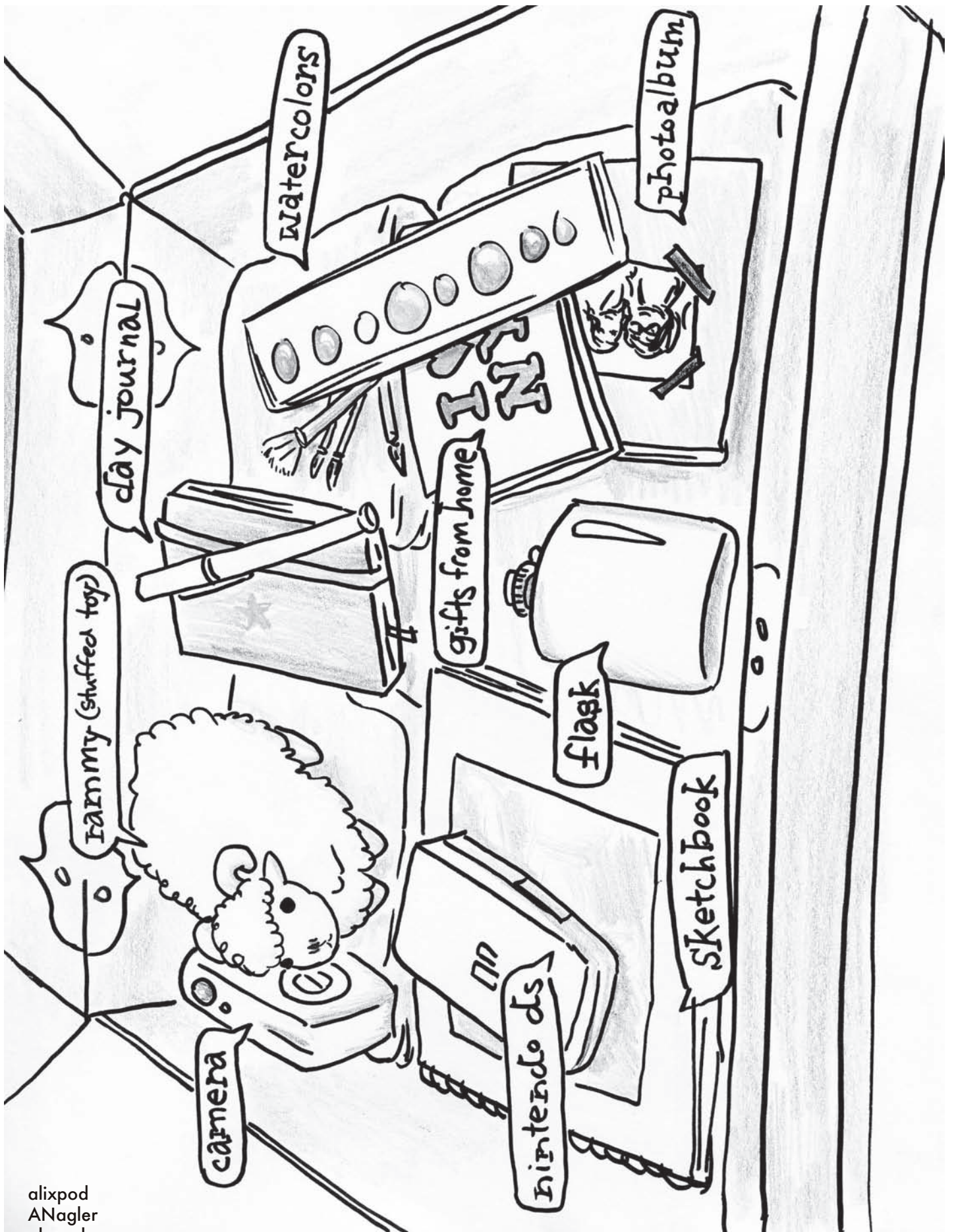
I predict that I will travel to find my distant family and learn about relatives in other states and

countries, who they were, what their lives were like, and what legacies, if any, they left behind. Some of what I find will sadden me. Some of what I find will make me happy. No matter what, I will try to remain proud of my heritage and I will never forget the struggles and accomplishments of my ancestors.

My great-grandfather dedicated his life to public service, serving as a prosecutor, mayor of Cleveland, and a Senator from Ohio. Though I never knew

him, he left a lasting legacy on the city of Cleveland. While I don't have the patience nor the fortitude for a political career, I hope to leave my lasting mark in some way. To serve the better good, to leave the world a better place than I found it. While I haven't found my path, haven't found my way just yet, I know, if I keep looking, it'll find me.

I will never tire of learning, no matter how old I become. My grandfather lived well into his 90s, each day learning more about the past, teaching others so they can improve the future.



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CREATE A MASCOT

Hubba Bubba and the Monkey, Roaming Together

By Jenny8lee

“What do you mean you don’t have a name?” Hubba Bubba, the purple hippo, asked the monkey with wide-eyed surprise.

“I just don’t have a name,” the monkey said, his stringy legs just flopping about. “I’m just called ‘Monkey.’”

“But everyone needs a name,” said Hubba Bubba, who goes by Hubba for short and by roaminghubba on Twitter, Facebook, and the Internet. “How do you know who you are then?”

The monkey stopped and thought. How did he know who he was? “I don’t know. I know who I am,” he said emphatically.

“Well then how do other people know who you are?” asked Hubba, skeptically. Hubba Bubba had been given his name when he was just born, by a little girl named Frances, who had found inspiration in the name of a 1980s grape bubble gum. In addition to Hubba Bubba himself, his name was also shared with his parents, Mamma Hubba Bubba and Papa Hubba Bubba.

“They know who I am if I know who I am,” said the monkey.

“But how do you know which monkey you are if there are other monkeys?”

“I’ve seen real monkeys, in the wild,” said the monkey. “It was in the Philippines, while I was ziplining over a volcano.”

“Really?” Hubba Bubba’s eyes grew wide. “I’ve never seen a real hippopotamus in the wild.” Hubba quietly thought what that might feel like, seeing a live hippopotamus, not just one of the stuffed ones like him. He thought, perhaps, he might see a real live hippo when he visited South Africa this summer with Hugo.

Hubba asked, “How did you know which monkey you were when you were around the other monkeys?”

“It wasn’t a problem,” the monkey said. “They weren’t calling us by ‘monkey.’”

“I think we need to find you a name,” Hubba Bubba said, insistently. “You can’t be an individual without

a name.”

“I don’t know. I think I am happy with ‘Monkey,’” the monkey said. Maybe my name can just be ‘Monkey.’”

“I think you need a better name, a real name.” Hubba said. “Look at Winnie the Pooh. ‘Winnie the Pooh.’ Isn’t that better than ‘Rabbit’ or ‘Owl’? I was always sad that they did not have names.”

Hubba added casually, “You know I saw Winnie the Pooh and his gang tonight at the New York Public Library. I had my picture taken with them.” Hubba was very proud of that.

The monkey said, “Oh. I missed Winnie the Pooh.” He was sad. The Children’s Room in the New York Public Library had closed at 11 p.m. during the all-night adventure. The line to see Winnie and his friends had been too long.

He added, “But I have met the Roaming Gnome! I also got my picture taken with him.” The monkey wondered, “Is Roaming Gnome a name?”

“Wow,” Hubba said. “The gnome.” Hubba could not

help but be impressed. After all, his online moniker, Roaming Hubba, was inspired by the Roaming Gnome.

Hubba tried to figure out if it was more impressive to have met the Roaming Gnome or Winnie the Pooh, Eeyore, and Piglet. He couldn’t decide.

He liked the idea that Roaming Gnome got to travel the world and was impressed that the monkey was also a world traveler. “We can roam together,” Hubba said.

“Perhaps I can ride on your back?” the monkey asked, eyeing Hubba’s rounded shape.

“Yes! Then we can go on adventures together. I can carry you.” Hubba offered. “Maybe we’ll even find you a name. But for now I suppose I could just call you ‘Monkey.’”

So the monkey climbed on Hubba Bubba, and swung his legs over Hubba’s back. And the monkey and the hippo wandered off, together, to roam.



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Ellie Finds Friends

by Alexa Yupangco

Ellie stood by the edge of the river, her trunk swishing back and forth thoughtfully. It was this time of the afternoon, just after the sun had hit its peak, that was her favorite. Her mother usually let her roam around by herself and Ellie liked the time to think. It was quiet in this particular spot by the river and shaded by a large tree.

A sudden splash of the water surprised her and she pulled her trunk away from the edge, terrified. Looking up and across the river, she saw a small lion pacing back and forth on the opposite side of the bed.

Ellie shrank away. She was certainly not (entirely) afraid of the lion, but she had heard that it was best to stay away from them, even the little ones. She saw the sharp claws and the pointed teeth and shuddered. This lion, though small, was scary.

She noticed that the lion had stopped pacing and was staring at her interestedly. Ellie felt a little scared, but she decided that there was no reason she should move away from the spot. Instead, she met his gaze and they stared at each other.

The lion tilted its head to the side. Ellie stared at it determinedly, not wanting to back down even though she was a little scared.

Without hesitation, the lion began to wade through

the shallow part of the riverbed towards Ellie. And though she felt nervous, Ellie stood her ground, determined to not show her fear.

The lion finally reached her and paused. Ellie waited, barely moving her trunk at all.

“Hey, hey, hey, what’s happening today?” Ellie felt a sudden presence on her back and whirled around, her trunk reaching instinctively towards the monkey that had leapt onto her back.

“Whoa whoa whoa, I’m not here to harm you. I’m just lonely and wanted to play.” The monkey raised its arms and chattered loudly.

Ellie let down her trunk and returned to staring at the lion.

“I’m Mollie.” The monkey crawled forward and perched on Ellie’s head.

“Ellie.” Ellie replied, her eyes never leaving the lion, who was still just standing in front of them staring.

Mollie finally saw the lion and started shaking. “Oh, a lion, a lion’s bad news. Lions are dangerous. Lions are scary. Lions are no fun at all.”

Ellie silently agreed. Though this lion had doing nothing to harm them, he still seemed to be watching them with a knowing gaze.

“Go away you big beast. We don’t want to be friends with you. You’re scary and you’re mean and you have the sharp, big teeth and claws that means you eat small creatures like me.” Mollie said, scampering back up Ellie’s back.

The lion opened his mouth, revealing the sad sharp teeth and Ellie and Mollie both paused.

“I see. I guess I’ll go find someone else to play with then.”

As the lion turned his back, Ellie looked inquisitively at Mollie.

“Wait.” Ellie said without thinking, watching as the lion stopped walking, his tail swishing back and forth.

“What’s your name?”

“My name is Logan.” The lion turned around and bared his teeth in what was supposed to be a smile.

“And you’re alone?” Ellie asked.

“Yes.” Logan said, the sadness obvious in his voice.

“Ellie, what are you doing? He’s going to eat me and hurt you if you keep asking him questions.” Mollie whispered.

“I promise not to eat you. I don’t eat monkeys and I can’t harm an elephant when the elephant is bigger than I am. I don’t eat a lot of meat in fact, I eat mostly plants, although many people think that’s weird.”

“Plants?” Mollie asked doubtfully.

“I can’t stand the taste of meat. And I don’t like hurting innocent creatures.” Logan said sadly.

Ellie thought for a moment. The young lion looked sincere enough.

“Even though you’re a lion, and you look kind of scary, I don’t think you’re going to hurt me... either of us.” She finally said, taking a small step forwards.

Logan turned around completely and flashed his toothy smile again. “I promise.”

“I’m Ellie. And this is Mollie.”

“It’s nice to finally have friends.” Logan said, after shaking Ellie’s trunk and Mollie’s tail.

“Mm-hmm”, Mollie and Ellie said in agreement.

How the Blue Whale Learned About the World

By msull

Simon knew there was a world for him outside of what he knew. He had big dreams — Blue Whale-sized dreams. Simon wanted to meet other animals — creatures other than other Whales. He loved his blue whale brethren, he really did. He loved them each and every one with all his heart and his very large soul. Simon loved his Blue Whale mother and playing Marco Polo with his Blue Whale brothers and sisters and cousins and his blue whale father and grandfather had millions of stories about every fish and every coral reef — even the pieces of seaweed that stuck between Simon's giant plates of teeth.

But Simon wanted more. He knew from the Whale Legends that other animals lived above the water and he wanted to see them. He wanted to know what they did every day and how they told their stories. Did everybody tell Whale Legends?

When Simon the Blue Whale told his family he was leaving to meet other animals, they were sad. Simon's mom sighed and he felt it reverberate over his whole body. Surely the waves her discontentment made rippled to the edges of those worlds he longed to see.

"I don't want you to go," Simon's dad said. "But I'm proud of you for setting out on your own."

"It takes a lot of courage to do something different, Simon," his mother told him, sidling up next to him and holding his fin. "But please come back soon!"

As Simon prepared to go, Grandfather Blue Whale swam after him. "Simon!" he called. "Be careful. There are creatures above the ground who don't like Blue Whales. They don't think we belong on their land."

Simon swam for many days. He was tired and lonely when he eventually reached his first foreign shore. He nervously laid his large head on the earth. He didn't notice he had fallen asleep until he was awoken by something soft pushing on him. Simon opened his eyes to see something very small standing next to him. It was black and white and looked nothing like anything Simon had ever seen. He was frightened.

"I'm Shen," the creature said, peering into one of Simon's eyes. "And I am a Giant Panda."

"Giant?" Simon asked. "You don't exactly look giant."

"Well," Shen said. "To each his own. You, my friend — because you are, in fact, my friend, although you may notice you have failed to introduce yourself but I will let it slide — are huge."

"Compared to you, perhaps. I am the smallest Blue Whale in my pod."

"Blue Whale? Never heard of it." Shen sat down next to Simon, kicking his padded feet out in front of him.

"Bamboo?" He held a stalk out to Simon.

"I don't think I eat that," Simon said.

"Can't know until you try it, friend. And I will call you friend because you have not introduced yourself still and I do not know your name."

"Simon. And I suppose I will try your food. It seems the friendly thing to do, and I do want to be your friend."

Shen walked to the edge of the forest and retrieved a couple more stalks of bamboo. When he returned he held one out to Simon who opened his mouth. They spent their day chewing bamboo and sharing stories.

"Do Giant Pandas tell whale legends?" Simon asked.

"Of course not!" Shen laughed. "We tell Panda Tales!"

"Tell me a Panda Tale."

The story that Shen told was long and colorful and took Simon's mind away to palaces of gold and houses in high trees. The trees on the shore were the first Simon had ever seen and he imagined his new friend climbing one.

"And that is why, every seventh day, the Giant Pandas plant bamboo," Shen concluded. "The bamboo are sacred, they give us life and sustain us, so it's important that we sustain them too."

"I never thought about it like that," Simon said, almost in a whisper. "Thank you for sharing your Panda Tale with me."

"Any time, friend Blue Whale. Maybe when you go back to the Whales you can teach them how to honor the

ocean like we honor the bamboo.”

“I think I will.”

Simon left the shores of the Giant Panda in good spirits. He had made a friend and learned something he could teach his family. And he had a story he could tell his father and grandfather!

For three more days Simon swam. This time when Simon picked his head up on a shore the world looked completely different. While Shen’s world was green and red, this land was all white. Nearby there were nearly invisible animals. Simon could see their eyes and toes but they too were white. Most of the animals were about the size of Simon’s friend Shen, but the one closest to him was very small.

“Hello,” Simon said to it. The creature did not move. “Would you like to be my friend?” It shook its head, sending flakes of white into the gray sky, and ran away toward the larger animals. Simon watched the small animal leave.

A moment later, one of the larger animals walked toward Simon.

“Leave this place. You do not belong here and are not wanted.”

Simon felt a pang in his enormous blue whale heart. Nobody in the ocean had ever told Simon to go away. He had never known the feeling of being unwanted.

“I would just like to know what kind of animal you are,” he said, timidly.

“What we are? We are Polar Bears. We are the rulers of this land. And we have had enough of intruders. Leave this place.”

The Polar Bears turned and left and Simon slunk back under the waves. The world above the water was cold and he did not like it any more. Back in the safety of the ocean, Simon heard a distant whale call. Feeling suddenly homesick, he swam toward it. When he reached the whale he saw that it was his grandfather!

“Grandfather!” Simon was so happy to see him. “Polar Bears are such cruel creatures!”

“Oh Simon, that is not true.”

“It is! It is, grandfather.”

“Did you meet every Polar Bear?” Simon’s grandfather asked him.

“No,” Simon said slowly. “I guess I met one.”

“So one Polar Bear was unwelcoming. That doesn’t mean all Polar Bears are bad animals, Simon.”

Simon thought about that for a long time. He spent two days swimming with his grandfather and saying very little. He was busy thinking. Finally after pondering that for two whole days, Simon told his grandfather he wanted to go back to see more Polar Bears.

“What for?” Grandfather Blue Whale asked.

“I want to meet a nice one. I want to make a Polar Bear friend and find out if Polar Bears tell Whale Legends.”

“I’m glad. Maybe you’ll find one who is different.”

Simon swam back in the direction that he had come from, but he made sure to come up on a different shore this time. When he did, it did not look like the land of the Polar Bears. Instead he saw something smaller, and brown.

There were lots of them lying on rocks. Simon swam closer and heard them talking loudly to each other.

“Hello!” Simon called, trying to speak up so they could hear him.

“Hello!” Simon looked for who had called back to him and saw one of the largest of the creatures sitting up and smacking its fins together. Simon swam toward the noise.

“Hello,” he said again. “My name is Simon and I am a Blue Whale.”

“Wonderful! My name is Ferdinand and I am a Sea Lion. A Steller Sea Lion, to be exact. What are you doing in these parts, friend Blue Whale?”

“I am on an adventure,” Simon said proudly.

“Oh how marvelous! You left all your other Whales, did you? You are a brave Whale, indeed!”

“Do you tell Whale Legends?”

“We tell Sea Lion Stories. But I bet you they are very similar to Whale Legends. We tell a story about a young Sea Lion who wanted to seek knowledge just like you. He knew how important it was to learn about other animals.

One day, I bet there will be a Whale Legend about Simon the Courageous Blue Whale who wouldn’t settle for only knowing one side of the story.”

“I hope so,” Simon said, beaming his giant Blue

The Re-Birthday Party

by Suzanne Farrell Smith and Marie Elise Mounier

“Shhhhh!” says Polar Bear, trying to stop his giant body from quivering. “She’s going to be here any second.” Quiver, quiver, quiver. He can’t stop these fizzies and pops.

“I’m so excited!” exclaims Pacific Walrus. He, too, is unable to hold it in. His is easily the most exciting moment of his life. “It’s here! It’s here!”

“Dear Wally,” says Leatherback Turtle in his kind old grumble, “You remember what it was like back then.” But Pacific Walrus doesn’t like to remember those dark times.

Polar Bear nods. “Thanks to the great strength and fortitude of our ancestors, and with the help of determined humans, we made it to this day.”

Magellanic Penguin and Leatherback Turtle finish tacking up the end of the banner. “We’ve done good, Magellan,” Turtle tells her. The four friends admire the fortuitous words:

Happy 100th Re-Birthday, Tiger!

Years ago, Tiger’s birthday wouldn’t have been possible. In 2011, Tiger was one of the most endangered species in the world. She was lonely at the top of this notorious list. Luckily (or unluckily, since they too found themselves on the dreaded list), Polar Bear, Magellanic Penguin, Pacific Walrus, and Leatherback Turtle became Tiger’s best friends. And they have remained loyal, even during the darkest times: “The Endangerment.” Together, as the top five endangered species, they had faced an uncertain future.

But the future is here. And so are the friends. They’re celebrating 100 years since Tiger was taken off the endangered species list. It’s her “re-birthday.” All the others have been taken off, too, but Tiger was the first. The friends have joyously and thankfully celebrated many birthdays together, and this one, the 100th, is the biggest.

They gather at the door, waiting for Tiger to appear. She doesn’t disappoint. They see her color first, like they always do. Burning orange. She pauses to flex her thick paws and stretch each of her strong hind legs. As she preens her coat, her ears prick up to the sound of whispering. Her four friends can never surprise her with her keen ears, but she decides to act surprised anyway. Tiger’s happy that they have all made it this far in this enormous human-restored habitat.

Tiger feigns surprise when her friends suddenly burst out, shouting, “SURPRISE!”

Magellan, Turtle, Polar Bear and Wally rush over to Tiger and each take a turn hugging her. The happy birthday song soon follows. After some delicious and nutritious cake and drinks from their fresh waterhole, Tiger curls up next to her friends and says, “I have a surprise for all of you guys, too.”

“Aww, Tiger must have known about our surprise party, in order to plan a generous return gift. I told you we wouldn’t be able to fool her,” Wally sighs. “Of course I was surprised,” Tiger says as she winks at Turtle. “This surprise has been a long-time coming and it’s something for us all.”

“Don’t keep us in suspense,” Magellan says as she waddles over to Tiger and waits.

“Friends, the efforts of the human animals have finally resulted in our original habitats being cleaned up and renewed. We can now meet others like us. We can add to this loving family with more elegant penguins like you, Magellan, and see what a Leatherback with some spring in her step would be like.” Polar Bear and Turtle embrace and cry tears of happiness while Magellan and Wally laugh and splash everyone from the waterhole.”

What a wonderful surprise for all this day has been!

Abena, Dayo and Pandu

By misterpeterson

In today's age of "immediate gratification" the children of the developed world are advancing at an increased pace, while children of third world still practice the necessary skills to survive with a focus on food and shelter.

Enter ABENA, the African Giraffe, and her friends DAYO, the joyous zebra, and PANDU, an artistic

meerkat. Together, they roam from village to village, showing children customs and skills necessary to live in modern day Africa and Asia. Their message is one of acceptance and understanding in a hope that the stories inform and entertain children in developed countries about the different cultures of the places they visit.

Fishing Forever (Word Haiku)

By Kevin Nhieu

The penguin and polar bear,

Keep each other company on the iceberg,

Damn global warming, amici aeterni.



nycalexg
Jato7777
Luna
carocasta63
hackett
starryskies

Jungle Buddies

By bunnybird

This is a tale about the power of believing that those things exist somewhere. Or maybe just about following the part of your heart that knows there's more to discover.

Once upon a time there was a chameleon. He wasn't at all like other chameleons he knew. They liked to lounge in the sun, then run and hide from danger. "You mustn't talk to the other animals," his parents told him. "The others are too different," his chameleon friends said. None of the others would dare leave the cluster of rock and leaves where they all lived. But this chameleon knew there was something more for him the world than cowering gray under rocks. And so, one fine day, the chameleon set out to find his future in the world around him.â

There was not a lot to see at first other than leaves and branches and the kinds of things you generally find in jungle-y places like the place the chameleon made his home. Suddenly, bright colors filled the chameleon's vision and a loud squawking filled his ears. Just above him was a large bird, the likes of which he had never before seen. The chameleon was afraid and wanted to run and hide, but deep down, he knew there was another way.

"Hello," the chameleon said in the boldest voice he could manage.

"Hello!" the bird replied. "What sort of bird are you?"

"I am not a bird at all," the chameleon laughed, "I am a chameleon. What are you?"

The bird drifted down until she sat alongside the chameleon. Up close her feathers seemed to shimmer in the light that drifted down through the trees. She shook herself and puffed out her chest.

"I am a Macaw. I am, in fact, one of the grandest birds you will ever see. You may call me Elise." The bird ruffled her feathers proudly and took a few strutting steps. Then she turned to face the

chameleon eye to eye. "What is a chameleon and what shall I call you?"

The chameleon took a step backward and tried his best to puff himself up too. "I'm a lizard of sorts. You may call me Charlie."

"How do you do, Charlie? Do you fly?"

Charlie shook his head. "No."

Elise snorted. It was the sort of noise that made Charlie feel ashamed of what he was. "How, then, will you stay safe from danger?"

"I can climb, though. To the very tops of the trees if I must. And then, I change color and blend in with the world around me."

"Blend in? Blend in, you say? Where's the fun in that?"

Charlie shrugged, or made a motion as much like shrugging as a chameleon can manage. "Sometimes, being still is the best thing to do."

Elise preened her feathers for a moment before uttering another word. Charlie waited, turning the dark brown of the decaying wood on which he stood.

"Impressive," Elise said, "I wouldn't have known you were there if I hadn't seen you change. Do you want to meet my friends?"

Charlie nodded eagerly. He would like nothing better than to meet a few new friends. "Yes, thank you. I only know other chameleons."

"Come then. Hop onto my back. Let's fly!"

The journey to the top of Elise's tree didn't take very long. Charlie could have climbed himself, but it made Elise happy to share her flight with him so he let her. Once they had reached the very top, Elise landed in a soft nest. She stopped just a moment before hopping over to an outcropping of

rock.

"Beetle, Harry," Elise called. "Come see, I've found us a new friend."

Charlie slid off Elise's back and watched in curious amazement as a large, black beetle (large for a beetle, anyway) and a humongous lemur stepped out from behind a rock.

"Hello," said Charlie, "Will you be my friend?"

"Of course," said the lemur. "I'm Harry and this is Beetle. There is fun to be had in this jungle, if you know where to look. Would you like to play?"

"I would like that very much," said Charlie. And it was the truth.

Elise and Charlie and Harry and Beetle played until they were tired from running and sore from laughing. Then they shared a meal of honey and cold water from a stream. When darkness began to fall, each of the friends headed home with a promise to meet again the next day so they could do it all again.

The world around the four very different animals said that none of them should be friends. They didn't listen to the world, however, and they very grew close over time. Together, they had many adventures that took them to the very edges of the jungle and always back home to be safe at night.

But those are tales for another time.

Ellie the Elephant and Friends

By kellelucas

Friendship, loyalty, kindness, and courage are four important values that were taught to many generations. Acceptance is very important in today world. We need to learn to accept everyone for who they are, no matter what. We need to learn to forgive. We need to be ambitious to change the future.

Ambition, acceptance, forgiveness. With these three values, along with friendship, loyalty, kindness, and courage, we can teach a new generation how to survive and not fight.

Ellie the [miniature] Elephant teaches children that it's okay to be gay, to have gay parents, to be a nerd, to be a jock, to be passionate about one thing in particular, to be who we are without fear of judgement or being bullied. She teaches us to forgive those who do judge us, to accept everyone equally and go for our dreams.

Don't just reach for the stars, go touch them.

Once upon a time, there was a miniature elephant. All her brothers and sister grew, but she was not. She was told that she didn't belong and was "weird." One day, when she was playing by herself, a monkey came by. He was told he couldn't play with the other monkeys because he had two moms. Ellie introduced herself and learned his name was Mikey. Mikey and Ellie accepted each other for their uniqueness. They set out into the world to find more friends who were unique. They didn't want anyone to be sad because of who they were, they wanted everyone to be happy and accept each other and forgive those who were mean to them.

One day, life was sad, but then it got better. They found more friends like George the Goat and Tommy the Tiger. They all set out to achieve their dreams together and make the world a better place!



SHARE SECRET KNOWLEDGE

The Quest for Tenure: A Choose-your-own Adventure

By scottnicholson

“A Voyage Around a Habitable Globe” was a board game that allowed players to explore a world previously unknown to them. As they traveled around the spaces on the board, players got to be whisked away out of their parlors to places of excitement and adventure. It is within this vein that I present “The Quest for Tenure,” a choose-your-own adventure based within a world that is based upon the reality of the life of an assistant professor, traveling up the tenure trail. This adventure is not based within one specific school, but rather in the well-known institution.

You are an assistant professor at Generic University, a small research institution trying to improve its standing within the world by hiring only the best and the brightest.. or at least the ones that are willing to accept the below-average salary to live in the snowy midwest and teach three classes a semester.

Do you have what it takes to achieve the glory of tenure and the title of Associate Professor? You have five years to succeed before you have to put in your tenure application.

To play, take out a sheet of paper, and write down the following:

Tenure Committee: Agatha, Bernie, Cathy, David, Eugene

Publications: Happy students: Irate Students:

As you reach parts of the text that give you rewards or penalties, mark them on your sheet.

When it is time to come up for tenure, your Tenure Committee will judge if you are worthy to join their ranks or if you will be cast aside so that another unpaid, overeager assistant professor can take a shot at The Quest for Tenure.

1. Welcome to your first year at Generic University! You have been given a teaching load of six new classes for your first year, all different. You know that this will take time away from your research.

If you choose to take on this teaching challenge, then visit paragraph 7. If you request from Bernie, the department chair, to have more time to focus on your research and teach multiple sections of the same class, visit paragraph 10.

2. Welcome to your second year at Generic University! You are given classes that repeat the ones from last year. You are asked by a group of students if you will be the faculty adviser for the controversial Freedom of Gender student club. Do you accept? If yes, then visit paragraph 11. If no, then visit paragraph 16.
3. Welcome to your third year at Generic University! You have been asked by Agatha to “help” write a large proposal for a government grant. You know that this will take a significant amount of time and Agatha will take a significant portion of the credit. Do you write the grant for Agatha? If you help her, then visit paragraph 8. If you take the time to write your own grant proposal instead, then visit paragraph 12.
4. Welcome to your fourth year at Generic University! You have been asked by Bernie to serve on the awards committee. You realize that it’s not so much a committee; instead, it’s just you. Eugene is the only faculty member left that has not received a teaching award; however, the students do not like Eugene. If you accept the assignment and give Eugene the award, visit paragraph 14. If you accept the assignment, but decide to give the award to an adjunct professor instead who is popular with the students, visit paragraph 9. If you turn down the assignment to focus on your research, visit paragraph 15.
5. Welcome to your fifth year at Generic University! This is your last year to get publications into process so that they can count for your tenure package. Cathy asks you to join her in writing a scathing piece that attacks David’s research. Cathy is well-established in the field and you know her work will be published. You know that David is popular with students, although his research is not as strong as Cathy’s. If you join Cathy in writing her piece about David, then visit paragraph 13. If you refuse and focus on your own work, visit paragraph 17.
6. You have made it to your final year, where you must submit your tenure package. If a tenure committee member is crossed off your list, he or she is a No vote. If the tenure committee member is circled, then he or she is a Yes vote. Otherwise, visit Paragraph 18 to see how the committee member votes.
7. You take on the teaching challenge, but manage to write no new publications in your first year. However, the tenure committee is pleased they don’t have to take on all of these classes, and are happy to allow you to take on this workload. You are struggling, however, and end up with 2 Irate Students because you are not able to keep up with everything. Continue with paragraph 2.
8. Agatha is thrilled with your contribution, and will certainly be voting for you for tenure! Circle her name on the tenure committee list. However, taking this time away from your students has made them unhappy. Gain 2 Irate Students. Continue with paragraph 4.
9. You go above and beyond the call of duty and give a special award at graduation for a hard-working adjunct. Eugene is furious! Cross Eugene off of your tenure committee list; however, gain 4 Happy Students. Continue with paragraph 5.

10. You talk to Bernie and plead to have multiple sections of the same class. Because you did not do this early in the planning phases last year (even though you were not hired then,) Bernie has to take over and teach the extra classes. You are able to get 1 Publication this year, and 1 Happy student. However, cross Bernie off of the list, as he will not vote for you for tenure. Continue with paragraph 2.
11. You take on the faculty role of this student group. The students are thrilled - you gain 3 Happy Students. However, Eugene does not think this club is a good idea, and has decided that you are no longer someone he wants to have in his department until he retires. Cross Eugene off of your Tenure Committee list. Continue with paragraph 3.
12. You write your own grant proposal, which is funded and allows you to write 2 Publications! However, Agatha is not happy and will not vote for you for tenure, so cross Agatha off of your Tenure Committee list. Continue with paragraph 4.
13. You join Cathy in her writing project. She is pleased, and you gain 2 Publications out of this collaboration (one where you are lead author, and an almost identical piece where she is lead author). She will vote for you for tenure, so circle her name on the tenure committee list. However, David is very upset, as is his students. Cross David off of your list for tenure, and gain 2 Irate Students. Continue with paragraph 6.
14. You accept the assignment and are asked to present the award to Eugene at graduation. The students are incredibly upset. Gain 4 Irate Students. Eugene is pleased and invites you over for dinner. Circle Eugene's name, as you have secured his vote for tenure. Continue with paragraph 5.
15. You turn down the assignment. Bernie does not like faculty members who are not willing to do their share of committee work, especially when it is a not a challenging assignment. Cross Bernie off of your tenure committee; you have lost his vote. Continue with paragraph 5.
16. You decide that this student group is not a good way to spend your time. You gain 2 Irate Students, however, you are able to use your extra time to write 1 Publication. Continue with paragraph 3.
17. You refuse Cathy's proposal and focus on your own work. Gain 1 Publication, but cross Cathy off of your tenure committee list, as you have lost her vote. Continue with paragraph 6.
18. If you have more Happy students than Irate students, Bernie votes yes; otherwise, he votes no.
If you have 1 publication and 2 more Happy students than Irate students, David votes yes; otherwise, he abstains.
If you have more Irate students than Happy students, Eugene votes yes (as that's what a real teacher does, in his opinion); otherwise, Eugene abstains.
If you have at least 3 yes votes, then visit paragraph 20. If you have at least 3 no votes, then visit paragraph 19. If you have neither due to abstentions, it comes down to the decision of Bernie, the department chair - if he voted yes, then visit paragraph 20; if he voted no, visit paragraph 19.

19. You failed to get tenure at Generic University! You spend a few nights drinking, and then after reflecting on the whole process, decide that Generic University wasn't a good place for you after all. You go to a community college, focus on teaching, and have a full life of making a difference by helping people get their start!

20. Congratulations! You have been awarded a lifetime contract at Generic University! You can now join your esteemed colleagues in judging others. Oh, and one more thing - you have also been named Department Chair! Bernie is thrilled; however, you spend many hours over the next few years in conference rooms, staring out the window,

Zootastic Voyage

By: Jamie Burgoon, Milena Brown, Andrea Collins, and Uma Jagtiani

Welcome to the Zootastic Voyage: Bronx Zoo Game

Game Rules:

Follow the zookeeper to each animal "Kingdom" to help him feed your new friends. But, don't get lost! The animals will get hungry and carry you back to the front gates. Trap doors, tweeting cobras and dashing peacocks will do their best to stop you in your mission to feed all the other animals.

Start:

The zookeeper will pick you up at Southern Boulevard Gate

Your first stop along the way is the Bronx Zoo Store where you stock up on treats for the animals you are about to visit

Look out for loose peacocks along the path and collect them for extra points at the end of your day

Next, you'll go to the Congo Gorilla Forest to drop off your 5 pounds of bananas

Then, head to the World of Reptiles

Look out for the tweeting Bronx Cobra who will pick you up and slither you back to the front gate

Go to the World of Darkness to find your favorite owl friend

Run to Tiger Mountain and climb up the hill to feed the cats

Fly over to the World of Birds

Don't get pecked by Polly the Parrot or you're have to sail back to the front gate

Weave your way through the zoo and avoid the perils of the park

Finish Line: Exit through Bronx River Gate and collect your winnings 🎉 great day at the zoo!

Turn in any peacocks you collected to save the animal of your choice from the extinction list



CELEBRATE WITH A FEAST

A party honoring my grandson

By msalas4

On May 21, 2045, I will be celebrating my grandson's first birthday. All my life I worried this moment might never come because I had my only child late in life. I want to have everyone I love with me celebrating this wonderful occasion, so I am paying for all my guest's trip expenses. The guests of honor for the party are my grandson Manuel, my son Edgar, and his partner Erin. I have invited my sisters Wanda and Magnolia, their life partners, and their children to celebrate with us. I have also invited Edgar's father and his family. Lastly, I invited a few close friends to come and share this occasion with me. The dinner will be at my condo in Maui, Hawaii. There will be no fancy decorations,

only plenty of Dominican food and plenty of Brugal rum and wine. The dinner will be buffet style, as most Dominican parties tend to be. For appetizers, we will have tostones and empanadas. For the main course, we will have a variety of rice dishes: rice and black beans, rice and red beans, rice with veggies, rice with ham, and of course white rice. We will also have a variety of salads: couscous salad, tossed salad, potato salad, and macaroni salad. No Dominican party is ever complete without a variety of meat dishes: roasted pork, honey-glazed ham, grilled chicken, goat stew, and pork chops. For dessert, delicious tres leche cake and flan. It will be a feast fit for a king!

Good News Tastes Good No Matter How You Say it

By Inventivehero

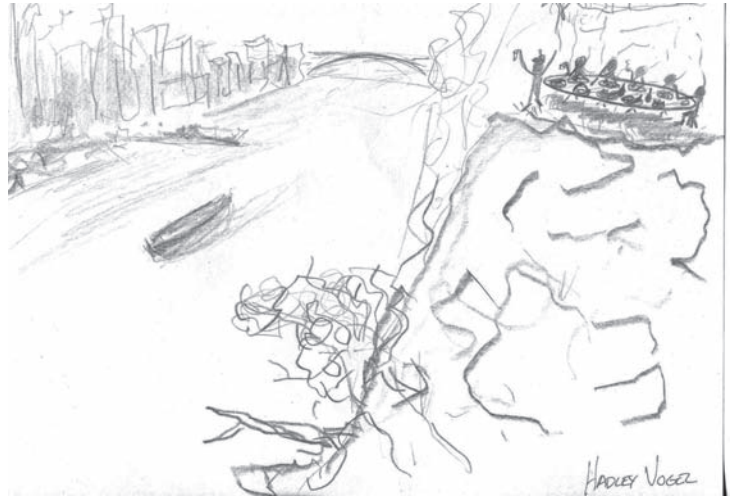
It was a dark and stormy night unimaginatively, and as the silver drops fell across the pavement they reflect the pulsing neon light of the dim sum restaurant's sign. The lights dulled against the black asphalt glow like magic. Tonight we celebrate. Tonight I have been picked up for a season of my new show

I have just discovered from Escapist Magazine that they have picked up the series my pilot

pitched, and to celebrate the grand news, we head to one of my favorite restaurants down on Mott Street. I have lived in New York City for nearly 11 years, and I still do not know the restaurant's name, but we travel there just the same. All of us sharing our favorites. All of us existing in the same place, sharing the same moment. All of us elated. Dumplings, and noodles, and delicacies I can't name pass our lips as do jovialities. Celebration is not exclusive to a single language.

SPRAWLED OUT AT THE TOP OF THE FACES IN THE
 LEANS OF AN ABANDONED PARK NOT FAR FROM THE
 DUELING GROUNDS OF WEEHAWKEN. WE SIT ORIENTED
 TO THE MANHATTAN SKYLINE REFRACTING AN ORANGE FLUORESCENCE
 THAT ILLUMINATES THE CLIFFS IN THIS WAY FOR ONLY A
 FEW MOMENTS EACH AUTUMN. IT IS DURING THIS FANTASTIC
 MOMENT WHEN WE TOAST, TEQUILA, SALT, A WEDGE OF LIME.

SIT AT THE HEAD OF THE TABLE AND CHRISTEN THIS MOMENT
 WITH THE "GUILDED DUX," AND RAISE OUR GLASSES TO THE SKY.
 SMALL DISHES OF MARINATED ORANGE SECTIONS AND OLIVES
 ARE PASSED AROUND AND SOPPED UP WITH A CRUSTY LOAF.
 SALTY FROTH ENCRUSTS PAN SEARED SHAD ROE, AN HOMAGE
 TO THE HUDSON RIVER AND THE ONCE BUSTLING HARVEST
 THAT WOULD YIELD EACH SPRING. GLOWING ORBS OF PUMPKIN
 ICE CREAM WALLOW IN A MILKY BROTH SPUN WITH PHOSPHORESCENCE.
 AS INSTANT WE HAVE COME TO REVEL IN PASSES AS OUR
 IDLE AWESOMENESS. OUR CONVERSATION IS SNAPPING AND FLOWING
 AND FADES WITH THE RISING SUN IN OUR TRUE DIRECTION,
 BENT AND UNFILTERED.



vogelbindery, SuzFarrellSmith, Cricket, ellena, smartestcleverest, TheGKnee, CaseyLynn

Anna's Fancy Tony Party Menu

By ajobster

You are cordially invited to Anna Marquardt's Tony Award Dinner Party
 In Celebration of Ms. Marquardt's Tony Award (Obviously)
 On February 28, 2021
 at 8 o'clock in the evening

First Course

Fried Cheese Curds from The Old Fashioned in Madison, Wisconsin

Second Course

Brussels Sprouts with Bacon from Motorino in Brooklyn, NY

Milkshake Course

Chocolate Milkshake from Kopp's Custard in Milwaukee, WI

Third Course

Cheese Plate, featuring Humboldt Fog and Chaource

Main Course

Shake Shack Burger from Shake Shack, New York, NY

Post-Main Course

Cuban Toast from That One Place in Tampa, FL

Fruit Course

Strawberries, Oh So Many Strawberries

Dessert

Chocolate Cube from Park Avenue Winter in New York, NY

Drinks

Newcastle Ale, Tamposas, Cucumber Vodka Sodas, Johnnie Walker Blue Label

Guest List

My immediate family and step-family

My friends

Midnight Picnic

By jsinderbrand

It was supposed to be a quiet dinner together. Some olives. Wine. A good twist bread from the corner Italian bakery. A hard Manchego.

I was looking forward to sitting on the fire escape. Hoping the nosy lady across the way wouldn't yell at us. Not that we'd be the only people out there. I could almost guarantee we'd have at least two conflicting soundtracks, but - for at least a few blissful minutes - Bach would triumph over Beyonce. And, if we closed our eyes, we would be transported from the humid sticky night to a comfortable porch swing.

He showed up on time for once. Maybe it was the occasion...or maybe it was my tone when I told him about my day. I needed this to cap it off. Make it perfect.

He had the bread and the dark green olives from Sahadi's. I was a little disappointed that he

substituted an Emmental, but it was ripe and smelly. Just the way my grandpa would have picked it. And I was floored by the wine. He did good.

Which just left setting up and sitting back. I propped open the window with a phone book I kept for just that purpose (otherwise, seriously, why would anyone keep them around). The futon cushion filled up the entire landing and I picked a few choice throw pillows to protect our backs from the pointy bricks. All the food was balanced on the plywood board I called a coffee table when it was in its rightful place balanced on milk crates.

Which brings us to now. As in the present. Which I was relishing with wine swishing around my mouth and crumbs sticking to my lips. Exactly the way it was supposed to be.

If he'd ever actually showed up.

Grande Dinner- Demain

By Wishme

1. Amuse bouche: seared foie gras with rye toast
2. Appetizer: Mussels moulinerres
3. Primi: Cacio e pepe spaghetti
4. Secundi:osso bucco
5. Dessert: pot de creme, bourbon bread pudding
6. apertivo: tawny port

Seated around a table of oak, worn with elbow grooves. Bottles of wine, all sorts- mostly red- litter the table half-full or less. Hands are tilled and sloppy and smiles abundant. Family, friends and ex-lovers sharing stories of events long past or ones soon to happen, or even those they've wanted so

long they've become remembered as real. Dawn never seems to come as we eat and drink and talk into the night. The food is savored and commented on, compared to meals cooked, eaten and loved. One at a time we each leave the table, just as the light from the windows turns purple-grey.

The New and Improved Feminist Dinner Party

By gmizrahi03

Think of an artist, whatever name comes to mind.

Let me guess, that artist was a man.

In the 1970's Judy Chicago completed her masterpiece, titled "The Dinner Party". This installation was a table set for a meal, where each place setting was reserved for a different woman, either real or mythological, that had had an effect on the world in some way. Some women invited included Ishtar, Emily Dickinson, Virginia Woolf, and Artemisia Gentileschi, just to name a few.

Unfortunately, I didn't receive an invite to the party. Therefore, instead of gatecrashing, I have decided that I will just throw my own party, and perhaps update the list with some notable ladies from the last thirty-five years.

International Women's Day is on March 8th, which seems like the perfect date to get together for an intimate gathering with some of the most influential women in history. Hopefully, all the original guests will RSVP "yes", but perhaps a few additional

names will be at the table. Hillary Clinton, a woman who proves that a strong woman is not only behind her man, would be seated next to Christiane Amanpour, who never lets being a woman stop her from reporting with the big boys. Other women at the table would include Shirin Ebadi, who fights for the rights of women and children. And, of course, no conversation with powerful women without the Big O, Oprah.

There will be no chocolates at this dinner party. No tiny finger sandwiches cut into neat little triangles, or pink drinks that taste like watermelon and have a tiny umbrella sticking out of the top. Instead, the girls and me will swig a few beers and down some juicy ribs smothered in sauce. And no, we will not pull a pack of wet-naps out of our purses, but will lick our fingers clean and forget to clean our faces.

I will pose to them the same challenge, Think of an artist? And hopefully, while sitting across from some of the greatest female artists, a man's name wont pop into their heads, and if it does, we can discuss what we, as women, can do to change that.

Curwin's Birthday Menu

By jcurwin

1. Menu
2. Celery
3. Apples
4. Turkey legs
5. Boston Lettuce
6. banana split
7. blueberries

We are in Bermuda. Sand. Water. We run 20 miles on the pink sand. We are 500 strong. We laugh.

Red and White and Second Chances

By Redjeulle

It was a balmy summer night, and the garden was adorned with tables and chairs. Everything was draped with white tablecloth, and there were little yellow flowers set on tall, thin vases at the center of each table. Everyone I love and hold dear are there, mingling and talking happily to each other.

The moon was out, perhaps in commiseration of the joy I'm feeling. I'm so happy I didn't even know how to contain it. It was coming out of every pore, in every beaming smile I kept flashing to everyone.

The buffet table stars a whole roast pig, biting an apple. It is the symbol of a grand feast in the

Philippines, and every self-respecting party who would like to be called fabulous would always have one on the table.

Dishes of every kind complemented the golden brown skin of the pig. All decadent, fattening, and rich. Beef and pork and chicken danced on sauces with potatoes and carrots. Cakes and cream puffs and a giant chocolate fondue had their own table. Waiters never let a glass go empty -- red or white, it's their choice.

It's my second chance at life. Everyone deserves second chances.

A Decadent Feast To Eat Now & Forever

By Su_Lee

As there is much grief, despair, turmoil, and tragedy in our world, there are just as many joyous moments and reasons to celebrate our lives. People will come and go but there are those who will forever remain the most dear in our lives. At the end of the day when all is said and done, we all know who these people are and know who we want to share our finest meals with.

Dreaming up the most decadent menu ever imagined is something I do on a daily basis and am lucky enough to turn into reality. I am one of those extremely fortunate ones in this world who gets to share the art and fun of cooking in the kitchen with one of the most amazing people in my life. Of all the things we've made, there are certainly some items worthy of being on the most spectacular menu

including spinach, zucchini, onions, mushrooms, bacon, and top-grade cheddar cheese quiche, chicken dumplings made with Pillsbury dough and brie, kugel made with more than one stick of fancy butter, brisket cooked in French onion soup made in the sturdiest of Dutch ovens, and grass-fed filet-mignon with a side of roasted asparagus topped with a sage butter sauce. Birthday candles stuck into a simple roasted red pepper stuffed with a Rao's Marinara and rice mix or in a Yonah Schimmel's knish would be the icing to the non-traditional cake.

I share this with those who believe everyday should be celebrated as if it were their birthday and don't limit themselves to one of 365 days. Never hold back -live, love, and bon appetit!

Reggel's Banquet Feast

By Reggels

Everyone who is a friend of mine is invited. They should all bring 2 of their friends that I don't know so that there will be an awesome mix of people.

It will be a potluck and though some people don't think that will be the best meal ever, I happen to love variety. I will also send every guest a personal chef that will tweak their original recipe just in case it doesn't taste good.

A recovered evening

By protimetraveler

Drinking:

Champagne with raspberries dropped in, pale ales, sweet dark beers, whiskeys, wines, pastis, sparkling lemonade, clean water with ice that doesn't melt

Eating:

Corn on the cob rolled in feta butter garnished with mint

Baked peaches with ricotta and sprinklings of cocoa

Grilled eggplant with lebaneh

Salt-rubbed, lemon-infused Cornish hens roasted over coarsely chopped carrots, Vidalia onions, and summer squash

Wheat berries mixed with chopped, dried apricots, and candied walnuts

Desserts: Apple pie. Pana Cotta. Dates. Macarons. Chocolate hazelnut cake. And every ice cream flavor ever imagined.

Celebrating: Birthdays can be daunting, simply reminiscent of aging. Perhaps in place of a birthday the event should be a dinner for a second chance. A single day that is an escape from the metric of time. Ending only when the day would naturally come to an end from a restful satiation. An evening to go back and enjoy with loved ones, without

I am celebrating friendship! I want the party to be outdoors! I want amazing living music and audience participation for the drunken karaoke that will ensue. Fireworks and custom made jewelry as souvenirs would be nice too. Mosquitoes will be taking a vacation on the evening of my dinner as well. Hey, what more can I ask for?

knowing that sad tinge of it being a last meal, a stolen evening. The event would stretch from the late morning to the late evening. A day where the summer sun dries the water from your hair and your shoulders after a spritely swim and an evening with a cool breeze worth dancing outdoors with.

Invited: The people in your life that I want to have more time with. This could be a single family member or all of them gathered together at once. Old friends who accompanied you through the largest changes in your life and accompanied you well. It could be a stranger; someone whose eyes you met while on the subway, across a waiting room, or simply by bumping shoulders on the street. You should be able to recover time with a person who struck something kindred in you that you would have liked to have shared one more meal with. A meal that encourages prolonged discussion and the revelation of secrets.

Where: The universal outdoors where fresh, clear water meets a sandy beach or a grassy lawn. Tents made of heavy canvass over unfinished wood have been set up over large paper lanterns. The dinner will be in a majestic wood in a majestic town worthy of Aslan, Huck, or Marquez. A myriad of candles will light your way at night. And music, violins and electric guitars, will always be playing.

Everything lost will be recovered.



10



REQUEST SOMETHING AWESOME

PLEASE DELIVER THE FOLLOWING TITLES VIA PNEUMATIC TUBE AT EARLIEST CONVENIENCE:

By Chrislamb

- Volumes 17 - 23 of "People I Never Actually Liked: The Final Bile of Luke Westernbury of Cardiff (Fourth Edition)"
- The "K" installment of "The Hollowed-Out World: An More Useful Encyclopedia. Book cavity should include one (1) Knife, three (3) Kites, twenty (20) Kitten Hairs and one-half (1/2) a Knowing Smile.
- One (1) first edition of "Next Monday: The Mostly Unhelpful Prophecies of Marla Kittering"
- The most recently returned copy of "The Carnivorous Word" by Alphonse Kordova (Last checked out by Terry McBride).
- Mr. Terry McBride's left hand and gold Rolex watch, last seen slipping in to the mawl between pages 346 and 347 of "The Carnivorous Word" (any condition)
- The dozen or so mature Biblious Sciuridae, a squirrel-like rodent roughly the size, shape, and texture of the 1972 Farmer's Almanac spotted by security on Monday night.
- One (1) copy of the "LEGO Bible", composed entirely of red, blue, and yellow bricks.
- All thirty-seven (37) volumes of "Pharaohs In Heat: The Untold Sexy Downfall of Ancient Egypt"
- A 1996 edition of "Unspoken Wishes of American Children, L-N"
- A third edition printing of "Electricity, Elephant Executions, Sandwiches, and other Things Edison Got Wrong" by Nikola Tesla.

The Pneumatic Tubes

By Team Zero

These pneumatic tubes once were used to send book requests to another part of the library. You could stick a request inside a capsule, place the capsule in a tube, wait a few minutes, and your book comes back out... almost like magic! The NYPL doesn't use the tubes today. But if you could request ANYTHING to be delivered to you right now what would it be? Imagine these tubes could bring you something from anywhere in the world. Request an object that's roughly the size of a library book... something that you couldn't get on your own. Collect answers from at least 10 other people to this question, and submit your requests as a list.

My dream is to travel the world, meet new people and experience this cultures first hand. So if I could request anything from the Pneumatic Tubes to be delivered to me it would be an around-the-world plane ticket, first-class of course. I can spend my time moving from country to country trying new foods, meeting new people and learning about their lives.

~Scott Kostolni (Team Zero)

There are many things in the world that are important or special. In my mind the only thing in the world that I would want delivered to me would be a hand written letter that was written and postmarked from London. I hate to think that the hand written word is coming to an end and this letter would always remind me of how things began. The letter would remind me if all the places I could go and all the things that I could learn. One single letter could be the beginning of a whole journey for me or someone else.

~Katie Ventura (Team Zero)

If I could have one thing from anywhere in the world delivered to me right now through the pneumatic tubes it would be a strawberry crepe from a street vendor in Sienna, Italy. Sienna is one of my favorite places in the world because of it's history and it's beauty. One of my favorite things about Italy's food scene are the street cart vendors. In NYC street cart vendors sell hot dogs, roasted chestnuts, gyros, pretzels, and much more. But in Italy street vendors sell crepes and gelato. The street cart crepes I had while I vacationed there were literally the best crepes I've ever had. A perfect mixture of fruit filling and thin, fluffy pancake. Good eats abound in that part of the world, but by far the most convenient and delicious were the specialties made right in front of you on a busy sidewalk.

~Kalina Leopold (Team Zero)

A book-sized dinosaur. My new friend, Annie @a_danger, wants a book sized dinosaur because they are the best creatures ever and because they run around and are old. She thinks her love of dinosaurs reflects her personality, because she is fierce and determined, and not afraid to act confusing.

~Annie @a_danger

The sheet of paper John Lennon and Paul McCartney used to write their first song's. I just want to see what they were thinking of and what their original lyrics were! They're songs are so simple and so true, y'know? So I just wanna see how they did it.

~Lori White (Team Zero)

We've become consumed in a technological age. Every coffee shop is almost inevitably filled with students on their laptops furiously writing their term papers. Businessmen can be found on every sidewalk, rambling off their latest orders to an undisclosed recipient on the other end of the phone. I have consistently confessed that I would be lost without the luxury of having so much information accessible to me at any given time with the advent of the smartphone. What would life have been like 20, even 10 years ago if we had the technological prowess we currently boast? If a magical pneumatic tube was capable of providing me with anything I requested, I would certainly be most curious of the technological advancements that have yet to see the light of present day. The possibilities of being able to analyze that technology and possibly replicate it much earlier on in our historical timeline could potentially be incredibly beneficial and educational to us.

~Tina Amini (Team Zero)

If it's not too difficult to come by, I would like a tightly sealed capsule. Residing within it would be the first instance of life on Earth and it would be packaged with a sample of its immediate environment. From this, scientists could finally conclusively answer the question of where life came from. Did it develop around an undersea vent? Was it brought to Earth by a meteor? Knowing for certain how life first developed is important to not only the progress of science, but also our identity as living beings and citizens of the universe.

~Andrew Gonsalves (Team Zero)

I would want to receive a vial of dragon's blood for several reasons. First and foremost, it would prove

that dragons do in fact exist. It would also grant me magical powers. Also, if dragons exist, wizards most likely also exist and I would be able to sell it to them for large amounts of gold.

~Nicole Leffel

FDR's journal from when he came up with the WPA, and the journals of all the other people involved. My dream is to start a new, privately-funded WPA that takes advantage of market forces to create jobs that need to be done, but aren't done (like train systems, trolleys, levee repairs, small town revitalization, etc etc...). SO - I want to find out how FDR convinced everyone so I can do it, too.

~Lori White (Team Zero)

I want to receive a vial of the zombie infection virus so that I can unleash the zombie apocalypse. I have been preparing for this my entire life and know that I am ready to fight the zombie hordes. ☒

~Jayme Figueroa (Team Zero)



Attack of the Conservatubes!!

By MEnglish211

Winding and twisting through a dusty underground lair, a series of crystal pneumatic tubes have access to a highly classified vault. Built by the US Government in 1780, this top secret vault conceals anything the President deems "dangerous for the American public to witness." Over the years, this abstract definition has been exploited and manipulated for personal gain, whitewashing political scandals and destroying information that could threaten the military-industrial complex.

At approximately 10:00 PM on May 20th, 2011, one of the access tubes was revealed on the third floor of the New York Public Library by an inebriated custodian, who shared the access codes which would allow requests to be made from the vault. For roughly two hours, we were able to order certain artifacts from the United States' secret trove; when this security breach was realized, the tube was immediately filled with concrete.

In chronological order, the objects which were ordered from the tube were:

- Nikola Tesla's original papers on the Teleforce ray, which were seized by the FBI immediately following the death of the inventor and were never recovered. The original blueprint for a particle beam weapon, Teleforce was never funded and all related documents have disappeared from Tesla's archives.

- The original banana that inspired Warhol's cover of the Velvet Underground & Nico record. The banana itself was seen by the government to be a symbol of a new radical culture that, among other things, prized communism, lesbianism, environmentalism, and plenty of other isms that the administration saw as unseemly.

- Walter Freeman's original leucotomes, used during his first successful transorbital lobotomy. The government confiscated these out of spite over the unsuccessful procedure performed on Rosemary Kennedy.

- Jimmy Hoffa's solid gold watch offers clues to the exact time and location of his death. Partially encrusted in cement, stopped exactly at 8:54pm, the existence of this watch proves that the government knows his exact whereabouts and the exact nature of his demise.

- 35mm color negatives of the sniper on the grassy knoll do, in fact, exist. Adorned in a pink frock and Sunday straw hat, it is only upon examination with a loupe that this handsome woman with a stocky frame is revealed to be none other than J. Edgar Hoover.

- The Monsanto corporation has been blackmailing the FDA for years, allowing them to get away with poisoning our children with growth hormones and

robbing our agricultural workers of their livelihoods. Compromising photos of FDA Commissioner Margaret Hamburg fornicating with several Clydesdale horses have allowed Monsanto to maintain their stranglehold over FDA regulations for years.

- The discarded remnants from the Jefferson Bible, containing some of the most mystical and flowery language of the New Testament, have been locked away by fearful Christian fundamentalists in Congress. They believe these passages could effectively disprove the existence of God, and cause the masses to erupt in hedonistic Atheism.

- A novelette penned in 1901 by Mark Twain was a thinly veiled parody on J.P. Morgan's egotism, chauvinism, and maddening addiction to opium. Unbeknownst to even those closest to Morgan, the "cigars" he chain-smoked were imported from the far East, packed with powerful opiates. Twain stumbled upon this fact by accidentally taking a puff, and smugly decided to write a satire on Morgan's life. Before the book could be published, an enraged Morgan paid the government inordinate amounts of money to bury all transcripts before they could ever see the light of day.

- Incriminating documents that put Barr Pharmaceuticals and the Kotex corporation at the center of a biological catastrophe have been tightly sealed and deemed "classified." Barr, a leading

drug manufacturer specializing in contraception, recently unleashed the birth control pill Seasonique, promising women "freedom" and "liberation" from menstruation. It reduces the number of annual menstrual cycles from 12 down to 4, and they intend to eventually eliminate menstruation altogether. The pill was rushed to market despite the overwhelming evidence that it can and will render many women sterile, or cause birth defects if they do become pregnant. When the devastating side effects hit in 10-20 years, the evidence implicating Barr and Kotex will be safely tucked out of sight. Hundreds of thousands will suffer, while these corporate executives are kicking up their heels on a double decker yacht.

- An unpublished treatise by philosopher David Kellogg Lewis which explains all of religion in the startlingly simple language of modal realism. In the treatise, Lewis suggests that every religion is real to the extent that there is some spatiotemporal world in which that religion's tenets holds, and that no religion is real to the extent that its tenets hold in the actual world. It was believed by the powers that be that reading this treatise would lead to a massive rejection of religious dogma and religiously motivated action, forcing people to generally be good to each other without a supernatural carrot and stick, and overall increasing free thinking, which is dangerous to all governments.

Pneumatic Bees

By Rememdium

Team BEES' Requested Awesomeness

1. Packet of Gauloise cigarettes.
 2. Pooka Dog. Gourmet hot dog from Hawaii, with pineapple and relish.
 3. A tube of Portuguese custards from this tiny shop on the outskirts of Lisbon, by the cloisters.
 4. Stoney Tangawizi, a Kenyan ginger ale.
 5. A beef and cheddar croissant from Portillo's.
 6. A butterfly from Nabokovi's collection.
 7. A small puppy.
 8. A simple beginner's harmonica. And a book to teach me to play it.
 9. A box of truffles. Real truffles, that pigs sniff out, not the chocolate ones.
 10. The Hope Diamond mounted in titanium.
-

Pneumatic Tubes of Loss and Magic

by brf

Go Ahead, Make a Wish

By bunnybird about 9 hours ago

1. The horn from the last unicorn
 2. The Holy Grail
 3. Goblet of Fire
 4. A bar of platinum
 5. A genie's lamp
 6. An iPad
 7. Merlin's spell book
 8. The world's hardest board game
 9. Charlie's chocolate bar
 10. A piece of the Blarney Stone
-

Yes I'd like to place an order for...

By protimetraveler

1. THE LIST
2. A brownie Sundae
3. A brownie with milk
4. febreze
5. Happiness.
6. Personal pan pizza
7. iPad
8. a million dollars
9. a miniature pillow (2)
10. a bowl of a really incredible ramen
11. an in and out and double double

The Pneumatic Game

By TatianatheLibrarian

Nomadic herds creating dramatic epics on a climatic night. All connected through The Game at NYPL-

Pneumatic Tubes of Loss and Magic

By Wishme

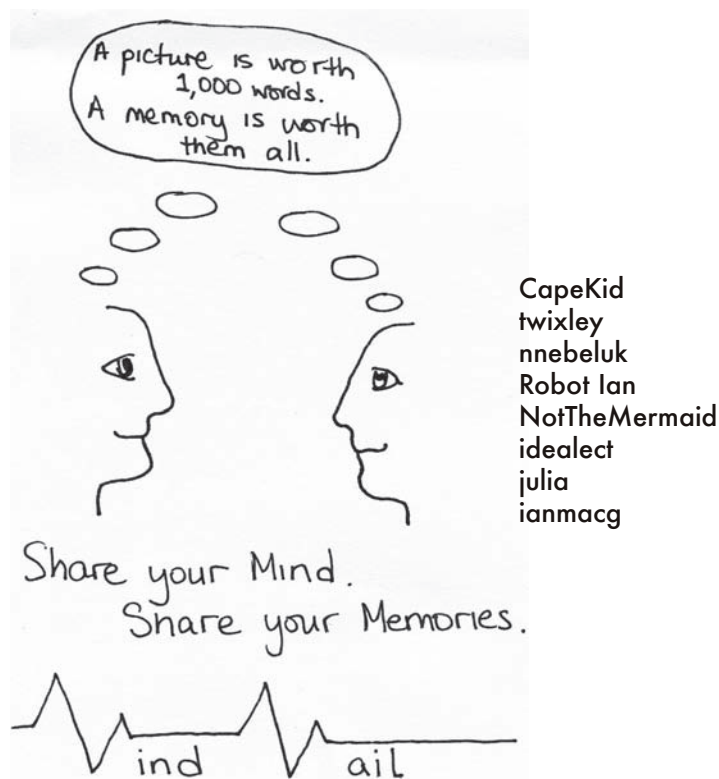
Ziptube. Heartbeats

Pneumatic Tubes

By Indigenous Pigeon

Library in Queens, banks, lollipops

Put It In Your Pocket





11



UNDO A CURSE

Arachnid of Shalott

By jadeparade

Always present when I return,
Lurking beneath every fern,
Weaving steadily till you adjourn,
To harvest the carcasses you have earned,
Arachnid of Shalott.

Oh I've wished for your demise,
In a natural way, for though I despise
I could not smash, only say goodbyes
As you seek your fortune and fill of flies,
Arachnid of Shalott.

If only a curse could begin your migration,

Away from my quaint station,
Yet perhaps it's my allocation
And so I pondered
If I were to make the journey in your stead,
When I return and find you in my bed
I won't be as scared of you,
Arachnid of Shallott.

For experience gained, and knowledge won,
The start of things, what's to come,
Learning skills, and having fun,
Can break this curse and no longer frozen dumb
We can live in peace, Arachnid of Shallot.

To Become a Writer

By amystettler

In the library brightly lit,
There a writer thinking sits.
Chin in hand, her thoughts form
But no words on page are born.
How to write a spell she ponders
Will I finish this, she wonders.
Then she thinks, this is the fear
That clings to me year after year.
All I want to do is write,
But prevented am I by fright.

To get ride of this self-consciousness,
Throw together one part confidence,
A dash of talent, a splash of love,
A pinch of passion, the courage to rise above.
The memory of all the authors who
Found their own successes, too.
Combine all the ingredients together,
Then that lonely writer can discover
That her fear has gone away
And she WILL write another day.

Curse of the Quiet

By astienon

Cursed with fear of scorn and laughter
You never have a carefree manner.
Forever, you ruled by silence,
Afraid to speak without more guidance.

Thoughts have echoed in your head,
Of all the things you left unsaid,

Of all the things you didn't do,
Of all the fears you never slew.

On this day, unlock your mind.
Forget your fears of those unkind.
I free the words caught in your throat
So you can speak what you have wrote.

Lady of Shalott

By CharBear

Rewriting history--kind of like what we're doing?

A Spell to Release the Past

by Beth Ann Mastromarino

Curses are indeed real; They are made up of the energy we weave about ourselves to prevent us from doing what we are truly meant to do. Achieving your goal can be so much more frightening than the prospect of failure that many of us don't even try. What happens when we achieve said goal? How do you move on from something that has been the focus of your life for so long? I have faced this in my own life, time and time again. When it comes to letting go of the past, this is one the spells I have used. It is an authentic spell. A gift from me, a Priestess of the Society of Diana, an Italian Pagan tradition, to you, Dear Reader. May the energies conjured here cleanse, release and inspire you.

"I sing, O Muse, in your dwelling place; Where the future is built upon the stacks of the past. I pray you, honored triplicity, grant us your gifts of inspiration, reflection and eloquence. Guide us through these marble halls to treasures vast, so that through the art of play we might lay the foundation for the great work ahead. In the spirit of collaboration I invoke thee! Hail and Welcome!"

Light incense in the East, and a candle in the South. Place a dish of water in the West and another of earth (sand or dirt) in the North.

Stand in the center and raise your arms in prayer. Take a deep breath and release your full voice into the air, intoning an "O." Feel it vibrating in your chest.

Move to the North and hold the container of earth, letting any negative energy seep into it, wicking

away from your body.

"Earth, heal me. Ground me. Give me a solid foundation upon which to build and manifest my dreams."

Move to the East and let the incense waft over you, the air carrying away any negative thoughts and fears.

"Air, heal me. Inspire me. Give me the peace of mind to create a new vision for my future."

Move to the South and bask in the light of the candle.

"Fire, heal me. Burn away that which no longer serves me. Shine a guiding light upon my path"

Move to the West and sprinkle yourself with the water.

"Water, heal me. Wash away the past: pain and regret begone! Cleanse me and prepare me to feel the full range of emotions as I move into the future."

Move back to the center and touch the ground. Reach for the sky. Hold your arms out as if embracing the whole of Creation.

"I forgive myself the past. I release that which does not serve me. I embrace the future and who I will be! Hail!"

Blessings on your journey!

Breaking the Curse

By christine.m.longo

My curse began when I was 13 years old. I was sick. While my friends went on to live "normal" lives, I lived in children's hospitals and went through painful treatments and encountered seemingly devastating setbacks. Through the 8 years that I was sick, the knowledge that this disease that I had would eventually go into remission was the light at the end of the tunnel, that I kept hoping would get closer.

Sometimes it was like when you wait for the subway. You know...when you fool yourself into thinking that there is a faint glow or a small reflection that wasn't there the last time you looked, which must mean the train is here. Then you realize that nothing has changed and you are still waiting. I waited for a long time. Finally, the train arrived, and I got on. Finally, I got to sit and rest while I traveled toward my stop.

The Lady of Shalott travels away from her curse and has the courage to remember why leaving is more important than staying. The confinement she endured justifies the risk that freedom brings.

In her memory, I write this spell:

Everything that you have now

Is twice as rich and twice as beautiful

Never forget where you were

When things are hard

Remember

Everything you have now

Is everything she dreamed of

And even when it is hard to see

You must keep your eyes open

For when you see her

And you see yourself

Look at both truthfully and honestly

Honor both truthfully and honestly

By giving yourself the freedom

To give a voice to both

The strength that you will gain

Will never allow such a curse

To ever return

Regio

By Wishme

Take a turn on a ferris wheel

Pack a peck of pins

Drain a measure of swallow's spit

Weave it through your hands

Dine at night on the eaves of cathedrals

Lose yourself in the Labyrinth

Speak your name three times to the wind and
carry yourself off to fairyland

Curse of the Umbrella

By mandersgreen

Umbershoot, umbershoot

Fail me not today

Al Roker said it would rain this eve

But the rain's now kept at bay

I carry you to work and back

And not a drop falls on my head

But the moment I leave you at the door

I'm drenched like soggy bread

Oh, blue umbrella which often breaks

I curse you when you are here

But now, as I stand here with soggy toes,

I wish that you were near

Please break this curse of the umbershoot

For I don't mind if the sun shines when I have you

But I don't want to stand, cold in the rain, without
my trusty (albeit expensive) "Big Blue"

Accident no more

By gmehta

Let go of your silly mindset

otherwise you will always fret

falling in heels or spilling on your clothes

it is the thing of the past, no one has to know!

Intake

By bfioriesil

I always pulled at this world
through netted teeth
taken in slivers of its fruit
but felt its oils slicking on my surfaces
heard the echo of seeds
churn bitter against molars
a cold fresh wicking
at my throat
Even the worst
was never enough
And if only I'd known to open my mouth
Wide
I am
so open
now

Let go

By fullofgummibears

If you can not take the leap, why bother?
If you can not look yourself in the mirror, why bother?
If you can not pass step one, why bother?
Your friends have faith in you, why bother?
Your parents have believe in you, why bother?
Your lover encourages you, why bother?
Teachers and professors gave their knowledge to you, why bother?
You have all you need, why bother?
Let go of what you don't.

Curse of the Lion

By caitlin2241

You will never do



WRITE A PRODROMUS

The Establishment and Effects of Mental Bridges

By brooklyknight

Dreams

by: Alexa Yupangco

Subject: Dreams

1. Is there any possible way to see the images, feel the emotions or register the sights and sounds in a person's mind while they're dreaming?
2. Is there a way to induce dreaming? And, second to that, is it possible to actually bottle these different kinds of dreams up to preserve them and use them to induce future dreams?
3. Can you control (consciously) what you dream about?
4. Is there a way to compile all your dreams or have a machine do it for you so that you can look back at and preserve them?

CALVIN'S ONTOLOGICAL PRODROMUS: ON CONSCIOUSNESS, THE NATURE OF OBSERVED REALITY, AND PURPOSE

By Boink Progress Inc.

Currently, there is very little agreement among people as to the relationship between this Physical, observed Reality and other potential Realities, be those alternate Physical Realities or Metaphysical. Determining that there is (or is not) existence "beyond" this observed Reality has been an investigation confounding the brightest minds of every discipline--literature, science, philosophy, art--throughout history. This determination is complicated further by general uncertainty about the nature and purpose (if such exists) of *this* Plane: is the world "but a stage"? Is life "a dream"? Is our Reality an inexorable, unfeeling process of purely physical reactions set in motion by indeterminate origin? Are all Consciousnesses experiencing the same Reality? Is it even possible to confirm that Consciousness than our own exist, or even, that our own "exist"? What does it even mean when we refer to something as "Real"?

Though daunting, progress towards answering these questions has been made from deeper understanding of the physical processes governing the "rules" of this observed existence, but also from philosophically novel perspectives building on the queries of the past now informed by technological possibility. Man has long created Machines, only now are these Machines capable of reflecting "intelligence". We currently distinguish between this "intelligence" as "Artificially" separate from ours, but as Machines gain understanding of their physical surroundings in a manner equal to or surpassing our own, will that distinction hold meaning? Growing numbers of scientists theorize that within our lives a "Technological Singularity"

will be met, where our Machines become capable of enhancing their own knowledge at rates greater than we can even fathom. Will self-awareness or intellectual superiority of Machines invalidate Is it possible that what we consider to be Authentic Consciousness is in its own right created by some other being (or beings), and if so, would that being fulfill a concept of "God"?

Shakespeare was able to consider the possibility that this world was a performance. Human programmers are now capable of designing entire computer art worlds representing "Sims" participating in elaborate performative games for mass consumption. Culturally, we are fascinated by "Reality" Television purporting to represent genuine people placed in elaborate fantasy scenarios for the end of our entertainment. We may well within 100 years come to understand that all along, this understood Reality has been an elaborate performance for others beyond our site; or that we are all participating in a Game in which the Players may choose not to reveal themselves, or are unaware they are playing, or are playing for somebody else ends. Perhaps there is a Moral element, where our individual and collective Wills are being tested for the sake of advancement along a continuum of expanding awareness, or for some higher Metaphysical achievement.

Our task over these next 100 years is to acquire knowledge so that we might begin defining answers as best we can for these existential questions, as the entirety of thought has sought to do before us.

Mysterium Cosmographicum

By snufkin

Kepler still believed un platonic silids

Johannes Kepler's *Mysterium Cosmographicum* and the first piece of science fiction EVER.

By ThereseHeather

I have loved Johannes Kepler since I learnt that he wrote the FIRST piece of SCIENCE FICTION EVER. His sci-fi work is called "Somnium" and it was inspired by the cosmological observations of the moon by Galileo Galilei using his "optik tube" (aka the telescope!). "Somnium" is about a boy named Duracotus and his mother, an Icelandic witch, Fioxlhilda, and his journey over a bridge to the moon to meet "lunar demons" (aliens)! And to think "Somnium" began as a dissertation defending Copernicanism, or the theory of heliocentrism. But it ended up being about aliens.

(By the way, in the year 2021, I will produce a

film of Kepler's "Somnium" and it will star Tilda Swinton as Fioxlhilda and James Gordon-Levitt as Duracotus. You heard it here first.)

Now, what is awesome about *Mysterium Cosmographicum*? It's Kepler's use of the Platonian solids. These solids are the hexahedron, tetrahedron, icosahedron, dodecahedron, and octahedron and these solids are said to shape the universe. Kepler had proposed that the universe was organised based on these shapes and he was proved wrong. However, in 2004 NASA found some information that could prove otherwise...

Mysterium Prolificum

By delvebelow

Five Questions of Gravity

By [aterribleidea](#)

How can we harness gravity as a truly endless source of power for the Earth?

How can we more easily escape the effects of gravity to make space travel more accessible?

How can we manipulate the effects of gravity to reduce the effects of space travel on the human body?

How can we alter the gravity of other heavenly bodies to make existing across multiple planets possible?

Can we eliminate all these questions by approaching the effects of gravity from another angle?

Society's Difficulties

By [heyitsjuliee](#)

Why does history tend to repeat itself, if we're constantly growing as a society.

How are cognizant beings prone to make the same mistakes that have already been made?

With all our advances in science and technology, how is it we do not make the advances to fix the basic problems in society?

Mysterium Cosmographicum

By [klugesan](#)

cosmic mystery. 1596.



13



PUT IT IN YOUR POCKET

A Family Meal-Anywhere

By gmizrahi03

We have built telephones, computers, and even video game systems that are small enough to fit into your pocket. But do you ever feel like all that technology is weighing you down?

The new and improved Kitchen Table 2.0 can be compacted to the size of a credit card, and the thickness of a sheet of paper. Now, instead of reaching in your pocket to text a friend or family member, you can grab a table that will

fold open anywhere, allowing you to sit down with those you love, and talk to each other face-to-face, rather than through a screen, all for only \$24.99.

* The producers of this product are not responsible for any family “arguments” (screaming matches) that may occur while using the tables.

Friction mania

By gmehta

18th Century Pocket Sundial

By klugesan

18th Century Pocket Sundial

By FoulgerLibrary

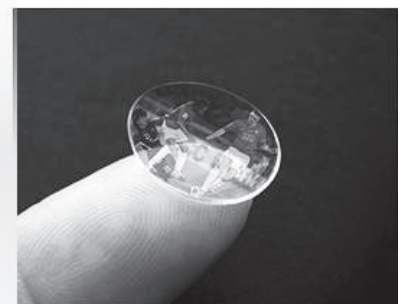
Pocket-Sized Travel

By brooklynknight

GET YOUR DIGITAL INTERACTIVE CONTACT LENSES

- Want to know information about an object you're looking at?
- Want to capture what you're looking at as an image in addition to taking it in as mental snapshot?
- Tap into the Global Digital Information Repository Transfer (or Global DIRT) that will deliver this information directly to your cerebral cortex

Well, pick up your DigiView2021 Contact Lenses today from a kiosk booth at your local shopping mall and access the world wide web from a few blinks of your eyes!



By Sean DiBartolo and Mary Pasho McGregor

Digital Interactive Contact Lenses

By Sean DiBartolo and Mary Pasho McGregor

Guides

By CyTheWriter

We all need guides -
whether it's a
GPS, a phone, a map,
a pocket sundial, a story,
a love.

A small thing we
carry to keep us
on our way,
to make sure we stay
on the path we need.

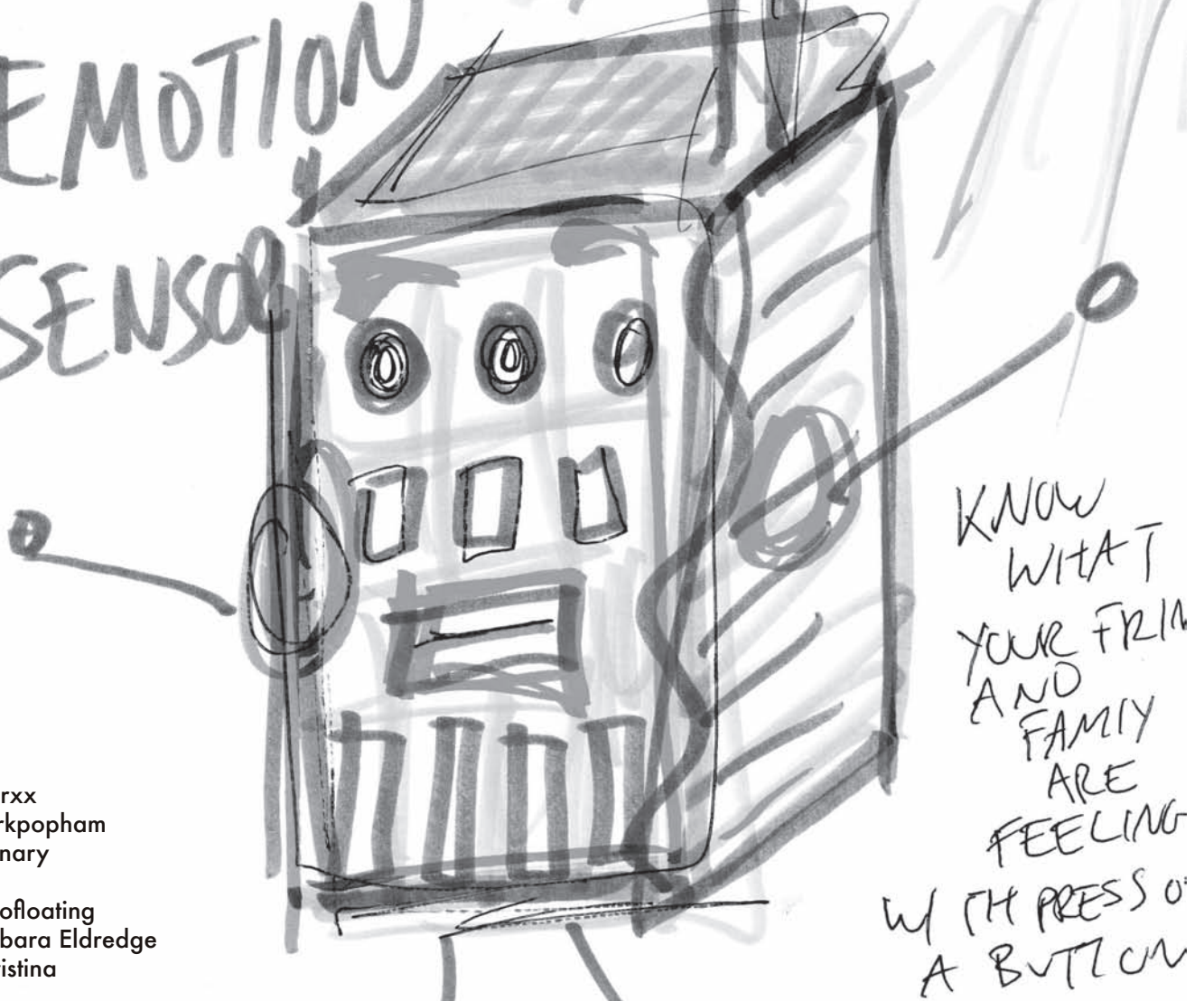
Of course,
as people,
we always veer
off the path,
at one point or another,
whether due to a
cloud covering the sun,
malfunctioning equipment,
a spiritual crisis
(metaphorical or otherwise).

It is, therefore, ultimately
up to us
to make our own way.

FUTURE GADGET

"EMOTION
SENSOR"

How
do they
feel
today?



KNOW
WHAT
YOUR FRIEND
AND
FAMILY
ARE
FEELING
WITH PRESS OF
A BUTTON

spqrxx
markpopham
liminary
LK
upsofloating
Barbara Eldredge
Christina

THE GADGET IS ALWAYS GREEN



WARN THE WORLD

Frankenstein, First Edition

By klugesan

STOP WITH THE STUFF!

By brooklynknight

Dear Consumer,

Stop buying so much damn stuff. You don't need it. You're just contributing to everything that is ruining society. Houses to hold your stuff. Bigger houses to hold your stuff. Piles and Piles of garbage, because you throw out stuff you don't want anymore or throw out the package your stuff comes in. YOU DON'T NEED STUFF! You need each other.

You need community. Stuff is nothing. Stuff is fun, but too much stuff is a waste. Think about all the stuff on Earth right now. Someday it will be in the garbage. It will be replaced by new stuff, and then that will be thrown in the garbage. Where are we going to put all of our stuff?

Love, David Worthington Trahan

Frankenstein, First Edition

By glbetrkr

my warning has become too little too late. the arrival of technology has consumed most humans walking on

Man Without Fyre

By: Brent Barkey, Sarah Kranzberg, Emily Achler

The glow of the screen on Sarah's Fyre glimmered in her eye as she ponders what signal to send her love of three years. What a relief to finally be able to maintain a healthy relationship without having the hassle of having to spend long countless hours together.

Fyre signal to BrentEsq: knw tdys a bg day. but tmrrws mor mprtnt

Fyre signal to Sarahxoxo: ddnt forgt. gt u a presnt

The screen turns blue as a high-pitched beep rings in his ears. The alert from @Trial_by_Fyre appears on the screen. "JudgeVictor hs joind yr Trial_by_Fyre regrdng th matttr of Nw Yrk v. Felix De Lacey"

The judge's face appears suddenly on the bright screen. He sends a Fyre broadcast to the Jury, as 12 faces appear on left side of the screen. Brent's eyes lock on Juror #7, who appears to be in a deep slumber.

Fyre broadcast to Jury83619: Hs th Jry reachd a vrdct?

As the judge broadcasts to the jury, Brent takes a deep breath as he sets his Fyre to "focus-mode," although he knows his girlfriend hates it when she can't contact him.

Sarah struggles as her Fyre signals keep coming back as "Undeliverable." She gets a sudden feeling of loneliness, knowing that this is the only means of connection between them. Sarah shifts her focus to her Fyre broadcast feed. She flips through inane mentions of what her fellow networkers have been up to the past couple minutes, realizing. Her eyes are then drawn to one broadcast in particular.

Fyre broadcast from EmilyPR: Bad nws tday. Mom died. Nvr flt ths sad bfre. Dnt knw hw I wll evr recvr.

Sarah's eyes move away from the glowing screen.

Her eyes gravitate towards Emily. Emily sits across the room, with her feet propped up on the coffee table. Her face registers no emotion, as her fingers run through her hair. Suddenly, Emily sits upright as her screen turns blue. Her Fyre has informed her of a sale at Bloomngdals. Her eyes widen in excitement. She types frantically.

Fyre broadcast from EmilyPR: Gd news! Sale at Bloomngdals! Rtail thrpy solvs evrythng!

The light on Sarah's Fyre emits a blue screen. "Nw signal frm BrentEsq"

Fyre signal to Sarahxoxo: Vrdct is in! Guess who wn?

Fyre signal to BrentEsq: Who? Dd you wn?

Sarah waits for a response. Seconds feel like hours. She restlessly awaits a response. She taps her foot impatiently. She nibbles her nails. Her eyes don't break from the screen.

Suddenly, the screen goes black. Sarah's eyes widen with a confusion and incomprehension she had never felt before. Albertus Magnus, the creator of the Fyre, had said that "A Fyre will never be extinguished." She has never seen a Fyre without it's blue screen glimmer. She looks up, worried, at Emily.

Emily stands up, her knees cracking as she straightens her legs. Her hands start to shake as she frantically tries to turn the device back on. She can't believe that this would happen during the biggest sale of the week. Her breath quickens and her sweaty hands fumble with the button. She looks over her shoulders, her face red with fear.

As she gazes at Emily, Sarah tries to contain herself. Their eyes meet for the first time in five years. Sarah sees tears pouring down her roommate's face. She had never realized Emily's eyes were blue..

The Code

By diez

The world is so much better now. So much better than when the Genomes ruled.

Back before the Genomes, humans were humans. Each with a different form, a different mind, a different heart. But then the world began to change and difference began to disappear.

First the miracle of medical screening made it possible to reveal the flawed traits of unborn children -- Tay Sachs, Multiple Schlerorsis, and more. Diseases that would make their lives miserable and cut them short, so why not prevent them before they began? And little differences disappeared, miserable as those differences would have been.

Then differences began to disappear from the newborn children too. Genetic modification made it possible to alter our DNA before birth, before even conception. It started with small steps, seen as valid by most. Prevent hereditary diseases. Then bigger steps, more questionable, to prevent traits seen as flaws by some, as valid differences by others: blindness, deafness, dwarfism, Down Syndrome.

Then more steps, not to improve lifespan or health, but lifestyle -- eliminate myopia,

shortness, baldness.

Slowly, surely, the balance tipped from prevention to choice, as people sought not just to avoid certain traits, but to deliberately choose others. What would you like the hair color to be? Eye color? Skin color? How intelligent? How athletic? Parents increasingly predetermined what their children would look like and be like. The next generation made to order. Every artistic impulse, for millennia directed at the world around us, turned inward. Instead of remaking the world, we would remake ourselves.

And then came fashion, and the end of difference. This season green eyes, ginger hair, 5 foot six is a la mode, and a whole cohort of children are born, all the same. Alike in form, alike in behavior. A world

of healthy, beautiful zombies.

But not everyone. Only those who could afford it, only the Genomes, who put all of their faith, all of their value in their genetic code.

Not us. We who valued our difference, who would never choose to look the same, be the same. We who recognize the power of technology, of science, but respect it, honor it. We who serve science every day, running the city, on the order of the Genomes.

Their freedom was illusion. Our servitude was liberating. But knowing that was not enough. They made a mockery of humanity, which had to end . . .

The world is so much better now. So much better than when the Genomes ruled.

Now we rule, we who respect the genetic code, respect it enough to leave it alone. We who control the computer code, the technology that makes the world work, that makes our city work, that governs the lives of the worker bees who power the machines.

We are the architects of our own lives.

I didn't see anything wrong with the way things were. We had to work, we were the workers, but that was something to take pride in. We made the world work, we fed ourselves and we fed the Genomes too. We cleaned the waste, we repaired the roads, we built the towers. And we never got our hands dirty. We'd have done it anyway, even if the Genomes never existed, even if we were doing it only for ourselves.

All it really boiled down to was that we never got to live in the top story, we never had the sweeping river views, the mountain top chalets. But with or without that, and with or without the genomes we'd still have done the long hours of programming; it's just our way, endless strings or coding. None

of it is any reason the kill an entire population, to condemn that many people to death. I guess by the time The Silent Revolution started the Warriors had stopped looking at the Genomes as a human. And I suppose they had a point. They weren't like us, they set them self up for it, but that doesn't mean they deserved what they got. Total eradication, extinction, it just didn't seem right.

In the beginning it started as more like an artist/engineer divide. It was hard to figure out how they were artists were. Old-timers used to talk about how their grandparents had told them of a time when the genomes were revered for the sounds they made and images they created. That there was a time when they weren't so consumed by creating bodies and faces. Well there are a lot of ideas about how it started. I know that the Genomes used to call it an organic divide, but I'm fairly certain it had nothing to do with carbon. Others have insisted that it was a religious debate. There was talk that they believed in some sort of magical power, while we knew better and only believed in the code. But I think that that was just something the most derisive said to be insulting. Even the Genomes weren't so stupid as to believe spirits, and besides they were far too full of pride to believe there was anything in existence more powerful than they were.

But as I recall that was how it started, that was the main argument used by the Warriors to justify what they were going to do and what they did. Religion they called it, and it had to be eradicated at all costs. Our very freedom depended on it they said. The truth is I used to always feel pretty offended, them always talking about how we were slaves.

Their plan was ingenious. I'll give them that. We knew their weaknesses better than anyone. We knew all the ingredients in their creation tubes. We knew their source codes we had to proofread them and enter the mechanical ingredients. We knew every detail of who they were and what they were made of, and we didn't even have to think twice to find their deepest flaws, and all we needed was one, they were so much of the same, it was only one

weakness to snuff them all out.

They introduced it through the food supply. And is always our way, no one had to get their hands dirty. Just types some code and a single gene of the Universal Corn Crop (UCC) was altered. It was enough to introduce the virus to the vast majority of the population and within days over half the population of Genomes were carriers. In less than a month they were completely eradicated. The Warriors had already written programs for disposing of the huge influx of remains, and it was as if they had never happened. The world was ours.

I'll admit, even I took some pleasure at first in that. In seeing all those places I'd always been denied access. The hallowed halls and pristine forests. The glass buildings that would have seemed to defy gravity if I didn't know each and every 1 and 0 that would have gone into making it. But it lost the novelty soon enough. The truth is I just wanted to go back to my screens and keyboards. To the strings of numbers that made so much more sense than anything else.

And then everything changed or maybe it was more of the same. You can never be sure. But the Warriors who had always marched under the banner of equality started singing a different tune. If they didn't want to code then so be it, they didn't have to code. We were all free. Free to do and be whatever we wanted. That had been the whole point. But the argument shifted. It changed from what they wanted to do, to what we needed. We needed leadership. We needed guidance. We needed to be told what to do. All while they started playing with their Genomes. I was against the eradication of Genomes. I was fine with the way things were. The Genomes were harmless sheep. And so if the Warriors want to be the new Genomes it would seem fine, but we just don't know what we'll get with them. They destroyed an entire people. They can't be trusted and we must take them out while we still have the chance. Brothers and sisters I ask you to rise up with me in declaring a Civil War on the Warriors.

Royal Fuss

by Team: *Officious Haste* (By. Mathieu Jean-Lubin (Maverick), Robert Whitehead, Emily Schubert, Garrett Vendone, Andy Rossmeyssl, Laurey)

Potential Threat to Friends: Succumbing to Gambling Addiction and being chased in an alley by "sore loser".

He knew he was being followed. For a long while, he had dismissed the thought as his imagination; his very real suspicion that he had made a powerful enemy down in the bodega was unfolding into a fact.

It was a warm night in the lower east side of Manhattan as Dax wound a zigzagging course through the city, taking every available alley, vaulting over a fence at one point, and running home with all the speed he could muster.

Dax turned down the next alley, determined to create as much fanfare as he could. Before him stood chain-link fence blocked the far end but he knew he could scale it easily. A few strides short of it, he picked up his pace to leap over just as someone got a hold of his leg and drag him onto the concrete floor.

Two men were looming above him.

"Hey kid," said a voice from the entrance of the alley. "Why do you run?"

Dax glanced back and was hardly surprised to see an older man moving down the alleyway him.

"Just give me my money, we'll let you go."

Dax replied with a quizzical look, which quickly gave way to a grunt as he received a quick kick from a man on his left.

Of course he knew about the money, a lump sum of seven hundred dollars. It was bound by a rubber band which Dax had hid along with his wallet two alleys back. Dax was hardly surprised when saw a movement in window overlooking the alley, neither was he surprised when he recognized his interrogator, Vince Perez.

The two met an hour earlier in the basement of a Lower East Side bodega locally known as roughly a mile from Dax's apartment overlooking FDR drive.

Once a month the owners of the bodega would rent out the basement to stage a high stakes poker game. The basement itself was scantily lit, and on regular business hours served as humid storage room for excess drinks, candy bars, and cigars. That night, Dax, a regular participant at these matches found himself facing two older men. Seated to his right was Vince Perez, a Cuban man ten years his senior clad in a black suit. To his left sat a skittish Asian man whose name (while he mentioned it several times during the match), Dax had deemed inconsequential. The Asian man was plump and as round of face as he was of belly, which was considerable, with cherry red cheeks and bright lips. Every instinct in his body told him that the Cuban was not to be underestimated.

The match was nearing its end. Dax's hazel eyes shifted from side to side, always moving, always alert. His curly raven black hair was drying from an earlier downpour while he walked to the bodega, giving him the appearance of an older man at the onset of dementia. There was movement on his left, indicating the Asian man resting his hands on his poker chips then remaining perfectly still. Out of the corner of his eye he watched Dax's tanned brown face for any breach of emotion, unaware that Dax, in turn was watching him. Perez on the other hand remained stoic; if any move Dax or the Asian man had made unnerved him he didn't allow his face to betray him.

There at the poker table Dax felt alive, he could cast away his mantle of "working college student," and immerse himself in the thrill of risk taking. He couldn't help but chuckle self-deprecatingly at the grandeur of his "kingdom"; the poker table. His table? Only because several months before the owner of the bodega, needed another schmuck to play poker at the last minute and happened upon Dax fumbling his fingers on an ATM machine.

Either way Dax had left subsequent games with earnings of at least fifty dollars, but this time around Dax craved more.

Dax had developed a routine of “buying the pot” in which he would make a bet high enough to intimidate his opponents. It seemed as if the Asian man had beaten him to the punch. It didn’t matter to Dax. He could tell, his hand; a Royal Flush, would win him the game, all he needed to do now was stall as the final betting round commenced.

“I’ll raise another hundred dollars”, Vince said in an imperial tone layered by his Cuban accent.

Anyone looking at Vince Perez at that moment would have thought him ten years younger; a feisty man eager for a win. The years didn’t bend his broad shoulders and rarely had his Vince’s eyes sparkled as they did just then, full of malice and greed.

“I hope I didn’t upset any of your wallets gentlemen”, Vince chuckled.

Both Dax and the Asian man let blew out a sigh, though Dax had voluntarily done so to contain his growing smile.

“N-no sir”, the Asian man replied. His shallow almost rhythmic breathing had become a background noise.

Across the table from Vince, Dax merely chuckled at which Vince narrowed his dark eyes.

“You do entertain me kid”, Vince said. “Though I am sad that you are not as wise as I had believed. To laugh even in the face of an obvious loss, I pity you.”

Dax took the jab lightly and furrowed his brow, mulling over Vince’s words.

He hardly cared.

The final bet had been made and the table was now at seven hundred dollars and now each player would show their cards.

Vince, staring particularly at Dax, laid out a full house, the fourth ranking combination of cards to win. The Asian man looked flustered, with a cascade of sweat saturating the armpits of his polo shirt as he revealed his hand, a flush of diamonds.

It could be said that Dax was laughing at Vince with his eyes as he laid out his royal flush on the table. At that moment a series of expressions broke permeated from Vince’s statue-like face ending with a seething glare as Dax pocketed the money and walked out of the room. Vince had been played for a fool, misreading Dax’s careless attitude as a lack of experience. Had Dax known to temper his greed at the table by a couple hundred dollars, he may have never met Vince outside the bodega.

“Where’s the money”, Vince reiterated, breaking Dax out of his reverie and bringing him back to his current situation in the alley.

Dax’s refusal to respond prompted a pummeling from Vince and his cohorts.

“You ready to give back what you stole from me”, Vince asked as he signaled his associates to stop hitting Dax.

After a few moments to compose him to talk, Dax mustered enough air in his to lungs to reply.

“You ready to run?”

As if in answer to Dax’s mysterious question, a police siren blared neared the entrance of the alley.

Dax had chosen to turn into this alley solely because this wasn’t his first “chance encounter” with an upset player. He had made enough noise to catch the attention of Jack, an old friend of his and a tenant in the apartment overlooking the alley. As he drifted out of consciousness he gained comfort in the receding footsteps of Vince and his men, all the while lamenting on the fact that he would be obligated to offer Jack some of his earnings.

Zombie Tsunamis, or The Void

By protimetraveler

What we fear most...

They come in with the tide, be it high or low, washing ashore in foam like soda water: Zombie Tsunamis. Their gangrened limbs, putrid toenails, and acrid breath instill fear in even the most courageous of humans. Many a sighting have been misinterpreted as an awe-inspiring surf competition to the likes of those seen at Bondi Beach.

The horror this instills in a fragile heart can be likened to glimpsing a phantom: at first mere confusion as you question the world around you and then true terror as this ghostly vision washes over you like the wave they rode in on, and you will know fear.

Though your heart may falter and your knees begin to knock - you must stay strong. Because the only way to defeat these smelly brutes is to bring out your Hurley Board and ride; ride not only for your life, but for the lives of millions. For only defeat on

the battleground of surf will they fall and flee back to whatever watery world they came from.

Of course... we're kidding.

Naturally, what we're really talking about here is people. Specifically the fear of the unknown neighbor. We've the unfortunate fate of living in a time when revolution, war, and upheaval have become one of two things: mere black headlines or life as we know it. How can it be that when we look in the mirror we see something different than when we look at another (be it due to race, religion, or nationality). The real Frankenstein resides in all of us, in the void of hate the human heart is capable of committing. But within that abominable black there will always remain the propensity for love even in our darkest time.

He's not a zombie. She isn't a ghoul. They aren't a devil. We're all just us.

The Commute

By jenvaz1

Shaun stared out the window trying to catch a glimpse of a tree. The train raced by at speeds he once thought were not possible while growing up. Now the trees looked like a blur of brown shades, indiscernible from the buildings, people, and other scenes he passed by. He missed scenery. It seemed like it was impossible to enjoy the scenery these days.

Shaun watched as the world changed over the past 20 years. Though he welcomed the innovations in social networking, mobile technology, and systems efficiency, he soon after began to get an unsettling feeling that the world was changing too fast. Less and less did his family take vacations without the aid of an iPad or Android. Of course, he always found his destination and was fed slightly useless information about the location, but over time, he

noticed his children not looking up from their electronic device nor really thinking critically in general. It was this that concerned Shaun the most about these changes and caused him to long for simpler days.

Shaun's train ride from California to New York just took a day. No one around him spoke but the sound of keys tapping began to deafen his thoughts. It bothered him that he hadn't met someone new from a random interaction in years. If only he can go back to the days of running into a stranger and having them become one of his best friends. Now the world seemed so distant, although everyone was supposedly more connected. A sadness took him over as he again looked out the window and tried to catch a glimpse of a tree.

We just want to be held.

By gothamagik

We prefer remote communication. Over time, we have slipped from respectful walks in the park to handwritten notes on scented paper to static voices over telephone lines to emails typed quickly and thoughtlessly to an instant message to texts fumbled out between subway stops. Gone are the nuances of tone, the flutter of an eyebrow, the hint of a tear, the sharing of an inexplicable smile. Gone is the amazing human gift of actual communication. The technology which aims to simplify communication bankrupts us of the ability to empathize, share, and connect.

As we know more and more people through electronic social networks, we slowly un-know anyone. Compassion and connection are reduced to mere shibboleths. We spread ourselves so superficially and thinly onto the million pages of Facebooks, that we disappear. We can no longer give each other what we need and secretly prefer. It slowly becomes rude to make eye contact, unthinkable to touch a stranger. Society devolves into grunting agoraphobes with the smartest phones imaginable. Cubicles are the new caves; we spiral into an electronic abyss.

Jellyfish, First Edition

By cosmicautumn

Dear comrades of the planet. We think it is incredibly prudent that we take note of the alarmingly rapid growth of the mutant jellyfish population that is invading the coasts of Japan. This crisis was brought on by both the growth of the vegan population in Japan that aborted the mass consumption of dry jellyfish on the land, and America's accidental sinking of the good ship Plutonium (brought into service during the great submarine wars). We must address this danger, as we see it, before they take to the shores on their newly found feet, the result of the nuclear ship's contamination of our seas. Please follow these directions to assure the continuation of the human race.

Step 1: If you swim in the ocean, please wear protective garments, carry the appropriate firearms and make sure they are waterproof.

Step 2: Don't get the robots involved. They are untrustworthy.

Step 3: Add more radiation. Is that working? I think so.

Step 4: Actually, I think the jellyfish are back. Were they so big before? And so very blue?

Step 5: Just let them stay. I kind of like their pretty colors. Maybe they'll stop eating people.

Step 6: Never, ever cut off the Jel--

The Emotimeter

By Kei

Technology can either be the holy grail of a society or the bane of its existence. Although we've created technology as an aide we have come to consider to it its own being. We no longer sign onto a website. We "facebook". No one actually researches anything anymore. Instead we "google" things.

It is easy to mistake the words we read on a screen for intimacy but true intimacy cannot exist in the absence of actual human interaction. If 93% of our communication is done nonverbally, we are doing ourselves a massive disservice by communicating via technology.

The first thing to go will be our ability to exist as truly social creatures. It has been hypothesized that the reason why the human brain has evolved to its size is so that we, as humans, can better cope with the ever-growing social world around us. We have had to decode innumerable bits of knowledge to figure out what the other is trying to say... and words are only the beginning.

By limiting ourselves to just words, and disregarding all of the nuances that take place in human conversation we are dumbing ourselves down. We are becoming emotionally myopic.

Kei woke up like any other day. It was morning on May 21, 2111. She slept well the night before just like every other night with the help of her pneumatic bed. It's much better than her last pneumatic bed because this one actually adjusts to her body instead of her having to program its softness, pliability, overall comfortability.

She stuck her feet into her favorite shoes. The ones whose soles adjust to road conditions that her father bought her the night before.

As she walked into the hallway of her house she saw her mother's emotimeter. It was red and she only had 2 of the 10 bars present. Before she asked her mother what was wrong she realized she had forgotten to turn on her own emotimeter.

She programmed the buttons in her inner arm and after pressing the enter button, the bars near her collarbone lit up. At first just a few bars in red, and as the bars were added they turned orange, then yellow and as the tenth bar lit up they all turned green. At ten out of ten bars lit, that meant she was in a great mood.

"Mama, what's wrong? Why is your emotimeter reading so sad?" Kei asked.

--

"Oh Kei. Rex passed last night. He just fell asleep and went cold. I didn't want to tell you in the middle of the night. We wrapped him up and placed him in the freezer downstairs. We can have a ceremony for him when you get home from school."

Rex was Kei's childhood dog. He had been with the family since Kei was a baby. Her mother would leave her in the crib, and Rex would watch over her. Rex and Kei shared a bed together until last year when Rex's hips started to give out. Since then he's been sleeping on the floor of her mother's room. When Kei's mother told her the news, her heart fell through the floor. An emptiness took over her heart and icy tears welled up in the corners of her eyes.

"Rex! Mama! Why didn't you call me over? Why didn't you let me say goodbye? Why didn't you let me tell him I love him, and let him know how much I'm going to miss him. Kei ran down the hall and into her room, the door automatic door closing behind her. She had never been so angry at her mother. Rex was the only thing in the world Kei could call her own. Rex showed her an unconditional

love a dog could only provide. She could look into that dog's eyes and she knew he could feel what she was feeling. He could sense her emotions without even needing to look at her emotimeter.

Kei wiped the tears from her eyes and took a deep breath before grabbing her bag and heading back down the hall. She said goodbye to her mother and told her she'd be home right after school so they could bury Rex.

Before she left the house she remembered to do one last thing. She pulled up her sleeve and reset her emotimeter. She was no longer feeling like she was ten out of ten happy. She was now one out of ten sad and as she blinked more tears out of her eyes she saw the emotimeter read one bar in a bright red and she was ready for her day.

Not-Smart-Enough Phone, Fourth Edition

By LaurenDisorder

It's late. The night is dark, and cold. A mist hangs in the air. I must warn you, my brothers and sisters, safe with me in the NYPL tonight, not to rely on technology too much. Imagine, for a moment, that the smart phone you brought to play the NYPL game isn't actually smart enough to download the app. That, at four years old, it's camera is not advanced enough to participate. Now you must rely on the phones of your teammates, and their batteries are dying. And one of the teammates doesn't really

want to share his phone -- and who can blame him? His girlfriend is texting him private things, while she's home and warm in their bed, and he's here in the library with a bunch of strangers, doing his best to "collaborate." Other people are experiencing something similar, as not everyone remembered to bring a phone charger. And now a line is forming at the NYPL computer terminals, and you're stalled playing the game. You're standing in line... you're falling asleep standing in line. It is late, after all.

Frankenstein, First Edition

By anilineblack

Dear readers, friends and family, I come to you at this time to warn you of the greatest danger - the greatest threat to our society. I speak not of plagues, natural disasters or biblical prophecies. I come to you with the truest danger that affects a great deal of us every day.

Yes, Jersey Shore.

Jersey Shore is destroying us, tearing us apart at the very fiber of our souls and dividing us as a nation. There are no Democrats, there are no Republicans - there are only people with grown up names and people who name themselves according to MTV marketing nickname potential.

This danger grew in the form of Ed Hardy shirts, rhinestoned purses, discounts on tanning beds and lucite platform stripper heels. It slowly blanketed America, waiting, as it's sleeper cell agents remained unorganized, unfocused. Then, on the dark day of December 3rd, 2009, those sleepers awoke to a new leader. The Situation and Snooki, among others, celebrated what society had long since found tacky or unacceptable. With their new leaders, the numbers started to grow. Tanning beds filled, Swarovski Crystals ran out of stock at a breakneck pace, fighting in bars was suddenly exciting instead of shameful.



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INSTALL A STORY

Mysterious contact lenses

By jcurwin

Come get my special contact lenses. With them you can create any vision of your choosing. Say you would like to see a sunset. Think sunset and it will appear. Rain is especially comforting since it flows



SPEAK TO THE AGES

Tweet the Future

by a|lobster

Test every pair of shoes to see if you can run in them to catch the bus. If you can, good. If you can't,

Respect

By astienon

Fate

By brooklynight

Process makes perfect

By michelin99

The New Golden Rule

By whitneyebryan

Be nice. Help create environments where people can be unafraid to be themselves. Accept yourself so that others will feel accepted by you.

Cuneiform Tablet

By TheGKnee

Sumerians rock receipts made history by writing.

Cuneiform Tablet

By CharBear

Your own reflection in another

By yking3

Step outside your perspective and into another's shoes. Before judging their actions, consider whether you would reasonably act in the same way if placed in the same situation. For if you would (or might), you are no better or worse a person than they.

Ancient Tweet

By Wham.Bam

We walk this path of Life together: Pave the path with Love and none will stumble. Carry those who cannot walk and Peace will endure.

Ancient Tweet

By CyTheWriter

a tablet for the ages

By upsofloating

This world is yours & you belong to the world. It will shape you, but you can also shape it. Sculpt wisely, joyfully, and always with love.

Cuneiform Tablet

By Dutchbur

Manuscripts of cuneiform

Cuneiform Tablet

By klugesan

human beings, inspired by need and desire, found their voice in ancient stone to record the stories of their business and life.

Goldfish tablet

By jcurwin

the first writer was a goldfish. She swam through the water and made messages. They were so powerful that the whole world could hear and see them. She jumped from godfish to goldfish bowl and covered the earth before jumping to all the planets.

Logic apparently has no place in my heart.

By Shivery

I wish I knew why it is that the things that are against my better judgment are the things I like best of all.

Wise Tweets From the Past

By karyu3, Heather Kalachman, Giovanni Rodriguez-Rey, and Erin McGill

- In the whole history of human events, there's been no such thing as a happy ending.
- Happy story: Baby shoes, for sale, worn frequently
- Life is very short and very bleak, that's why we all need to drink champagne and stay at the Ritz.
- If I had to sum up the human experience in a single phrase it would be: -- .
- Imma do me.
- The seeds of mankind has been sewn and grown, however the one thing that has never ceased to amaze is our ability to innovate and peaceful means is always the best.
- When colonizing other worlds, be peaceful.
- It's good now, but could change
- Don't let technology rule your life.
- Don't be wasteful
- Life is dark, bleak and short. That's why you need to drink champagne and stay at the Ritz/eat well and sleep in luxury.
- Jesus is coming, look busy.
- Happy story: baby shoes for sale, worn frequently.
- The future may be awesome, but you didn't invent Harry Potter. Bam!
- If I could give one gift to the future, it would be Justin Bieber. Take him. We don't want him.
- When I wake up in the morning feelin' like P. Diddy...
- If someone tells you not to read something, go out and read it.
- The weather has a habit of changing.
- 525,600 minutes. How do you measure a year in the life? How about love?
- Love thy neighbor as thyself.
- What if the meek politely decline?
- Four legs good, two legs bad
- When the apes learn how to speak, be sure to treat them with respect.
- Always wear sunscreen.
- You will be so happy that you said yes.
- As far as humans may come in technological advances, never lose sight of humanity
- A man must sit in a chair with his mouth open long time before roast duck flies in
- Bring back the cameleopard. Giraffes are so 21st century.

Tweet the Future

By a|lobster

Test every pair of shoes to see if you can run in them to get the bus. If you can, good. If you can't, remember: there's always another bus.

The End

By caitlin2241

There will be no end to the world ! 4,000 years from now you will look at this message and realize how stupid people can be! :)

The Smiths' Cook

By JCD

It was true: the Smith's cook would sear the steak just so the innards remained pink.

Speak or be still

By bridgetcostello

If/when you meet your god(s), you will either want to share this news with others, or you won't. But whatever your first impulse is, do the opposite.

Life

By caameron

It takes great courage to be true to what one desires; to face the truth of that desire and to remain faithful to

Tears

By gmehta

Don't spend your energy crying unless it's from laughter

Lasting Message

By songtree

We tried our best...sorry.

Cuneiform Tablet

By grift

Don't hurt yourself thinking, it's not worth it.

Enough

By bonnie

You already have more than enough. 143*637

Tablet Shout

By Redjeull

Experiments don't always result in explosions. Keep taking risks.



TAKE A VOW

I promises.

By EmKSteele

I promise to make promises that I can't keep.

I promise to overestimate my abilities and fail trying.

I promise to learn from my mistakes.

I promise to stretch myself in the pursuit of honesty.

I promise I won't always get it right.

I promise to try.

I promise to make promises freely, to pinkie swear with everyone I meet.

I promise to cough into my elbow instead of my hand.

I promise to try better.

I promise to try harder.

I promise I won't take the last slice of cake.

I promise that I want to.

I promise I'll promise anything.

I promise that I don't know what I'm talking about most of the time, but I promise I will never admit it.

I promise that I'm meaner in my head than I am out loud and I promise to work on that.

I promise to fold my clothes.

Sometimes.

seriously, never.

By a|lobster

For the rest of my life...

By christine.m.longo

I vow to see myself in everyone I meet, and see everyone I meet in myself.

Percy Shelley's Wedding Ring

By bottad

From this day forward I will never be:

Afraid of the forces I cannot see

Opressed by the lies that are fed to me

Of wedding rings and other vows.

By anilineblack

I have a beautiful engagement ring that my fiancé gave me as a vow to love me forever. I look forward to when we exchange rings in a mutual vow of marriage. I also vow to keep creating art, whether or not I feel it will be the best or even my best. I vow to keep talking to my sister at least every few days as long as we both live.

I also vow that I will find whoever stole my painting of Optimus Prime sitting by a lake, and I will secretly be annoyed at them for as long as I live.

AVOW

By ellena

I will take any opportunity to lead a most brilliant life.

Alexa's Vow to the World

by: Alexa Yupangco

I make a promise, here and now, to face each day being the person who I want to become so that it actually happens.

I believe in the power of dreams and imagination; I promise to encourage this in every single person I have the fortune of knowing.

I believe in positivity; I promise to remind people that, despite all the difficult things in life, there are still so many reasons to be happy and to believe in the best.

I believe in love, faith and hope; I promise to live my life according to these three qualities.

Artistic Legacy

By Schoemannator

If the story of Percy Shelley and the pearl wedding ring that once belonged to his first wife, had began and ended with his betrayal of their marriage and her subsequent death, it would have faded into obscurity like so many scandals and tragedies lost to the annals of history. What saves Percy's story from the cosmic dustbin though, even when he went mostly unrecognized in his own time, is that Percy's works of poetry would later be recognized for their significant contributions to the form and eventually praised for its enduring influence. Moreover, one is most likely to recognize the Shelley name, not because of Percy's notoriety, but because of the literature of his second wife Mary (for whom he would leave his ill-fated first, Harriet) and whose novel Frankenstein remains one of the great masterworks of literary history.

If there is a lesson to be learned from interwoven story of Percy, Harriet and Mary and the ring that would outlast all three, it is that great art lives on long past its makers. Scandals and gossip, even great personal tragedies may be forgotten and die with those who suffered them. The things that survive us, are the beautiful and visionary things that we create. If there was ever an oath worth taking- an ideal we should wed ourselves to- its the vow to use our short lives to create transcendent works of art. Art with the beauty and the power to resonate beyond our lifetime.

A Vow for the Future

By mb88a

A vow to improve our future could pertain to doing things now to make sure our future benefits everyone. In order to improve our future we should start by improving our own small world...family, work, the people around us, folks that we meet. Just simply finding satisfaction in our family and friends and the people around us that we help. If we can do something extraordinary that affects the greater good, all the better, but if we don't, starting out with those that are around us CAN make a world of difference.

In order to do this we should be authentic. To realize that we are all human beings and we're all basically in the same boat we need to be aware of our humanity. In the end the things that we love are the things that everyone loves. In our daily lives how much of our time is spent with self-centered, trivial matters that are a waste of time and ultimately, a waste of a life? So many people are sleeping through life. We need to believe in what we are doing, and try everyday to do something meaningful.

Being proud of ourselves, in the sense that, in the end when things fail in your life or when bad things happen, at work or with your family, what remains is you. If you are proud of what you do, that is the best that anyone can do. To do good with the idea of simply doing good and not with any other objective is something we should all strive for. Doing things that make you proud of yourself is one of the most fulfilling experiences that you can have. This perspective in life is very a very powerful weapon going forward and improve and can give us the strength to keep working and going on.

The concept of communication is also an aspect of this vow we should keep in mind. We are more human the more we are in contact and get to know other people. Knowing different people can open our minds and show us that our perspective on the world is not the only one. Being open to others can help us to make a better, wiser, more respectful, tolerant world and, in the end, a more intelligent one.

We can also communicate and learn about others through the arts, culture, literature and metaphorically, the travel offered to us through books. How an artist can express all he or she has inside in a book for example, be it fiction or non-fiction, is a universal language that everyone can understand and feel. But this idea can be carried out in any form of art from painting to poetry.

Knowing the past..., to know ourselves and our history...who we are, what we have done, or what has happened in the past is also important for our trajectory into the future, and books are our allies in this venture.

These are all concepts that will help us to ensure building a bright, fair and solid future full of strength and meaning. Believing in these ideas can give us the impulse to create and improve OUR world and OUR

Turning the tables.

By Shivery

I vow to stop treating myself

MY VOW FOR THE FUTURE

By kristaj

The current world is often lacking a sense of honor and nobility, so my hope for the future is that people vow to behave in a way that is respectful of others and the self. I believe this will significantly reduce the feelings of anger and frustration felt by people on small and large levels...feelings that often lead to negative actions, such as bullying, crime, and also war.

I make a solemn vow for the future to be a person who cares not just for myself, but for all the people of the world. I will start with my immediate personal life, by calling my grandparents more often, appreciating my friends and coworkers, and keeping my daily frustrations in perspective so that I do not irrationally lash out at the people I love most. I vow to be the "best" aunt to my two-year old niece, and a loving mother to any children that happen to come my way in the future. I plan to adopt a pet from a shelter and to give more regularly to charity. Even though I cannot always physically help my fellow human beings when tragedy strikes around the world, I will do what I can financially and spiritually to alleviate stress. I will strive to be a better person every single day of my life. And I believe that every other person who takes this simple vow will indeed have a positive impact on the future!

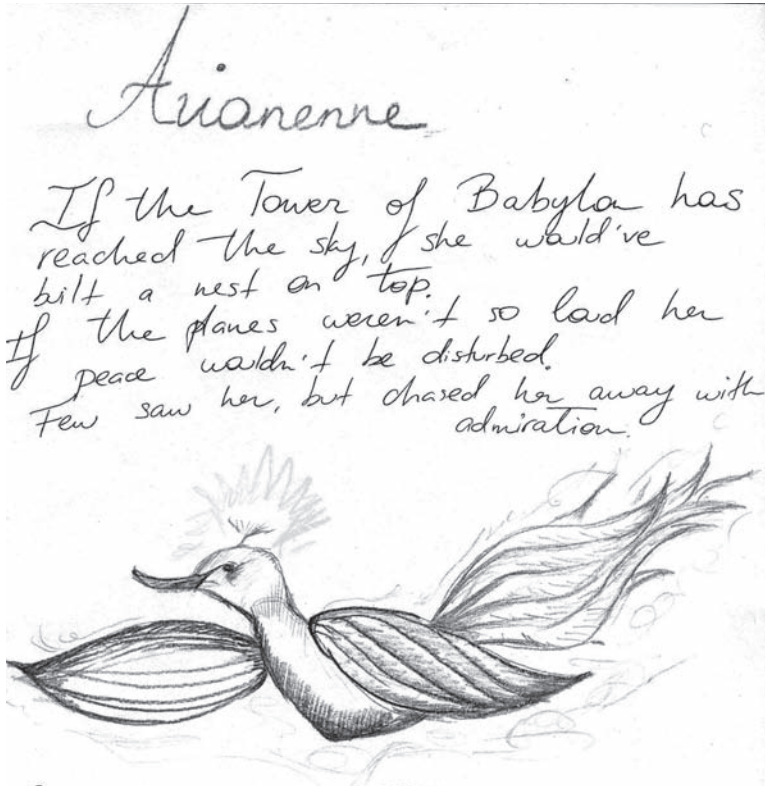
Remember, Remember

By loveandsqualor9

Vows are promises we make to ourselves and each other. And promises are more often than not broken, either through omission or commission of significant actions. We vow to be faithful, to love, to remain. And with each vow we know that one day we will fall short of our promise, disappointing ourselves and those we made vows to. What promise can you make for the future, knowing it will inevitably fall short of all our best intentions? As the future comes rushing towards me, I vow not to forget. Without the past, without the memory of what it feels like to be me, now, in this moment, I risk losing my way into the future.



DISCOVER A CREATURE



Arienne

If the Tower of Babylon has
 reached the sky, if she would've
 built a nest on top.
 If the planes weren't so loud her
 peace wouldn't be disturbed.
 Few saw her, but chased her away with
 admiration.

Viktus protimetraveler Ifriedman,
 jenbo1, sofia, WaxwingSlain, MLReaves

Arienne will resurface in 2012
 when people will cherish nature
 cherish all that is beautiful without
 a need to possess it and learn
 to meet those above us halfway.

Feather and claw

By: Andy Rossmeissl, Robert Whitehead,
 Emily Schubert, Garrett Verdone, Mathieu
 Jean-Lubin, Mary Mei, Laurey Lou

Feather and claw:

What do you see, above the fray?

Tops of heads, hatless.

Misplaced urgency, belied by misplaced steps,

Until, feverish, it leads them under marquee

Or wrinkled canvas awning, perhaps to die,

But you are already elsewhere.

The Meeting

By imanygirl

So what kind of mess have the humans made now?
Asked one elder pig to an aging old sow.
I haven't a clue of their most recent stunt!
The sow replied tartly with a huff and a grunt.
Alright fellow animals, please all gather 'round!
And quickly they settled till there wasn't a sound.
We've all come together to discuss some bad news.
Please no interruptions, no quacking or moos.
It has threatened us all for so many years-
alas, my dear friends, 'tis the worst of our fears.
So pack up your things for we're leaving here soon
to begin a new life and to live on the moon.
I'm afraid there is nothing more we can do-
but save one another and start some place new.
We're bringing some humans along with us, of course-
Isn't that right? asked one nervous horse.
A goat then stepped up and took center stage,
It's their own fault, this mess! he sputtered in rage.
After all the destruction the humans have done-
why should we strive to preserve even one?
They've extincted whole species and polluted the air.
They've poisoned the waters, stripped rainforests bare.
They've killed us for fur, for food and for fun,
or caged us in zoos- Please wait, I'm not done!
They sell us for profit in stores and on farms.
They cross-breed and clone us, discounting the harms.
They use us in research, for work, and as pets,
or run us in races to win money on bets.
We've been put in the circus, taught ridiculous tricks-
from monkeys on ice-skates to dogs fetching sticks,
or a rat playing checkers with a parrot that rhymes.
And my friends, that's not all- not the worst of their crimes!
So think hard and think truly of the risk we would take,
and look 'round at each other- knowing what is at stake.
And one after another their certainty grew,
for what had been spoken was undoubtedly true.
The animals felt saddened by man's self-induced plight
but they knew it was time and the old goat was right.
So led by the sound of their saddened hearts beating,



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PAINT THE WORLD

NYC Collage Mural

By merry may

The Great Wall of China, Beijing, China: For thousands of years, this wall has stood to represent an insular nation fortifying itself against foreigners. Hundreds of thousands gave their lives to build a wall meant to keep out others. In this century, I believe it's time for this wall to be adorned with the faces of thousands of people, from across the world, as a new sign of diversity and acceptance.

NYC Collage Mural

By FoulgerLibrary

The mural is weighty and clunky, but very whimsical and it reminds me of some of my spring designs. It's mixing times....

NYC Collage Mural

By jilane

So lovely

NYC Collage Mural

By klugesan

yeeeeeeaaa!!!

Ten Walls: From the Guggenheim to the Great Wall of China

By bjmc

Front exterior wall of the house of CEO of Goldman Sachs: Every day, the CEO of Goldman Sachs returns to a house symbolizing the country's turn towards corruption and greed. In the spirit of a world more compassionate and selfless than the one he has created, we would paint symbols of unity and cooperation. Every color would be allowed except for green. He has plenty of green already., Facebook Wall: It doesn't matter how we paint the Facebook Wall; it only matters that the mural is private and visible only to the people we allow to see it., Ceiling in the President's Bathroom: A picture of a bear on fire jumping over a shark on a skateboard with the word AWESOME below it., The Wall (by Pink Floyd): The back cover of every copy of Pink Floyd's album The Wall should have an incomplete hand-painted illustration. The painting should be finished by the owner of each album, making every copy unique to the owner., Walls of the mind: There are many biological walls that dictate our lives: cell walls, blood brain barrier, separation of organs, the bag of skin that delineates "self" from "other". The one that most affects our voluntary actions is the separation between the left and right brain, connected by the corpus collosum. Color and art speak to both sides and a mural will help to find a common language of the mind., Wall Street: Economics models human behavior, regimenting human action within rational choice, mathematical formulas, and chance percentages. True human action is not restricted by these predictions and in order to more accurately interact and manage the financial capital as well as the human capital of the world, Wall Street come to include the vast social mural of human interaction. , Walls of the Guggenheim: Artwork

is full of color, shapes, objects and meaning. So why does the outside of an art museum have to be white? The Guggenheim houses beautiful works of art on the inside; however, the outside of the building is bare. From the top to the bottom, this building should be splattered with color, or better yet, replicas of famous artwork. How cool would it be to see a Kandinsky from miles away?, Great Wall of China: While the Great Wall of China is one of the most breathtaking man-made walls in the world, it has also been heavily commercialized. At the Great Wall, you can find amusement rides, Starbucks and fast food restaurants. Over the next five years, one of the entrances to the Great Wall will be painted with logos from large corporations. Corporate chains have already moved in to the base of the wall, so why not the wall itself? Sometimes it's better to leave things in their natural state and not let greed take over., Israeli Gaza Strip Barrier: In this relatively small strip of land, this wall was erected as a manifestation of the enmity soaked into this soil for centuries. A mural that reminds the people living within it's borders of their shared history and their shared future would be a small step towards breaking down the barriers of mistrust., Hadrian's Wall: The ancient bricks of Hadrian's Wall stand as a reminder that our species loves to mark its territory as much as the next animal. With tensions still present in the emotional memories of both Scots and Englishmen, a mural depicting characteratures of both cultures would encourage both groups to not take themselves too seriously. A little laughter in the face of a thousand year old line in the sand that still, in the mind of some, exists today is well deserved.

Ten Walls of the World

By markkind

1. Highline Phase II - Between 20th and 30th Street: A mirror image which reflects what the skyline would look like 100 years into the future. The new post office made out of reclaimed wood and steel, nestled among modern design of the revitalized business district built around the updated MSG sports complex. People in the mirror will be reflected in the mural with actual mirrors. It will place the observer 100 years into the future while maintaining their current age.
2. Great Wall of China: Using a methodology similar to the perspective chalk drawings common in the early twenty-first century, create an 'inside view' of the Great Wall of China that shows the thousands of Chinese labor workers that constructed the wall at work, creating the wall.
3. Hoover Dam: A portrait of the past - what the landscape around the Hoover Dam looked like before the dam was created - a beautiful valley of red and orange clay, and gushing blue and white rapids.
4. The prison wall for Raj: The phrase: "Mo money, mo problems" and an image of golden handcuffs
5. Blank wall in the Rose Room of the NY Public Library: A portrait of Vigo the Conqueror from the Ghostbusters movie
6. A random wall on the tube in London: If you can read this, you did not mind the gap
7. A wall on the West Bank: A hand on either side of the wall that would be otherwise be touching if the wall did not exist
8. On the side of an Egyptian pyramid: A series of concentric triangles that reach a vanishing point
9. The Green Monster at Fenway Park: Paint a group of fans looking up, a cross-section of Boston
10. A side of the Washington Monument: A 'mixed media' mural using LED lights that wrap around the monument

NYC Collage Mural

By celine

PilgrimPilgrimPilgrimPilgrimPilgrimPilgrimPilgrimPilgrimPilgrimPilgrimPilgrimPilgrimPilgrimPilgrimPilgrimPilgrimPilgrim

NYC Collage Mural

By Wishme

All around the wall

Remembering to Look

By larissa

Hundreds of years ago, painters were commonly commissioned to create murals on ceilings. Today, in the era of cost-cutting interior decoration, it is common that ceilings can go uncovered, and unnoticed.

But it is impossible not to stop and look up at a beautiful ceiling, like the one in Grand Central Terminal that was revealed after a twelve-year restoration. Even with the swarms of wandering people and the ever-present hustle of train schedules, the mural of the sky above forces travelers to come to a halt.

The murals that I would have painted would be on ceilings around the world- painted in places that people would ordinarily rush through. Subways, airports, shopping malls and even fast food restaurants- buildings where people are concentrating on tasks to be accomplished, not the places surrounding them- in an effort to force the viewers to pause and remember where they are.

In a work getting busier by the second, simple additions like a ceiling mural is enough to get people to take it slow and appreciate where they are- even for a second.

The Tourist Wall

By radiohboy

In Manhattan, the walls are continuous and each one is plastered with the unique charm of the neighborhood. Most never solicited decoration, yet if you look at any wall it probably has some intentionally placed graffiti, gum or flyer. Even the absence of markings is most likely to preserve the aesthetic of a particular neighborhood. The only fair way to alter them would be if a community-driven effort created a mural that would more accurately reflect it's culture. The act of coming together to create a mural, not only it's content, makes a mural powerful.

The only wall in my past that I would change was in Accra, Ghana. It was a gigantic gray wall, and it beat back a rising tide on one side, while protecting a small market on the other. Here, craftsmen and musicians worked together in collectives while soliciting the business of tourists. The wall, which should have been adorned in the rich art of an African nation, was instead painted with giant white letters, "DO NOT URINATE HERE." The wall stood out like a tourist.

Breaking Down Barriers

By: Elena Hecht, Justin Kenny, Fausta Palazzetti, Andi Teran, Ashley Van Buren

1. Wall between Israel and the West Bank - A mural (on both sides) of the sky, and all its possibilities and hopes.
2. Great Wall of China - A mural of a super long Chinese dragon
3. Newly formed Hollister wall on Prince St. and Houston St. (NYC) - Whitewashed and then covered in a mural paying homage to the 1980s art scene
4. Wall Street - Painted gold, with money, behind a wall of bulletproof glass
5. Ellis Island - A mural of the Yellow Brick Road
6. Boston Children's Hospital - A mural painted by young patients, envisioning their lives beyond illness
7. Auschwitz (Poland)- A mural of a white dove carrying an olive branch
8. The wall surrounding the Vatican (Italy) - A mural of a rainbow
9. Wall around the Forbidden City in China - A mural of open doors
10. Wall around Osama Bin Laden's compound in Pakistan - A mural surrounding the house, written simply, stating, "Returning hate for hate multiplies hate, adding deeper darkness to a night already devoid of stars. Darkness cannot drive out darkness: only light can do that. Hate cannot drive out hate: only love can

NYC Collage Mural

By Cespedes

1. U.S.-Mexico border is top of the list.
2. Walls around Palestinian refugee camps in the West Bank.
3. The walls of the white house. I would like to see a revolving mural with portraits and visual story-telling about the lives of different Americans that send in their photographs and vignettes.

Bring Color to the World

By CyTheWriter

Fill the world with color.

Cover the concrete

walls of prisons with

promises and remorse

written in every color

of freedom.

Cover the bricks

of the tenaments

with words in every language

spoken in

their cramped and crowded rooms.

Fill the walls of schools with

promises, from the past

to the future.

Paint over the words of hate

of old, bad places,

fill them with love

in every language every dreamed.

Cover the old marble of the libraries

with the stories they will someday hold.

Take the houses of God, and print

his (and her, and their) name,

in every color that can be remembered.

Cover the blank walls of hospitals,

institutions, asylums,

and cover them with hope.

Write the names of the newly born

on the walls of the houses of death,

for someday they, in turn,

will join their ancestors.

Paint doors on the walls

of borders, promising that someday,

they'll not be needed.

Fill the empty, blank places with

life, in all its

contradictory glory.



20



HIDE A MESSAGE

Sutra of Incantations

by Cboire25



Don't get too comfortable

By whitneyebryan

Life should always be about expanding your horizons. Do things that scare you, move you, inspire you, and shock you. Maybe that's living in a different country for a year. Maybe it's standing up to someone you're afraid of. Maybe it's running a marathon. Maybe it's starting your own business. Maybe it's telling someone you love them, even if you're afraid they won't say it back.

A life without risks has its benefits. Will it be more stable? Of course. Will you be more protected from physical and emotional harm? Probably. But you'll miss out on the depth of human experience that provides you with incredible insights and empathy into mankind's condition. Risky, scary, and uncomfortable situations may cause us to feel strange in the moment we're experiencing them, but after we've processed all the raw emotions, we're left with a deeper understanding of our fellow human beings.

A wide breadth of experience leads to greater

knowledge and wisdom. We gain the tools to navigate new experiences more smoothly, and cope with newfound hardships with greater skill. We become armed with greater emotional intelligence & a broader understanding of ourselves, our intricate combinations of strengths and weaknesses, vulnerabilities and strongholds.

By knowing ourselves more, we can get to know others more completely and intimately. We can know and appreciate their wonderful eccentricities and talents, and also the dark parts of their personalities. We can know all of this, yet accept the person as is, realizing that no one possesses all "light" characteristics. It's the combination of light and dark aspects to each person's personality that lends the world, and human kind, its dimensionality and depth. It's only by acknowledging and examining closely the breadth of the human subconscious that we can start to learn to accept and begin the long, difficult path to letting go of judgment, hate, and fear.

Inspirations for a Stranger

By gcombes

Our Dear Friend,

Honesty is the best policy, and friendships and relationships make your life rich. Always be honest in your relationships and friendships.

May you find honesty, truth and pure love from another.

But never build a bridge that you can't burn.

Don't lose heart. Win or lose, just keep trying. Something bad is better than nothing.

Trust in yourself. You know more than you think.

There is always a truth. Seek the truth.

Sutra of Incantations

By heyitsjuliee

passing along beliefs to maintain stability

An In "Kind" tation: Repeat

By pnklady16

Be kind whenever possible. It is always possible.

Night of Incantations

By TatianaTheLibrarian

Dear Stranger,

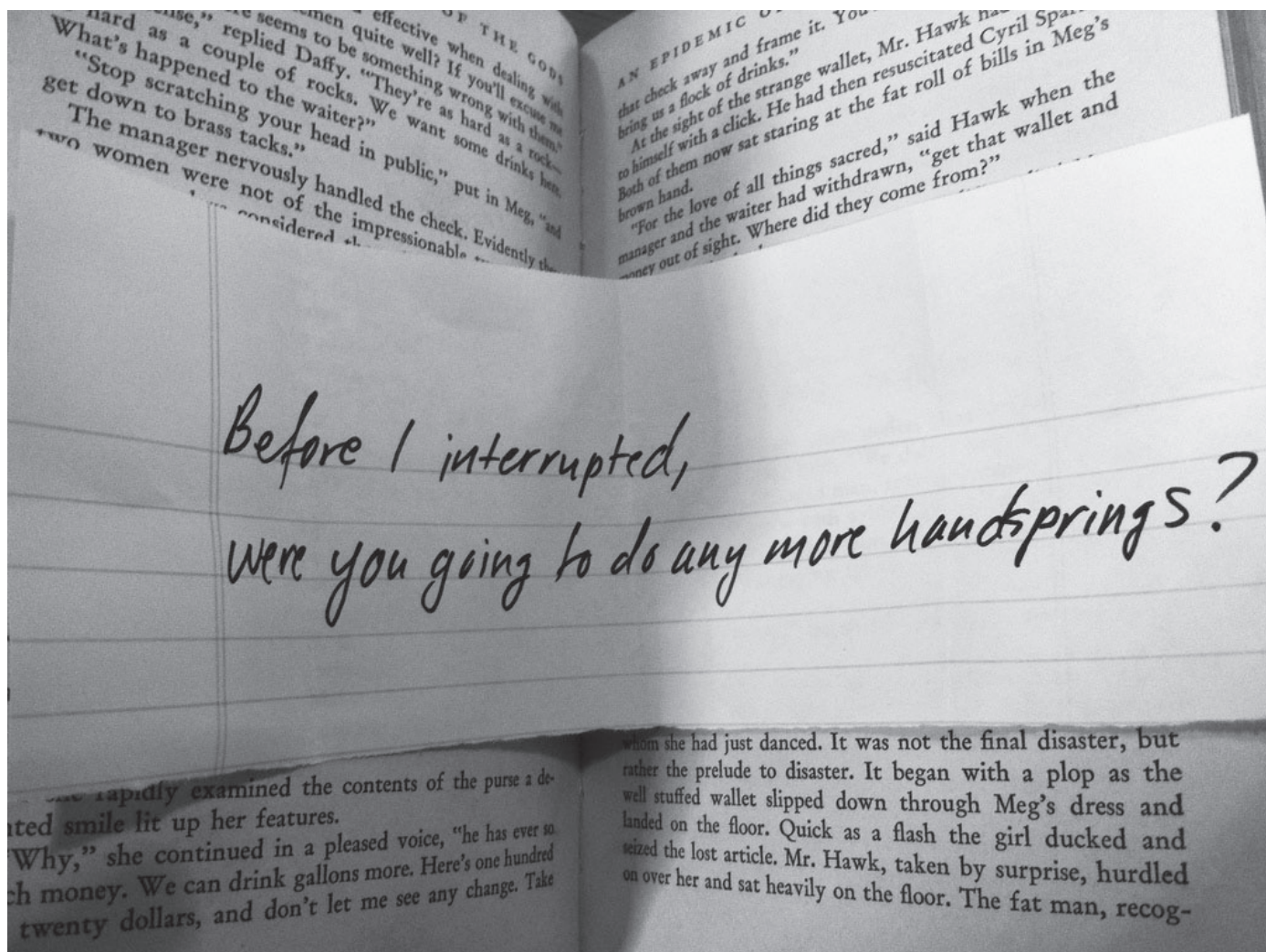
Baby, we'll be fine. All we have to do is be brave, and be kind.~The National

Love,

The Future

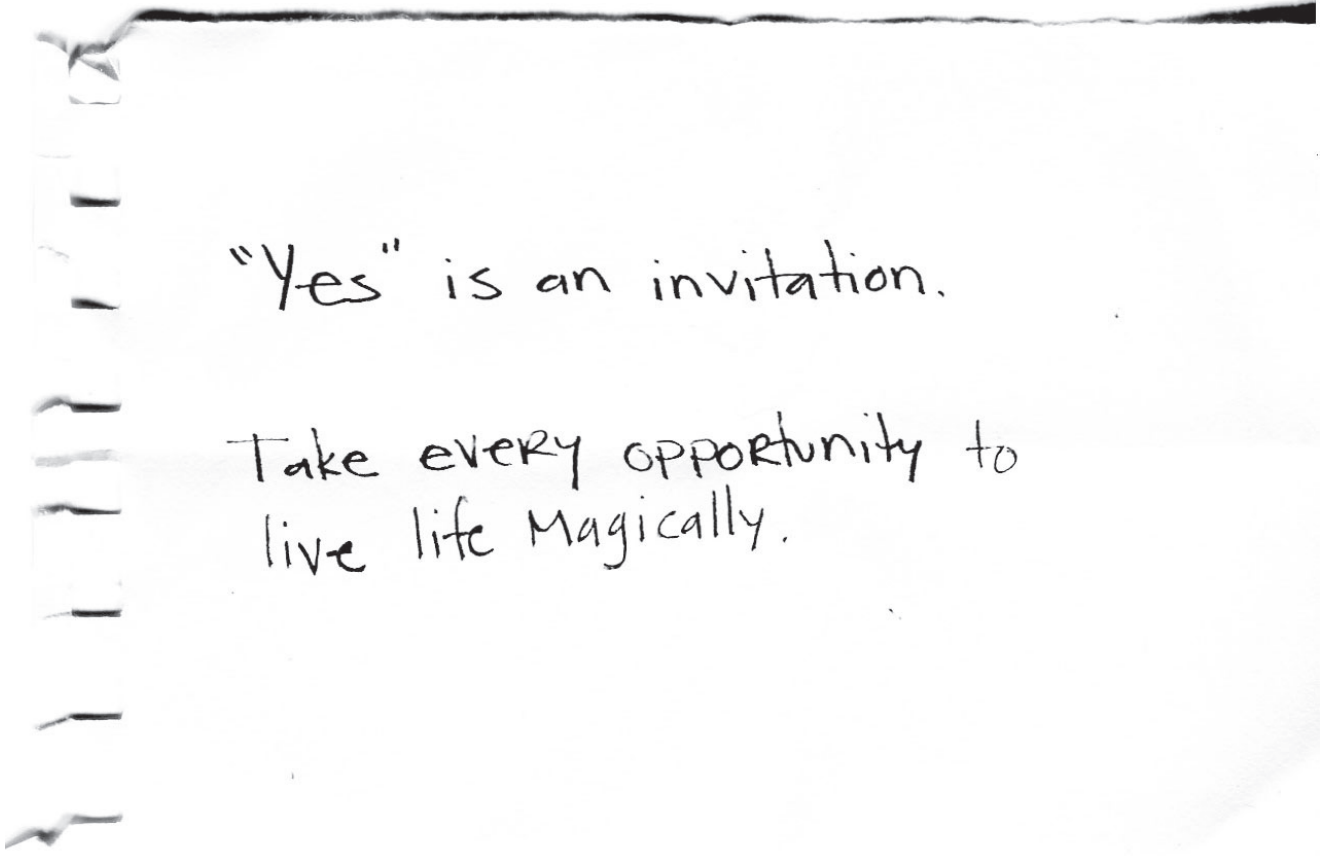
Handsprings

By brf



YES.

By ellena, vogelbindery, SuzFarrellSmith, Cricket, Ismartestcleverest, TheGKnee, CaseyLynn



"Yes" is an invitation.

Take every opportunity to
live life Magically.

Universal

By IMPERIALHUNTRESS

Dear Friend of the Future,

Absolutely preserve your uniqueness. Look up to your role models, admire your peers and worship heroes of days past, but never let the greatness of others cast a shadow on the belief that you are special in your own grand way. Be confident enough to speak up even when others are silent from fear and be humane enough to forgive when others are silent from pride. You are a mosaic of all that happened to you - your genes, your childhood, your friends, your schooling - and there is no one else in the world that can replace what you contribute to the world simply by being.

Love and best of luck,

Wise One from the Past...

Boldness

By sircek

Be Bold. Be Brave. Act Now and Apologize Later.

Goods

By JCD

If you want a cup of coffee, stand near the coffeemaker.

Good Fortune!

By Cricket

You get to live with yourself for the rest of your life.

Your butt crack is showing--embrace it.

If I were you I'd think that too.

Share yourself with the world.

Connect!

Stolen From Tony Kushner

By ANagler

The fountain's not flowing now, they turn it off in the winter. Ice in the pipes. But in the summer...it's a sight to see, and I want to be around to see it. I plan to be, I hope to be. This disease will be the end of many of us, but not nearly all. And the dead will be commemorated, and will struggle on with the living and we are not going away. We won't die secret deaths anymore. The world only spins forward, we will be citizens. The time has come. Bye now, you are fabulous each and every one and I bless you. More life, the great work begins.

-Tony Kushner. Angels in America



Sutra of Incantations of Team Bees

By Rememdium

A piece of advice has been left in a desolate hallway. This advice can seem as cold and hard as the marble floor and as disturbing as the pictures lining the walls. Yet it can illuminate even the darkest of life's corners, if you have the patience and the fortitude to follow it.

mmm, cheese

By a|lobster

Think about the people who love you.

Now, think about cheese. (Vegan cheese if you are vegan.)

Hey you!

By christine.m.longo

Here is what my message says:

Think about the thing you like most about yourself.

Now smile.



Chapter 2: 

**THE CROSSING
OF THE THRESHOLD**



RE-INVENT YOURSELF

A Wool Fedora Moment

By Rememdium

The car was packed and waiting. Dad was behind the wheel, anxious to get the three hour drive underway. The boy took the stairs two at a time, swung his bedroom door open and leaned over the threshold, snatching the hat from the antique rack before running back to the car.

His father turned to look at what had delayed the boy. "What are you doing with that?"

"Wearing it," the shy boy replied. He placed the wool fedora on his head. It was so big it wrapped around his ears.

"You look silly, take it off."

"No." He looked out the window from just underneath the brim.

His father shrugged and backed the car out of the driveway.

The boy had spent weeks thinking about it. He was headed to a new summer camp, where nobody knew him. Even so, he knew how he acted when faced with new people: the same silence he kept

in class, during baseball practice, during family dinners. He needed a catalyst. Something to make him not him.

So it was decided: when he wore the hat, he was someone who could talk. He could talk to anyone, say anything, be fearless. Could it really be that easy? His grandfather's old hat was huge, measured and tailored for a fully grown head. It was made of wool and would quickly soak with sweat in the 90-degree heat of an Adirondack summer. Yet beneath the heavy gray, his mind was made up.

The car pulled into camp. Father and son moved his trunk and duffel bag into his bunk without saying a word. Just before his father rode away, he grabbed the hat from the back seat.

Walking into the bunk alone for the first time, he stopped before the threshold, took a deep breath and slipped the hat on his head. The edges dangled loosely and knocked against his forehead as he walked.

He pushed the door open and looked at his bunkmates. "Hi," he said.

Houdini's Note

By hipster546

It was the middle of october and as cold as a Witch's teat.

His Biggest Regret

By WaxwingSlain

The name's Carl Stone.

My childhood was largely transient. My father, being in the U.S. Foreign service, was always eager to take the most exotic, dangerous assignments. He would always tell me, an only child, and my mother that we were becoming cultured through these far-flung adventures. In reality, they broke her down. The Havana heat was too much for her fragile health, the Russian vodka too enticing for her weak will. The locales had the opposite effect on me; I thrived.

By age eleven I knew four languages. By age thirteen, my father, a big, brooding, hulk of a man, had taught me to fire a pistol and drink Scotch in tumblers. He repeated the same thing to me every day. After a few couple Scotches he'd tell me, slurring his words slightly "Carl if you do one thing in life, make something of yourself. Something. Don't be a number."

She died when I was sixteen, my mother, on a transatlantic voyage on an old ocean liner. She had crippling phobias and refused to fly. The cause of death was officially unknown, but I surmised it was a combination of hatred at the life my father had chosen for her, and hatred of herself for following him. Mixed with a healthy dose of alcoholism of course.

At twenty, I graduated from university. One of those elite Northeastern prep schools where your parents were mattered more than your grade point average. Truth is my parents weren't much, so

I had to make up for it somehow. I studied. Hard. Graduated a year early, and went straight into the military.

I'd like to think that my father had nothing to do with my decision, but I'd be lying to myself. Of course, in the classic style, I wanted to prove myself to him. The army wasn't hard. Just the opposite. I rose the ranks with the ease of someone who is both determined and desperate.

Before long, I found myself as a low level analyst in the CIA, that bastion of American intelligence and superiority. I hated my work, but loved my job. I rose through the ranks again, proving myself at each stage to be both physically and mentally fit. I say that with no pride, just the tacit acceptance that I had been given certain gifts that my colleagues lacked.

I was promoted, and promoted again. Now, I work as what they call an intelligence officer. I know what I truly am. A spy. One of the best. I live in euphemism and metaphor. I seek out "targets" to "eliminate", and infiltrate "uncooperative governments" to "reorganize" from within. I live as a shadow. My family and friends don't, can't, know what it is that I truly do. Least of all my father. He still believes that I am a low level analyst in the ranks of the enormous American intelligence bureaucracy.

I may be his biggest regret.

The Astounding Amarilda von Hesslebaum

Written by Elena Hecht, dedicated to my truly astounding little sister Ava.

Born on April 25, 1986, Amarilda was a child of exceptional abilities, abilities apparent to all who saw her from the moment of her birth. Able to articulate her thoughts to a precision known only to great orators of much greater years, Amarilda had written her first oratorical speech lauding the merits of dessert before dinner by the age of 3. A proficient pianist, she was playing her favorite piece, a Chopin nocturne, Op. 9, No. 2, by the age of 6 with more than just technical prowess, but with true heart. No story of Amarilda would be complete without her best friend and younger sister, Ava von Hesslebaum, born November 4, 1991. Amarilda was a model older sister and

a stalwart friend, and Ava rose to the occasion as a younger sister with an imagination and wit unsurpassed in today's times. Together with Ava, Amarilda published stories of her youth, including her esoteric games of pretend from her childhood. These included some of those most treasured by her younger sister Ava: Jimmy the monkey, the Israeli foreign exchange student in boarding school (complete with a uniform of a watermelon dress), and Ava the dog. As an adult she grew to be a skilled dancer, choreographer, and writer. A lover of music, she used her powers of kindness to solve the world's problems with a laugh and a smile.

Countess Van Buren

Written by Ashley Van Buren

I was born Countess Van Buren, in the county of the Bronx on a warm summer day. A descendant of one of New York's first citizens, I grew up reading before I could talk. By age 10, I had read every book in my father's library. Restless, I developed a passion for movies and spent my teen years writing literary adaptations of short stories, plays, and novels. By age 17, I was working on the production of feature films and had turned down large sums of money offered to me by my family to help further my career. Instead, I chose to drop my title and work my

way up the ladder until I reached a point where I grew bored with the egos I encountered and decided to defect from the industry. I took time off to travel and meet people and discover who I really wanted to be. It was then I decided to focus on creating my own material for both the stage and screen. To make a little mischief in the literary and television worlds, I occasionally dabble in the art of ghostwriting. Though I know who I am, you will never truly know all I have done or will do in the future.

The Phenomenal Jean-Luc

Written by Justin Kenny

My name is Jean-Luc Fitzroy. I was raised in an orphanage in Quebec City, Quebec. When I turned 18, I found out that I was born to a French-Canadian gymnast and a Romanian gypsy, and so in honor of my parents, joined a traveling circus as a contortionist and tight-rope walker. I'm known as

"The Phenomenal Jean-Luc" not only for my world record highest and longest tight-rope traverse, but also for being able to pack my 6'1 frame into a box the size of three unabridged dictionaries stacked on top of each other.

A Bibliophilic Existence

By marshmollie 1

My family couldn't afford a house when I was growing up. My mother taught mathematics at a community college, and as we all know, community college professors aren't exactly paid handsomely. My father... well, he is incredibly passionate about baseball, and spent more time playing in his recreational league than he did paying attention to work. So, my parents had to be creative when it came to where we lived, what we ate, how they kept us amused.

It was tough, but my sisters and I didn't seem to care at the time. It didn't feel like we were living on less than a shoestring; instead, life felt magical. When we turned 5 (did I mention we are triplets?), going into kindergarten, we got kicked out of our tiny one-room apartment and had to find somewhere to squat. One afternoon, after a picnic in Bryant Park, we happened upon a tiny storefront, boarded up and looking long abandoned... this was to become our new home.

From that point forward, my sisters and I spent every spare minute around the corner in the library. We explored all the rooms, even the ones children weren't supposed to be in alone, simply because adults took pity on us when we pretended to be sad and let us tag along as long as they were there. Some read us Tennyson, some read us The Brothers Grimm, some even took us into the genealogy room when we had a family history project to do in school.

To this day, I am thankful for that experience. Most of my friends in college come from families who "summer on the Cape" or took long, expensive trips to Disney World and other such places with no history except what was created for them. But I... I grew up among all the history you could possibly want to experience, and now I have my whole life ahead of me to see the places I've only read about.

Houdini's Note

By CharBear

Man who spent his life finding ways to escape elaborate traps. Interesting... 1489 earliest book Held entire

The Ballad of Douglas MacKrell

By Inventivehero

long ago in a galaxy right here, I was raised by a pack of coyotes on the open plains of old Detroit. Crime was rampant, but me and my coyote family kept the locals in line with our fair but just punishment system based on wet willies. Detroit grew prosperous under our control and willie making, but times changed and soon coyotes weren't cool any more. So I packed up my half eaten carcasses and set off for New York City. Along the way I fought a Baseball player by the name of

Phantom Southpaw, a left handed baseball pitcher who lost his left arm in a tragic baseball accident. I dodged his ecto-balls flung by his phantom limb. Three days later i won using my mad Judo skills. Eventually I gave up trying to go to New York and teamed up with Robocop for a while.

Now I make shoes. Coyote shoes. Not shoes made out of coyotes, that'd be gross. I make shoes FOR coyotes. They don't buy many.

At Least In My Book You Are(n't)

By Su_Lee

There was one point in my life where I had all sorts of pseudonyms including... SuDoughName. For a long period, I was a great old man ninja held to high esteem by young gamers while also writing as the girly voice for a teen readers' community. I've had the most fortunate opportunities to creatively activate the power of fandom within passionate consumers through these voices and will always hold these memories with wonderful regard.

However, managing my own inner passion is an all together different story for I am THE MOST SUPER SPECTACULAR FLYING ROBOT FLYING MACHINE!!! Honestly, who are we kidding. No one needs to really brazenly say how awesome they are. Keep it to yourself and we'll all find out eventually. That's how it works. At least in my book.

The Life and Times

By bunnybird

Diana Adams was born in Atlanta, Georgia at the turn of the century. Her mother was the eldest daughter of Atlanta's premier shipper of goods from the West Indies. Her father held the position of Mayor at the time of Diana's marriage to reknowned war hero General Travis St. Bernard.

The marriage was a love match in every sense of the word and Diana prided herself on being Travis' wife. Even at the tender age of 15, she sought to honor her husband and family by becoming the ideal hostess.

Diana's experiences as a hostess began at an early age

when she used to help her mother prepare for the many guests that used to visit their home. Guests to the house often remarked that Diana was precocious beyond her years and must be a huge help to her mother. Diana's mother would blush and agree with no small amount of pride in her eyes.

Throughout school Diana excelled at anything presented to her but harbored a special love for things of a domestic nature. Consequently, it was her greatest joy of her life to be able to marry well and play hostess for her husband.

International Waters

By ajobster

Anna "Twizzlers" Marquardt was born in international waters on a cruise ship, where her songstress mother and boat captain father were working at the time. Shortly after her birth, the boat sank due to a large pod of dolphins getting caught in the propellers, and her father, being the captain, went down with the ship.

She and her mother relocated to Berlin, where they lived in a one-room apartment until one day when a rich American stopped her mother on the street and asked her to be the house entertainment at his club in

Tallahassee. With a small child, Anna's mother could not afford to pass up stable employment, so they relocated to Florida, a land of humidity and swamps.

They lived in Tallahassee through Anna's high school years, during which she sang with her mother in the club. Tired of the small town values of northern Florida, Anna left for the cold northern winters of Minneapolis. There, she bought a car and drove around the entire United States, finally landing in New York, where she met the most talented people in the world.

The stars and the sky

By Majestas 1 day ago

The writer, dancer, scientist, teacher, athlete, and painter, Majestas Jones was born in October 3rd 1966 in a hot air balloon flying high over New York City. The first thing her infant eyes saw as they peeked from around the cotton knit sweater that had been wrapped around her, were the jagged sky scrapers of cement and glass, the statue of liberty in her famously triumphant stance, and the vast cerulean sea rippling below. She did not remember these things as she grew up, but her mind remembered them long after.

Majestas' mother was so affected by the unusual birthing event, that she sheltered her only daughter way beyond the means of reasonability. Majestas was not allowed to climb the jungle gym at the playground as a child, She could never ride amusement park roller coasters as a teen, She wasn't even allowed to date as a young adult of 21 forced to live at home all her college years. But Majestas always looked upon the far off clouds with warm familiarity. At night she gazed at the sparkling speckles of light embedded in the darkened sky feeling a longing and nostalgia that she could not explain. When she looked around her she felt as if the law of gravity had taken a bias against her. She

was not to leave the ground and every iron-laden step was a reminder she shouldn't even try.

But one day she heard of a quote by les brown that said, "shoot for the moon, even if you miss you'll land among the stars" And Majestas was inspired. She decided that she would just shoot for the stars, for her dreams, over and over again. With all the years she spent locked up in the box forged by the baseless fears and obsessions of her mother, she had accumulated many dreams. She did not have to stay on the ground, she did not have to stay anywhere she didn't want to stay, especially while knowing her capabilities far exceeded her circumstances. She shot for the star of becoming a teacher, and landed. She shot for the star of fulfilling her dream of becoming a novelist, and landed. Then she became a world famous ballet dancer, an astronomer who went to space, a long-distance running athlete, and finally a landscape painter. She never let her self run out of goals, and hence she was always in motion always moving toward something new. Like the hot air balloon she was born in, she was always floating upward toward a new adventure. Living. Exploring. In motion. And most importantly, happy.

Whence I Came

By imahorcruz

It was a bright, beautiful spring morning when I was born. The lilacs were in full bloom, the birds were chirruping and the grass was freshly mown. My mother felt very little pain as I entered the world, although my father did hit his head as he passed out (with anticipation, not fear).

I sprang from the womb with eyes alert and open,

and I still face the world in such a manner. I am a leader among women, a supporter of all worthy causes, a donator to the arts.

I am the Philanthropic Felicity and I am here to save the day ... and make your day a little brighter.



DRAW A TREASURE MAP

A Guide to Bacolod's Food

by: Alexa Yupangco

If I could make a treasure map, it would probably be a list of foods.

There's nothing quite like Bacolod, the town in the Philippines where I spent most of my formative years.

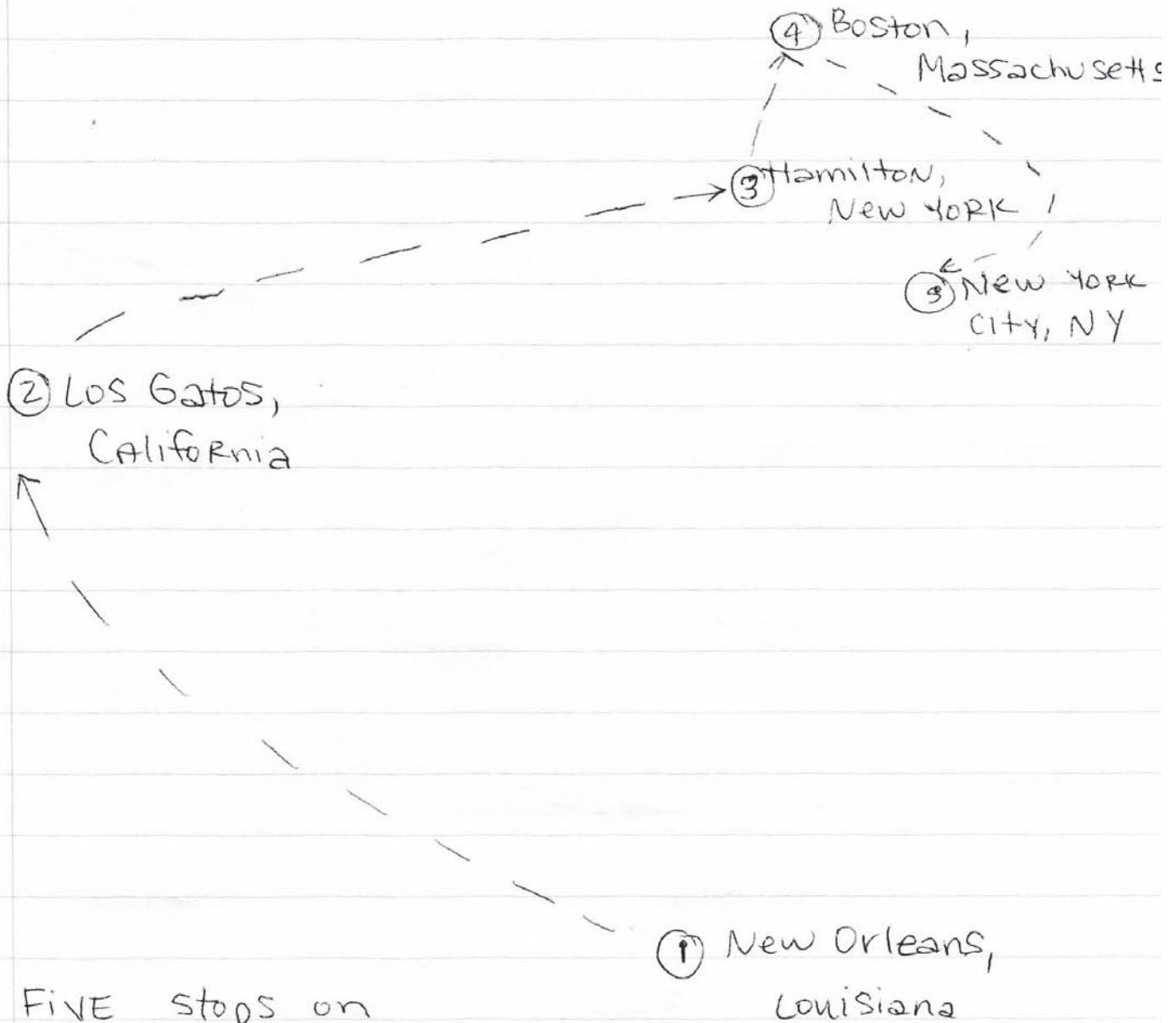
It's quiet, sleepy and very small (as in small enough that most of the families are familiar to you); but don't let that fool you - it's also a hustling, bustling, growing metropolis.

The things and peoples, experiences and memories that I hold most dear are all in Bacolod. And food will lead you to them.

1. Manokan Country's Chicken Inasal
2. Roli's Napoleones
3. Bacon Burger Mushroom Melts
4. Cafe Bob's pizza and Starbucks-like drinks
5. Kuppa's delicious cakes and pastries and coffee
6. Boat tarts, mango tarts, galletas from Virgie's
7. Potato Corner's trio fries
8. Tater's popcorn and cheese bites
9. Liezel's mango icebox cake
10. Felicia's oatmeal thins

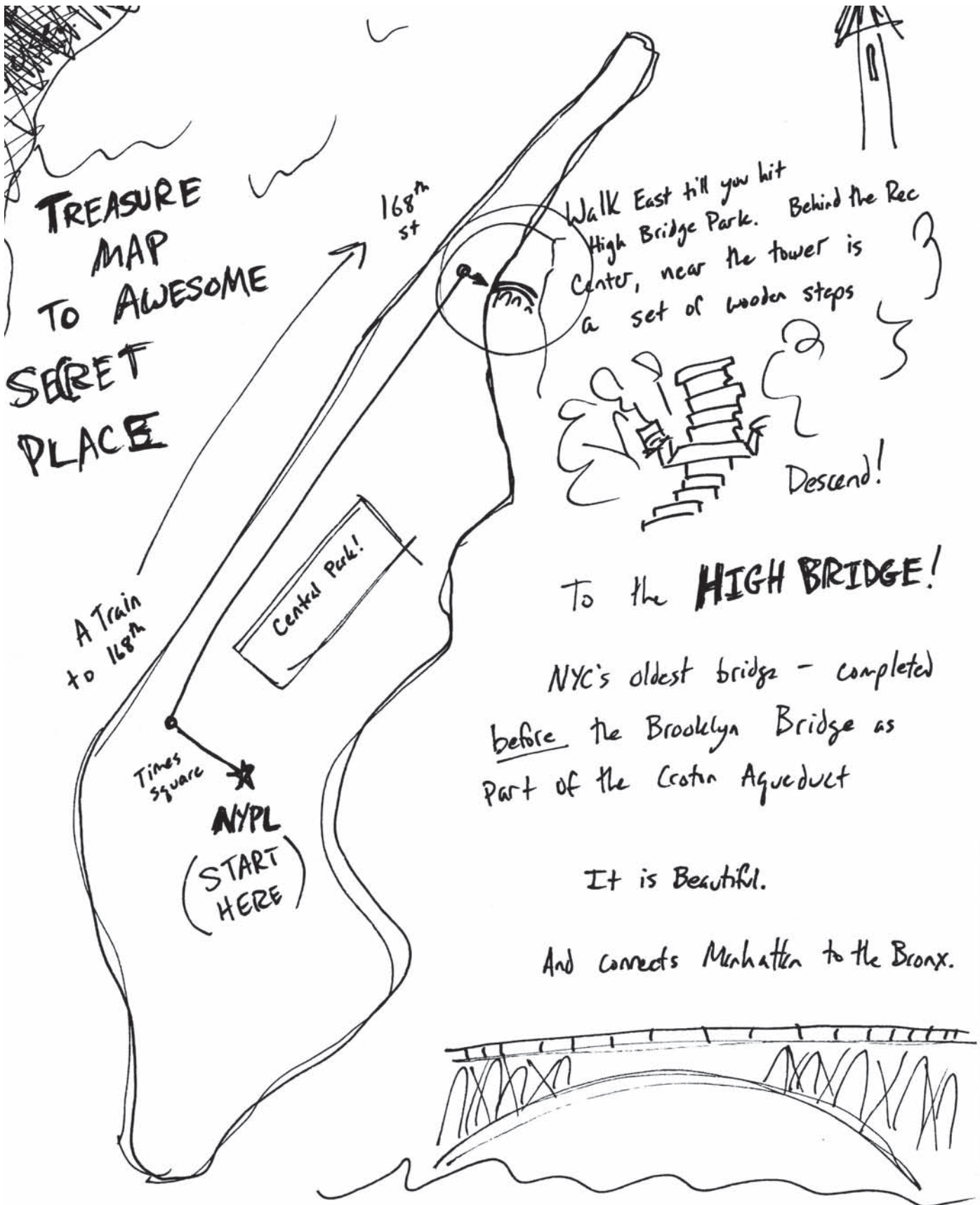
The Treasure Map of LOVE

by Katherine Myers, 2011



FIVE stops on
the map to the
greatest treasure
in the universe,
John Emison.

Ahnt
wombat6
Kendra_Elise67
khill
katherinemyers
Reggels
comet42427



**TREASURE
MAP
TO AWESOME
SECRET
PLACE**

A Train
to 168th

Times
Square
★
NYPL
(START
HERE)

Central Park!

168th
St

Walk East till you hit
High Bridge Park. Behind the Rec
Center, near the tower is
a set of wooden steps



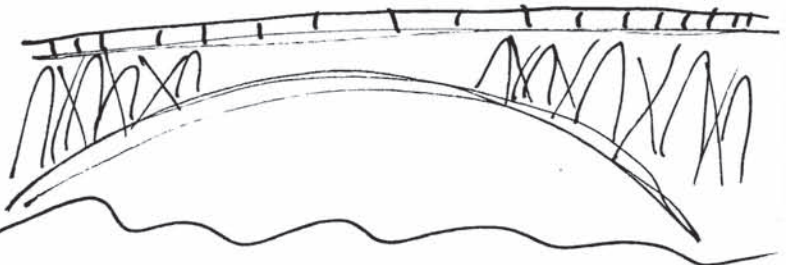
Descend!

To the **HIGH BRIDGE!**

NYC's oldest bridge - completed
before the Brooklyn Bridge as
part of the Croton Aqueduct

It is Beautiful.

And connects Manhattan to the Bronx.



By Barbara Eldredge

spqrxxi
markpopham
liminary
LK
upsofloating
Barbara Eldredge

Marshall Islands Shell Map

By Purumus

Really nice vector maps

Marshall Islands Shell Map

By klugesan

found a clue!

Subway Tour

By arielfederow

Begin in Astoria. Take the N/Q running to Manhattan. Sit on the west side of the train and look at the island. Transfer at Queensboro to the 7, also into Manhattan; sit on the west side of the train again. Look at the graffiti.

Exit at Times Square. Go to the place between the Broadway Line and the 7th Avenue Line, by the tvs that show boxing. Stand still for 5 minutes. Take the S to Grand Central, switch to the uptown Lex line. Get off at 59th and walk east to the Roosevelt Island tram.

Take the tram. Take it three times - sit facing downtown, then uptown, then downtown again. Get off the tram, and walk around the island. Notice the old sanitorium. Notice the new condos. Get on the

F train to Brooklyn. Ride. Get off at 2nd Ave. Get a knish from Yonah Schimmel. Get another knish. Walk to Essex, take a right, go to the Pickle Guy. Walk down to the F at East Broadway. Get on it, and go to Brooklyn.

Take the F all the way to the end. Celebrate Smith-9th - the highest point of the subway system. Eat your pickle and be glad. Keep riding, and riding - you will go above ground, and then below, and then above again. Ride until the end of the line - Coney Island. Read all the signs - imagine it, full of wood and metal, salty. Swim. Eat a hot dog, and fried clam strips, and pistachio soft serv. Ride the Cyclone. Look all around you at the very top. Scream with joy all the way down.



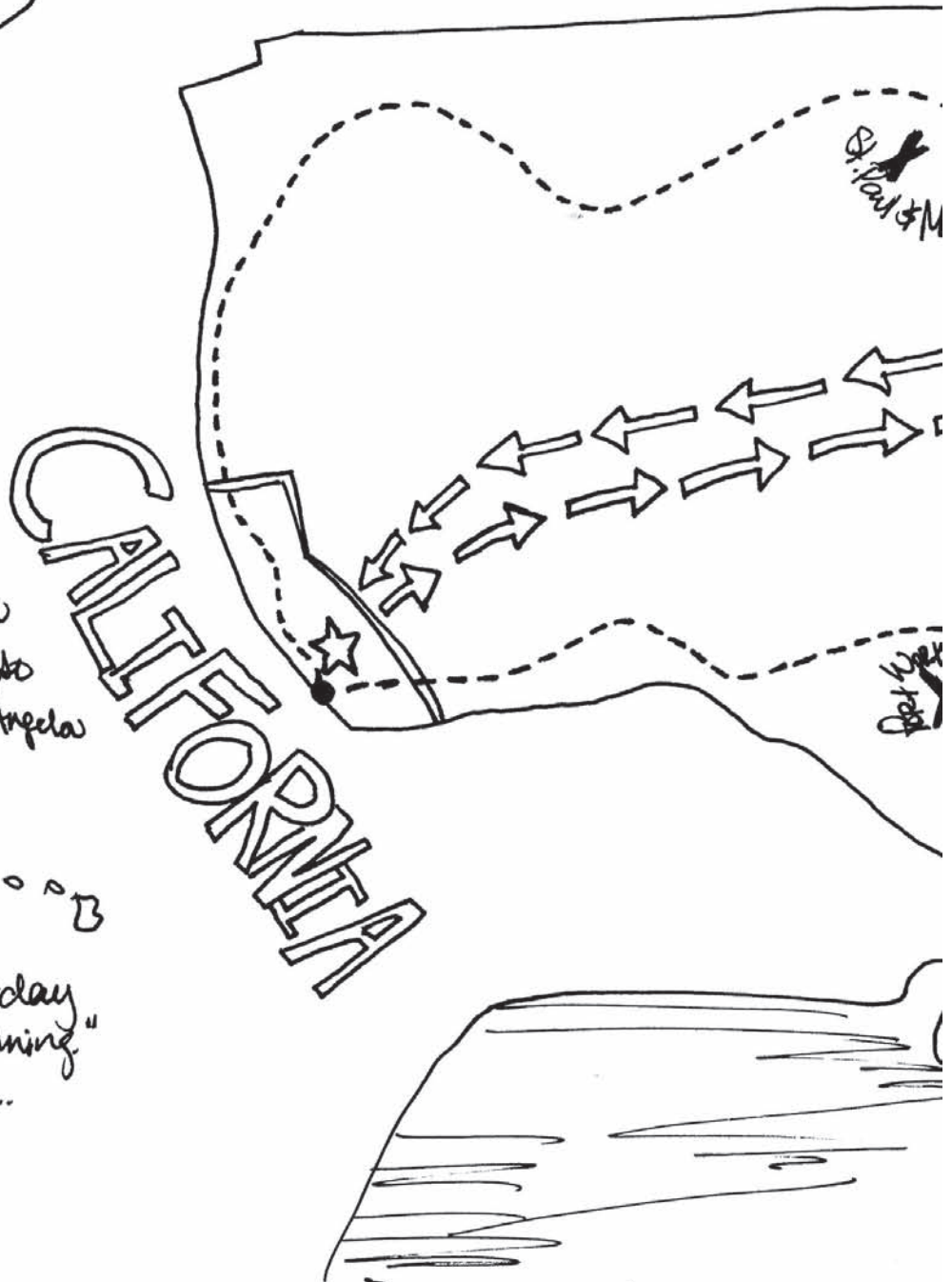
23



MAP THE INVISIBLE

"Don't ask what the world needs. ~~Ask~~ what makes you come alive. & go do it."
Howard Thurman.

"Life is full of Beauty. Notice it."



"You can never go home again, but the truth is you can never leave home, so it's all right." Maya Angelou

"Nobody can go back & start a new beginning, but anyone can start today & make a new beginning."
Maria Robinson.

Los Angeles in

017."

Home is where the heart is. Home is where you lay your head.

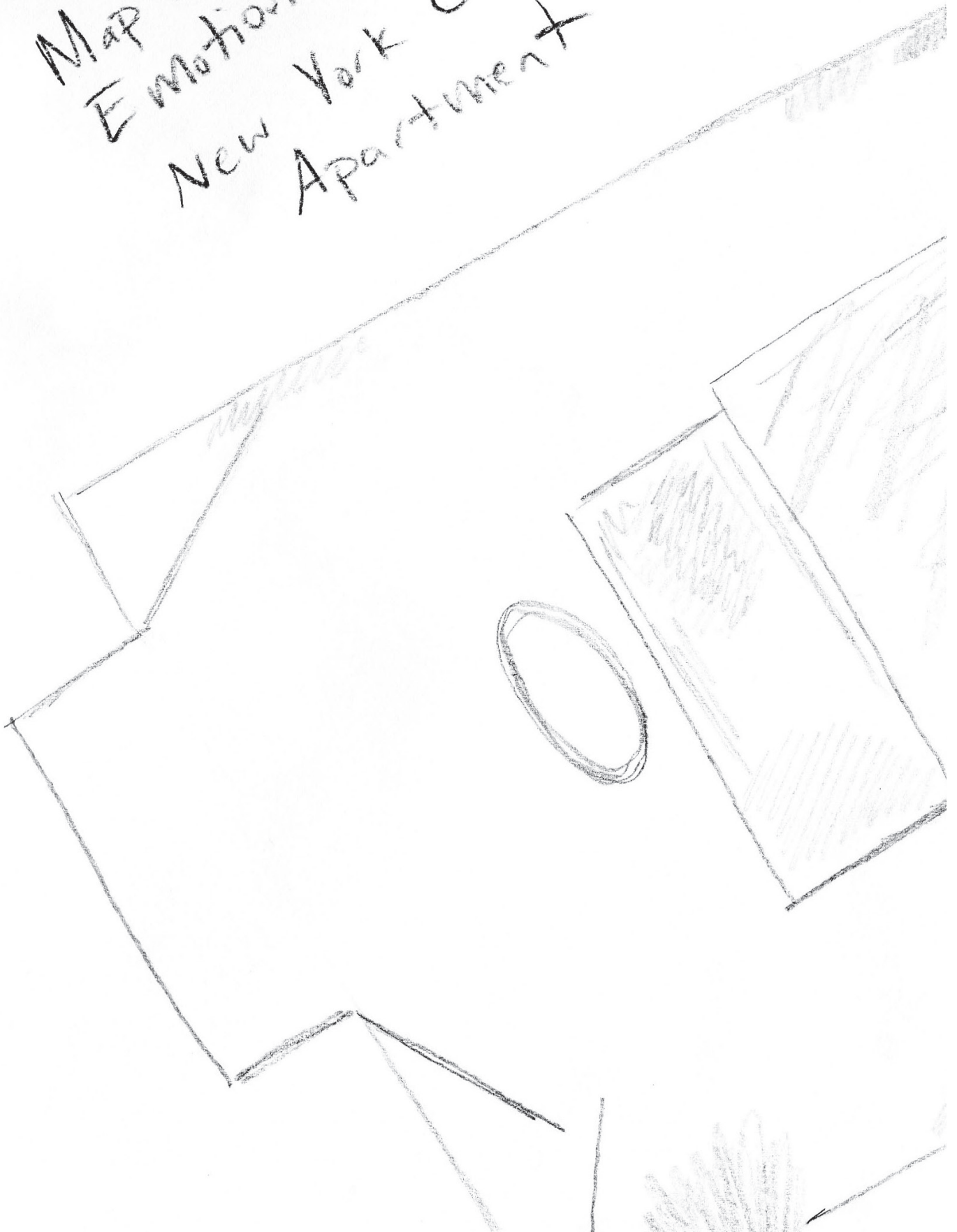
"The ache for home lives in all of us, the safe place where we can go as we are & not be questioned." Maya Angela

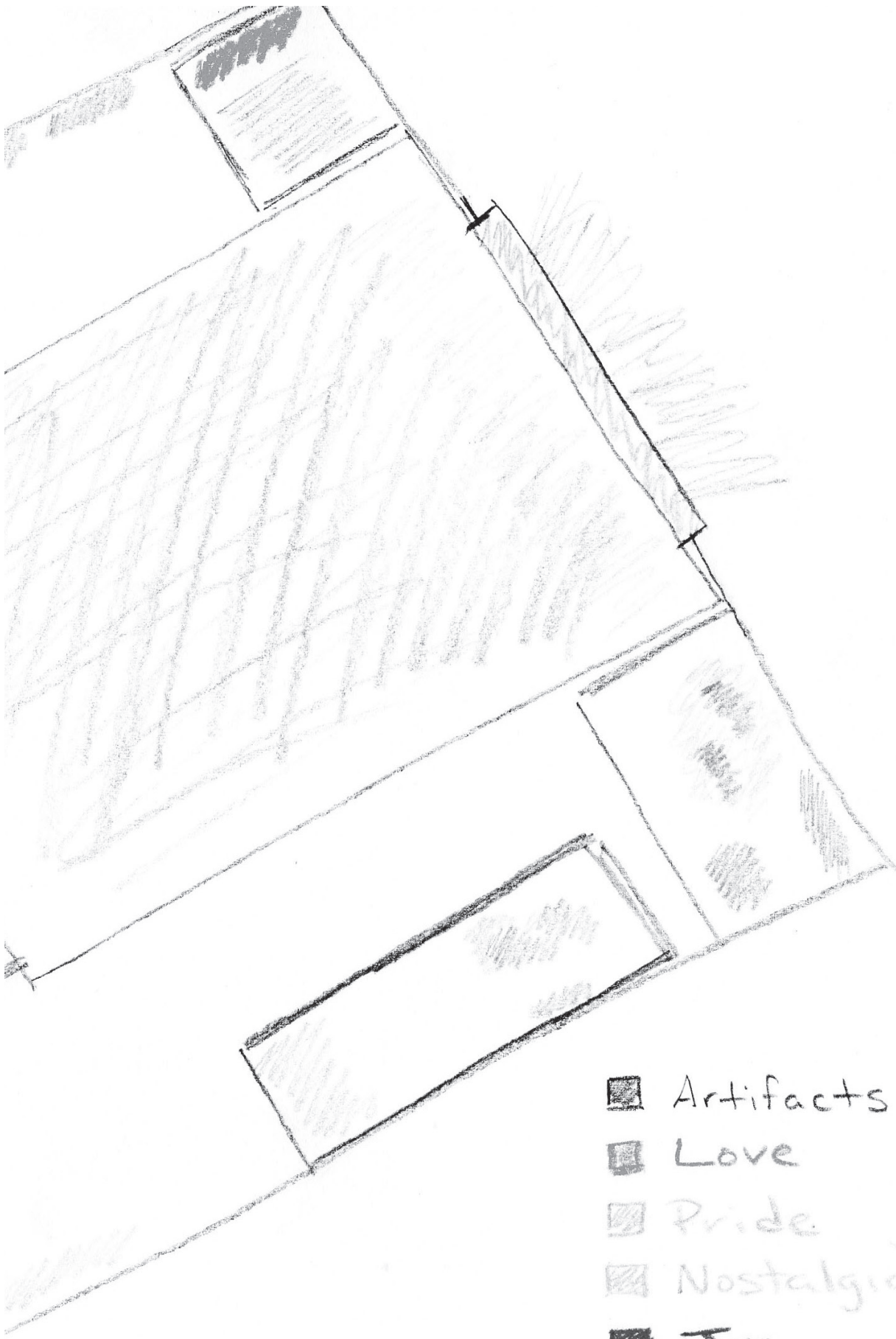


... me I look @ New York in my heart.

Helle Vaneruss.

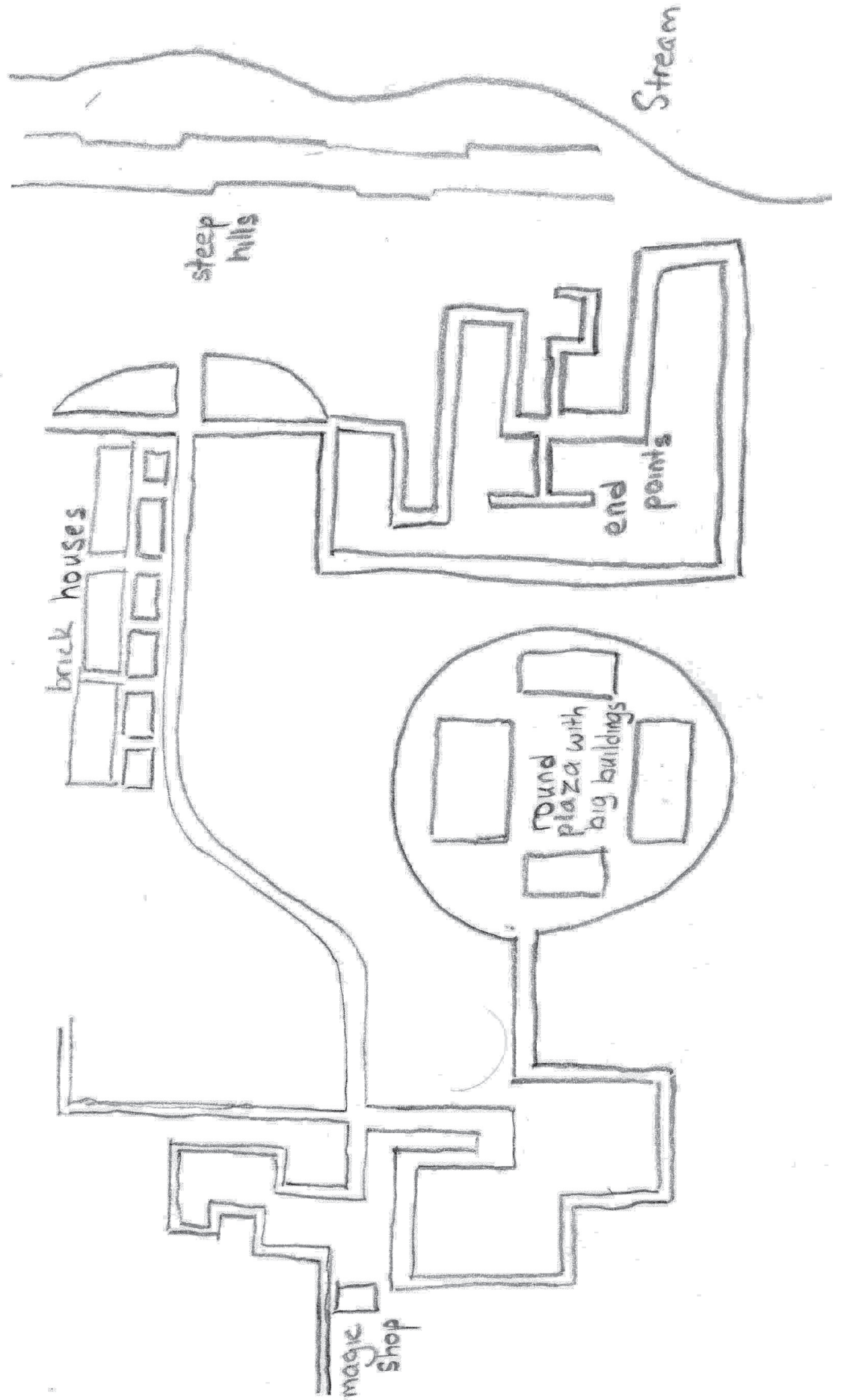
Map of Emotion of a New York City Apartment





- Artifacts
- Love
- Pride
- Nostalgic
- Joy

A MAP OF THE INVISIBLE
or
A PLACE I ONLY GO IN MY DREAMS



CapeKid
twixley
nnebeluk
Robot Ian
NotTheMermaid
idealect
julia
ianmacg



BE A BEEKEEPER

Bees in Astor Hall

By Cricket

***SUBMITTED IN HANDWRITTEN FORM

Virtual: Being such in essence or effect though not formally recognized or admitted.

Mobile phones. E-mail. Online chat.

Facebook. Twitter. Foursquare.

We live in a world of virtual communication and connection. Virtual in the sense that the devices through which we communicate are simulating the form in which we are communicating--not actual but electronic simulations of expression--but also virtual in the sense of the word--there is no real connection.

The technological ease with which we are able to communicate seems to be deteriorating the quality and frequency in which we connect.

Although ideas might be expressed, they're

rarely discussed or challenged. An exchange of communication might occur, but it's only at surface level.

As virtual communication becomes more of who we are as people, we run the risk of becoming virtual people--empty shells as interactive as yesterday's discarded technology.

If I could advise every person who walks through the doors of the New York Public Library to do one small thing it would be: Connect. Shut off your phone. Explore something unknown. Learn something you never thought you'd know. Consider all of the possibilities. Let someone prove you wrong. Talk to a stranger and make them your friend. Leave here with the commitment to make every day of your life an adventure--Go out into the world and find real connections.

Educating the Hive

By bunnybird

If I could get every person who walks through the doors of the New York Public Library in the next year to do one small thing, I would ask each of them to share a story with a child. Before long, children all over the world would know stories they never would have heard otherwise. The small actions of each of

the people would awaken a curiosity in children who may never have heard a story told before. The knowledge would become contagious and those children would tell their story to another child. The small actions would add up to a collective literacy the world has never known.

"Bee" the Change

By imahorcruz

Much like bees in a hive, one small thing - recycling your can, turning out the light, bringing a reusable bag to the store - can change the world.

There's nothing easier or more important than making an effort to reduce your impact upon nature. Think of yourself as a bee in the the hive, with Earth as the Queen Bee. Her life and the life of her entire family depends on the amount of flowers her worker bees visit, how much nectar they collect, how much pollen they distribute to other flowers; it's all interdependent. These tiny creatures hold so much responsibility on their figurative backs. Perhaps that's why Ancient Egyptians thought of the bee as a symbol of great power. A lack of cooperation among the worker bees can cause the collapse of a hive and the death of a colony, much like pollution and misuse of the planet's natural resources are causing massive destruction for humans. Yet bees

are smart enough to correct their problems, while humans seem to continue ruining the earth with no notion of the consequences.

If every person who enters the New York Public Library pledges to recycle their plastics, glass, aluminum, paper; reduce water consumption; drive less and walk more; and bring a reusable bag to the market, we could begin to slow the damage we've already caused and maybe begin to repair our own hive.

Just as bees work, pooling their resources together to create a community complete with a home and food, we, too, can band our efforts together to save the planet, bit by bit, little by little. Let's use the symbol of the bee as our talisman. Better yet, let's "bee" the change we want to see in this world.

DEAR LIBRARY

(that's you!)

VISITOR

hey! How's it going?
You got a favor to ask... plant something?
pretty please. Really, you can plant ANYTHING!

or an "orchard" (you know, if you're REALLY invested).



I promise -> in the end!
you'll feel good about it!

pretty please
GROW SOMETHING

planting has a number of benefits

1) It's good for the planet
-> the average meal travels OVER 1,000 MILES from FARM to TABLE
This travel uses valuable resources like WATER and OIL

1) It's good for your community!
shared outdoor spaces
improve community image + residents' feeling about their communities.

2) It's good for your health
- (no chemicals)
3) It's good for your BRAIN + YOUR HEART

NOW! IT'S BEAUTIFUL HERE!!

- Did you grow that?
- Good for you! It's delicious!
- Yes I did
- Thanks!

~~Did you~~

July

jbeasley20002
msull
Sarahmima17
Kalus

Virtual: Being such in essence or effect
 though not formally recognized
 or admitted.

.....

mobile phones. email. online chat.
 twitter. facebook. foursquare.

we live in a world of virtual communication
 and connection. Virtual in the sense
 that the devices through which we
 communicate are literally simulating
 the original communicative expression,
 but also virtual in the sense of the word
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 we ~~become~~ run the risk of becoming
 virtual ourselves — ~~empty people~~
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shut off your phone.

explore something unknown.
Learn something you never thought you'd know.

consider all of the possibilities
Let someone prove you wrong.
Talk to a stranger and make them your friend.

Leave this place with the commitment to make
every day of your life an adventure—

go into the world and make
real connections.

vogelbindery
SuzFarrellSmith
Cricket
ellena
smartestcleverest
TheGKnee
CaseyLynn

Were all in this together

By pnklady16

This question is very interesting and warrants a number of adequate responses;

1. Have everyone who enters the NYPL play one note on a piano. This will be recorded. At the end of one year, this recording will be played on a loop on exhibition at the library.
2. Have everyone who enters the NYPL say hello (in english) into a recording device. This will also be played after one year on a loop on exhibition at the library

Box of Quarters

By ajobster

Each person who comes through the door would drop a quarter in a box. At the end of one year (but not before), the quarters would be gathered up and used to pay for the laundry of as many NYPL employees as possible, determined by lottery. That small gesture will make their day, and perhaps they will make someone else's!

Go Forth My Little Bee Babies!

By christine.m.longo

As the keeper of this NYPL hive for the next year, here is what you will do:

Come inside and explore the various chambers of this enormous and fruitful literary catacomb. Swarm upon the words, stories, knowledge. Collect all you can. Then fly out past the hive, past the trees, and find a place to land. When you land you may lighten your load by leaving behind all that you collected in the chambers in this new place, where it is needed.



INVENT A NEW FOOD

Recipe for Fire Escape Burgers

By Indi Cover Your Heart

The New York City Fire Escape Burger

If you live in New York City (or any urban setting, for that matter), the only outdoor space you probably have to call your own is the humble fire escape. While it is meant to save your life in the event of an unexpected inferno, you can also use this as your own 8 x 2 foot getaway. Pop out your screen, climb out your window, and fire up the mini Weber grill for this delightful midsummer burger that will have everyone on the street below jonesing for a dangerous cooking location of their own.

Step 1:

Go to your local butcher, chat up the guy working at the counter, and get yourself some gorgeous ground beef. Do not skimp on the quality of your burger meat! Sure, you pay too much for your apartment, but spend the extra few dollars and pretend you're royalty while your legs swing dangerously off the fire escape. While you're out and about, pick up some cheese and pickles. These are essential ingredients for the true Fire Escape Burger.

Step 2:

Once you're home with all the goods, put all of your ground beef in a big bowl. Take a small handful and flatten it out, make it the circumference of your desired burger. Crack open the jar of pickles, pull one of those babies out, and slice it up nice and

thin. Lay a few slices on the burger, leaving about a quarter inch free on the sides. Now get out your cheese, slice THAT up nice and thin, and lay a few pieces on top of the pickles, again leaving some room on the sides. Now, get some more ground beef and try to make it the same size and thickness as your first patty. Place this carefully on top of the patty/pickles/cheese combo, so the meat is like the bread on a pickle and cheese sandwich. Repeat step 2 for as many burgers as you would like.

Step 3:

Carefully take your plate of magic burgers and climb out your window to the fire escape. Once your Weber grill is nice and hot (hopefully your roommate has taken care of this already), put the burgers on and cook for five minutes on each side.

Step 4:

Get out a hamburger bun, pop a burger on, and wait a few minutes before biting in so you don't severely burn your tongue on hot cheese and pickles. If you survive the first bite, you will be overcome with joy.

We hope you succeed in the adventure that is fire escape cooking. If you can cook on a handful of metal bars attached to the side of your building, you can do anything.

George Washington's Recipe

By gmehta

Tantalize your taste buds:

3 shallots

garlic

salt & pepper

white chocolate & nutmeg

pasta

truffles/wild mushrooms

bechamel sauce

nutella

puff pastry

strawberries

champagne or moscato

1. saute the garlic/shallots in EVOO , add salt & pepper
2. create bechamel sauce and stir into sauteed ingredients, add gnocchi
3. sprinkle saffron
4. on the side, roll sliced strawberries dipped into nutella into the pasty puff and bake
5. serve baked nutella strawberry pastry on side

George Washington's Recipe for Space Beer

By: Stuart Candy, Andrew Hojin Lee, Dalma De Leon, Annie Danger Yang, Ian Ragsdale, G. Angela Corpus

In twenty-seven eighty-nine, George Washington decreed
That his United Colonies must finally be freed
from bondage of The Motherland! And cosmic war ensued...
At length they won. And then resolved to celebrate -- with food!

'Twas sardines from a Methane Sea that launched the victory feast
Washed down with beer fermented with an interstellar yeast
A chilli burger followed, made from lab-grown wagyu veal
While snow cones mined from Pluto's icecaps rounded out the meal

The strains of their galactic anthem echoed 'cross the greens
Of terraformed golf courses and triumphant strip-mall scenes
But everyone agreed, though independence made them grin --
That their new invention, space beer, was the truly epic win.

George Washington's Recipe

By reillyodonnell

1 Part Guacamole

2 Parts Prosciutto

and Chase it with a Chicken Parm

Boom Delicious.

UNICORN CHEESECAKE

By g8torjenn

As any of the Golden Girls could tell you, the greatest moments of life would truly not be complete without cheesecake. Unfortunately, you can't live on something that rich. Or can you?

We have come up with the perfect, guilt-free dessert. A sweet that is so good, it will actually make you lose weight. That's right folks -- a mega calorie-burning cheesecake. With every bite, the calories melt away. And not only do you lose weight, our cheesecake is made with all natural ingredients, is lactose-free and is proven to cure and prevent cancer. It is also free and it grows on trees. Oh, and it tastes delicious.

Since this cheesecake is naturally occurring, we've analyzed it in our lab and determined that the ingredients are:

1/2 cup of love

1 tsp. of a first kiss

1/2 pint of a Swedish bikini team orgy

a pinch of brown sugar

graham cracker crust

1 oz of pure uncut rainbow

sprinkle of Soma

add power ballad to taste (Bohemian Rhapsody if available)

George Washington's Recipe

By Velliciraptor

The first creature to gain consciousness wished it had not done so almost immediately after it accomplished the feat. Consciousness cursed the creature with the awful burden of an awareness of self, future and past, as well as a fear of all things unknown. These new concerns grew so large in the creature's mind that they dwarfed want of food, shelter and mate, all the creature had known before. The beast immediately set about searching for relief from the pain of consciousness. As it had done with all problems before, the creature sought help from those with who it cohabitated. This was folly, as the creature's peers, who were not sick with consciousness, had never thought on their situation, let alone the situation of others. They understood wounds and hunger, but not anxiety over invisible nothings. They could respond with nothing but empty, hollow stares. With these stares the creature realized what it had known of consciousness was nothing but a bead of sweat preceding a mortal

fever.

Now understanding the isolation to which it was doomed, feelings of loneliness and desperation swallowed the tragic retch. The creature turned its back on its tribe and set off on a life of solitude, free of the sting of rejection. Days turned to years, but the consciousness didn't retreat a step.

Alone and consumed with doubt, the creature was a poor match for the wilderness, and its condition grew dire. After weeks of clumsy attempts at hunting and gathering, the creature found itself on the verge of starvation. As if by providence, it was then that a speckled, colorful fungus was happened upon. The creature knew that such things had the potential to kill, but desperation forced its hand.

Slowly at first, and with increasing speed a wave of euphoria enveloped and blunted the sad sole's consciousness.

Prismatic Ice

By Robot Ian

Drinks come in many colors. But historically, only one at a time.

Prismatic Ice is a breakthrough in mixology that seeks to change that limited paradigm. As a cube of prismatic ice melts, it releases new layers of seasoned dye into the body of the drink, changing the hue and flavor palette of the cocktail. Over the course of the drink's "story arc," the user is treated to a kaleidoscope of shifting shades and tastes--a new canvas for the 21st Century and beyond.

George Washington's Recipe

By JenniferPDickey

Cultivating a new recipe can be next to impossible. However, if you spend the time to climb across rope bridges in rural Japan, and sled down red sand dunes in Mui Ne Beach, Vietnam, or even ride on the back of an elephant on Koh Chang Island, Thailand you are able to experience people and culture at its finest. This will allow you to experience food in new ways, and with a good pallet, you will be able to meld and blend those styles together along with your memories of the places as you create new recipes.

For over a year now I have been trying to formulate the perfect recipe for a Matcha Green Tea beer. As a woman homebrewer I am always trying to come up with something new and unique that will be respected in the brewing community, which is predominantly male. The reason I have chosen such an interesting ingredient as Matcha ceremonial green tea is because I feel that the bittering hops that are commonly used in beer, such as

Centennial(appropriate for this event) and Cascade, are similar to the bittering effects that you get when you drink the bright green matcha.

As our founding father knew very well, brewing beer is a fickle creature. Each time you brew the same recipe you can come up with different results. I would ideally like to have a Pale ale simliar to that of Flower Power or Sierra Nevada Pale Ale, but with the addition of Matcha Powder (2oz for every 10oz of beer) in secondary fermentation the result would be a bitter, hoppy, crisp beer that is also **BRIGHT GREEN!**

Matcha, for me, brings back memories of Kyoto, Japan and tea ceremonies with beautiful and skilled women who were able to perform the lengthy and strenuous ceremony with grace and ease. I hope to someday be able to show the same grace in my brewing and produce a delicate beer that is truly something special that would be coveted by both men and women beer connoisseurs worldwide.

Magical - Possibly Delicious - Vegan Sweet Potato Oatmeal Cookies

By imahorcruz

Ingredients

Dry ingredients

2 cups oatmeal, blended in your blender until powdery

1/2 teaspoon baking soda

1/4 teaspoon salt

Wet ingredients

1/4 cup brown sugar

1/4 cup sugar

1/4 cup canola oil

1 Tablespoon flax meal

1/4 cup almond milk

1 teaspoon vanilla

1/2 cup cooked, mashed sweet potato

Optional

1/2 cup chocolate chips

1/2 chopped walnuts

Directions

Preheat your oven to 350 degrees and line a baking sheet with parchment

In a medium bowl, mix flax meal and almond milk well. Add oil and sugars, and whisk until mixture resembles caramel (this is very important!); add vanilla and sweet potato and stir again - but do not whisk as vigorously as you did before

In a large bowl, add oatmeal (now flour), salt and baking soda and mix well to get rid of lumps

Slowly add the wet ingredients to the dry and mix, being careful not to over-mix (the potato can get gummy if you do)

If using chips or nuts, carefully fold these in now

Using a tablespoon, drop the dough onto the parchment-lined sheet, careful to leave about an inch between each dough ball; press the dough down evenly

Bake for 12-16 minutes or until lightly browned around the edges

Enjoy!

George Washington's Recipe

By Kalina Leopold

One of my favorite recipes that no one I have ever met knows about is a Cream Cheese Omelette. It's very simple...you add a dollop of cream cheese to a brown omelette and fold over. They are super yummy!!

Stake Tartare

By bunnybird

Ingredients

2 large wooden stakes (preferably unused)

1 large onion, grated

1/2 cup capers

1 large egg

salt and pepper to taste

To Prepare:

1. Push stakes through wood chipper. Grind to coarse sawdust consistency.
2. Add grated onion and capers
3. Mix chipped wood with egg until the mixture forms a ball.
4. Divide into 4 patties.
5. Season with salt and pepper.
6. Serve on a bed of lettuce.
7. Never, ever try to eat.



REVEAL A HIDDEN STRENGTH

On Knowledge

By galenblade

If I were to create a totem, it would be for my friend Tim. Not only is he one of the smartest people I've ever met, but he draws his strength from knowledge. He always seeks more and more. And he always tirelessly gains more. He's told me that any day that passes where he learns something new is a good day.

Tim's totem is simple. A book. Though a single book, or even a single library doesn't contain the amount of knowledge that he hopes to gain. But it is a first step. Something that he can use on that road. The strength from knowledge is inside him, and the book brings it out.

Strength of a Pen

By meruiz83

We try to live each day as just another day, focusing on the things we deem important. Yet somewhere along the way, we tend to lose sight of the things around us and those who truly care. We are blinded by reality's lies as if it knows no bounds. The question is, how do we grow and move on from it? How can you let go of something so good, yet so bad? I tried to go in the right direction, but feel myself going left. I have lost myself many times before and always wonder if I will ever find my way.

I have discovered the greatest strength I can

possible have is the strength of writing. As a poet and writer, I escape into a realm of the unknown, where words are used as my personal friends, always understanding. One should never underestimate my ability to succeed, for I write what's in my soul as the words roll down my sleeves. Indeed, I am a child of prodigy. I write with the intention of speaking to the soul, tapping in to the psyche that none dare enter. Through writing, I will change the lives of many. Thoughts will be transformed into something so surreal it will almost seem real.

Pay no attention to the man behind the curtain!

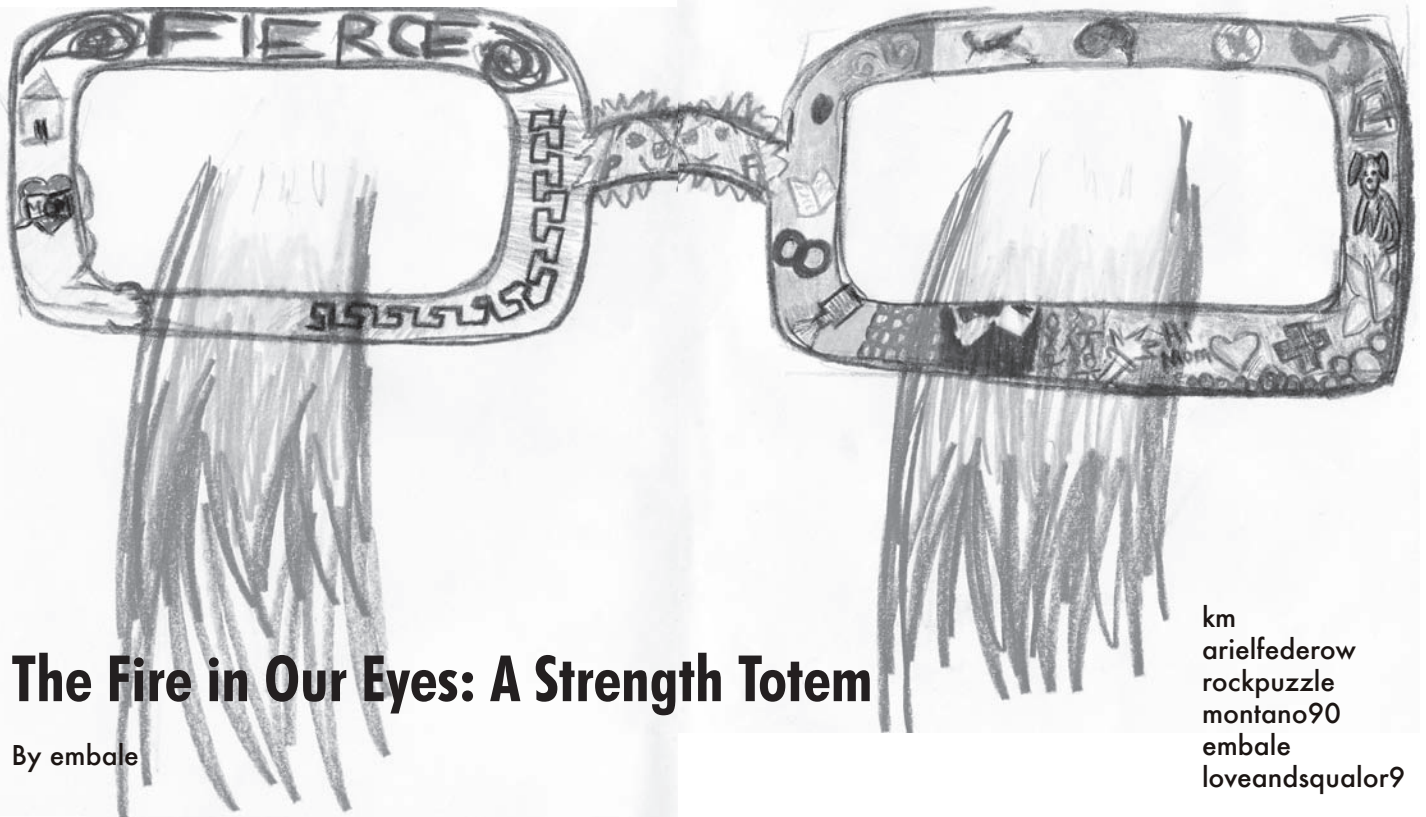
By christine.m.longo

My totem is made of the thoughts, dreams, hopes and knowledge of my students. Just as in the Wizard of Oz, they possess so many gifts that they have never seen in themselves. Perhaps instead of being able to trust what is, and has always been, inside of them innately...we could start the process of instilling confidence in their true and wonderful gifts by making them into something they can see and hold.

The Tin Man Cometh

By TatianaTheLibrarian

Finding Courage, Intelligence, and Heart in the stacks on our way to the future here at NYPL. Discovering truths about ourselves, each other, and the past before we follow the yellow brick road home again.



The Fire in Our Eyes: A Strength Totem

By embale

km
arielfederow
rockpuzzle
montano90
embale
loveandsqualor9

Finding one’s strength is a lifelong journey. No one on our team may have perfect sight, but we all have great vision. This totem represents the people we are, the things we love, and the places from which we draw strength. You can see the fire in our eyes. Each person on our team created one section of the totem, and together, draw strength from one another.

Emily: I draw my strength from the wonderful family and friends in my life, and I also try to honor my family and friends in heaven by living every day to the fullest. I feel that my most important powers are my crazy-creativity! No idea is off the table! and my ability to find good in all things.

Diana: Many people find strength in their heritage, and I am no exception. Being half-Greek has influenced my life in many ways and helps to keep our family strong. My heritage is only part myself! my creative endeavors help connect me to my family and peers, and help me feel as if I will contribute to this world as a whole. I draw strength from my art and art of those who inspire me. I may not have 20/20 vision, but my artistic mind is clear and ready to create everyday!

Sarah: My strength is not only in the things that I

do, love, and live out in everyday life, but also the communities that raise me up, expecting me to live to the fullest. It is not only my personal strength, but the collective strength that allows me to thrive, flourish, and expect others to do the same. I want to project the strength of myself and “families” to others, wanting them to live out greatness.

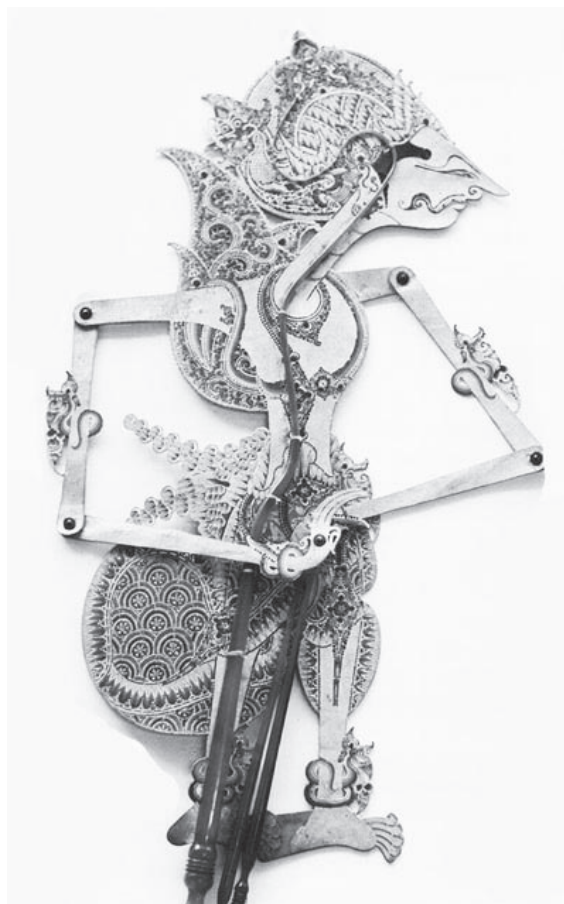
Ariel: In order to be strong we need to know what is already inside of us. In order to know this all we can hope for is to find it ourselves. The Wizard read each of the seekers and gave them what he discerned they needed! but there isn’t a wizard for me and I have to find it myself. I hope that these glasses, and my fierceness within them, give me the sight I need to see my own path forward.

Courtney: Strength comes from understanding the mysteries within us and around us. I am driven by the endless search for more knowledge, and I draw strength from others on the journey with me.

Kevin: I draw all my strength from my family and my home. I hope to one day look back at all that I’ve done and all my life choices and be content that I’ve done all I could for the benefit of those most important to me.

Warrior of Suriname

By Dutchbur



A symbol for me and a reminder of where I come from is called Wayang. A Wayang doll is a warrior of the Indonesian culture and symbolizes wisdom and strength. When I was younger, my grandfather had one of these mounted above the door in the living room. Eventually when I turned 18, I received one of my own and it reminds me of who I am and what I am capable of. It will always be a symbol of power for me.



Shining like a Diamond

By rinsakura

The totem of strength, the power that represents my parents, is a diamond ring. Diamond symbolizes purity, which reflects in a person's character, in their strength to remain righteous and follow good conduct throughout tough ordeals. Diamond also represents clarity, the wisdom to think thoroughly and make clear decisions without confusion and bias. The tough nature of a diamond, its rarity and brilliance are some of the key characteristics that symbolize the nature of my parents. Like a diamond, they shine and guide me throughout my life so that I can make the right choices and become polished, to shine like them one day.

Printed Freedom

By Redjeulle

I have always, always, guarded my freedom. It's so common now that people forget that it's something that our forefathers had died for. The liberty to decide for yourself, to do the things you want, to go any place you could -- it's something I would never give up for any price.

There is no greater tangible thing to represent freedom than the passport. Possessing one means the freedom to travel, one of the greatest pleasures of the free world, but also one of the most underrated. For other people, traveling is a luxury. For me, it's a need. The need to not be confined in one space, to roam, and to see whatever the world can offer. It's a strength we all have but don't exploit as much.





INVENT A RITUAL

amplify the small talk

By Majestas

Coworkers. Most of us spend up to 8 hours a day, 5 days a week seeing this specific group of people, for years on end! As an adult living on my own, I see my coworkers more than I see my own family! I see my coworkers more than I see my own friends! Yet I and most others do not really get to choose them. Still getting along and establishing some type of pleasant relationship with your coworkers will go a long way to bringing you happiness in your career and reducing stress at the office for years to come. I recently started a new job and here are the steps I went about to getting to know (and like) my coworkers.

- 1) Week one: When introduced to someone for the first time, try very very hard to remember their name, make little notes if you have to with a short description. Trust me. Their opinion of you will instantly go up if they don't have to answer the question: "What was your name again?"
- 2) Week two: Once you are sure you have the coworkers name, greet them by name when you see them for the first time each day. It's general politeness and manners. Even people who were never taught manners will recognize and appreciate in others. "Good morning, Mark" "Hello, Christine" Say it with a smile.
- 3) Week three: You can start this step in week two if you are getting positive responses from them.

Though in a genuine "How are you?" and wait for a response.

4) Week four: Start to strike up talk with coworkers when things aren't too busy. But don't get too personal yet. You may ask about how to do a certain procedure you're not sure about, Ask what's good in the cafeteria, ask them to recommend a good place to grab lunch outside of work.

5) Week five: If you're starting to feel comfortable that your coworkers are taking to you, and may even smile or say hello before you do. You can ask more personal questions. "How long have you worked here?" "How is your commute to work?" "Do you have kids, siblings?" "Do you have anything interesting planned for the weekend?"

6) Week six: By this time you should have made a good impression and will set the ground work, for your interactions with your coworkers to become more and more personal and intimate. Some coworkers will never get too close or share too much, some will. It's all about the individual.

Coworkers are like family you like some more than others, at different times, for different reasons. You bicker sometimes, and other times you share a joke and laugh yourselves almost to tears. You can't choose them, but you CAN learn to live with them, and maybe even love them.

Finding the Love of Your Future Life

By TobiasCarroll

Technology has altered the ways in which we interact. Many of our interactions with those around us are no longer conducted face-to-face, through spoken words and verbal cues. Written words -- using emails, text messages, chat programs, and more -- have set us on the path of trading one form of interaction for another; first impressions being of a set of words, a list of traits, rather than a reaction to the living person before us. How do we rekindle that introduction to the physical without foregoing the other advances of technology -- the ways in which it enables us to retain personal connections with those closest to us across vast distances?

The act of courtship has evolved with technology: in 2011, online dating services pit their algorithms against one another. Communities based around shared affinities -- whether patronage of local businesses or like-minded political beliefs -- offer an opportunity to find a potential romantic partner with some basic similarities to oneself. Yet the same questions of loneliness, potential awkwardness, and the perennial fear of rejection endure, regardless of the era. However, no matter how much information about interests and opinions is shared online, people can't tell whether they are truly compatible until they meet in person.

Other courtship rituals, both historical and current, focus on immediate face-to-face contact. The dance cards of the nineteenth century -- in which a single

woman recorded prospective dance partners for a particular social event -- is a direct ancestor of the modern phenomenon of speed-dating. Speed-dating puts single people through a series of brief one-on-one meetings with potential romantic matches, allowing them to meet multiple people in a relatively short amount of time.

What we are proposing, then, is a further evolution of the dance card model; a way for single people to interact with other singles in a way that makes use of the growing amount of information available online, and yet encourage early in-person meetings between many potential partners. Referencing the ritualistic aspects of the dance card, it would incorporate controlled improvisation and a variety of activities; it could be used by singles looking to meet prospective romantic partners or anyone looking to interact with and befriend new people. However, it would occur in a situation without the pressure and anxiety of speed dating.

It would begin with an existing social network. It would involve the creation of a centralized group, which would in turn create smaller subdivisions -- groups centered around assorted activities, such as wine tasting, concertgoing, poker tournaments, or gatherings at bars. The important facets would be that these social interactions would be large in number: there would be at least a dozen people from a particular group in attendance, and most (if

not all) would be single.

Members of these groups would opt in. They would be aware of the group as a social activity group, not of the matchmaking function. The group would mine members' data, searching for relationship status, sexual orientation, personal interests and photos that show common interests. Combing this data, participants would be selected to attend a special event, looking to put together a group of available singles with varying degrees of compatibility. And while most attendees of a particular event would in fact be single, and would in fact be looking to meet new people, not everyone would be; others would be, effectively, plants. Specifically, ringers placed into these situations to help facilitate connections between actively single members of the group.

Members of the group creating an event would send an invitation to members selected seemingly at random -- but ultimately not random at all. A potentially volatile mixture of singles would be chosen -- a combination of personalities, some of whom would likely be compatible; others who would most likely not click -- but leaving space where anything might happen.

When a single member of the group arrives at the event -- unaware that they're at, for all intents and purposes, a singles mixer -- one challenge will be to

get them to speak to one another. Some of these will have an automatic social component -- whether the group discussion inherent at a wine or cheese tasting or the ways in which technologically-connected people use social networks to interact, via hashtags, trending topics, and short online posts related to a specific event or occasion. For other interactions, such as those at bars or clubs, the use of ringers and plants would be required in order to prompt the singles in the room in the direction of one-on-one social interaction.

At the heart of this would be a formalized structure, as fixed and intricate as the social constructs that gave rise to dance cards in the first place. And yet its use of controlled improvisation, of decidedly modern and chaotic elements, would give it a sense of unpredictability -- a thrill and a charge that many formalized forms of prospective dating lack (and, historically, have lacked). Also, the lack of knowledge of the matchmaking situation would significantly cut down on the pressure and anxiety connected to blind dating. A ritual designed to reveal aspects of their own personalities and introduce them to people they might never have met otherwise. A ritual whose participants aren't aware that they're taking part in a ritual at all. A ritual designed to harness the power of building relationships of the future.

Dance Cards

By Kalus

Dance cards were thick, dangled from pendants.

The Commuter Courtship

By Chela

Everyday potential moments of courtly love are lost forever as commuters pass each other in cars or on foot. When a person passes another, day after day, there is a opportunity to see something more than simply a fellow traveler.

I present: a new ritual for the pedestrian traveller.

This can be a person on a subway, a bus or simply a walking route. When one party, male or female, notices the other shyness or social expectations keep you silent. Why create an awkward moment on your daily commute needlessly? But still, can you afford to lose a chance at love?

This is the purpose of ritual - to create a emotional bridge between awkward or difficult moments. As one commuter notices another, that person can send a subtle signal. Were a silver pin, any color, upon the left shoulder upon the chest, lying above the heart. It can be on the lapel, a shirt or a scarf. But it should be visible.

Then, if your prospective love notices it, and would be receptive to your romantic interest - he should wear a pin as well, silver near his heart, the following day, or the next time you are near. The signal is sent. And when both see the call and response, perhaps there is an opening for connection when there once was none.

And what if another person notices the pin? The wrong person? The signals are crossed, and the match is missed? Or maybe, a new match can occur if the pin's signal is sent to another, unexpected romantic interest. A woman with her eye on a tall dark and handsome type may find another man wears a pin to her response, and her gaze may fall instead. And if two people, once passing in silent longing, now can have a signal of love? That is true romance.

In any case, this commuter courtship changes a monotonous daily routine into a dance between strangers, drawing together those who were once alone and adrift.

The Love Fruit

By lorene

Most fruits are pollinated by the bees, birds, the wind or even themselves. However in the future a new fruit will be discovered and named the Love fruit. The Love fruit is special because its pollination occurs when it's pollen is stimulated by the conversation of two people. In fact the continual growth of this plant depends on it being stimulated by the same two people.

Not too long after the discovery of this plant, came the Love Fruit courtship ritual. New couples would plant the seeds and grow the Love Fruit. Regular meetings were necessary to keep the plant alive. Woe to any couple that killed their Love Fruit plant as the death of plant signaled the end of the relationship. For the couple who couldn't grow a simple plant had no business trying to grow love between themselves.

Keeping a plant alive to bear the expected pink fruit was a sign that the couple were compatible, but it was the couples whose fruit bore the elegant and rare purple fruit were certain to fall deeply in love. They were almost guaranteed a long and loving relationship.

Those purple fruit were saved for two purposes. First they are baked into the couple's wedding cake as a way sharing the love and happiness with their friends and family. Later the couple's children would be give the seeds from their parents Love Fruit as they began their own courtships.

Of course this is where they got the saying "Love that bears fruit, takes roots"

Mother's Dance Cards

By jcurwin

My late mother showed me her dance cards. We used to spread out her jewelry, her pictures, and her dance cards on the coffee table. Adding diaries and letters as we found them in her various baskets and boxes. So many men signed her dance cards. She told me that she was so thin then that she sewed long sleeves on all her dresses so that her arms wouldn't show. Listening to her memories of those years made me want to hug her. She had been poor and wanted so much to go to college, but had to go to work. She must have been beautiful.

E-Lit Courtship

By Barbara Eldredge

As e-books and digitized media become ever more ubiquitous, our books will be able to tell us who else in the world shares the same literary tastes as ourselves. Across continents and languages, the bonds created by a mutual love of the written word will abound! To get the ritual started, choose your favorite book (mine's Virginia Woolf's *To The Lighthouse*). Google "fans of (your book) message board" and leave a post! Create a dialogue. Gush about the author's use of synecdoche or the the main character's converse sneakers.

Would you rather

By MeggieMcD

I think everyone should have to play the game "would you rather?" with someone for at least 15 minutes. the game involves two options- for instance "would you rather be a bully or be bullied? would you rather lay in a pool of tapioca pudding or granola? would you rather be freakishly tall or freakishly short? would you rather be respected or feared? would you rather be wealthy or attractive?

Another option is a game from "into to improv"

class, where someone sits in a hot seat and you fire questions at them for a minute- like "what's your guilty pleasure? what was your favorite subject in elementary school? who is your celebrity crush? what's the most adventurous thing you've ever done?" etc etc etc.

Both are a great ways to loosen people up and get to know them quickly! Plus, it's always hilarious and everyone has a good time. Mission accomplished!

How to Talk to Someone on the Subway

By Redjeulle

1. Look at them and make eye contact.
2. If you establish eye contact, smile at them.
3. If the smile is returned, come nearer. It might be taking a few steps toward the person, or leaning in. But don't lean in too much as to invade the other person's personal space. If the person looks away, they're probably freaked out. Stop the smile, or maybe show less teeth. Look embarrassed but still friendly. Don't lean in. Repeat steps 1 to 3 until your smile is returned.

NOTE: You might want to set a loop counter on this. If it's the third time and they're actually moving further away, stop. Get the message.

4. While still smiling, put your peripheral vision to

work. Try to find something pleasant or unusual about the person, such as clothing, hair, or eyes. Comment how interesting/funny/nice they look. Maybe a book they're holding. Don't lay it on too thick, that's creepy.

5. If they thank you for the compliment, you're well on your way. Introduce yourself first, so they don't feel like you just came up and starts interrogating them. It's giving them the ball and it's up to them to return it.

6. Up to this point you have already laid the ground for a potential friendship to blossom. Don't be persistent. Being friendly and being creepy is divided by a very thin line.

Good luck in your quest to make a subway friend.

Dance Cards

By merrymay

How To Greet A New Coworker

By brooklynknight

Dance Cards

By grift

Person A: Introduce self "Hi, my name is..."

Person B: Introduce self "Hi, my name is..."

It's Amazing What You'll Find

By marclar

In 1964, Elizabeth Kane and her all-female college classmates were introduced -- with the help of cutting-edge computer technology -- to their ideal matches from the neighboring University of Notre Dame.

At Notre Dame's dance, each dancer received computer punch cards that described, in binary code, their personal "Mr. Right." Instructions to not "fold, spindle or mutilate" these digital dance cards followed, along with disappointment upon meeting the computer's picks. Fortunately for me, my father was not selected this way (he was a blind date).

Since the days of olde-fashioned dance cards, ornately decorated and penned with the hopeful signatures of would-be suitors, humanity sought greater matchmaking efficiency with the wisdom of computer chips and hard drives. But if the 1980's failed to teach us that it takes more than silicon to create the perfect pair, the lesson finally took hold in the 2010's.

With some embarrassment for abandoning

our human instincts in the messy search for companionship, we returned to more organic, face-to-face games such as the noble "Guess the Belcher", the always unpredictable "Taser Twister" and the ill-advised "Breakdance Breakdance Revolution."

But as you must break some eggs to make an omelet, you must break some legs to make a hamlet. So say the tight-knit survivors of this game, anyway.

The information revolution opened countless paths for humanity, unlocking greater potential for our bodies and casting light into the darkest corners of our scientific ignorance. But perhaps the greatest gift it gave us was the knowledge of its limitations.

For try as we did, our most intimate connections never were forged through circuitry but through shared space, eye contact, touch, voice and music. As they always had been.

Co-Presidents Daft Punk said it best: "It's amazing what you'll find face to face."



REIMAGINE THE BOOK

Penny Virginia's Future Storybook

By FoulgerLibrary

I have a new baby daughter named Penny Virginia and she loves storytime, especially when the books are pop-ups or interactive in a clever way. The more textures, colors, moving parts and especially holographic foils, the better! She thinks Dr. Seuss pop-up books are particularly delicious, and gnaws at them regularly to sooth her teething gums.

Kindle and other e-books are quite convenient, but I don't think they are the ultimate future of the written word. Technology is a tool, not an end-all solution and like everything else in our lives, it exists best in moderation. There's something substantial and earthy about picking up a well-read paper book in your hands, caressing its dog-eared pages and taking in the raised text on the page. A book that you pass by again and again on your bookshelf can ignite the imagination in an easy, organic fashion that is irreplaceable.

Petrus Apianus wrote a book with moving parts that helped readers to calculate the passage of time, and

I would like to invent a book for Penny that is as traditionally physical as it is technologically advanced. It will use three-dimensional holograms that can be manipulated with her fingers the same way we manipulate an iPhone touch screen today. But it will still consist of pages and words, and require no power source other than the human hand opening and closing its sturdy cover. I could describe my creation in more complexity, but every additional detail is unnecessary and will only hamper future designers.

The point is this- to preserve the wonder of childhood through discovery of the written word, in whatever form is fashionable at the time. I hope that my daughter will read books the same way people have done for centuries, with her eyes converting symbols and images into ideas that expand the imagination and free the mind.

ASTRONOMICUM CAESAREUM

The books of the future from a Physicist's perspective

By Carolina Castaneda

In line with Peter Apian's Astronomicum Caesareum book, the books of the future will

make the reader visualize the descriptions, ideas and inventions from a completely new perspective to the one we know.

The new books will be just glasses, helmets or books that can create holograms providing a more interactive experience. The reader will be part of the story and will recall much better what he has read or learned because he/she was part of it.

The most innovative book of the future will be the fMRI reader book.

Thanks to the new technologies and a better knowledge of the way quantum particles behave, reading a book will become a whole new experience.

This will be a state of the art book in the form of a helmet that can translate the writer's or reader's thoughts into an electro magnetic resonance imaging of the head.

Perhaps you have heard about brain MRI's. Well, a more advanced technology called fMRI is being developed.

fMRI stands for functional Magnetic Resonance Imaging. This new technology uses quantum mechanics and nuclear physics to translate the impulses of the brain into voxels. You can think

of voxels like the pixels that make up pictures, but voxels are 3D images of certain areas in your brain.

This new method is much more advantageous because some scientists think that it could "read a person's brain".

The traditional MRI uses water molecules while fMRI can get more and better information of the brain activity. In fact, fMRI identifies stronger blood flows and oxygenated blood to find the most active regions of the brain at a certain point in time.

Given that humans tend to have the same areas of their brain activated when thinking about a specific subject, this method will make it possible to distinguish to some extent what is crossing a person's mind or the way he/she is feeling. For example, given that the book is able to determine if the person is nervous, anxious, happy or sad, it could choose some transition of its story to fit that specific state of mind. The author will build different scenarios and outcomes in advance and will communicate the ideas to the reader through an adaptative experience.

So, the fMRI book will be a virtuous cycle in which the book reads the person's mind while the person reads the book in order to find the way that captures the most attention from the reader. This will develop a strong connection, human-book. In a sense, the person and the book will become one, they will create the future together.

Footnotes of Destiny

By Lolololori

I just think it would be great to have a book that let's you have super interactive footnotes. The New York Times site does this a little bit, but really, I'd love to just be able to highlight some text - either with a smartphone to a real book or within an e-book - and get fast, relevant commentary on it.

Astronomy-Astrology

By ThereseHeather

Looking at the Astronomicum Caesareum, it is a thing of beauty. Truly. It was a new way of interacting with a text, with movable parts to help calculate the passage of time from an astronomical paradigm, the thinking a la mode.

From Taurus to Libra, and Scorpio to Sags, astronomy ordered the world. Before electric lights, the invention of "time" (clocks), and the Scientific Revolution, after the sun went down, humans were privy to the most amazing lightshow on Earth; the night sky. The stars ordered the laws of the land, predicted the weather and the economy,

and it dictated the cures of different physiological problems. (Did you know the groin is Scorpio's region?) Astronomy could be measured, calculated, and predicted. And Petrus Apianus used a book to allow such calculations and measurements through novel movable parts. He mechanised a book. He was totally thinking "into the future."

But if you really want to know about people who were thinking "into the future" may I suggest further research into the Antikythera Mechanism of Ancient Greece, the first, dare I say it, computer, in all of human history. Do it. The future tells you to.

Hubble

Written by: Antonella Comella

Reading a book can open a limitless world. It is a vast universe, where the essence of a historical past or an imaginative realm of the future, can coexist in the present.

In the future, you will not just read a book- you live within the story as it is happening.

The books of the future do not look much different from those of today. They will still be in a hardcover, paperback or digital format, however these books will be immersed with the creativity of the author. As the author writes his or her story, their vision is attached to each word. These words are not only letters on a page, but a vessel containing the author's imagination. You will be able to see, smell and hear the imagery of the words.

As you begin to read the words on the page, the world around you changes. You activate a portal

that transports the essence of the author's soul into yours. Imagine reading a history book about the Egyptians. As you are reading about the Egyptian pharaohs, the world around you changes... as you look up, you will see the massive pyramids, smell the scent of the camels nearby and feel the heat of the blazing sun. Your characters appear around you, speaking the words you read.

When you turn each page, the story continues to perform around you. You are observing what you are reading through author's imagination. You can be surrounded by Greek Gods, be in a spaceship on its way to Mars, smell the flowers blooming in the sun or witness a speech given by George Washington. The possibilities are endless since each book tells its own unique story.

To stop this, all you need to do is close the book. The visionary world will disappear only to return when continue reading. It will be there waiting for you to explore it.

Book of the Future

By Katie Ventura

In my book of the future you could speak with the author and ask questions about the novel. There would be no greater gift than to be able to gage the thoughts of your readers in the moment. I could think of nothing more interesting both for the author and the reader. Who wouldn't want to talk to their favorite author?

Astronomicum cæsareum- cultural and scientific evolution

By Michael Ackerson

A fascination with the night sky is one of the few aspects of humanity that transcends geography and time. From the solstice-oriented spires of Stonehenge to the astronomy towers and pyramids in the Yucatan, the the great telescopes pointed skyward in Chile, our fascination with the cosmos traces the evolution of culture and our understanding of the immense universe around us.

To me, the Astronomicum caesareum represents a landmark in both scientific and cultural evolution. At a time when people were redefining our understanding of the place of Earth in our solar system and the universe, this map was one of a cascade of ideas that led to our modern understanding of the universe.

Be Your Own Adventure

By grift

The children's book of the future would be able to place the reader into the book as a character. It would do this through a combination of technologies both current existing and not yet existing. First, the story would be told through video hologram, or "holovid" in the future vernacular; the child (or parent, if the child was yet unable to read) would be able to read along with the story as the scenes played out in front of him/her/it. Second, the child would have the option of adding him/her/itself into the story as a character (to be determined per book, by the author/publisher, but usually the pro/antagonist). The technology required would be a super-portable scanner, fitted into each book (like the barcode scanners in today's smartphones), that would take a 360 degree, 3D snapshot of the child, as well as a brain scan that would collect information about the child's life in order to personalize the story, and avoid any sensitive topics, e.g., pets passing away. Finally, and this currently exists, but is such a great idea that I don't see why it shouldn't endure into the future, children's book of the future will allow parents to record their voices reading the story to the child so that the child can hear his/her/its parent's voice even when their parent cannot read to them.

ImaginArt Book

By IMPERIALHUNTRESS

To me, one of the most fascinating properties of books are their ability to transport the reader out of his or her present environment and into a world that is entirely of their own imaginations. This is done not through high-tech visuals or 3-D manipulations but through the simplest of all communication - black and white words printed on a sheet of paper.

The ImaginArt Book, as it will be called, will have the ability to track live these projections of one's mind as one is reading the book. The book will come with special sensors that, when coming into contact with one's hands as the pages are turned, will simultaneously track brain waves and special areas of the brain that light up as the reader processes the contents of the book. These trackings will be mapped out on a computer system and will

show in detailed playback the kind of imaginative somersaults the reader experienced while immersed in the book. Other add-on technologies would include the ability to see if the reader has strengthened certain areas of their brain such as the creative, the logical or the emotional regions, over time. It could even be asserted that this technology could test, over time, whether the reader overall got "smarter" as he reads various books.

The book itself will look the same as the books of today, but the behind-the-scenes technology will enlighten the reader and enhance his or her experience of the book more fully. In this increasingly networked world, he or she would be able to share these previously privately held experiences with others as well on social media sites.

Opening Imagination

By ianmacg

Books are immersive, transporting us to a new world where fantastical dreams meld with our reality and become something more than the mere words on the page.

In the future, technology will allow these worlds we generate in our mind to be recorded, to

be shared with others. No longer will a movie adaptation become the canon image for a character or a place, no longer will we be restricted to what can be constructed on a film set -- our imaginations will be made public and the worlds we enjoy in secret shared with those we love.

The Single Volume Compendium of Infinite Stories

By Robot Ian

For some, a thriller is divine. For others, romance is the stuff of rainy afternoons. But all readers have taste.

Now, thanks to the advanced narrative technology packed into "The Single Volume of Infinite Stories," the novel need no longer be a roll of the dice.

A full personality scan establishes the reader's tastes,

favorite subjects of interests, beloved characters from other fiction, and subconscious longings. The data set is then used to craft a story that is 100 percent original, and tailored made to thrill the reader.

Once the book verifies that the reader has reached the end of the story, the text is permanently deleted from the device, guaranteeing that it was a one-time-only experience.

Book

By JCD

The new book is not read; it reads.

Book of Thoughts

By Beth Ann Mastromarino

My book, which will be available in the not so distant future will be the most intimate, interactive experience that a reader could possibly undertake: The technology, a marriage of Kirlian photography and holographic imaging.

The reader will activate the book, which is blank, by holding it to their forehead, where the mystical

“Third Eye” is located. Once the reader concentrates on the story they wish to read, the technology fills the book with their perfect story: Action, adventure, comedy, autobiography- whatever the reader desires. It will also be invaluable to students taking notes and artists who cannot put their thoughts into words. This technology will do that for us.

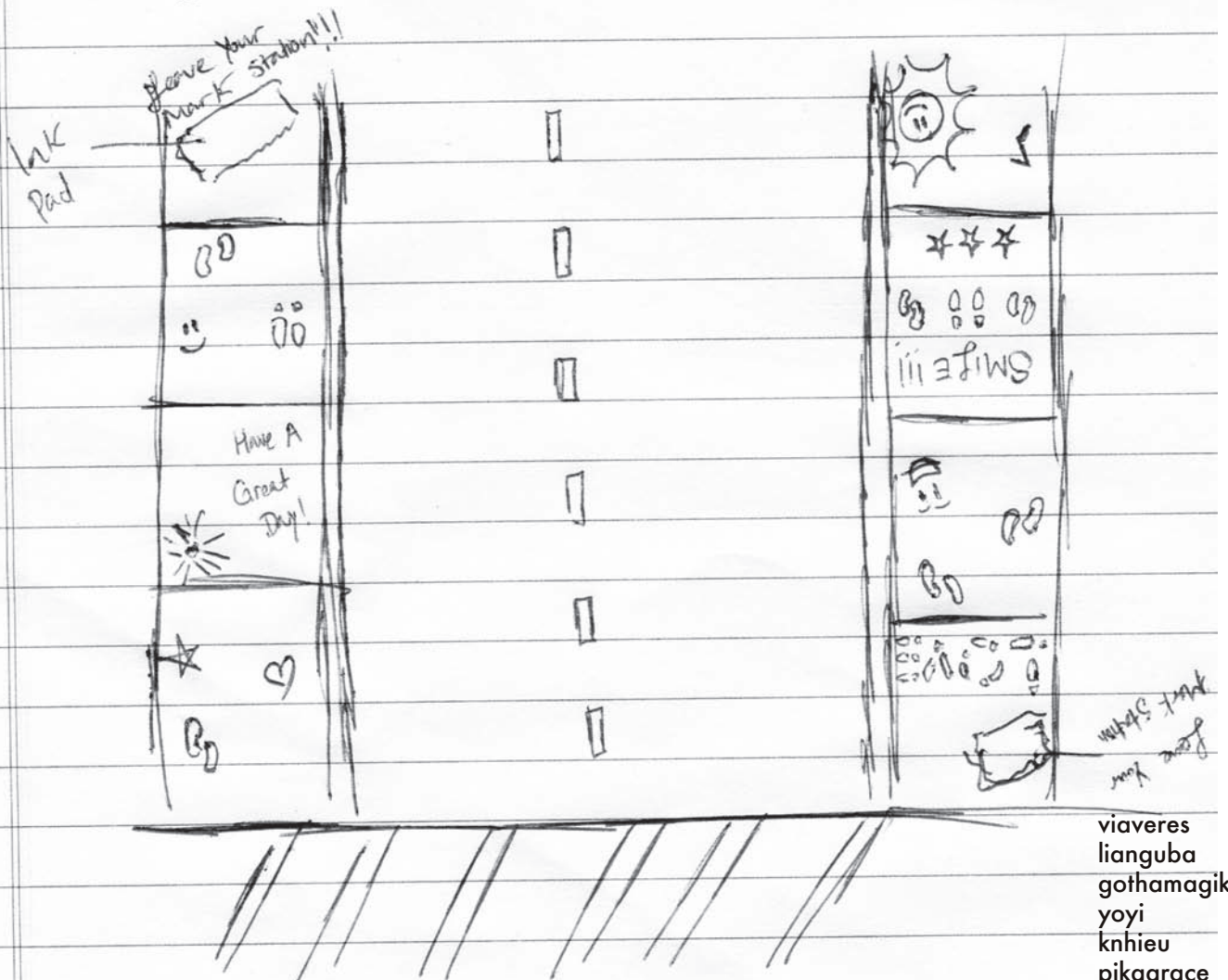


TRANSFORM A PUBLIC SPACE

CHRISTO'S GATES

Sidewalk Beautification!

Our public space will be a sidewalk where a bounty of chalk lets people place their moods on concrete for all to see. We would also have plates of paint for people to step in and walk across the sidewalk - literally leaving their mark.



viaveres
lianguba
gothamagik
yoyi
knhieu
pikagrace

Faces

By: Christine Hackett & Alex Gonzalez

“Give me a chance to prove that I am worth it, to do something, to be someone in America.”
Greek Immigrant who arrived to Ellis Island

The Statue of Liberty and Ellis Island are part of the fabric of coming to America. The hopes and dreams of millions of individuals began when they glimpsed the majestic statue in the Hudson River bay. It is only fitting that these national landmarks be the place where people can turn to see the faces from their past. Our mission, inspired by Christo’s Gates, would be to show the past on Ellis Island and the future at the Statue of Liberty.

The buildings on Ellis Island are priceless and should be left in their original form. As visitors walk along the grounds, the public would experience the faces of those who arrived a century earlier. They would be consistently running on 50 foot

projections on waterfalls that surround the Island. The faces represent all those who immigrated in the past, to those who are still coming to our country in search of a better life. People would be able to see ancestors, friends, even colleagues. It would not only be a way to experience the past, but a way to bring New Yorkers together.

For the display of the future of American immigration, The Statue of Liberty would be draped in flags of the world. At night, its torch would beam rays of different color lights, representing all the cultures of the world. We live in a world of color, of light, immersed in history. We can inflict this emotion in people who come to this public space in search of meaning, comfort, or knowledge. When they experience the “Faces,” they will leave with a better sense of who they are.



sarahb0485
amystettler
mjandersen
HanleyUS
SaraJo
kylecameron
whitneyebryan
imtopher

Inkpads and the Sidewalk

By viaveres

Sidewalks are dreary things by nature, they are all cement and gum and other dirty unmentionable things. What we need is something to beautify them, not an uncommon sentiment.

The usual tools for such things are chalk and maybe paint. Each used to craft children's smiles, suns and happy phrases. We would have those, but also have a way for every passer by to participate.

Large inkpads would be set on the side, filled with

inks developed specially to stick onto shoes and disappear quickly on the cement. Those that walk by could leave their colored steps, could dance, could walk or leave their mark.

The sidewalk wouldn't be just a place to travel on then, it would be a canvas. It would display the steps of those that came before us and the path we always take, or are taking for the first time.

Beautifying the Subway

By tomgerrity

The subway. Because the subway is a horrible place.

The narrow platforms and low, industrial-style ceilings of the subway make it a dark, dank, and uninviting place. And yet millions of New Yorkers rely on the subway as their primary means of transportation, spending a small portion of their lives there on a daily basis. This time should have the potential to be as enjoyable and productive as any other. As the commuter systems in other cities amply demonstrate, the subway does not need to be so aesthetically unappealing. And, as the Central Park Gates show, traditional spaces can be transformed with the addition of simple, humanizing artistic elements.

For the subway system, we would add color and dynamic lighting to the stations and platforms. Ideally, the platforms would be larger and more naturally lit, but this kind of radical renovation is not necessary to make the sort of symbolic and subjective improvements that the Central Park Gates idealized. Instead, infusing music into the subway cars could go a long way toward making them a more fun, social place. Even further, enabling all subway tunnels and train cars with wireless internet would allow commuters to work on the go and travelers to find directions to their next landmark. We could all make better use of the time it takes to go from one place to another, all while enjoying the improved mood granted by our aesthetic improvements.



OPPOSE ISOLATION

Brothers & Sisters in Transit

by Garrett Verdone (with the help of Matt Jean-Lubin, Laurey Lou, Mary Met, Emily Schubert, and Robert Whitehead)

The public transportation system moves thousands of millions of people every day. Sometimes passengers travel with friends or family, but most of the time they are surrounded by complete strangers. Brothers & Sisters in Transit (BSIT) is a system designed to overcome the alienation and isolation that plagues the public transportation system. On every public train, bus, and boat, there is always a designated BSIT attendant highly skilled in group collaboration techniques. These attendants are equipped with several collaborative games, so that willing passengers can work together to achieve the highest score. These scores are publically posted in vehicles for passengers to see, and specific routes are pitted against each other for more competitive play. Who can solve math equations the fastest, the 7:35 Newark to Manhattan, or the 4:35 New Hartford to Boston? Can the Washington DC metro top the Manhattan subway lines in general knowledge? BSIT removes the isolation of the public transportation passenger by allowing them to become players, cooperatively playing to beat the competition. When's the last time you gamed your way to your destination? Once the Brothers & Sisters in Transit system is fully integrated with every route in the country, you'll be gaming

Takeda-san Passes the Emperor's Palace

By Tadhog 1 day ago

Isaka Takeda was not to be crossed. Nobody dare ask how he came about such means. To do so would risk the angry sting of the whip carried in his belt. Every afternoon, Takeda would ride through the streets of Tokyo, just because he could. He might stop by Yamaoka, the affable blacksmith, and curse at him while his horse was re-shod. More often, he would make his way to the pleasure quarters to indulge in drink and company. Some days, he would simply stand on a street corner in Maranouchi, spitting, smoking, and cursing the passersby. He wasn't a very likable fellow. But he was a man of means.

One muggy June day, Takeda was in a particularly sour mood. Today was not a day for the pleasure quarters. Today was a day for spitting and cursing. Takeda put on his finest new blue jacket. It was a waistcoat, in the latest English style. He fancied himself to be rather like an English gentleman. Or at least what he had heard about English gentlemen. England was a powerful country. It had a navy that ruled the seas, even the Asian seas! It had an empire stretching the world. And its gentlemen dressed so well! Surely Japan, once it had forgotten its silly, isolated past and adopted English ways, would stretch across the globe as well. Japan could become a powerful country indeed... And men like Takeda - grim, proud men - would rule it.

On that June day, Takeda decided to go to the center of the city for his spitting and cursing. Atop his grand horse, drenched in the rain, Takeda felt the surely master of all he surveyed. He yelled at Yamada, the greengrocer and his wife. He cursed out hapless Kono, the carpenter with the missing thumb. It started to rain harder. Takeda took out some frustration by trying to run down a laborer in the streets.

As Takeda reached Nihombashi bridge, he saw a simply dressed, but powerful-looking man walking in the other direction. "Hey!" Takeda screamed, "get out of my way, peasant!" The man continued to walk towards him. Takeda was not about to reign his horse aside for a simple laborer. This vermin likely built houses or shovelled dirt. He had ugly clothing and probably horrible taste for food. He had likely never even had beef before! "Hey! Get out of the way, louse!" Still, the man drew nearer.

"Well, it's your funeral," Takeda muttered, as he spurred his horse a little harder. The horse raised his pace to a trot. As he reached the approaching man, Takeda thought to himself, "is this man mad? Surely he must see me?" "Stop my brother!" shouted the man, throwing his hands in the air. Takeda's horse pulled up short. Takeda had never seen anything like it. The horse just stopped.

“Greetings brother. Where are you going?” the man asked. “What business of it is yours?” Takeda growled, “get out of my way before you feel the scourge of my whip!”

“My, that’s a fine horse you have, brother, the stranger softly replied. “And a fine jacket! Is it English?” he asked. “Why yes it is,” Takeda replied, impressed that a simple man would have such taste, though still infuriated that he would not step aside.

“Again, brother, I ask you, where are you going in such a hurry that you wish to run me down?” Takeda responded, “I go where I please, and you had best get out of my way.” “Come, brother, join me for a drink. Let’s not raise our voices here.” the stranger replied.

“I speak to you however I please! Get out of my way, peasant! Don’t you know who I am?!” Takeda screamed.

“Oh, I know who you are, Takeda-san”, said the stranger. The stranger casually brushed his own right arm, pulling up his sleeve a bit. Under the sleeve, there was a tattoo of a carp. “We know all about you.”

The tattoo of a carp. Yakuza. Gangsters. Takeda felt a cold chill rush down his spine. He hadn’t

noticed them before, but they were certainly there now. 3 horsemen. Right behind him.

“Takeda-san, you spend your days in drunken stupor. You curse those around you and disturb the lives of peaceful people. You fight and bully. And, worst of all, you disgrace our emperor. You ride past his palace every day on your way to Maranouchi wearing foreign clothing, with your foreign hairstyle and foreign habits. You encourage others to live a disgraceful life of alien habits. This life is at an end. The next time you pass by the Emperor’s Palace in foreign clothing, it shall be as a corpse floating in the Sumida River.”

Takeda pulled at his reigns, but before his horse could move, he had already been pulled off it by two men from behind. They beat him on the ground, yelling “make the Empire strong and expel foreign devils” as they did so. Finally, as the first man with the gentle demeanor started to break Takeda’s neck, things became fully clear. “Also, Takeda-san, there is the small issue of money. You really should pay back the Yamaguchis they first time we asked. It’s very embarrassing to have to ask twice.”

A Population Suffers Silently in Isolation

By wombat6

Today mental illness is a common fact of life. You will probably know someone in your lifetime that suffers from it. However, the stigma that follows a diagnosis of a mental disorder is devastating for many people. These diagnoses are not all the same. They could range from mild depression to severe schizophrenia. Some have family or friends that do not understand it and blame the one who suffers from the condition, while some don't understand it themselves and never seek treatment that could change their life dramatically. In order to help this population "walk into open" and realize they are not to be blamed and do not suffer alone, steps must be taken to educate, alleviate, and elevate those who suffer from the disorders and those who are close to them.

Education could reach the masses starting by a "grass roots" campaign that could begin in the smallest of places....private psychologist/psychiatrist's practices, college psychology departments, medical schools. These outlets could spread the word through the younger community, both those that suffer from disorder and those who do not. This should be approached as a human problem...not an issue for suffers alone. We would not turn our back on those that suffer silently from a brain tumor slowly killing someone. As such, we should not turn our backs on those suffering from another life changing diagnosis. Education through social media (You Tube, Facebook, etc) is essential, but so is educating people one on one. Creating a national day to call and make an appointment with a psychologist or psychiatrist would be one way. Creating tv specials similar to "Obsessed" and "Hoarders", but that focuses on the importance

of treatment and symptoms to look for would be another way.

Alleviating the already suffering community is needed in order to bring them together and realize that the hard road they have gone down is not walked alone and is worth it in the end. This could be done by creating national groups akin to AA, but with a more positive spin....in order give them strength to get through dark times, when medication isn't working or they aren't seeking physician assistance, or to celebrate coming to brighter time in their lives them they've learned new coping mechanisms, found medications that are working, or are now at a place in their lives that is working for them. This positive reinforcement could be a life saver and could be something for many to look for to. For those that are too far away from groups, or are unable to attend group settings, e-groups would also be set up. Groups could be tailored for specific disorders or could be of multi-diagnosis success story variety.

Elevating those suffering from mental disorders would come into play by creating an international network, allowing a sort of matrix to connect suffers all over the world to physicians on all continents. This would allow physicians to find perfect candidates for future research brain scan, clinical trials, etc and would accelerate the treatment of mental illness for all who suffer. This would make the diagnosed active participants in creating the future of mental illness treatment.

This is in our hands to help this now socially, and sometimes physically, isolated population come out into the world and run toward the future with hope.

Gimme Some Skin, Brother

By mackenzie

I'm a proud Brooklyn resident, and one of the reasons I love my borough, the "new Marrakesh" as it were, is its feeling of inclusiveness. I'm Asian-American, my landlady is black, my boyfriend is Jewish, the owner of my bodega is Arab; my neighborhood could easily be a Benetton ad or a puppet-less Sesame Street. So the fact that I don't have a single friend representing another large Brooklyn community--the Hasidic Jewish enclaves of South Williamsburg and Crown Heights--is something that troubles me quite a bit. Much has been made of the mutual distrust between the Hasidic community and the tribes of roving hipsters that are colonizing Brooklyn, leaving bike lanes and raucous bars in their wake. The ultra-Orthodox Jews doesn't appreciate mini-skirted girls astride fixies thumbing their noses at rules of traffic, and the secular twentysomethings don't enjoy the game of Frogger that biking down Bedford has become. So when a few weeks ago a full-bearded, yarmulked man asked me for directions to the BQE, I was happy for the opportunity to interact. And when he reached out of the window to give me a high five, I was downright thrilled. Actual contact! A shared bond over the insanity of Brooklyn on-ramps! A mutual love of high-fiving! In that instant I envisioned a massive Williamsburg high-fiving campaign, a gathering of Hasidic Jews and secular youths alike, breaking down boundaries and building community with the satisfying slap of palm-on-palm contact. Up high, brother.

Birds

By rinsakura

The most isolated species of birds exist in remote islands like the Hawaii and Galapagos. The variety of species found in these tropical islands can help us study the ecology better and protect these species from extinction. The only way to discover their existence and to understand their survival requirement, is to launch a specialized search team, to document every species that they can observe from the many remote islands or areas found on Earth. By increasing the awareness of their existence through these documentations, we can make sure to maintain the diversity of our planet by providing them the right environment to survive.

Reaching Out to Extraterrestrials

by Tina Amini and Jayme Figueroa

With the size of the universe and the recent discovery of another potentially life-sustainable planet, the chances of Earth having the only intelligent life in the galaxy are extremely unlikely. However, the fact that most people are in denial of this fact is a currently insurmountable obstacle that isolates us from other life forms.

Therefore, before we implement a plan of action to cross the innumerable boundaries to meeting them, we have to globally as a species accept the possibility and likelihood (in addition to potential advantages) of their existence.

Once that is established, we begin to think about

the technical aspects required to achieve this. This would begin with the discovery of existing unknown species. In addition, we would need to have a concrete definition of our own species in order to properly convey ourselves to them.

Overlooking the obvious extreme difficulties in locating, contacting, and bridging the communication barrier between a completely alien group, a general sense of acceptance for this endeavor has to be universally adopted. Once that is done, we can begin to create a true galactic community.



INVENT A LOTTERY

Lottery in the Preservation of the Human Race

By IMPERIALHUNTRESS

It is evident that the world is becoming more and more overpopulated with fewer and fewer natural resources to sustain the population growth. As such, the governments of the future in a few hundred years would have to make a decision as to how to allocate these natural resources and prevent overpopulation in the interest of protecting the human race as a whole.

The lottery would be mandatory for all citizens and it would involve lottery over two things in particular: the number of children allowed and the “units” of gas that one consumes, in particular gasoline for transportation on the ground and in the air. Lotteries are conducted usually when there is a public good (or evil, depending on how one looks at it) that needs to be distributed in a non-biased manner. In this case, the lottery would be for benefits.

The lottery prize for couples would be the right to have unlimited number of children (as opposed to a limit of two or three, for example). I imagine that following China’s one child policy and the potential implementation of similar policies in the booming country of India, other countries would follow suit on some level in the future.

The lottery prize for all citizens would be the right to consume unlimited amounts of gas, in essence removing the number of fuel-powered cars one owns or the number of flights that one takes on fuel-powered airplanes. It is my hopeful assumption that in the future dependence on gas would be reduced and the consumption of “fuel” would be a luxury instead of a right. Thus it would make more sense for the lottery to bestow the benefit of a luxury rather than taking away something that would already be in decline.

to do:

este poema es ta mal escrito

No ves mi letra, no siento el papel como de costumbre
no entiendo como sentir lo que borges siente

no es ni sera bueno en el presente
Como investigar la rima que no recuerdo
el papel que no me habla y el asistente ~~de~~ no ~~de~~ algo
no le dicto, nadie me lee lo que el lapiz dejó dicho

y el futuro no ~~me~~ entiende ~~por~~ lo ^{no} visto

un papel con manuscrito ciego, sin plan, de noche larga

nuevo en nueva york de nuevo a l sentirme cehiguito

y de talento ajeno, pidiendo prestada la imagen de un ciego



to do:

Y ~~se que~~ esta es una pagina nueva

que mas bien es un poema nuevo


si algo de esto hace sentido
esto como ganarme la loteria con ~~q~~ combinaciones de
palabras como numeros ganadores,

me ganare la poesia esta noche?

Solo otro ciego leyendo diria
hate trampa y abriré los ojos para los
y me preocupare si la el punto y tetra
es derecha y legible?

lector, por favor juzgame, en ese futuro
que encontraras al ver este intento a lo ciego

a la sonata, a ~~de~~ la luna de un ~~se~~ ~~de~~ ~~de~~ ~~de~~ ~~de~~ ~~de~~ ~~de~~ ~~de~~ ~~de~~
RECYCLE
EARTH FRIENDLY
SMART

Keyvan Acosta 

The Travel Lottery

By reillyodonnell

The Travel Lottery: Traveling the world is a privilege that isn't available to many people in the world. The history and the culture available outside one's own home can change a person's outlook on the world by exposing them to different customs and unique experiences. Everyone should be able to travel the world.

In future there will be a travel lottery. Individuals will be able to register under their own free will and winners will be selected 4 times a year. Any one selected will get to choose the foreign country

they would like to visit (no domestic travel allowed) and will have travel and stay paid for by the lottery for a 7 day trip. As this will become a globally recognized privilege, employers will be encouraging and supportive of those asking for a 7 day vacation. Lottery winners will be given one small mission to complete while on their trip that will help them experience the culture of their destination.

As more of the world experiences cultures other than their own, it will help us look past petty differences and concentrate on real global issues.

The Social Lottery

By caameron

Beginning in the year 2012, the Social Lottery would occur in the United States every year, once a year, on April 15. Participation in this lottery would be mandatory, but only for those in the groups specified by the Lottery's charter. These would be as follow: 1) Those individuals whose income for the previous year was in excess of \$200,000; 2) Those individuals whose income the previous year was below \$20,000. One member of each of these groups would be chosen, randomly, based on their Tax Identification Number. The member of the higher income group would then be required to change places with the member of the lower income group for the following year; to live in their residence, work their job, earn their income, etc. The member of the lower income group would at the same time live the life of the richer selectee. Appropriate provisions would be made regarding immediate family members, spouses, etc.

The Ivy Lottery

By chozzles

I would institute a lottery for admissions into the Ivy League Schools. Right now, less than 5% of students who apply to these schools are admitted, but often, the students who are admitted are students who would be successful at any school. Meanwhile, many of the students who are turned away are students for whom attending an Ivy League school could mean substantially different opportunities, and allow them greater chances of making an impact on the world.

The lottery would take place every winter during

the normal college admissions process. The school would establish minimum GPAs and Test Scores to establish the base pool, along with some other criteria to fill out the sample, and then choose the students at random, giving every qualified student an equal chance to get in.

Hopefully, this would have our institutions of higher learning better reflect our country, and extend the possibility of a full and fruitful life to more young people.

Civic "SURPRISE!"

By Proprietor317

Lottery of the KRAKEN!

Remember how we used to draw straws to figure out who we were going to sacrifice to the gods? Of course you don't, but trust me we did. And it was not cool for anybody. The chosen died, their families were never the same, and the gods didn't know the difference.

I propose a new lottery- it must be 100% random and 100% anonymous.

Ever notice how much fun mascots look like they're having at sporting events? I know you can't see their faces because of the costume but that's kind of the point. In that costume they represent a team or a fan base. City's need mascots... characters that folks see on the street and suddenly feel a burst of civic pride.

New York City's mascot might be a giant apple- except it would be really hard to walk in. Let's say

NYC's mascot is instead a giant "Chrysler Building Man." He's an art deco super hero walking down the street with a hubcap halo and a message... "We built this. We have ambition here. We're not stuck in a world of glass skyscrapers. This is NEW YORK CITY."

The Chrysler Building man would walk around all day giving high-fives and making kids freak out. He could go anywhere he wanted in the costume... City Hall, tourist spots, low-income neighborhoods, the occasional sporting event... anywhere he might feel folks need a little pick me up. It's up to him and the City would foot the bill.

The Costume would belong to the City and everyone who wants to be the Chrysler Man could throw their names into a giant lottery. It would be by choice of course but who wouldn't want to be the harbinger of "Hell Yeah! That's right! I Live in the best City in the world!"

Switching Lives

By CyTheWriter

Once every year there will be a drawing. A list of the names of those that have and a list of the names of the that don't have. And those names, for one year, will be traded. The rich and influential will have to live in poverty. In turn, the poor and voiceless will have to live in luxury. They will live like this for exactly one year. Perhaps, this will be a way to make it so that there are fewer rich and poor.

Congressional Lottery

By Beth Ann Mastromarino

The American political system, both houses of Congress in particular, has been twisted into a den of iniquity. In the shady corners and backrooms of our capital city our system is run by lobbyists whose job it is to make certain that our laws and lawmakers are sold to the highest bidder. This has polluted what was once touted as the Great Compromise.

I hereby propose a new compromise in which we return to our Ancient Roman roots: A Congressional Lottery System. In ancient times, they employed a lottery system to select judges and other temporary positions from amongst the Citizenry. The ancient system was imperfect, so to improve upon it, I would marry the ancient ways with the modern jury selection system.

Citizens of age, with no criminal background who had not served in the past 10 years would be selected at random to serve in Congress. They would be paid minimum wage and be sequestered for the duration of their term in office. To further randomize the process, and to keep the balance of power even, staffers would also be randomly selected and assigned per term.

I have served on a jury in a criminal trial and witnessed twelve people come together to do what they honestly believed was right, without judgment, open to ideas and willing to leave their prejudgement aside. I believe This ancient meets modern lottery system would swing the balance of power back to The People and restore our broken system.

In Their Shoes

By a|lobster

The way that people treat retail employees and servers is abhorrent, most of the time. I propose a nationwide lottery - mandatory - that everyone must join to work as either a server or retail employee for two months (which is also how often the lottery will be held). The purpose of this lottery is to show those who have never worked in those positions how difficult it is to deal with customers and their ridiculous requests on a daily basis, hopefully making everyone more sensitive and understanding.

Do I really need this?

By fullofgummibears

A good lottery would be called the Robin Hood Lottery. This one every over-loaded wealthy man would appreciate or dispise. Any person who makes over a certain amount of income is thrown into a database and every month is chosen, although, they can only be picked once every 10 years. Once chosen they have to donate at least 200 dollars amount of items to charity. Clothes, furniture, toys, games, knick knacks, anything! You name it! If the one chosen wants they are able to donate money, but one mans junk is another mans treasure. Everyone has items in their house that they truly don't use nor need, what not give it to someone who needs it more?

La vida es una loteria - Life is a Lottery

By carocasta63

Jorge Luis Borges is one of the greatest Spanish writers of all times and he has become an inspiration now that I am writing a book about my family's story.

My grandfather fell in a deep comma when medicine was not advanced enough to find what had happened to him. He "lived" (even though that should not be considered a life) his last four years on a bed with the whole family not knowing if he was still conscious of anything around him.

A few years later, my aunt, Sofia Gaviria was, according to many relatives, the most intelligent person in the family. Her love for anthropology made her obsessed with understanding human behaviour, up to a point in which she reached another umbral. That obsession became so strong that it finished with her peace of mind, so much that she committed suicide in the early 80's in the apartment I was living with my parents.

Then, in 1989, my uncle was the director of the political campaign of Luis Carlos Galan. In that year, Galan was murdered by the Colombian mafia and my uncle became the candidate from the liberal party. Cesar Gaviria was elected president of Colombia in 1990 after many attempts to murder him. That was one of the most difficult

times of Colombian history, the time of the Cali and Medellin cartels. During his government he was able to get Pablo Escobar to a VIP jail but Pablo escaped after finding the government would take him to a real maximum security facility. That brought more pain into my family until Gaviria's goverment found Escobar and killed him.

Years later, in 1996, when everything seemed to be back to normal and my uncle was the General Secretariat of the Organization of American States, his brother got kidnapped for 72 days. He was never the same after that episode, there are things that change your life forever.

When my family, what would seem the Kennedy's Colombian version, was living a normal life, my mother, Liliana Gaviria was kidnapped and murdered after a few minutes of being taken by her captors. That was the worst that could happen to me but it also made me appreciate the good things in life, because they might not last forever.

Mine has not been an easy life but I have come to appreciate everything that happened in my past because it is impossible to change what happened but we can still learn from it and find a better future like we did tonight at the NYPL.

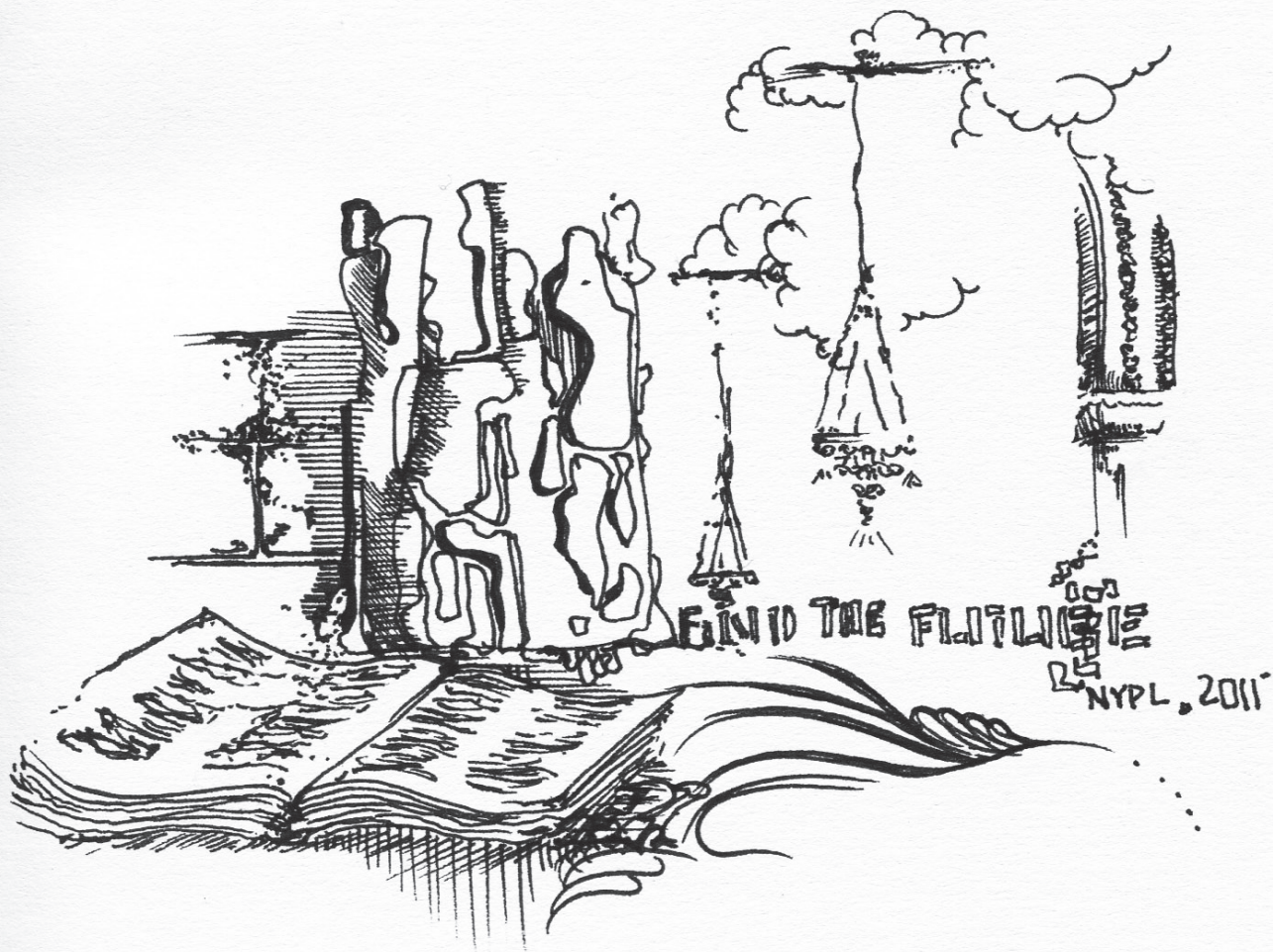


32



PROVOKE A SMILE

JOHANNES GUTENBERG .1455
1390-1468
of MAINZ, GERMANY



A Box of Smile

By cosmicautumn

A Rabbi and a priest... no wait...

Hold on. Let me move your Cleopatra.

By LindseyE525

It's Mango Season

By yoyi

Have you every wondered how many mangos you can fit in your ice box? My sister just got 182 to fit in mine. Top that!

Dreams of an ex-Latin Bowl Team Captain

By gothamagik

When I think about all the plans I had to cancel to spend Friday night at the New York Pubic Library, it only takes a nanosecond.

The photo that creates a smile

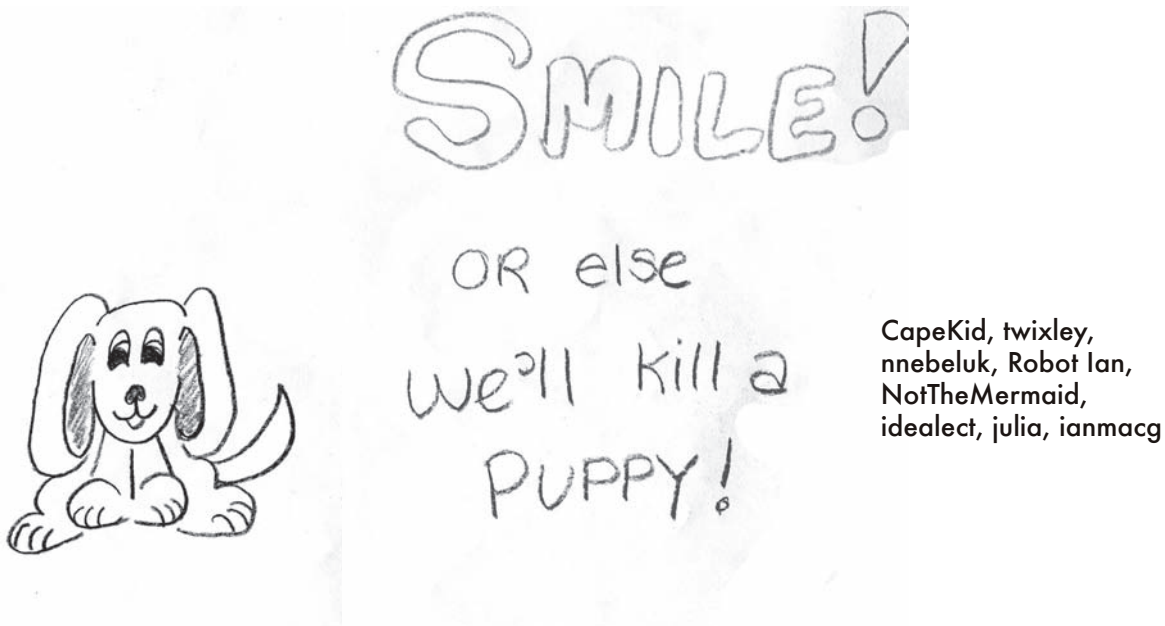
By Alix Piorun



My Favorite Palindrome

By protimetraveler

Did I poop? I did!



CapeKid, twixley,
nnebeluk, Robot Ian,
NotTheMermaid,
idealect, julia, ianmacg

A Box of Smile

By Purumus

I want a beer

A Box of Smile

By yking3

I like you.

A (text) Box of Smile

By Cwirka 1

You look much more attractive when you smile. Don't get me wrong, you're very attractive, but your smile makes you downright stunning. I am seriously overwhelmed with how striking you are when smiling. You are a knock-out, and I think I need to go to the hospital to deal with the concussion. This whole smile of yours actually might be a problem. I'm having trouble breathing right now, seems you've gone and taken my breath away. I mean, that's cool and all, but I'm getting woozy. My heart has been fluttering a bit. Skipping, palpitating, something that is out of the ordinary. Again, almost definitely due to your looks, but in the off-chance it's an actual cardiac issue, I won't know the difference. You and your killer smile...

success!! :)

Wrapped Up in Books

By marshmollie

If you're as devout a reader as I am, you no doubt understand the frustration that comes with the search for The Perfect Bookstore or The Perfect Library. Each new contender for the title is any combination of too small, too large, too impersonal, not stocked to your liking, or too far from your house or work. It can seem like any given store's attributes never quite strike that perfect balance that matches the bookstore from your childhood that was forced to close down when the shiny new Barnes & Noble moved into town, or the tiny, quaint library in your hometown which is too far away for you to visit without dropping everything and setting out on an exhausting road trip.

A goal of mine (a goal which I suspect is every book lover's long term goal) is to find the perfect literary outpost in any given place. In my family, this is no small feat; everyone from my grandfather to my youngest cousin has at least one musky haven of knowledge and escape held close to their hearts. And this glorious building, the New York Public Library, is the ultimate literary outpost. Around for far longer than any of us have been alive, the New York Public Library has brought us together in our love for it and for the remarkable artifacts it houses. I want us to look back on tonight as one of, if not the most, extraordinary night of our lives. Cheers, guys. We made it!

An Arsenal of Smiles

By StefyFontela

When I think about things that make me smile, a few different kinds of smiles come to mind.

I have a nervous smile. It tends to smirk up when I find myself in uncomfortable positions. For example, when someone is about to kiss me, I get really nervous and I do one of those half smiles. The kind where you don't full on grin and show your teeth, but you make the shape of a smile with your lips and lift your eyebrows like your asking a question. It's only been responded to once in a negative way when someone mistook my nervous smile as me making light of a "serious" situation. But other times people find it endearing, and kind of cute.

I have a cheesy smile. It tends to come around when people tell corny jokes or after a few shots of Jameson. One night, at the bar of course, my friend told me one of the corniest jokes during the

most amazing Happy Hour of my life. The joke? "What are the two sexiest Farm Animals? --- -- BrownChickenBrownCow!" Needless to say, a cheesy, full on smile was very much deserved.

I also have a love smile. I think we all do. It's that smile that isn't overly aggressive and isn't too hidden. It's subtle. It's the smile when you're in love and you think about that special person or you're with them and you just look at them and you have to smile. It's delicate, it's genuine, and it's beautiful... even if you have braces or are missing a tooth.

I hope my study into my arsenal of smiles has somehow found a way to put a smile on your face. Maybe the pure fact that I have analyzed three smiles is enough to make you smirk a bit...and maybe even laugh a little.

Laughed Pretty Hard

By chozzles

I read the instructions to my co-squadmate, and she laughed pretty hard:

32. PROVOKE A SMILE. Write something to make people smile. Test it. If it doesn't work, try again. Try to capture the smile in a photo as evidence of your success.

Food Joy

By leelooing

For the Filipinos-

"SINIGANG!"

A Box of Smile

By whitneybryan

A mushroom walked into a bar. The bartender says to the mushroom, "get outta here! we don't serve your kind!" The mushroom, forlorn, leaves the bar, saying "I just don't get it. Everybody says I'm a fungi."



IanMacG





How to make new friends

By agentemily007

A cool sensation

Trickling down unexpected

Came from a stranger

On the Q Train

By Jen Bokoff

Tears streamed down her face, and her shoulders heaved in uncontrollable spasms. She slouched heavily back when the doors closed, and fell backwards a little when they reopened unexpectedly. The sob became audible with her falter and a snort, and judging eyes responded with stares under the guise of turning the page or shuffling to the next song. I, too, glanced to my left. I saw her crinkled blue shirt with pit stains and red lipstick that looked falsely strong against her pale complexion and overcome figure. Even slouched, she looked pretty, but the kind of pretty that you judge as being superficial, so, I went back to playing Angry Birds. The train rounded the corner and flung all not holding on to the right. The same girl whose eyes screamed frustration and pain fell forward onto a man in skinny jeans, an Animal Collective shirt, and dark black frames. Bothered, he turned away. The white haired man in a suit and tie sitting next to me tapped the girl through the bars. She didn't respond. He tapped harder and she wheeled around with a look of total frustration and surrender. He stood up and motioned for her to sit. She looked stunned, and then a look of gratitude poured over her face. She whispered thank you, sighed deeply and victoriously, and sat down while I edged over to make room. The man, who could have just walked away, asked her if she needed anything, and shaking her head, said with growing strength "I can get through this."





33



DESIGN A DWELLING

The Hi-Res Image of the Tabernacle

By Kalus

To be sure, the future is united. If not across borders, then across the invisible channels of instant communication. In the future, these bridges will exist outside of our homes, connecting the world in the knowledge our actions are shared.

Restaurants will be paneled with monitors, each one projecting the actions of other patrons across the world, a part of a collective experience of human identity.

Library's will expand the facets of learning. The opportunity to learn a language, or a culture, will be as simple as walking to the nearest terminal, smiling at the camera, and saying 'hello'.

Image of the Tabernacle

By reillyodonnell

A place that brings people together needs to start with one thing, comfort. After that it needs to fulfill a purpose. And finally after that it needs to be filled with people that can be trusted. Whether it is the future or the present, any structure or dwell that possesses these qualities will bring people together.

My future dwelling contains tons and tons of

reclining wrap-around couches, arranged so that groups can meet and discuss whatever is on their mind or important at the time. The main purpose will be to resolve issues and plan for the future. Unlike the tribal camps of the past, this future dwelling will not tie into the religion of the community, but rather the goals and aspirations.

Communal Space

By David Worthington Trahan

Future space vehicles will be designed around private living quarters and communal leisure areas. No one will have yards. No one will have large living spaces (aside from the rich and powerful). Humans will be forced to interact with each other in more confined communal spaces.



34



CREATE A MUSICAL EXPERIENCE

A Requiem To Joy

By stockyturtle

Track 1: My funeral

Track 2: Loved ones make their way into a remote forest.

Track 3: A hole is dug, and my ashes are poured inside.

Track 4: A tree is planted and the hole filled.

Track 5: Family and friends say a few words.

Track 6: A brief moment of silence, then the playing of Ray Charles' "Without Love (I Have Nothing)"

Track 7: Someone reads aloud a note I left behind for all attendees; my final message.

Track 8: The crowd heads back to a boisterous pub, where there are only smiles and blatting horns and cheerful storytelling. Full of food and drink and swing and life, ending the whole affair on the highest of notes.

Feneste Che Luciv!

By rinsakur

Feneste che luciv by Oh Hyun ran, in a room with black color theme and glass decors, and a peaceful waterfall sound in the background. This song should be played when one needs to relax and enjoy a peaceful evening.

Greenwich Village Walking Playlist

By oshapiro

Intro - Bill Withers: *Lovely Day* starts as you begin a slow walk around Washington Square Park on the first nice spring day around dusk. Look at the people, look at their smiles.

Set 1 (Halfway around the park): Sufjan Stevens - *Futile Devices* starts. Make sure to keep your eye on the people. Think of the one you loved, the one you love, or the one you are going to love.

Head West on quiet West 10th as the song transitions to Yo La Tengo - *Autumn Sweater*. Stay on the quiet streets as *Explosions in the Sky* - *Postcard from 1952* begins. Three minutes into the song you want to be just entering the more lively West Village. Your timing must be impeccable - waiting on a corner if need be. You pick up your pace. You get lost in the moment.

Toots and the Maytals - *Funky Kingston* begins. Your heart race quickens slightly as you feel the song. You feel good. Life is good and you are walking aimlessly around at this point while always heading slightly east. Not a care in the world.

Cults - *Go Outside* reminds you of the weather and the beauty of spring and the upcoming summer. *Maps & Atlases* - *Solid Ground* transitions perfectly into *Grateful Dead* - *The Music Never Stopped* from San Francisco, 10-14-1980. A long song, so slow your pace. Relax. Realize that the lyrics are dead on.

Set 2: As you recognize you are crossing Lafayette towards the East Village, *Talking Heads* - *Dream Operator* begins. The tempo rises, your pace quickens. The city becomes busier, things move

faster.

The Who - *Drowned*, begins. Your pace quickens even further. People sit outside drinking and laughing. You dodge in and out of people traffic. You are walking fast. *Arcade Fire* - *We Used to Wait* goes directly into *Aretha Franklin* - *Son of a Preacher Man*. The two completely different styles of music gets you in an even better mood. *The Black Keys* - *Psychotic Girl* makes you smile as you think of at least one of them you know. *Tortilla* - *Senorita* makes you smile even more. *Blundetto* - *My One Girl*, slows your pace slightly, confusing your mind slightly to where the music is going, however being such a good song, it's almost imperceptible. You have begun to circle around and head back West on 10th Street, again. *Daft Punk* - *Digital Love* begins. You love this song. You are on 10th Street and going West across Broadway. The streets become quiet again. The sun is down. *Etta James* - *At Last* begins as you walk down fifth avenue towards the park.

Encore: You are where you began at the arches of Washington Square Park. *Talking Heads* - *Same as it Ever Was* reminds you that while it is the same place, it is different people, the sun is down and the mood has changed - for most things in life, it is certainly not the same as it ever was, and that is a very good thing.

Michael Jackson - *Man in the Mirror* begins as you are halfway around the park. You smile more as *Rolling Stones* - *You Can't Always Get What You Want* begins, and while you know the song title is true, you head home also knowing that if you try sometimes, you might find, you'll get what you need.

My Own City Symphony

By markkind

The City Symphony App is the iconic New York City music experience. As you tour each neighborhood and visit famous sites, City Symphony will track your location and play a song that has historical relevance. From Broadway musicals, to hip-hop pioneers, you'll come to realize that the music born and influenced by the Big Apple is as unique and culturally diverse as anything this city has to offer.

- Living in America, James Brown --> Harlem
- Imagine, The Beatles --> Central Park
- Memories, Cats The Musical --> Broadway
- Empire State of Mind, Jay-Z Feat. Alicia Keys --> Empire State Building
- Livin' On A Prayer, Jon Bon Jovi --> Trinity Church
- That's Amore, Dean Martin --> Little Italy
- ABC, The Jackson Five --> Alphabet City
- La Vie Boheme, Rent --> Lower East Side
- New York, New York, Frank Sinatra --> Statue of Liberty
- Boys Boys Boys, Lady Gaga --> Chelsea
- The Hands that Built America, U2 --> Five Points
- Mr Tambourine Man, Bob Dylan --> West Village
- We Shall Overcome, Bruce Springsteen --> Ground Zero
- Money Talks, AC/DC --> Wall Street
- New York I Love You, But You're Bringing Me Down, LCD Soundsystem --> Times Square
- Welcome to the Jungle, Guns N Roses --> Bronx Zoo
- We Are The Champions, Queen --> Yankee Stadium
- I Get Around, The Beach Boys --> Coney Island
- No Sleep 'Til Brooklyn, The Beastie Boys --> Brooklyn Bridge
- Walk this Way, Run DMC/Aerosmith --> Brooklyn
- Juicy, Notorious B.I.G. --> Brooklyn
- Don't Stop Believin', Journey --> Staten Island

Sorella Amata

By ailamar

Mercedita,

...y una mañana, mientras el cafe mezclaba en una servilleta blanca yo te dibujaba, yo te dibujaba...

My dear, in Opening yOur eyes duriNg sunrise Look out the wIndow onto calle acacias while Grasping both Hands around a special Teacup from your dear Sister. ON A TABLE is a polaroid photo of you with the 3rd child of the family. MOVE about the room to stretch a bit in merriMENT.

OPposite the 6th book on our shelf is the list of 4 favorites. NOne other than the 2 of us quite gets this.

hum... along with me... hum along with the t.v. a-a-a-m-m-m-m-m-m

E-|0-----0-----|-----|

B-|-----1-----1-----|-4-----4-----0-----0-----|

G-|----0-----0-----2-----2--|-----0-----0--|

D-|---2---2---2---2---4---4---4---4|---4-----4---2---2---2---2|

A-|-3-----3-----3-----3-----|---6---6---6---6-----|

E-|-----|---7-----7-----0-----0-----|

E-|-----|-----7---7---7---7|

B-|-----|-----10---8---7--|

G-|-2-----2-----0-----0-----|---2---2---2-----|

D-|----1-----1-----2-----2--|-4-----4-----7--|

A-|---2---2---2---2---2---2---2---2|---3-----3-0-10--9---7-----|

E-|-2-----2-----0-----0-----|---2-----2-----|

skin the sun. fall asleep.

You're So Great and I Love You,

Isabel (soy un barco pero volveré)

Musical Distances

By mpuchon

I'm not so good at writing these musical experiences, but I was thinking of creating one for long distances.. or loved ones separated. It would be rather cheesy, starting out perhaps at home, listening to "leaving on a jet plane" and then moving out to the subway taking a ride on the crowded train listening to "don't stop believing" and arriving at a favorite destination, someplace that brings joy.

Combining the Experience of the Senses - Beethoven's Handwritten Score

by Tina Amini (@TinaAmini)

Part of what makes music such an amazing, riveting experience is that it totally encompasses one of our five senses. To extend that experience in an equally stimulating manner, more of our senses would have to be overtaken and molded into a desired experience. My suggestion for a new technology combined with music would actually be very feasible today. I imagine a musical experience combined with a visual one.

Apple's iTunes software currently has a visualizer feature that consists of a black background

My ideal playlist is:

1. Music: Radiohead - Go Slowly
2. Visualizer: Warm, soft, dancing colors
3. Seating: Reclined chairs under the dome
4. Setting: Amongst friends, family, intellects

and variations of neon lights swarming in the forefront. Imagine a dark room - structured to a likeness of NYC's Hayden Planetarium at the Museum of Natural History - that projects dancing lights of varying colors at every inch of the dome. It would be a consuming experience for both our hearing and our sight.

Music is often used for meditation - as is the absence of discernible objects - and it is only reasonable, therefore, that the combination of the two would create an entirely surreal experience.

Beethoven's Handwritten Score

By heyitsjuliee

eccentricities not appreciate, but today we now appreciate the words of a youthful composer

A Moment in Time

By Alexa Yupangco

1. I Gotta Feeling - Black-Eyed Peas

Location: In the person's bedroom, or wherever the person wakes up

When: Just as the person wakes up

Why: To set the tone and mood for the whole day. The song's got a positive beat, which definitely makes sure you start on a great note.

2. Unwritten - Natasha Bedingfield

Location: The person's transport method of choice

When: While the person is heading to their desired location to start the day

Why: As a reminder. This song reminds us that it's up to you to "write" your story and that your day can turn out however you want it to - if you so choose.

3. Falling for You - Colbie Caillat

Location: Office/school/home

When: Early morning break for snack/coffee/cigarettes

Why: To lift your spirits and keep the positivity flowing. This song may be a love song, but it reminds us of that giddy, happy feeling when you really really like someone.

4. Home - Michael Buble

Location: Office/school/home lunchroom

When: Lunchtime

Why: It's always good to remember your roots. Even though you may not have been back in a while or will be going back someday, it's always a nice sentiment to think of home, your childhood and good old nostalgic stuff like that.

5. Empire State of Mind - Alicia Keys

Location: New York City

When: Afternoon break

Why: New York is such an inspiring city and it serves as a wonderful breeding ground for inspiration.

There's so much magic - possibilities and opportunities abound. Everyone deserves to experience it at least once.

6. Elements - Blue

Location: Various environmental conservatories and preserves

When: After work/Late afternoon to early evening

Why: The environment is important, though many people take it for granted. It's nice to remind people to respect nature, enjoy it and help it to flourish.

7. Don't Stop Believing - Glee Cast

Location: Your favorite spot for inspiration and thinking

When: Early evening/late afternoon

Why: It's no secret that life can get us down sometimes. This song tries to remind us to think positively, believe in ourselves and to stay positive.

8. Doesn't Mean Anything - Alicia Keys

Location: Anywhere with your family, friends and the people important to you

When: When you're feeling uninspired down

Why: It's always important to remember what the important things in life are - your loved ones and your faith being key of course.

9. What About Now - Daughtry

Location: Anywhere in the world that you feel needs a change

When: The person's most creative time (whether that be late at night, early in the morning in the afternoon)

Why: If we want to see change in the world, it's important to try and do something. The song inspires us and calls us to action.

10. My Saving Grace

Location: Church or place where you feel most attuned to God

When: A moment of prayer and reflection, which usually happens at night

Why: Faith is important. It is important to believe and to have hope and live by the tenements of whatever faith you've got.

Solfège

By vbaranov

#1 Vladimir's Blues

I miss you so much. Every time when I disengage from my busyness, the thoughts of you flood my mind. They keep reminding me how far I am away from you, how remote is your embrace and so faint is your smell. I exhaust myself physically in order to keep the music of your voice in my head quieter. It is really painful to experience the distance in this manner. The miles of the road are adding up on my odometer and with that I feel like my heart is stretching still attached to the place of our last kiss. Disillusioned I recognize phantoms of your shape on the side of the road waiting for me to pick you up, but the fog of reality dissipates the dream as I accelerate hopeful of the our next encounter. It starts to rain and I pull over and hum myself to sleep, reminiscing of the tune that you sang to me in the evening, I keep save and stay away from wet roads protecting my return to you, my love.

#2 Jerry's Jazz

It's hard not to think about you every time I pass by the bar where you took me dancing for the first time.

Remember the little hole-in-the-wall? You should go there when it's early in the afternoon, when it's empty. Sam's still the bartender there. Ask him for a quarter to put in the jukebox. Put in Adele's "Hiding My Heart"; I think it's on the second to last CD. Order yourself your usual drink and find a stool to sit on in the center of the room. Hear her voice playing softly through the shoddy speakers. Feel her words sway over your body. "I wish I could lay down beside you, when the day is done"... Pretend I'm dancing with you again. Pretend you're with me.

#3 Take A Drive With Terrence

"Laredo"  and of Horses

An eternity. The advancing, pursuing guitar, the bass, and the snare echo in my head. My fingers tapped out a rhythm that couldn't come close to keeping up with the beating of my heart as I think again and again about our night together. Wait until night falls. Go outside. Get in your car. Start up the engine and put on Track 3. Pull out of your driveway and roll down the window. Run your hand through the air, up and down. As it plays we'll be there together.

#4 Evan's Transition to Hope

Sand between my toes. Wind through my hair.
Seagulls pick at the melancholy like such bitter
refuse, carrying what sadness remains away. It
belongs to them. When the fear subsides and
elation begins to set in, my mind is brought back to
thoughts of the beach. Thoughts of our beach. Can
memories create an emotional hourglass? I think
this transition proves they can.

#5 Lucky Elle

It's a sunny day. Actually it's a sunny day after a
whole week of gloominess. Just go sit in the chair
where you can peak into the blue sky where you
find the most gentle and charming sunrise. Now
close your eyes and take a deep breath. Every object
in your room starts smiling to you; they are all
ready to listen to the music with you. Here comes

Save you from the pain
Become Unbroken

Jason Mraz's Lucky. You know you are smiling to
the world now. "I'm lucky I'm in love with my best
friend."

#6 Louie is Happy At The End

My pulse goes to the moon when I know you're near

My heart races when I know you're near

No turning back this time, gotta stay alive

Your face I see in every reflection

You with me in every direction

I can be your angel

Keep you safe

Protect you from the rain

Beethoven's Handwritten Score

By mcgrevan

Sand between my toes. Wind through my hair. Seagulls pick at the melancholy like such bitter refuse, carrying what sadness remains away. It belongs to them. When the fear subsides and elation begins to set in, my mind is brought back to thoughts of the beach. Thoughts of our beach. Can memories create an emotional hourglass? I think this transition proves they can.

Orbital - Beached

A Playlist for Grandma

By christine.m.longo

Dear Special Edna,
Rock out to this
Love,
Miss Frizbee

Getting Dressed - Supermodel (RuPaul)

Morning Medicine Time - Purple Pills (Eminem)

Breakfast - Eat It (Weird Al Yankovic)

Morning Television Time - Kokomo (The Beach Boys)

Laundry - So Fresh, So Clean (Outkast)

Lunch - Lunch Lady Land (Adam Sandler)

Chit Chat with the Gals - Girls Just Wanna Have Fun (Cindi Lauper)

Phone with Great Aunt Dee - Telephone (Lady Gaga)

Talking to my Dad - Judas (Lady Gaga)

Nap Time - Enter Sandman (Metalica)

Dinner - Be Our Guest (Beauty and the Beast)

Evening Television Time - Smooth Criminal (Michael Jackson)

Bed Time - Sweet Dreams (Eurythmics)



IMAGINE A NEW JOB

Gender Police

By CyTheWriter

Your mission, should you
choose to accept it
(and of course you will,
it's for the
Good Of Society (TM),
after all)
is to ensure that
people act the way
they are supposed to act.
So no more little boys
hugging their mothers
or little girls climbing trees.
Boys and girls
(and after all,
there are only boys and girls,
nothing in between or outside)
must act a certain way.
It is your job,
as the enforcer of the
gender binary,
to make sure that people
act the way they're
supposed to act,
regardless of things like
happiness

or

identity.

The New Policeman's Book of Rules

By AW, Janet Namkung, Riley Roam, Kenny Mikey, Lucia Chan, TJ Morris

A society needs rules. Rules keep us safe, secure... happy. That's why we have "The Book", The New Policeman's Book of Rules. I look down at the ragged copy in my hand. My name etched in the crumbling leather is barely visible, but if I squint I can still make it out, Bobby Righter. I go by Bob now but this book has been with me since I was a child. That's one of the rules; everyone must keep a copy of "The Book" with them at all times. I shudder to think about what would happen if I lost it. I've heard rumors about an underground terrorist cell that's trying to convince citizens that the book has gone too far in trying to protect us, that we should toss it and start over. Ridiculous. As a cop, it's my job to squash these subversive ideas. These dangerous ideas. A young man passes me on the street, of course he's young, old people were a drain on society, that's why we had to create the rule. And image of my grandfather pops in my mind. I quickly shake it away. It was a good rule, necessary. The young man waves his book at me. As I wave mine back at him in the traditional greeting, the cover flips open and I find myself staring at a page of rules and the reasons they came to be... Anti-Aging Society Law: In 2061, the US government implemented the Anti-Aging Society Law to deal with the overpopulation problems; depletion of natural resources; and the National deficit. The purpose of the law is to euthanize people on their 75th birthday to save the country's natural resources and money. Reasons for eliminating older people:

- Not working and not contributing large amount of money to pay off the national debt.
- Not fair for young people to pay into the Social Security. Young ppl can use this money for something else.

- This will greatly reduce our National deficit b/c old people have many medical needs and issues.

- Old people ate too much jell-o and used too much Fixodent. Resources like gelatin could be put to better use like making super nail polishes or in beauty products for young people.

The Internet Circumvention Law of 2061

The Facebook, (formerly known as the internet) will be the sole form of communication for the common man. All written and digital messages, both public and private will be through the Facebook (brought to you by Wal-Mart). This cooperative agreement provides transparency in government and prevents divisive actions by the people. Enacted in 2037, after the dissolution of the International Underground Institution, the Facebook Transparency Act gives a voice to all and allows the world to hear all our voices.

The Government Privacy Act of 2061

The government finally was able to bring down the horrible collaborative nation of Afghahnizkerplakisania Prime in the year 2059. This amalgamation of almost all of the countries in the Middle East and parts of New Zealand formed a superpower that almost destroyed the States as we knew it. For decades we fought a war based on the decisions of the government augmented by the wishes and suggestions of the general population. Unfortunately there were too many disagreements amongst the nation as to how to handle this new horrible opponent! Our government then took a chance. By keeping the population in the dark, it was able to exact a plan of attack that was

planned by the highest minds of the government. We never found out this plan. But so swift was the infrastructure of this Super-regime brought to it's knees, the population unanimously agreed that the government knew what it was doing. The populous allowed the government to then run in the background, confident that it actually had their best interests in mind. This led to a new rule where the government was able to pick and choose what it told the population, and they all slept soundly in blissful ignorance, able to use their dream- o-vision 9000's to have realistic dreams of themselves having sex with Hot celebrities of the past....mmmm Branjelina.....(They have them as one person now!)

All Property is State Property

I was sitting in the squad car with my partner, Mahoney, when we heard the news over the radio. We had been sitting on a suspect for 36 straight hours, and we were determined to find a way to arrest him. He was about to murder his wife, but no judge would sign the warrant on the evidence we didn't have. We were frustrated; it was very clear that we either had to catch him in the act or after she was dead. He was that good. We needed help, a little push in the right direction that either comes from being dirty or from being lucky. That's when the dispatcher let everyone on duty know: All Property is State Property. The infinite wisdom of our leaders and the highest court in the nation granted Mahoney and the me all access into this man's home. We all knew we were headed down this path. Ever since the FBI failed to stop the Great Destruction of Australia, people were pushing lawmakers to allow us to bend the rules. But it's true. We should've been able to catch that guy. He was just too clean. No one on that damned island

had a chance. And I'll never forget that day and how we couldn't do anything. But now we can because the law says we can and now we can nail this guy before he kills his wife. It doesn't matter that we don't have a warrant--we just need probable cause. We can do anything we want, look through anyone's apartment, and really make a difference. We'll be able to stop crime and save people's lives and that's all that matters.

The Law of Luminosity

Four decades have passed since intelligence testing has eliminated the more simple- minded children from entering our prestigious school systems. As of 2021, the United States has been admitting high scorers of the intelligence test given to children when they are 5 years old. Only those who are in the top 10% become students. As students, they are expected to excel through every grade with high marks and if they are not able to maintain their excellence, they will be dismissed from school. These selected students are our future and will carry out the peace and progress of our country. Public schools in our countries were eliminated due to the lack of financial means. So instead of wasting our monetary funds on children with no progressive futures, as a country we have decided to use our funds on selected intelligent students. This has created a more positive outlook in education and stronger ideals for our countries. We did this for the people. These rules were for the good of everyone, weren't they. I think about my grandfather again. Was he really a drain on society? I glance at the empty street, then down at The Book one more time before I toss it in the trash.

Health Officer - The New Public Servant

by Christine Hackett

Health Officer. How different the world would be, if we had a person who studied, practiced, and shared knowledge with the public on making healthy choices. Access to free fitness classes. Where to find farmers markets near a single mother's workplace. Making quick decisions at the fast food counter. How to battle your fear of stepping into a gym. It's not a how-to guide, it's not a glossy magazine article. Real social programs, with free fitness opportunities and nutrition education. We'd have our own personal advocate, a person who sees through the advertisements, the marketing, the deceptively unhealthy foods presented to us. It's a complicated world. We are thrown into a culture that promotes bad choices, but we need the knowledge to know the difference. Give us the power to make the right ones!

In comes the health officer!

Monitoring the Web

By astienon

The Internet is undeniably one of the most important and powerful tools of our modern world - spreading information across the globe, and bringing together more people than ever before. However, it remains, at heart, a place where anything - fact or fiction - can be added by anyone.

Everyone is entitled to their own opinions, but not to their own facts. Unfortunately, the Internet has become a place where people go to state their opinion as facts, and these flawed ideas can spread like wildfire before anyone has the time to point out their fallacies. Nobody is out there to correct what

is put up online, and, although this protects free speech and prevents censorship, it also means that no one is accountable for their words.

At this point, we need web monitors, or fact checkers, who help us pick out the truth from the masses of information around it. This is not a call for censorship of the Internet, since that would reduce its power. This is simply a request that we find a way to separate our opinions from facts, and to ultimately hold people accountable for what they say online.



TEACH A NEW SKILL

How to Tweet as a Characterization of Yourself

by Jayme Figueroa (@onewingedkefka)

1. Don't ever be afraid to tweet anything.
2. Use twitter as a creative medium to express yourself. Write thoughts that you wouldn't normally express. Let your id run free in 140 characters.
3. Overshare and exaggerate. Write as if your life is a TV show and audience of your followers is watching.
4. Don't hesitate to apologize if you've gone too far. Know that there's a difference between your twitter characterization of yourself and your real self. You don't want to ruin your real relationships with being creative on twitter.
5. Mix in real tweets, retweets, and responses. Having that touch (or more) of the real you in there adds to the character that you're portraying online and allows you to express your true thoughts when need be.

5 Rules About Life

By Lolololori

- 1) people are weird
- 2) expect nothing
- 3) stay classy
- 4) you are a lion, take what is yours
- 5) dance like EVERYONE IS WATCHING

Nap Anywhere

By Cespedes

The Skill: "Nap Anywhere"

1. Make sure to have comfortable socks. Wool, preferably. Always. (Comfortable socks facilitate a comfortable snooze.)
2. Close your eyes (Both of them. No tight-lidded closing. Relax those shades. Trust that it will be ok.)
3. Curl up and close the world out; or, stretch long and let it in. Sleep is an act of self-abandonment - an unconscious self-expression. Snooze belly up if that's your style, or face to pillow.
4. Awaken the dreamer within by through a

engaged state of mind. Tell yourself stories, and weave a dream.

5. Extraction: After chasing gnomes and being chased by unicorns, let the warmth of the sun wake you. Stretch your arms. Stretch your legs. Wiggle your toes. Wipe the drool from your pillow. Lather, rinse, repeat.

Addendum: Now be careful, the dangerous but enticing bubble bath nap. If you must take a sleepy in the bubbles, be sure to turn the running water off, use your feet to prop your upper half above water levels, close your eyes, and drift away. Be sure to not let yourself fall into a deep one.

Vintage Shopping the Marquardt Way

By ajobster

One thing I am spectacularly good at is finding amazing vintage clothing. Part of the reason is something I call "Thrift Store Jesus," but more of it depends on the fact that I am very particular about how I thrift shop. These rules will help you do it better.

1. Give everything a once-over first. If the store is large, take a look around and just get the lay of the land. This way, you can assess how many racks you'll need to hit and which you can skip.
2. Make sure it's in good - almost perfect - condition. Twenty-year old pit stains aren't going to come out. A tear on a seam or a falling-out hem can be repaired, but holes in the middle of the garment

3. Make sure it fits well, if not perfectly. If you are adept with a sewing machine or plan to get the item altered, there is some level of not-fitting you can deal with. If neither of those things is true, don't bother getting the garment if it doesn't fit.

4. Make sure it's not too TOO vintage. If you wear something too tied to a specific era, it can age you or look costumey. Make sure the piece is something you can mix with modern pieces or accessorize so you don't look bonkers.

5. Look at the item. Can you imagine it in your closet? Do you almost feel like you already own it? Then take it home.

Kerouac's Harmonica

By timothy.morrissey

Jack is the man!

Write

By JCD

1. Grab a book*.
2. Open it to a random spread (it helps if there are words).
3. Locate a coin+, flip it: heads left, tails right.
4. Take words from the heads or tails margin of the page: the heads margin of this page is "Grab, Open, Locate," etc.; the tails "book, words, right," etc.
5. Write a story using the words in the margin.

*It must be a pulp and fiber book; try a vintage shop.

+This can also be done with a credit card: the side with your name is heads.

Instinctual Disinhibition

By sircek

1. Listen To Yourself
2. Don't Doubt
3. Empathize
4. Imagine Possibility
5. Then Go After It Like You Mean It!

Kerouac's Harmonica

By glbetrkk

we had been on the road for several days now

A few rules to live bold

By nnebeluk

My skill is Life. To live freely without fear

1. Never stop trying new things. Only in comfort can danger creep up on you.
2. You can never know too many skills. From the practical art of welding to the whimsical art of balloon animals.
3. Be in a constant state of agitation. Only on edge do you keep your edge.
4. You don't know enough about the world. Read a book.
5. Don't get attached to material things. They're not worth as much as people
6. You can have lots of acquaintances, but few friends

In The Library

By Elena Hecht, Ashley Van Buren, Justin Kenny, Andi Teran

Elena Hecht: Move to Your Own Groove

- 1) Move from the heart. Move in your own way, to enjoy your movement, to express yourself. Bring your humanity, your pain, your joy, and your intellect. Bring your essence and let it sizzle in your movement. Move like your heart beats: unceasingly, to its own rhythm, and with passion.
- 2) Move because you love it. Move because you have to. Move to enjoy yourself, and never let the joy evaporate. Hold it close to your heart, and then let it move through your body and out into the world.
- 3) Move to change the world. Move to make a difference, and move to break down all differences.
- 4) Move to be yourself.
- 5) Move to share. Dance like no one is watching, but let them watch. Make them want to watch.

Ashley Van Buren: Weaving Possibilities

1. Meet as many people as you can. Be friendly. Start conversations. Ask questions and listen. Really listen to what people have to say
2. Mentally catalog the gifts/strengths of your friends and anyone you meet. Sometimes I even write them down on their business cards to remember
3. Always think and keep your mind, eyes, and heart open to opportunity and possibility. Make connections between the people you meet and their goals (as well as your own).
4. Follow through: email, call, text, tweet, connect with the person who you might be able to help/who may be able to help you.
5. Sometimes it doesn't happen right away, but it's important to keep that connection going for weeks, months, even years before you find a thread. Stay patient.

Real Sandwich Eating

By Larissa

01. Acquire sandwich. Consider leaving in toothpicks if it is of the club variety.
02. Remove a small chunk from the top layer of bread.
03. In one smooth motion, flip the exposed part of the sandwich up-side-down and into your mouth.
04. Notice how differently- and how much better- the sandwich tastes when the ingredients hit your taste buds.
05. Apply to other foods- pizza, bagels, etc.

Justin Kenny: Write What You Know

- 1: Write yourself into every character. You're a complex person, there's more than enough of you to create dozens of fictional worlds.
- 2: Don't be afraid of your influences. It's possible to imitate and still say something no one else has.
- 3: Get away from your desk. You can't write a life-changing story without really living first.
- 4: Don't wait for inspiration to strike. Go out and find it, wrestle it to the ground and force it onto the page.
- 5: Don't be afraid of everyday interactions. There's truth and beauty in even the most banal of scenes.

Fausto Palazzetti: How to Make a Model

- 1: conceptualize what it is you're modeling, in the simplest possible components
- 2: build the core; the essential component
- 3: add a layer of complexity at a time
- 4: compartmentalize any additional complex pieces and build models for those if necessary
- 5: test, revise, perfect

Andi Teran: Eye-catching Style

1. Style is individual and demands personality. Don't be afraid to be daring, different, or bold if you would like to capture the attention of others.
2. I once knew a man who wore a bird on his shoulder. Not a real bird, a fake one. Buy one at a craft store and affix it to the shoulder of your shirt. People will want to talk to you all night long.
3. Wear a hat. Not a baseball cap, a hat. Preferably an unexpected one or one in the shape of a lobster.
4. Learn to love the brooch. When you learn to love one, make sure the one you choose to wear is oversized and unusual. Animals, candy, potato chips, weird slogans, Woody Allen, expired Presidential campaigns, and bugs are fantastic.
5. Unused fabric can be used in many ways, especially unloved fabric. Cut a long strip and double or triple tie it around your wrist. Split your pants? Cut a swath of it and tie it in a gigantic bow around your head. Forgotten quilt? Use it as a poncho. Holiday or gift ribbon? Tie it around your collar Baudelaire-poet style. The possibilities are endless.

Mother and child

By Tinasaurus Rex

It's interesting how sound, in particular music, has the ability to summon up the emotions from a memories past. One of my earliest memory as a child involves the sound of classical Chinese music. Even now at the age of 27, I still can't listen to Chinese music and not think about my mother.

I was probably six years old. It was 1989, I was carefree and living my age of innocence. I woke up early to the sound of classical Chinese music. I had fed my curiosity and followed the sound to my living room. The morning chill passed through my oversized, bright blue T-shirt as I attempted to quietly creep out my room. The funny thing about trying to be sneaky is that every time you attempt to be quiet, you just end up making the same amount of sound but stretched over a longer period of time. The squeaks from the hardwood floor followed me with every step. I poked my head past the paint chipped wall and saw my mother humming along with the music.

The cold floor sent shivers down my spine that caused goose bumps to form all over my body. I hugged my arms around my flat, as of then, breastless chest. It was very early and the sun hadn't even risen yet. The window blasted the living room with a gray-blue light that which glowed upon my mother and gave her a surreal look. I stared in awe watching my mother get ready for work and anticipating for her to leave me once again, go down 2 blocks to the train station for another 10-hour shift at a beauty salon in Chinatown.

My mother saw me and smiled. I can genuinely say that I was glad to see her happy. I reciprocated with a smile and then she told me in Taiwanese to get ready for school. I did as I was told and promptly began to throw on a ratty sweater that was clumsily lying along our cluttered floor.

By the time i got dressed, breakfast was already waiting in teh tiny kitchen with a makeshift dinning room table. I slowly ate, savoring each bite and all the while, teh cheap, tiny radio in the corner of the living room blared out classical Chinese music.

After i finished eating, I leaned my head back to watch my mother flawlessly apply her red lipstick. I hated it when she would put on her lipstick because I knew that it meant; we had to leave the house. The train station was on the way to my elementary school, so my mom would turn off the radio and gather up the kids so tha twe could all leave at the same time. I had dreams that one day my mother would stay with me the whole day at school. But as expected, 2 blocks past and the dreaded train station appeared in the distance. Oh how I hated to see the train station because I knew that's where my mother would go her separate way.

The tears began to pour out as I began to sobbed in broken English how I wish she could just stay with me for just a little longer. My mother didn't come home until late and the next time I would get a chance to see her would be the next morning. My sisters stood and watched, not surprised at all as I behaved in this manner for quite some time already. Everyday I cried and every day my sisters would have to pry me off my mother's leg and scold at me, "Tina, will you stop that! Mom has to goo to work and we have to go to school!"

I would walk to school with my eyes and nose red and my skin sticky from the salty tears. I would get so mad because I would think, by leaving me, my mom was betraying me. I was a child, I was stupid and didn't know how poor we were then. My mom worked so hard out of necessity for the stability of our family.

Everything is strange now though. Although I was so attached to her when I was younger, I find it extremely hard to show her any affection as I've gotten older; and to this day, I still have that problem. I don't love her any less and I know that because every time I hear the old Chinese music, it brings up crystal clear emotions and feelings from that day; those times so long ago. I almost get hallucinogenic flashbacks that evokes memories of those pre-dawn, blue-haze, cold, achy throat and tears of a mother gone away.



CREATE A WORLD

Forsaken

By meruiz8

Hidden deep in the heart where the Atlantic and Pacific oceans meet, lies an island called Mystiquee where a man, tall and toned, goes to weep. As he stands on the edge of the highest cliff...

His head is tilted back in a position most rare. His body conforms to that of prayer. Why now does he care? He thought God was never there. I guess Death takes its toll in a manner most cold. It does not give a damn about those who do not understand the ways of the world and how it's meant to be;

"Why God, Why!" he yells, "did you take my wife from me? She was all I had to keep me alive, and now, without her, I do not think I can survive."

Nothing...

"Why, God? Why, did you condemn me to this hell? What words will you not speak to me? What truths will you not tell?"

Silence... Slowly, ever so slowly, he feels a rising breeze...

"Do not fear" says a voice, "Although I am gone, I am well. God has not condemned you to what you think is hell. The time has come for you to repent for the lives you have taken-"

"No, no, this cannot be. God must be mistaken!"

"As a man, you have sinned far too many times. God has been patient, God has been kind. But now is the time. Come, my love, to a realm far beyond the fabric of time."

"Where will I go? Where will I be? What exactly is it that God has planned for me?"

Darkness now surrounds this poor being. His heart gives way as he is escorted to his hell. He has now become part of the forsaken.

Charlotte Brontë's Miniature Manuscript

By heyitsjulieeee

eliminate bias against women (published under male pseudonyms)

Charlotte Brontë's Miniature Manuscript

By agentfamily007

A world where size shape and color don't determine who we are as people. Where everyone and everything run intune and yet function unsymmetrical which makes this place even more magical. But this is not the story of you and I, this is the story of a mouse, or is it?

The Bells

By EdgeOfSeventeen

Listen, listen as I tell you of this place
where no admiral can take you, for its shores
constantly change.

A country that is without capital,
or any city designated by a star on a map.
Here citizens have no need of masks,
and highwaymen cross the moors in peace.

Bells go on and on without end
calling to the citizens and the animals alike
to come together.

What a Wonderful World

By fullofgummibears

A world where size, shape and color doesn't determine who we are as people. Where everyone and everything run intune and yet function unsymmetrial which makes this place even more magical. The people and creatures here speak with their hearts instead of using words, allowing them to convey clearly the things people normally keep most secret. This is a happy world where challeges are not seen as problems, but rather a way to improve self and society. The government here, which sits upon Starhill their capital city, doesn't govern and control they listen¹ and guide. The Pegacorns, the creatures that live here, frolic and dane throughout the land! They enjoy festivals, game nights, and reading books. In this world technology failed many years ago, and the Pegacorns are okay with that! Even better they rather living this way, it has brought the world closer than ever.

Charlotte Brontë's Miniature Manuscript

By roserin 1

Brontes wrote under male pseudonyms currer Ellis and Acton bell

Somnia

By Alexa Yupangco

I wish I could draw because I'd definitely draw this if I could.

But since I can't, a brief description must suffice, I suppose.

I have long thought about the world of Somnia, a world that exists only in dreams. There's a large white brick castle that occupies most of the grounds, spilling out from the side of a large blue mountain - this marks the capital of Somnia, Picturana. It's surrounded by multiple little houses with thatched roofs and crooked chimneys, little puffs of smoke blowing out of the chimneys a regular, steady pace. The air is filled with a humming vibration, a sound that rises above the cacophony of the city's inhabitants and their day to day occupations.

The city's inhabitants, for the most part, are regular people like you and I. The special ones live in the castle - the ones born with the tiny white mark on their throats. These breed are a dangerous, but powerful kind divided into two groups - the dream catchers and the dream makers.

The dream catchers are guardians of dreams; the dream makers are creators of dreams. And they are meant to balance each other out. For you see, they control the population and what the dreams can be about, but they also guard against anything less than ideal invading the dreams.

Dreams have power in this world. The only question is: who has the right to wield them?

Charlotte Brontë's Miniature Manuscript

By glbetrkr

becoming someone else to realize your dreams



Chapter 3: 

THE BELLY OF THE WHALE



RECOUNT AN ADVENTURE

A Medical Student's Journey to Entasopia

By jmann77

Back when I was in medical school, several of my classmates and I took the adventure of a lifetime to the great nation of Kenya. The mission of our trip was simple - to learn about Kenyan culture and to provide medical care to a remote village far outside of Nairobi, named Entasopia. Having never been to Africa prior to this trip, the initial culture shock was profound. In Nairobi, we were all amazed by how upbeat and positive the spirit of the people was, despite the great poverty and underprivileged living conditions. After traveling to Entasopia, we were initially thrown off by the appearance of the people who were adorned in exotic tattoos and lacked any clothing except for loincloths. Knowing that lions sometimes ventured into the village, it was necessary for the men to carry spears. These spears were also used to ensure that our lunch arrived on time. These meals consisted of fresh goat, from ceremonial slaughters, which we were encouraged to witness, as to not offend our gracious hosts.

Later on that week, we personally met many of the villagers while examining them at the health clinic and providing ultrasound screening for

abdominal parasites. These people whom we had never met before greeted us with open arms. Just as we were thankful for their protection from lions and other man-eating predators, they were thankful for our medical care. We ensured that they were not infected with a specific organism known as echinococcus, which can lay dormant in the liver for years and cause myriad symptoms, such as abdominal pain, fever, and jaundice. The cyst can continue to grow and eventually rupture leading anaphylaxis, which can be fatal, hence detection is paramount.

Traveling to Entasopia not only helped us appreciate the way of life for the people there, but it further motivated our pursuit to become great physicians. Firsthand, we witnessed the positive effect our trip had on the locals by ensuring their health. We further broke down the cultural divide by visiting with the intention of providing healthcare, which is a concept that allows people of different backgrounds to join together and appreciate what makes us human.

Letter from Christopher Columbus

By mgamerman

A perfect day in Maui.

Take a drive on the road to Hana and stop near the third cow pasture you see after Paia. Park the car, and put on your swimsuit. leave your shoes at the gate.

You will follow a small path to a creek overpowered by vines. Follow the water upstream

Get on a plane and GO.

By kellelucas

Once in their lives, everyone should get on a plane, train, car, hoverboard, whathaveyou and go somewhere where they know noone.

This is thrilling, exciting and the scariest thing I have ever done in my entire life.

For my study abroad, I took my first plane ride to England where I knew no one and nothing about life there. I had to find food, I had to make friends, I had to survive.

You would think that I would end up regretting it, but I loved it. I saw things I never dreamed I would see, I did things I never thought I would do, I was inspired, exhilarated, and I became addicted.

I travelled to Scotland, Ireland, Paris and all over England without caring who I was with or what I

was doing. It didn't matter if I didn't have a map, I found the beauty of the home life there.

Scotland is the most beautiful country I have ever seen in my entire life. The grass is a beautiful green, greener than I have every dreamed. The mountains are HUGE. The rivers are wide and clean. The air is the most wonderous thing I have ever breathed in my entire life.

After two dayes in Scotland, I was hooked, and now I want to move there.

Ever want to go somewhere but never gone because you never wanted to go alone? It doesn't matter, because solitude lets you admire the true beauty. You'll make friends, you'll be inspired, you'll change yourself and the world mile by mile.

Hiking through the Jungles of Central America

By jbeasley20002

For anyone who has had the pleasure to visit Central America, the one thing I would recommend seeing is the jungles. I had the privilege of living there for several years on and off, and I can say without reservation that hiking in the jungles was one of the most moving and at times dangerous things I have ever done.

We started out with the simple idea to explore the ridgeline behind my house. El Salvador not being well equipped with topographical maps, we were relying on our orienteering ability to see us through. Taking with us, compasses, knives, food water and rain gear, we ascended winding roads and eventually started to break brush.

We passed people on the way to work, walking miles through the jungle to get to their city jobs. We passed simple banana farmers, working to feed themselves and to harvest their produce. I saw the most gorgeous valleys, unspoiled by car loads of campers, or tourists. I saw dry washes filled with river stones worn smooth. Eventually we came to a dried river bed. It being the dry

season, it was reasonably safe to attempt without fear of flash floods.

We descended this for some time, until, suddenly, we came to an abrupt precipice. While the drop was only 25 feet down, there was no safe area to free climb, and the jungle vegetation did not allow an alternative route without significant back tracking. Thankfully, I had come prepared.

With the use of some cord I had packed, I tied a Swiss seat to myself, then to a tree, and made a rapid but controlled descent to the bottom of the cliff. I shouted instructions for my companions to do the same. From there we continued the hike back to civilization. But I will never forget the time I had to use a Swiss seat in a real situation to descend a cliff.

El Salvador is beautiful, but make sure you have the tools and the training to make a proper go of it. Bring water, a knife, some cord and some know-how and you'll do just fine.

Letter from Christopher Columbus

By klugesan

the will to explore and find the unexpected

Letter from Christopher Columbus

By dklainbaum

Monsters

Oh, What a Wonderful World (of Wizardry)

By marshmollie

Over the rim of my mug, from which I'm sipping the nectar of the gods dubbed "butterbeer", I can just glimpse the spires of the castle I've been waiting to see in person for over a decade. The sense of anticipation of the crowd around me is palpable. Small children, tugging their equally starry-eyed parents by the hand, gasp in joy and cry out in excitement. Clusters of teenagers giggle as they pass a bulletin board and realize the poster of villain-at-large Sirius Black pasted there actually moves. Grinning couples cling to each other's arms as they gaze at the fictional world they've grown to love brought to life around them. Only Florida's oppressive summer heat and the occasional palm tree waving its fronds from behind a storefront remind you that you have not actually strolled into the middle of living, breathing, butterbeer-induced daydream.

My boyfriend, Mike, and I had planned this trip months ago. It was to be something of a pilgrimage, as we've both been Harry Potter junkies since J.K. Rowling published the first novel in the series. We have read every book and seen every movie multiple times, and bonded like the dorks we are arguing over smaller details of Harry Potter's world. From the moment I woke up that humid July morning,

the excitement I felt pumped wave after wave of adrenaline through me, a feeling I'm sure every other hardcore Harry Potter fan could understand. The park, after all, is as close to being in Harry Potter's world as a fan can get these days. As we joined the throngs navigating our way through the crush of fellow travelers through the park, a hum of excitement built in my ears as we neared what is basically every Harry Potter fan's Mecca.

The excitement comes to a boiling point around the corner from the Wizarding World's entrance; here you see the sign that marks the entrance to Hogsmeade, a wrought-iron rendering of the village's chimneys over a hog-shaped silhouette, above the words "PLEASE RESPECT THE SPELL LIMITS". We grin as we see those around us notice this, too, and anyone close to the Hogwarts Express jumps as it unexpectedly lets loose an ear-splitting whistle and a hiss of steam.

The meticulous design of the park means that everywhere you turn there is a new detail waiting to be discovered, or waiting to jump out at you itself. Ogling the almost-realistic animatronic owls roosting in the owlery's open wooden beams, you'll suddenly hear a rattling outside and look just quick

enough to see a hippogriff rumble by on roller coaster tracks. As the hippogriff disappears into the ride's hub, overhead you'll hear a whoosh as the two dragon-like coasters of the Dragon Challenge pass each other almost close enough for the riders' dangling legs to brush. Every moment in the park is designed for maximum immersion in Harry Potter's world. And pulsing through the swarms of visitors is the glow of absolute joy in the experience.

The feeling in the park is similar to the buzzing energy that courses through a concert venue in the moments leading up to when the performer finally takes the stage. The difference here is that feeling seems to last all day long. New visitors enter the park constantly, and those who have already spent hours in the Wizarding World grin conspiratorially at each other as they recognize the sense of wonder on the new arrivals' faces. The constant high could be chalked up to the mugs of foaming, just-sweet-enough butterbeer toted around the park by myself and the majority of the crowd. The novelty of being handed this fictional concoction brought to life by a person in wizard garb (robe and all, despite the heat of the July day) is only half of what makes it so enticing. The drink itself is so scrumptious and decadent that each sip keeps visitors grinning like

fools as they drift from attraction to attraction.

By the end of the day, my own face was beginning to hurt from all the hours of smiling and exclaiming at each new discovery, from talking portraits in the corridors of Hogwarts Castle to the variety of interlacing staircases visible overheard in the pub of The Three Broomsticks. A visit to The Wizarding World of Harry Potter is a day sure to be full of sensory overload, but never fear; every other visitor to the park is sure to be feeling the same way, so that silly Cheshire cat-sized smile you're sure to have plastered on your face all day will not look out of place. If you're like me and get slightly embarrassed at how much you're fawning over a replica of Hermione Granger's wand, you can be sure that just a few steps away there's a complete stranger acting exactly the same way as he emerges, flabbergasted, from Ollivander's wand-choosing experience. The time you spend in The Wizarding World of Harry Potter is an opportunity for you to give up the pretense that you adopted in high school of being "too cool" to buy into Potter mania in order to avoid being made fun of. The Wizarding World is one of the few places where you can completely indulge that nerdy side of yourself you've been repressing, and let me tell you is it liberating.

"Letter From Christopher Columbus"

Take a moment (I guarantee you've done this a thousand times) and try to picture not only what you think the apocalypse will look like, but what you want it to look like.

Leave zombies out, because that's (unfortunately) unrealistic.

Once you've done that, head to Centralia, Pennsylvania, follow the little sign that reads "fire" and ask yourself, "is this what I pictured in my head?" I'm guessing the answer will be a resounding "yes!"

Centralia owes its apocalyptic landscape to the year 1962, when a coal mine fire started and grew out of control to the point of total chaos. Nearly all the town's residents fled to avoid poisoning or burning, leaving the town a shell of what it used to be.

I visited Centralia a year ago this month to confirm the rumors ~~of~~ I'd heard about the place - and they were all true. I walked into a landscape I'd never seen outside the walls of fiction before - a hot, smoking patch of earth where steam bellows out of the ground, rocks and abandoned highways the fire destroyed. Fewer than 10 residents remain, too stubborn to let a bit of toxic gas force them to move after 49 years of slow asphyxiation. I'm told the town will soon be destroyed and sealed off for good, and I'm doing everything I can to make sure the memory of this incredibly unique place lives on.

The first piece of graffiti you'll find reads "Welcome to Hell." That's surprisingly accurate, for this place surely doesn't belong on our beautiful earth. Live on, Centralia! ^{Luke} Kingma

michelin99
Wham.Bam
LukeKingma
christopheryhuang
CyTheWriter
datruth29



WRITE SOMETHING DANGEROUS

Man up, breeders

By mackenzie

If you're heterosexual and believe in equality for all, your decision to get married is actively harming the gay rights movement. Straight men and women pay lip service to gay men and women's struggle for parity, but by continuing to get hitched, they reinforce the notion that marriage is an institution that exists only between a man and a woman.

Not So Different After All

By marshmollie

There is not much difference between us all, regardless of religion, country of origin, career, all those things we normally use to distinguish ourselves from others. At heart, many of us desire the same things: compassion, a shoulder to lean on, people who we love and who care about us in return. Rather than debate who is right about when the world will end, or whose god is the “right” god, why don't we all cater to our human commonalities instead? Then, perhaps, we'll be able to sit down and solve the real, dangerous problems that we face on a daily basis, rather than bickering over technicalities.

Danger Zone

By nsharma

Dear Society,

I have a message for you.

The Final Five Hundred

By weaverash01

Duane O'Brien, Rachel McCormick, Kei Swenson, Alicea Porterfield-Brock, and Ashley DangerMarie Weaver came to the New York Public Library under the guise of participation in an overnight game. They came to the Library on May 20th, 2011 because they thought they were going to write a book. They had no idea they had been chosen for something much bigger: to reboot the human race. The politics of division had driven humans to the very cusp of extinction. It was time for something drastic. They were the final five hundred.

There was nothing for it. It was clear that things weren't going to get better. As the Middle East fell to democracy, regime by regime, everyone thought the world was getting better. Few of them were willing to admit the truth: that the more you allow people to control their own fates, the more they will consume themselves and the whole planet to death. Things weren't getting better. They were getting worse. It was only a matter of time before everyone demanded an equal share, where an equal share meant "more than that guy." Someone had to be there to keep things in check, to be able to say "NO." But they had gotten it into their heads to kill all their kings and neuter all of their real leaders. It was going to get ugly, and fast. So they brought them all to the Library. They thought it was a game, that they were coming together to write a book - make history, find the future, change the world. And they did. But there were very few of them left to see it when it was all over. His name was Duane O'Brien, and he was one of the last.

Rachel McCormick came to the library that evening for want of anything better to do. She was a teacher, and she usually fell asleep by 8:30 each evening. But on the night in question, she planned to do something that would allow her to legitimately brag about her weekend in the teachers' lounge on Monday. Red Bull in hand, she planned to spend the night among the stacks. Like everyone else, she

came to find the future. Little did she know, the future would find her instead.

One morning Kei Swenson's dog woke her up several hours earlier than usual and after a quick cup of coffee Kei found herself watching television on the couch with the dog on her lap. On the morning news she caught the tail end of a piece about a scavenger hunt at the New York Public Library. As a child, it was a dream of hers to wander the library at night during off hours so she logged onto the internet as quickly as she could so she could fulfill the first quest. The first quest would determine whether or not an individual could participate in the challenge and it asked her to write about what she will be the first person to accomplish in the future. Kei wrote that she would be the first person to be who she was meant to be. Then she forgot about it... until she found out several weeks later that she would be one of the 500 individuals picked out of 5,000 entries to partake in a scavenger hunt at the New York Public Library. These 500 were picked to Find the Future. There was little she understood about this endeavor except that it was an overnight event at the New York Public Library and that the other 499 participants would be just as creative and intellectual as she. Exactly what this group would accomplish together was unknown or at least unclear. The morning of May 20, 2011 she slept for as long as she could. She took the 5:36 out of Peekskill and arrived in Grand Central by 6:40. She walked down Pershing Square to 5th Ave. around 7:00pm and as she walked up the stairs to the New York Public Library butterflies began to fly around her stomach. As she saw her fellow adventurers she realized she was game for anything.

Alicea had a secret and it was known to only one other person. Conveniently, this person was unable to divulge this secret information. Well, convenient is a rather macabre way to view it. This other person was dead as a doornail. In fact, he was dead because

Alicea killed him. Hence, the secret. This is not to say that she went around systematically murdering people on a regular basis. No, she had more self-control than that. Like most psychopaths she was able to give the outward appearance of normality which allowed her to continue to live among her neighbors without arousing suspicion. When she saw the entry to join an overnight game in the New York Public Library she could not resist the chance to find a new victim. She knew it would be risky picking off someone in a building which was essentially in lock-down but it was a once-in-a-lifetime opportunity. So she sent in her entry under the guise that she wanted to create lifelong learners by becoming a children's librarian. It was a complete fabrication but as she suspected there wasn't any fact checking and she was chosen to be a part of the game. Imagine her surprise when she discovered that the game was a cover story. The chosen 500 were meant to be the start of a new race of humans. A snag in Alicea's plan because they expected her to be the record keeper for the new community and to organize all of the existing material housed with the building. Danger awaits outside of the library doors but also stirs restlessly within the heart of this seemingly unremarkable woman. So, the question is this: should she pretend that she is a librarian and go against her natural inclinations as a killer or should she divulge that she lied and be murdered at the hands of those she had planned to kill herself?

Ashley DangerMarie Weaver was a writer. From the moment she heard about the opportunity to spend the night in the New York Public Library, she wanted to participate. She wanted to write. She wanted to contribute to something that truly mattered. Her submission to "the game" was simple. She wanted to write things that would outlast her life on this earth. She had no idea how her story would end up impacting the future of mankind. She arrived to the New York Public Library along with 499 other people.

At eight o'clock on the evening of May 20, 2011, the main doors of the Stephen A. Schwarzman Building closed. The "game" of finding the future would actually be a mission of creating a new future, entirely. The people inside the doors of the legendary building were not chosen simply because of their applications, not because of their prompt responses. They were chosen because of their intelligence, ambition, and genetic makeup. The 500 people locked inside of the New York Public Library on that humid evening in May, were responsible for writing a book to assist in the formation and evolution of the entire future race. They were responsible for teaching the world how to live again. Each and every person participating had a responsibility. They were responsible for bringing something vital to the new society of people who would survive after what can only be described as the Apocalypse...The End of Days...The New First Day.

It had been predicted that the following day, May 21, 2011, the world would end. Those oblivious souls inside the library were gathered on the precautionary chance that would come true. The book that was written from eight o'clock on the evening of May 20th until six o'clock the morning of May 21st, was to serve as a new guide to life, a reflection of the intelligence and knowledge of the previous society. Kept safe among religious texts, a copy of the Declaration of Independence, and various other items, the book they composed was to become a priceless piece of literature meant to shape the world. Perhaps the world would not truly end on May 21st, 2011, but no matter how severe natural disasters became, no matter how long the wars of the world lasted, no matter how many people were killed out of hate and prejudice...this book would remain as a symbol of a future envisioned by 500 brave souls.

Holy Danger Batman!

By Kalina Leopold

Man created god, deal with it.

The Aesthetics of Evil

By brf

looks both ways

The branding and graphic design of the third reich was excellent.

I have many _____ friends

By Lolololori

It is every person's - and especially every American person's - responsibility to cultivate real, true friends of other races - very much on purpose.

I Believe In Love

By kinsk411

I believe, so strongly, that all people, regardless of gender or sexual identity, will be able to marry. I believe that the love shared between these people will one day be recognized. I believe that people won't blink an eye when confronted with a particular gender or sexual identity that is different than theirs.

You Are Doing It Wrong

By ScottKostolni

Stop buying things.
Stop going to the mall and spending money on useless trinkets.
The things in life that actually matter don't cost any money.

Stop watching TV.
You are dying hour by hour as you sit and watch sitcoms and dramas.

Urban Renewal in Istanbul

By michelin99

In Turkey, residents should be allowed to have a say in what happens to their homes and neighborhood. Currently, due to Urban Renewal Law 5366, their homes can be destroyed at will by the government as long as the neighborhood is declared an urban renewal zone. There is currently no legal mechanism for community participation so residents cannot voice protest or negotiate the terms. When I met with the deputy mayor of Fatih Municipality in Istanbul, he admitted that the government had made mistakes with Sulukule, a neighborhood in Istanbul and that they should not have relocated the people that lived there.

How do you fireproof a digital book?

By weatherpattern

Our books are being transformed into digital bits. The digital is ephemeral, stored on machines that fail, and formats that become obsolete.

Digital books are no longer the self-contained technology of print books. They require hardware and software. We store books in the Cloud, which means they are stored on computer servers owned by external corporations.

Magnetic tape, 5.25" floppies, 3.5" disks, 100 MB zip disks, and CDs once standard ubiquitous formats with shelf lives of a fraction of the life of print.

Even though print books can be burned, they are still a stable technology. The Gutenberg Bibles

are a testament to that fact. The shift to digital is a shift to the unstable. Amazon made an error the licensing of a book that was sold to their Kindle e-book owners, and the remotely deleted the books from the Kindles and refunded the owners the price of the book. The book was George Orwell's 1984. Who says irony is dead.

Digital books do not fear the book burning scenario of Fahrenheit 451. The digital book fears power outages, failed hardware, accidental / intentional deletion, and obsolescence.

Libraries are in a state of flux as books transition from print to digital. Their traditional mission was to store, protect, and share books. The digital library of the future must do the same.

Save the Stories, Ditch the Rest

Find a trash can. A large one. Then pull open your closet door, your junk drawer, your storage unit in Jersey. Take a moment to reminisce over those scrawled notes from high school, the dust-covered tchotchkes purchased on vacation, that dried bouquet of flowers from your cousin's wedding.

Then throw them away.

You don't need them. You are not the objects you have collected. It isn't the things that matter, but the stories you tell about them. So STOP COLLECTING GARBAGE.

Look, if something really means that much to you, then take a picture of it and write down its story and THEN throw it away. Why spend your journey through life lugging the things when you already have their magic inside of you?

After depositing your clutter/junk/stuff in the large trash can, take a moment.

Just sit.

Exist.

You already possess everything you need.

- Barbara Fildes

Undeath

By rchang

Democracy is dead.

How can we mourn something that never was alive? A phantom perhaps, a vision, a spectral presence. We speak in gibberish tongues of freedom, choice, and hope--to better misrecognize the bonds of debt, need, and amnesia.

This is not a call to revolution.
This is not a project of demystification.
This is not an attempt at resuscitation.

Democracy is dead.

Can we move forward to build new polities? Care, not equality. Reciprocity, not liberty. Recognition, not love. Formulating different language to reshape different relations.

This is a call for language!
This a a project of dehabitation!
This is the beginnings of redistribution!

What might come alive from collaborative confusion without anger? A refusal to enter narrative to hold on to potentials? Certainly not democracy.

Democracy is dead.

We are not special.

By EmKSteele

We are not special. We are not unique snowflakes waiting to melt into snow. We are not crystalline gemstones shining on the wall. We are mud and glue and viscera and there's not much that seperates one of us from the others. And we can't be what we want to be. And we can't always rise above. But we can wallow. We can dwell in each other and sink it the muck of humanity and embrace that we are all very base creatures together. We can live fully in the mucky mud. Dirty. Lowly. Human.

The Right Solution

By yking3

For the past few years, Americans have railed against the bankers and bonuses of bankers, traders, and CEOs. For many, it's simply an expression of anger against those they believe caused them economic pain. But the real cause of this downturn continues to be hotly debated. Was it greedy bankers? Irresponsible borrowers? Let's not get into that.

But let's talk about the bonus structure. The bonus structure is one of the best ways for a company to pay employees because the performance risk is held by the employee, not by the company. Currently moves by governments abroad have changed this structure so that bankers now have higher base compensation and lower bonuses. Essentially, this move has given them higher guaranteed pay and lower performance based pay.

And in terms of tax payers having a say on pay? Well, let's give an example. Say you have an

employee. A once-a-month house keeper, or a nanny. And because they've done such an excellent job, you decide to reward them with a hefty \$50K bonus. Does I have any right to say it is not allowed? I'd argue no. I'd argue the only people with a legitimate say are those with a stake in the situation. Likewise, the only people who have a legitimate say in bankers' bonus are the company, the bankers, and shareholders. On the flip side, since we (or most of us) are taxpayers, most of us should have a say on how much government workers make, and rightfully so.

Apologies for the brevity, I'm running low on time, but I feel these things need to be said and we need to look beyond the immediate reaction and rash of anger and start to think about the right solution. That is, not "what will make me feel better and punish those I think hurt me," but rather "let's look at this problem and determine the right solution"

Trash is treason

By bridgetcostello

Trash is not inevitable, it is not natural, and it should be illegal. Humans are the only species who produce trash, and we have started to do so only recently. Even a century ago, most people in even the wealthiest parts of the world produced very little material that wasn't reused, repurposed, or recycled. Now, however, trash has come to seem normal, acceptable, and even virtuous in some cases (for instance, in achieving a 'clean' and 'modern' household aesthetic, discarding items is part of a holy cleansing). But our production has reached epic proportions; if we cannot, as individuals and societies, come to find a way to cease our production of trash, our days on this earth will be short. Individuals should be fined and penalized for only partially consuming anything that falls into their possession, and perhaps even barred from further consumption. Societies need to institute no-trash policies by ceasing the collection of trash, as well as the production and distribution of the planned-obsolent future trash.

Practice What You Preach

By Arianachiz 1

The sanctity of marriage is always used as a positive position for politicians and public figures and they are all FULL OF SHIT! For example a recent very high profile governor refused to legalize gay marriage in his state (twice), in the meantime he had a tumultuous affair with household help under his wife's nose and produced a love child that he hid for over a decade from his beautiful family. So as the saying goes "practice what you preach" because the credibility that you have is now a joke.

Risks

By Katie Ventura

Never say what is expected of you. Only ever say what you mean or how you feel. Lying about either of these things just because it is what you are suppose to or expected to say never accomplishes anything.

It Starts With An Earthquake. It ends with you.

By loveandsqualor9

Tomorrow will not be the end of the world. This will not all come crashing down tomorrow, or the next day, or the next. But you will not live forever, and though the world may not crumble around you, one day you will crumble beneath it. So, today is not the last day of existence for this city, for this place, but you should choose to live as though it were your last night within it.

Fireproof Fahrenheit 451

By knhieu

Truthfully, you know that you are too...

ambitious, you wake up at 5 am everyday just to jog for a hour before work

truthful, you didnt have to tell that she gained the freshman 15 on her honeymoon



40



CARRY IT WITH YOU

So much wisdom

By Lolololori

I would keep a copy of "Surely You're Joking, Mr. Feynman" with me. That guy ruled.

"The world is full of this kind of dumb smart-alec who doesn't understand anything."

-Richard P. Feynman

Or Kurt Vonnegut's *Breakfast of Champions*, *Bluebeard*, or *Man Without a Country*

"I have had all I can stand of not taking myself seriously."

☒ Kurt Vonnegut (*Bluebeard*)

or this picture of me and my mom, who always tells me to fly and be free:



Dear Self,

Always remember to fight for beauty in the world. Be brave and be kind. Take deep breaths.

Remember to appreciate those around you, because they may not always be around. Say yes whenever possible. Nothing fun comes from saying no.

Make room for new people in your life whenever possible, you never know what they can teach you. Be patient. Staying still can be just as hard as forging ahead. Let love in. Take another breath. Be grateful.

Love,

Gracie

vogelbindery
SuzFarrellSmith
Cricket
ellena
smartestcleverest
TheGKnee
CaseyLynn

Carry It With You

By alixpod

Make sure you smile, and look at the world with a sense of humor.

Malcolm X's briefcase

By katherinemyers

The past shot an arrow forward, the future shot one back. Now is the cross hairs, suspended in the air, pulled in either direction. You are here as much as because of what you were as what you will be. True and love, soul and mate, she and him, crossed in an X, the legs of which as long as years. You have lived, now.

Malcolm X's briefcase

By khill

Malcolm X's birthday was 5/19

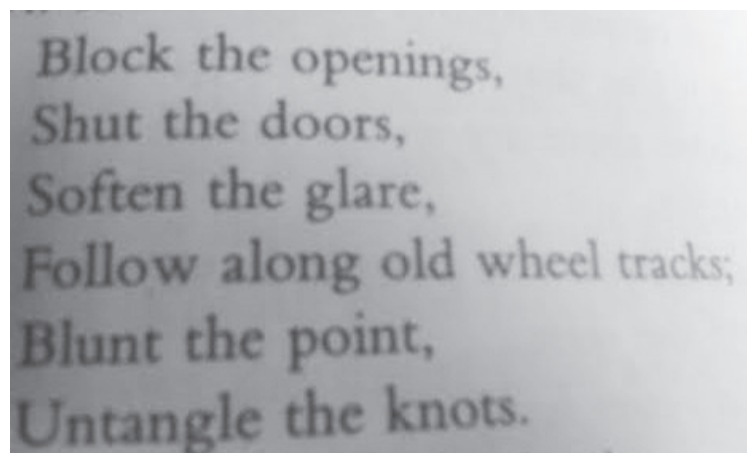
Malcolm X's briefcase

By ailamar

In my left pocket, should I make it ten more years, would be a small note that reminds me that if anything is to be learned in life it is that we are here together. We have to make it work. Your neighbor, his friends, and even your cousin's landlord's wife will either benefit from what you've said or done or you've become a hindrance.

"Your smallest action sets off another somewhere else, and is set off by it. Keep an eye open, an ear cocked. Tread warily, follow instructions. We'll be alright." - Tom Stoppard

In my right pocket:



Block the openings,
Shut the doors,
Soften the glare,
Follow along old wheel tracks;
Blunt the point,
Untangle the knots.

Keep. Moving. Forward.

By Mayorbest

The note I carry with me for the next ten years will be very short but powerful, inspired by the movie "Meet the Robinsons" (2007). The note will read: "Keep. Moving. Forward."

The earth is constantly in motion and people are

constantly evolving. We must continue to move forward and embrace the past, yet leave it behind, because we cannot both live in the future and the past. We must keep moving forward if we wish to make a difference and improve the lives of ourselves, others and future generations.

Happiness Is

By SuzFarrellSmith

"Happiness is."

The note hangs above my mother's kitchen sink. Two words that invite her to add more.

"Happiness is."

She lists the people she loves most. Her daughters, sons-in-law, grandchildren. The note, confined to one small yellowed square, grows denser. Thick happiness. Full happiness.

What would my note say? Today? Next year? Fifty years from now?

"Happiness is."

Happiness always is. Happiness is what I need it to be. Happiness can change in an instant or remain fixed forever. Happiness is knowing that something as insignificant as a scrap of paper can hold all the happiness that I need.

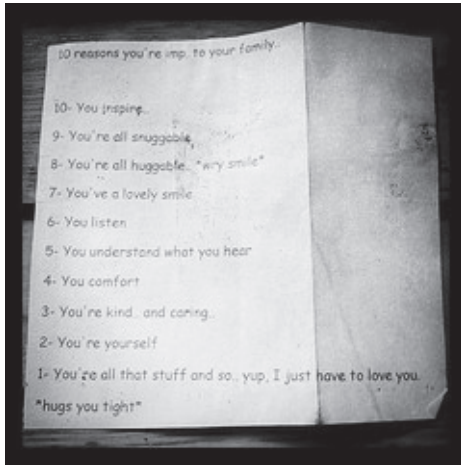
Malcolm X's briefcase

By smartestcleverest 1

Dear Self,

Always remember to fight for beauty in the world. Be brave and be kind. Remember to appreciate those around you, because they may not always be around. Say yes whenever possible. Nothing fun comes from saying no. Make room for new people in your life, you never know what they can teach you. Be patient - staying still can be just as hard as forging forward. Let love in. Take a deep breath. Be thankful.

Grace.



Words In Your Pocket

A Letter From My Sister

Everyone needs something to lift their spirits and remind them of what is important in their lives. I have kept this letter in my wallet for just that purpose.

~Scott Kostolni (Team Zero)

If I could carry any words with me everyday it would be, "Always remember to breathe." They are words that my mother has spoken to me since I was a child and they have been some of the most valuable advice she has ever given me. There has never been a time of crisis in my life that those words have not helped me to conquer whatever I set out to do. It would be nice to know that those words were always written down to be carried around in my pocket and looked at whenever I really needed them.

~Katie Ventura (Team Zero)

"Water moves to puddles." My father has many one-liners, and many of which translate into rough English copies from their original Farsi sayings. Although this note might not sound glamorous or insightful, the meaning behind it carries a significance that I would never want lost on me. In this note, individual droplets of water are a metaphor for individual people. It is a natural

tendency for people to flood together in much the same way that water comes together to form a puddle. As someone who respects and admires the kind of creativity that people are capable of, I would find it negligent to allow ourselves to be sucked into a puddle of homogeneous identities and discard our unique ability to stand apart from the whole. By succumbing to such a dull fate, we would lose so many opportunities for advancement in a variety of fields.

~Tina Amini (Team Zero)

If I was going to carry a note around with me for the next 10 years I would want it to remind me to be the best person I can be every day that I'm alive. I would tell myself to remember that trying and failing is better than never having tried at all. That I know I can accomplish anything if I put my mind to it. And to remember to have patience, especially when I'm dealing with the things that frustrate me the most.

~Kalina Leopold (Team Zero)

The stranger these words appear to you, the further you have grown, for they are no longer your own.

~Andrew Gonsalves (Team Zero)

Malcolm X's briefcase

By prisefterinferno

Courage, Pride, Patience. These three things will guide you through anything. To have courage is to take chances, not reckless of heroism, but don't be afraid to take the long shot. To have pride is to look up the things you have made and be glad, not to boast or brag. Be unabashed in taking credit for the things you have done. To have patience is to take your time in your tasks and words, not to be meek and stand idle. Timing and structure will aid you in the hardest endeavors of your life.

There is one other thing that I need you to remember. Those closest to you, your family, your

friends, they are the pillars to support you when you do not think that you can carry on. More importantly you are their pillar as well. When they are scared, have courage for them. When they are modest, be proud for them. When they've lost patience, keeps your for them.

Nothing you want to do is impossible. It is very likely that in the future (near or distant) someone will do exactly the thing you thought of. Why should it not be you?

Malcolm X carried with him the Koran. All you need to do is carry with you this one note.

Malcolm X's briefcase

By klugesan

I must wear two hats: Muslim and nationalist Islam- my religion (spiritual and moral) my behavior and attitude towards others my trip: mecca (spiritual strength) africa (political strength) Mecca africa (my god, my country, my people)

One Note for 10 Years...Better Be Special.

By BelleRead

7 things to live by.

Smile as a rule.

Pray as a habit.

Speak knowing my words have power.

Know that I are loved, by God.

Make the minutes count, or the hours will fly, and the days will pass.

Never take anything for granted.

Read the Bible; it's the only book written for me.

Have ridiculous amounts of fun....

Malcolm X's briefcase

By mgamerman

I am not young, I am not old, I am not black, i am not white, I am not red, i am not yellow, I am not brown, I am not fat, I am not thin, I am not short, I am not tall, I am not christian, i am not jewish, i am not muslim,

Malcolm X's briefcase

By Robert Whitehead, Emily Schubert, Garrett Verdone, Mathieu Jean-Lubin, Andy Rossmeissl, Mary Mei

I found this on a sundial one day while wandering through Minneapolis's Lyndale Rose Garden: Count only the sunny days.

JVA's Post-It

By jenvaz1

You only live once. Do it right. And by do it right, I mean do what you want. And by do what you want, I mean decide what you are living for regardless of what is told to you, and follow that path regardless of what happens to you.

A letter of Regret

By zacharyostrow

We never remember the ones we save, and we never forget the ones we fail. It's about taking responsibility for our choices; about learning from sacrifice. It's those hard lessons that shape us, and how we respond where we go with our lives. I don't think there is a man or a woman with out some kind of regret, and that's probably a good thing

because it's our failures rather than our successes that make us who we are.

My note would say this due to it's massive importance. We all make choices, some are great some are detrimental. Those choices in life we make define who we are sand how we choose to run the rest of our life.

Malcolm X's briefcase

By tcheung

Live for the moment

Everything happens for a reason nothing is coincidence. The people we meet the interactions we have are all for a purpose. Embrace the moments you have and enjoy it.

You are not that girl anymore...

By StefyFontela

There used to be a girl who had a many dreams that she kept a secret.

She loved to imagine them coming to life, but only in her head.

She thought about how amazing it would be for things to become true after spending so much time existing in her mind, but fears and insecurity imprisoned her attempts of fullfilment.

Then one day, she stoppped thinking so much and started doing.

She lived, not thought.

She did, not worried.

You are not the girl who spent all her time in her head anymore.

You are the girl who spends all her time in her life...living.

So remember, LIVE.

No matter what, LIVE.

To be, or not to be. That is the question.

By eh1234

Justin Kenny: Move boldly and with purpose.

Elena Hecht: "There's always room to add a few new songs." -Ava Hecht

Andi Teran: Smile, be curious, allow yourself to dream, and never give up.

Ashley Van Buren: "Success is never final. Failure is never fatal. It is courage that counts." -Winston Churchill

Fausta Palazzetti: Quit your bitchin'.

Malcolm X's briefcase

By yanksrock777

Dear V,

Remember a few things. Remember to be a good person. Always strive to do good in your eyes, towards yourself and others. Enjoy the small things in life. Your friends are your family. Love is a magical word with amazing effect. Remember that happiness is not external but internal. Peace comes from within. Remember to follow your heart. To trust your heart. It has and always will get you to the place you want to be. Remember that you will always be a student. Always learning. Always be open minded, ready to change and adapt. The only constant is change. Remember there are no absolute truths and everything is relative. Relativity. Remember to appreciate the incredible beauty in everything. Remember that compassion and empathy are contagious. Love others. Love yourself. Live, laugh, smile. Be happy.

Love,

V

Things to remember each morning

By whitneybryan

Be the most authentic version of yourself possible. Remember that mistakes are opportunities for learning, not evidence that you're unintelligent or less of a person. Don't be afraid to ask stupid questions or look foolish. Know that you are always loved, even if you may not always love yourself.

Malcolm X's briefcase

By BrodyLogan

Brody,

Don't let anyone ever say you make too many jokes. There is no such thing as too many jokes. Humor is your best quality and it's the skill you've been blessed with that will brighten future days. That and your hair. Hell, the only reason you have a team for this scavenger hunt is because some girl noticed your great hair. Hopefully by now, it's not falling out. That would be a travesty. Good luck finding a toupee maker that can replicate that thick, silky mane.

Your wandering mind creates sinkholes on the ambition turnpike. Pitfalls become you, and it takes fortitude to claw out. A lackadaisical virus becomes implanted in your frontal lobes and next thing you know far too many pages have been flipped. All it takes is that first spark, that impetus that kindles a creative fervor that takes you over. The problem is you get far too distracted by the morass of life. Your mind supernovas ideas only to have them get instantly sucked into a black hole of unimportant bullshit. That's right, all that other stuff is bullshit. Focus. You were given a gift. A gift of wit, humor and creativity that comets through humanity a few times in a generation. I'm sure there are many more like you, the problem is they are never seen. Don't let yourself become an unseen comet. A star that can't be appreciated doesn't shine. Embrace your talent, entertain the world. Its fun to entertain your friends and family, but the world deserves to be entertained as well. So don't sit... work. Don't whisper... broadcast. And don't comet... shine.

Sincerly,

You... from the past... not in a DeLorean, but man that would be sweet.

P.S.

Please tell me you still have your hair.

Malcolm X's briefcase

By caameron

Remember that others struggle with life as much as you do: with their worries, troubles, frustrations and annoyances. Do not allow yourself to become spiteful toward them; but forgive them, whether they know what they do or not. It is not your place to mold the life of others, but to focus on crafting your own. You are not Atlas, and the world does not rest on your back alone, but on the shoulders of us all. Do your best to be kind.



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BROADCAST TO OUTER SPACE

Letter to the others

By gibblitj

Dear Non-Earthlings,

We are team Awesome Socks/Slowburn. Steven Hawking said you will probably want to kill us. Please don't kill us and especially please don't eat us. We will willingly procreate with you and give you massages.

We will keep searching for ways to make the world better without destroying it and try and make good music as well. In addition we will continue to make books and reality television.

Regards.

Gutenberg Shows a Proof Of A Once Great Planet

By Alex H. Nagler

Greetings future visitors. Please pardon this planet's appearance. By the time you get this message, the half-life should have decreased to a point that it could potentially be hospitable. If it is not, we, the former owners, apologize for that. I don't know what element these final bombs are going to be made of. There's a few possibilities, but we can't say for sure. We didn't mean for this to happen. It just sort of did.

This planet wasn't always this way. It used to be lush and full of life, teeming with millions of species of flora and fauna, a vast ocean of life, curious and innocent in its approach to finding things. It used to be a place of music, arts, and love, teeming with multiple organisms, but first and foremost among those that counted was a species called humanity: Us.

There were others. Bugs had more species than we were able to document; for all we know, they may still be here. One species, the cockroach, seemed to have the ability to withstand anything. Birds had a good run, and there were sometimes more fish than we knew what to do with (save for those we overfished to near or complete extinction, or on the other hand, those we farmed for our own amusement to ensure that we had what we needed). Our closest relatives, primates, were playful beings that reminded us of humanity when we younger.

But the big problem was that humanity was the sole species that was cognizant, a word here meaning that they could perform thoughts containing higher function and reason. This was a bad thing. One species monopolized everything on the planet, making it so that none of the other life forms on

the planet had any say in how things went. We ran roughshod over their former domains. Their habitats became ours. We found that they had things we needed. That forest with the diverse ecosystem? Rubber. Those beautifully colored oceans? Place for our trash. And that's not even getting in to what we did on our way out.

As you can guess, the fact that one species spoke for everyone didn't go over well. One form of being left to decide everything inevitably leads to bad choices. As time wore on, we became fractured and started fighting over silly, meaningless items that, at the time, seemed to consume everything. Had we managed to stick together and work around our differences, we could have been unstoppable. If we had just focused on the things that made us the same, we may have delivered a message to you in person, instead of through a broadcast you're getting by the time we're all dead and gone. Instead, we focused on petty, little things. Things like how one expressed their faith, wore their clothing, showed their love, or even cared for their own bodies became major points of contention. In retrospect, it was kind of stupid.

As history progressed, we gained new to express ourselves. Fire warmed huts, tools tamed the land, the wheel opened up transportation; this was just in one age. We had periods of brilliance - print allowed for thoughts to be transferred with wide groups of people, sharing ideas and growing communities in ways never previously thought of. We created an engine powered on steam, and then on the remnants of long dead creatures (that we had nothing to do with). We even created a way to instantly express

every mundane thought we had, and people made boatloads of money off of it. We grew and sought to discover as much as we could.

But our intelligence was our undoing. As we grew in our ability to think, we found new ways to harm one another. For every new cure, new way to share information, to express our creative curiosity, there was a new projectile. A new sword. A new mounted form of torment. New and creative ways to inflict pain and cause suffering. In the end, we found a way to unlock the power of the atom and create fireballs that lit up the sky for miles, instantly killing everything around it. And if the initial blast didn't get you, the aftershock would.

Eventually, the bad outweighed the good. Humanity perished. We managed to transcribe a few thoughts, but a few hundred words to express thousands of years of humanity isn't enough, especially when we're only talking about the bad. For every instance of raping and pillaging, there's a symphony or a sonnet we should be sharing. For every missile, a happy day shared between a group of friends. Atomic warfare ideally should have been balanced with the initial space exploration it brought about, but we became scared of the unknown and scrapped our own abilities to get off our planet. That may have been the most foolish thing of all - scrapping space. It gave us no escape clause, so when the end finally came, we were all stuck here.

We wish we had a few concrete things to tell you not to do. You probably shouldn't hate one another, just for starters. Paying too much attention to the petty things only leads to bad results. If you have any means of creatively expressing yourself, focus on those. Any forms of song, dance, art, poetry, or just

any way that you can share your devotion of a craft with others is encouraged. If your species has things like government funding any way of supporting these things (lets call them "The Arts" for the sake of brevity), do that. Support The Arts. Do it with everything you've got.

Talk with one another. You may be surprised at the things you have in common. For example, we had three means of faith (religions) that actually shared a single common ancestor. But these three religions seemed to despise one another. There were plenty of folks in all three that got along, but they were drowned out by the more radical members. For all we know, they could have been the ones to set this all off. It's not guaranteed, but our money is on yes. There was one teeny area that all three of these folks were incredibly contentious about. But that's not important now.

Love each other. We don't know if you have the concept of love, but its sharing emotional feelings with another being. Open yourself up to whoever you want to. It doesn't matter who, just as long as you express yourself. A wise human once said "In the end, the love you take is equal to the love you make." More people should have really listened to that. We may have not been in this situation if they had.

So, goodbye from us, humanity. We tried. We really did. But our lesser selves wound up getting the better of us.

Thanks for stopping by. Wish we could have been here to greet you, but it looks like we let ourselves out.

Searching for Sustainability

By reillyodonnell

We are pretty cool, and would prefer to get off fossil fuels, you folks have any ideas?

Space Radio

By katiepollycat

Venimus Vidimus Virum scripsit

Amat Terram

Let's share our stories

By rieuwa

Dear friends:

P lanets and stars may separate us whilst
L ightyears seem impassible mountains.
A steroids try to hinder our contact, but
N ever stop us from
E xtending our friendship
T o new civilizations near and far.

E very one of us is unique,
A ll with wild and different dreams. We're
R eaching out to share our visions,
T ie new knots and
H ear your stories.

The citizens of earth.

Gutenberg Bible

nsharma

Rapture: Published in The New York Times, May 21, 2011 (6:00PM, time zone unknown)

Dear people on the corner of 35th and 7th who have told me every day that I will die in rapture because I don't believe in your God,

I want the world to hear my message to you.

What do you plan on doing if the world is going to end tonight? What could you possibly do in the last few hours, in the last few MINUTES of your life that would make up for every sin you have ever committed? This brings me to my first point:

1. Be honest with yourself. If you've sinned, or done something bad, or hurt someone, you can't make up for it by handing out flyers and yelling at those who are part of a different religion. Reflect on your own life and try to change it, don't try to change everybody else.

Here's the next kicker: what if I am part of a different religion? What if I do believe in a different higher power? Who made you the authority on which religion is right or wrong?

2. You can't convince me that my religion is wrong just because you say so. The end.

I don't hate you, random people who yell at me about the apocolypse. I really don't. I just don't believe in your message. Whatever happened to the whole "our god is a loving, compassionate god?" Would compassionate gods kill every non-secular person on the planet in a fit of rapture? I don't know. What I do know is that you spend so much of your time focused on this rapture business that you've lost perspective. This brings me to my final point:

3. Don't you think that god will think you've cherished the gift of life he's given you if you spend your time enjoying, protecting, and loving everything around you? Spend your time enjoying your life instead of bothering people on a street corner. I promise you that your message will be better received.

Thanks for hearing me out.

Sincerely,

Burning-With-Rapture

Message to the little green men

By bridgetcostello

Have carbon, will trade for oxygen. Or beer.



DRESS THE FUTURE

Getting dressed for work will be a breeze!

By MeggieMcD

In the year 2061 we will be able to change our outfits with just a thought. For instance, if it's raining, we will just think "hey im getting wet here" and it will transform into a Paddington bear outfit. Or, if you, for instance, live in New York City and you are walking around town doing some shopping, you can channel Jackie O in your chic flats and giant sunglasses. Then, when it's time to hit the town, you can switch it up to your best clubby Ke\$ha outfit (complete with a bottle of Jack) and go crazy. Also, you can fly. That doesn't have anything to do with the outfit. It's just a part of life in the future.

Hand-Grown Costumes

By bridgetcostello

The trend towards body modification will continue in the next half century, specifically with regards to the modification of the size and shape of body parts. However, even with affordable financing available, many will be unable to afford these surgeries even as the expectation that one modifies one body increases. Furthermore, the trend cycle of desirable body shape will accelerate to the point where the "in" body look will change too quickly for surgery to be practical for all but the richest and healthiest individuals. Clothing will come to (re)assume its historical role of changing the body's shape from the real to the ideal. As the notion of 'natural' human shape slowly loses salience, clothing will come to first cover, and later augment, an increasingly abstracted and postmodern human shape. One year, the fashion will be for jackets with one shoulder padded out into a foot-long curlicue; the next season knees will be the focus, with grapefruit-sized bulbs sewn into pants or even dangling from the cuffs of shorts, suspended by garters. Regardless of the focal body part, the look in the 2060s will be boldly asymmetrical and fabrics are most noteworthy for the jarring juxtapositioning of the 'must-have' jacket of the Fall 2016 season being wrought in distressed moss-green burlap and neon-pink taffeta, with the aforementioned shark-fin (left) shoulder.

NU Look: 2061

By viaveres, lianguba, gothamagik, yoyi, khnieu, pikagrace, dachillchick

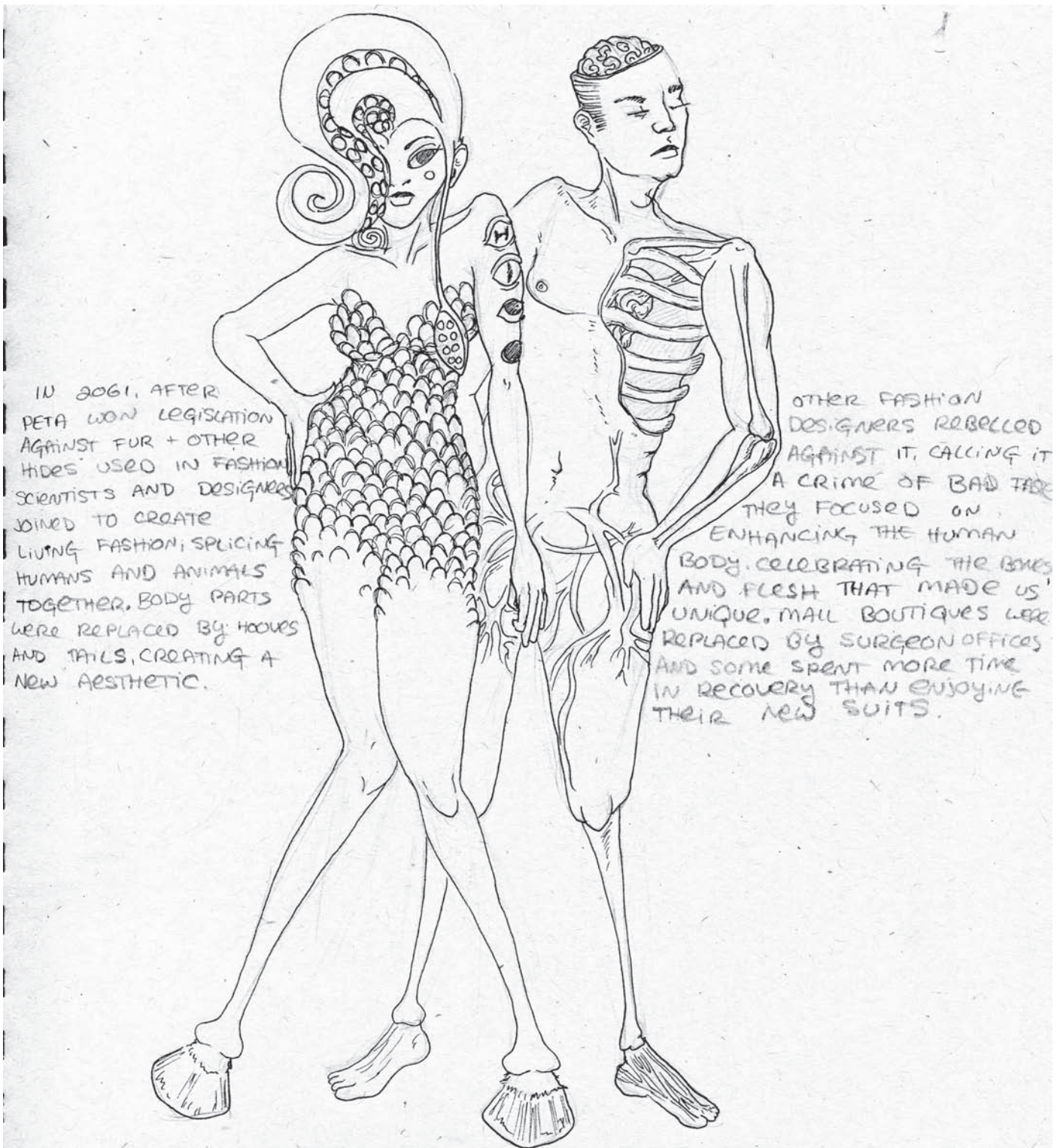
Fashion is one of the biggest industries that exist in this world. Even in our very own New York City, there are seasonal fashion weeks that are highly anticipated on an international level. However, what mainly affects the style, material and innovations for clothes are the environment we live in. Specific geographical locations have created abundance for certain fabrics for clothing. In addition, different countries have their own distinctive climate according of its location that puts a huge effect on a particular region's style of clothing. Looking at the New York Public Library's own collection of Stewart Watson's hand-colored paintings on Italy's fashion clearly shows the vibrant colors and layers that represent Italian fashion, even to this day.



Inspired by Watson and the future of the world's environment, I have drawn an illusion of an outfit from year 2061. With global warming becoming more evident in our environment, weather forecasts are becoming more and more inaccurate and unpredictable. Therefore, I have created an outfit that is easily detachable so when the weather suddenly changes from cold to warm, you can detach a part of your outside and still be fashionable. Vice versa, if the weather becomes cold, you can re-attach part of your clothes back on. In addition I have created a rubber-made stretchable headband that is inspired by the toga headband. It will stretch freely and will be comfortably fitted to any head sizes. Bright neon colors were added to my sketch to reflect the significance the vibrant city lights that light up continuously in today's modern



Made of a non-combustible metal that is liquefied and strained for impurities a hundred times. It is then flattened into a thin sheet and cooled via cryogenic freezing. Blades uniformly aligned are then run through to make threads that will be eventually weaved in to the most durable, lightest fabric ever made by man. The cushion inside will be made of memory foam tempur material that will adjust depending on the intensity the



IN 2061, AFTER PETA WON LEGISLATION AGAINST FUR + OTHER HIDES USED IN FASHION SCIENTISTS AND DESIGNERS JOINED TO CREATE LIVING FASHION, SPLICING HUMANS AND ANIMALS TOGETHER. BODY PARTS WERE REPLACED BY HOoves AND TAILS, CREATING A NEW AESTHETIC.

OTHER FASHION DESIGNERS REBELLED AGAINST IT, CALLING IT A CRIME OF BAD TASTE. THEY FOCUSED ON ENHANCING THE HUMAN BODY, CELEBRATING THE BONES AND FLESH THAT MADE US UNIQUE. MALL BOUTIQUES WERE REPLACED BY SURGEON OFFICES AND SOME SPENT MORE TIME IN RECOVERY THAN ENJOYING THEIR NEW SUITS.



PICTURE THE BEST DAY EVER

To My Darling KMP

By zacharyostrow

Diary,

Today is a great day. I don't know how to explain to you how I truly feel for this beautiful girl that I have known to love. I know that her feelings for me are unsure, but I know that we have what it takes to succeed. We will survive.

KMP - ZNO

Tuesday in May

By mandersgreen

I was running through the York St. subway station, though the neon-lit, airless tunnel filled with the zombie-like masses clutching their cups of coffee, attaching their work ID badges and shuffling along with the rhythm of a Tuesday. My heart beat fast as I wrestled with the idea that I might miss this train and have to wait as long as seven minutes for the next one, in order to arrive at the office by 9:53, instead of 10 a.m. And then...it hit me. I wasn't going to work. I was turning around. My feet were moving without my brain signaling them to. I was walking away -- away from the urine-drenched

concrete of the dank subway station and out into the brisk, May air. I knew today was the day that I would stop. I would stop thinking about if I wrote enough, was detailed enough, or offended anyone. I was going to sit on a bench and just stop.

I emerged from the the subway station and walked the half mile to Brooklyn Bridge Park. I sat down on a bench and felt the power of making a decision before my mind could catch up. I made that decision without thinking of the consequences. I made it...when I stopped. And I'm still not sure I'll start up again.

Ninja Wolves

By cosmicautumn

Dear Diary,

Today I was attacked by a giant octopus. Actually, I'm getting ahead of myself a little here. Let's start from the very beginning.

I was sailing on the good ship Bumblebee. We were making good time off the coast of the US Virgin Isles. When suddenly, a long suckered tentacle cropped shingly out of the deep blue, writhing like a golden tentacle of Medusa. Avast! If it was not the legendary golden squid of Captain Ahab, it was something more terrible than something from my darkest dreams. It was actually the gilded cephalapod. I recognized the massive, snapping beak

that seemed as if had come from Satans garden shears. The very ones he uses to trim the bushes of the damned.

I knew that to conquer this beast, I would have to find fortitude within my tortured soul. I recalled from childhood the story of a legendary golden harpoon - forged in the center of a volcano, by the Japanese goddess of the sun - the great Amaterasu.

I left the devil of the sea and turned sail towards the Hawai'ian islands. Will I make it through these treacherous waters? Will my paddleboat capsiz? Only time, and fate, can tell.

Ideastorm with out the rain

By Reggels

The best day ever was totally unexpected. It wasn't jam packed with as many amazing things as possible but it was a culmination of moments that I believe I can savor for years on end.

The most precious commodity we can all offer each other is time and attention. My closest friends and family were able to join me today. The gray mist in the morning cleared quickly and it was sunny day with a cooling breeze. No hint of humidity! We rendezvoused in Central Park for a morning bike ride that was capped off with a delicious picnic. Sitting in the grass together, I found that we all felt we were in a better place in our lives compared to one year ago. All of us are in good health, and everyone was happy with the direction that their relationships were going. All of us had careers we loved and found that our strengths were being utilized fully each day. We felt we had more to give to the world! We shared more stories and some ideas started to form. Staring at the clouds we felt our imaginations expand. It was an idea storm without the actual rainclouds! What a talented group!

Our evening was no different. Bubbling with ideas and enthusiasm, our attempt at cooking dinner dissolved into a marathon talent show with jokes, musical performances , and imagination became our fuel and food. It was declared that this should be an annual event and it should be expanded! Talent shows aren't just for kids!

May 20, 2012 was a day that expanded my heart and my mind.

----- On May 21, 2011 I decided to send my friends and family an email with a save the date.

On June 21, 2011 a few friends decided they would help me rally a group.

On December 21,2011 I realized that I wasn't planning a vacation. This was a retreat! Friends would be taking time to fully engage, support, and pay attention to each other. Is there a better gift than that?

Spring Birds

By JenniferPDickey

Dear Diary,

Today I woke up to birds chirping at the beautiful spring weather that is upon us. We are lucky that summer is not yet in the air, but in the midday sun we can feel it lurking in the humidity off the pavement and below ground in the transit stations.

I awoke to no alarm. Just nature's alarm. I opened my blinds to a day with only a few fluffy white clouds in the sky providing the perfect shade for a run in the park across the street from my house. I slipped into my running shoes and bounced down the stairs ready to feel the wind in my hair. As I ran, I felt my breath as it flowed smoothly in and out of my lungs. This was a good run. I vowed to revisit the park later today after the noon sun had subsided to read.

Upon my return from my run I found that I had missed two important phone calls; one from my boss and the other from a good friend of mine. I decided that due to the complications and bitter mood I might be put in by my boss' call, I would first call my friend. They gave me the wonderful news that for my birthday we would be traveling to Japan to visit my other best friend for my birthday on May 31st. They wanted to surprise me, but they also needed to give me enough time to pack and plan.

I was so overwhelmed with joy I called my mother and everyone else who I thought would even listen to my excitement.

Next, I grabbed my journal and headed with a blanket into the park. Here I was able to write and make a phone call to my boss that I was dreading. He answered the phone with a cheery tone and asked me about the neighborhood corgi dog that I told him about on many occasions. He knew this always sparked a bounce in my step. He then told me that we were up in sales so much at the brewery that we would all be getting raises and purchasing our own brewpub that I would be running! Finally, all my hard work had paid off and I knew in a week I would have one of the best birthdays I could possibly imagine.

My friends went out for dinner with me to celebrate and I fell asleep with the breeze coming in through the drawn curtains. One more day of feeling good.

Today, tomorrow, and every day up until this might actually happen I will continue to work hard and grow our brand as well as I possibly can to make sure that we are able to have a day like this in the future. Small businesses have a hard time ever having this type of realization, and I hope I can help bring my company to this point.

April 23

By JCD

After last week's rain, last night the weather broke and this morning it actually felt like spring. I got up early and grabbed a coffee and a croissant from Jane's, before the stroller crowd rolled in, and read the news: shit's still hitting the fan, but hey, the coffee was good, and I left before the cafe got too crowded. I'd made plans with L. to do a late lunch, but I wanted to surprise her so I went to the botanic garden (she loves the black tulips that look like velvet--is it satin?--artichokes). The air was still dew-ish, and the grass soaked my shoes, but it was nice. I stole one of the tulips and then grabbed some things from the market--we made an omelet with cheese from the place M. recommended and her sister's spinach--and then headed to L.'s. I cooked; she made mimosas. We talked about the war, then ate. It turned out well, but I want to experiment with duck eggs next time. Afterwards we planned our Iceland trip and saw a film--400 Blows, I haven't seen it in years. A good day.

Virginia Woolf's Exquisite Corpse

By elsy1225

After writing a diary entry every single day of all fourteen years she had been married, Virginia Woolf suddenly found, on an otherwise unremarkable November morning, that she couldn't write another page in the gilt-edged book, and instead read an old entry...

When it comes to making history, few methods are as effective as dying. VW's death, albeit sad and depressing, catapulted her story into the fabric of our history. VW had become known for creating characters that communicated in tortured stream-of-consciousness descriptions of the dour gloom that was the everyday life of the common citizen. She was a woman who saw too deeply and sadly into the minds of others, and didn't want to become one of the sad souls she wrote about.

Now, the tremors of her heart would reach more souls than her prose would ever on its own, as millions would be touched not only by her thoughts put to page, but the tragedy of her death.

Dying is an art. The reasons for which people surrender their lives and cease to be-in-a-world of others brings to light the very question of life itself.

Sometimes even the greatest of minds are consumed by their emotions. In the future, we will be able to harness all our thoughts, emotions and being to better ourselves rather than letting these qualities destroy us. We must remember, the powers of our thoughts and how much of a reality we are able to create just by a single thought. "I think, therefore I am."

Virginia Woolf's Diary

By JoseSPiano

Today a dream that I more or less publicly "denied" came true. I conducted a show on Broadway.

I play piano. I went to school to learn how to play piano. All I've ever wanted to do was play piano. To make music. To physically MAKE music.

Predictions for the Best Day Ever

By stealthslyth

What is my best day ever? Well the following can describe the road to this fantastic day.

May 30, 2011

I've realized that I want to start working towards my eventual goal in my career. I want to work towards getting the experience I need to get into the video game company I dream of working for. I know that with some work I can make it happen. I need to work on my experience of being a Community Manager as well as working with a team of people to help develop the best social gaming experience for all players. I already have some of this experience but I know I have a ways to go. I also would love to work more with being a project manager. I may apply for a position as an assistant project manager. I think I can hack it!

June 30, 2011

Well I was promoted I guess you could say! I am now an assistant project manager for an upcoming game! Being that I worked so closely with duties beyond community management it made me a great candidate. Now I can work on gaining more experience within the gaming industry. I cannot believe how far I've come. It just proves that when I can set my mind to something I can make it happen. As my father told me growing up, "If you

think you can, if you think you can't. In both cases you're right."

December 31, 2011

I think my new year's resolution is to just go for it and apply for a job listing I saw at my dream company. I may need a bit more experience but I think that who I am will help boost me in an interview. I don't think it could hurt at all, and my boyfriend and family are quite supportive of me trying no matter what.

May 20, 2012

I can't believe it. It took me a couple of applications and one interview but I finally got my dream job!! It does mean that I will have to move and some big changes are going to happen, but I just can't believe I finally got the job!! It wasn't the initial listing I applied to back in January but I think that this one may suit me better. I'll be working closely with a team on a current game to help with the lore in the game as well as some work with the community. It feels great that I will be working behind the scenes for something I've been on the other side of the fence. This is such a great opportunity. And this can only lead to bigger and better things in the future!

Dreams Do Come True

By fullofgummibears

Oh man! this day i could confidently say has been the most exciting day ever!! I finally had the opening of my art exhibit today! All this work has finally paid off, plus went by without a problem. All of my photographs were straight and not a smudge on them; all my friends and family showed up and all this work even put a tear in my father's eye. Now i am truly grateful for all the hardwork I've done that led up to this point, i never thought I'd be. Always in the back of my mind I would think, "This is stupid, why bother." And here it is.. all 50 of the United States, all caught on their good side and what they stand for. Hanging on the Museum of Modern Arts wall for all to see and me to thank for that.

The Great Outdoors.

By mgamerman

The best day ever. Today is the day that nature's classroom becomes integrated into every home across the nation. One day a week where children spend their time outdoors, instead of behind a desk, eyes far from a computer screen. Fingertips become harder, as handiwork is substituted for at least one day a week without a computer.

We have fast fixes for everything, and information is constantly available. there is no more room for healthy debate because answers are seconds away. Our eyes are getting progressively worse as a culture from constant exposure to a flat screen. Our hands are getting soft from typing instead of picking up a pencil, or even thumbing through a book.

Today we will shut our laptops and head to the nearest park, forest, greenspace, community garden, and learn about at least one new plant or animal. This begins when our parents, teachers, idols, and peers (or all one in the same) model behaviors that support this.

Tomorrow, I will ask a friend to join me on a walk. leave the cell phone, lap-top, ipad, at home; unplug for an hour. We will smell the lilacs, and freshly cut grass. We will admire Olmsteads dreams. We will, for just a fraction of the day, appreciate the outdoors, be it city park, or mountain top. My friend may be a doctor, lawyer, student, writer, waitress, entrepreneur, etc... I will encourage them to walk with a different friend, another day and a different friend after that. They will serve as a reminder that experience comes not from a search engine but exploration.

We are all interconnected. After 6 months, these walks will begin to influence teachers, administrators, and school officials. Community gardens will begin to thrive, and new trails will be worn from exposure. Children will taste fresh fruits and vegetables from the source, and parents will notice a profound difference in energy levels. When the outdoor experience is incorporated into adolescence it will not be forgotten. Showing our communities how freeing it is to unplug, if only for just an hour, will only make us stronger.



INVENT THE CRIME OF THE FUTURE

Environmental Destruction Trial Starts

By MaraleeS

Casa Grande, Ariz.:

The trial of an Eloy man accused of causing environmental damage began in Pinal County Superior Court this morning. Victor Silas, 34, is the first person to be prosecuted under the government's new environmental protection laws. Silas is accused of throwing several soda cans and plastic bottles in the trash. Under the new laws, which went into effect in May, 2021, failing to recycle any

material which is recyclable, thereby contributing to overflowing landfills and environmental decline, is a felony, punishable by heavy fines and jail time. Silas' defense is likely to rely on his rural location and lack of nearby recycling facilities, however, the prosecutor's office tells us that there is no excuse for flouting the law and that they expect to prevail in the case. The jury will hear from the defense tomorrow and deliberations may start as early as the afternoon. Silas faces total fines of up to \$100,000 and six months in jail for each misplaced recyclable if convicted.

Local Man Convicted of Violating Energy Law

By jbeasley20002

BREAKING NEWS

Local Washington D.C. native Terrence Owens is officially the first person to be convicted under the Combined Community Contribution Act of 2050. He was found guilty of having utilized 100% of his energy production as opposed to the customary 90/10 rule, with 90% of energy yield used towards the homeowner's peak usage, and 10% of production going to power municipal services. This marks the first time a homeowner had been convicted under this once controversial law.

As the United States entered into the 2040's, a study conducted by the Energy Information Administration over the past ten years came to light. Within its pages were figures detailing the rising cost of energy, specifically, the costs associated with upgrading and maintaining power plants, sub-stations and the infrastructure connecting them all for the next hundred years. Additionally, made known to the public were the dangers of allowing the power grid to deteriorate any further; America would face rolling blackouts nationwide, and would be increasingly susceptible to terrorist attacks.

Knowing this, the United States Senate Committee on Energy and Natural Resources began lengthy preparations to detail a bill, which would eventually be passed into law. The Combined Community Contribution Act of 2050 began with a simple premise; it acknowledged that due to rising maintenance costs, that America would no longer be able to maintain a national power grid. In its place, would be a localized system, one administrated from state taxes and maintained by state employees. In place of power plants, states and local governments would be required to harness the power of their

environments. Larger Mid-Western States would be required to build wind farms and simple hydro-electric facilities, while Northeastern states focused on harnessing the sun's rays from rooftops city wide. A portion of this energy would be fed back into the municipal grid to power everything from mass transit to stop lights. Now the onus was on every citizen to maintain their ability to help power their local town, and in turn, the entire state.

Once the infrastructure was in place to support this endeavor, cooperation became mandatory, for the good of all citizens. While sharply challenged during its inception by a populace used to a federally maintained power grid, eventually people realized that federal funding for the national grid was gone. If people wanted street lights to remain on, they would have to cooperate. After a grace period of adjustment, people adjusted to the new law, until it became commonplace. Until today, no one had been successfully convicted of violating this law.

Terrence Owens now owns that unhappy distinction. His conviction was the result of a months long probe by state and municipal authorities, monitoring both the capacity of his home solar array and the probable yield it supplied, based on local weather conditions. When it was found conclusively that Mr. Owens was not contributing to the energy needs of his community, he was issued a citation. After several more failures to correct the citations, Mr. Owens was placed under arrest. Mr. Owens is now in municipal custody, awaiting sentencing. He is expected to appeal.

Man Arrested For Cell Phone Use During Commute

By jenvaz1

Breaking News!

Man is convicted of talking on the phone on the commuter rail! The New Jersey Transit Police took 43 year old John Smith into custody after he refused to get off his cell phone. Passengers alerted the conductor about the disturbance. "The man was speaking very loudly which was incredibly annoying.

He had no regard for the law of commuter auditory peace nor for the victims of his actions. I arrived at work annoyed," says Susie Q. of Hoboken, NJ. The law of commuter auditory peace was passed 5 years ago after studies showed the adverse effects on people's positive outlook of the day.

Mental Tampering

By songtree

As the computational technology improves, and people increasingly upload their brains, the crime of the future will be that of tampering with someone else's memories or thought processes. There will of course be lots of security on these aspects of humanity, but like everything, it will still be hacked. Tampering with a person's memories or thought processes will be the ultimate of crimes, since it removes autonomy and humanity from people.

The first person to be convicted of this crime will be not the first person who engages in such a

horrible act, but the first person to be sloppy enough to get caught. This person will have attempted to manipulate someone's memories or thought processes for some kind of unimaginable personal gain, perhaps material. But things will go horribly awry and the manipulee or others around them will notice the difference in the way they conduct themselves, and will report it, and the hacker will be found and gravely punished, perhaps with erasure or deletion of their personality/memories or ability to conduct themselves as they had before.

First Federal Level Case of Unclaimed Resource Consumption

By Ida

[explanation: Just like identity today, which something that is legally dictates and follows us everywhere, resource consumption will be tied to our individual person and tracked as a function of our global citizenship. One cannot use a watt of electricity or an ounce of water without it being tracked to our ecological footprint. Unclaimed resource consumption, that is using resources without claiming it against your footprint, would be a crime similar to identity theft or credit card fraud. It would be punishable by long lasting changes to your resource allowance and liberties that would hamstring daily life.]

Wendy Baulmer was apprehended in her home on Wednesday morning for accusations of Unclaimed Resource Consumption. The Baumers are among the last families to be granted legal exception to the child quotas. Their four children household has been living under the standard resource allocations as families living under the 2 child quota. Finding herself with insufficient water for laundry and electricity for cooking under the quota, Mrs. Baulmer sought out and found a loop hole in the resource accounting system. Her exploit would have gone undetected had she only used it for herself. Close with several other families caught between the child ration exception and the recourse

quotas, she shared the loophole with a few friends. it wasn't long until the exploit was being used throughout her neighborhood, creating a huge strain on the resource grid.

it took three months of investigation to trace the grid pull back to Mrs. Baulmer. In an unusual move to make an example of resource junkers (as they are popularly referred to), the federal government has stepped in to accuse Mrs. Baulmer of Unclaimed Resource Consumption for all resources used through her exploit, rather than just the resources she and her family benefit from directly. Given the backlash against the system since it was instated 3 years ago, the government has been at a loss on who to facilitate a full conversion away from utility based resource management systems.

It is hard to say how this first arrest for Unclaimed Resource Consumption will impact the future of the regulations, but the unpopular move by the federal government shows they are on the defensive when it comes to their resource policies. Since she is being accused of large scale Unclaimed Resource Consumption, Mrs. Baulmer will have to appear before a jury next week rather than accept the usual resource rationing and record adjustment.

The Ballad of Reading Gaol

By heyitsjuliee

embrace one a other

Futurism and Punishment

By idealect

Organ harvesters re-route bio-atomic matter
as their victims are in the midst of teleporting.
Travelers arrive at their destination without livers,

lungs, hearts. Stolen organs are traded over the
Black Cloud. Punishment? Exile from the network.

The Anti-Immortality Act of 2136

By CyTheWriter

Today (that is, the day that will someday be tomorrow) the first conviction for intentionally, maliciously prolonging one's life was successfully brought to court. The Anti-Immortal Act was passed in 2136, effectively making it illegal to live past the age of 190, in regards to taking up resources that would be better used by new people. This is the first conviction of its kind.

United States VS. Big Auto

By brooklynknight

In a historic ruling by the U.S. Supreme Court, the first International Automobile Corporation has been charged with purposefully inhibiting product improvement as a means of income due to repair charges. This marks the first time that lawmakers have sought to challenge technological innovation proves to exist, yet not be implemented in a product with internal memos citing the rise in revenue from repairs of faulty or damaged party. The company's CEO declined to comment when contacted by

reporter; however, WikiLeaks, the provider of internal documents proving that innovation was stifled for profits, said in a statement "This ruling proves that Americans, and citizens of the world, will no longer turn a blind eye to the deceptions of corporations and will fight for efficiency and sustainability over corporate gain." The trial is set to start in 3 weeks, and the automaker is expected to lose. No out-of-court settlement was offered by the Supreme Court.

The Ballad of Reading

By jcurwin

Anyone caught reading a book will be punished. Books are a thing of the past, the distant past. Only Captor out of all the people on the benches longs for a book. He is not quite sure what a book is, but he suspects that he would like one. As a child Captor wrote images in the sand even when his father told him that it was illegal. He once found a book buried in the sand and studied it. A longing grew in him to fathom the meaning. Now he travels from town to town searching for other books.

There are none. Whatever a book may be, there is only one left. That is enough. Captor copies the letters onto a blank piece of paper and begins to understand. The book tells him that reading is the answer to his misery. People sit on benches examining their toes. Captor climbs up on poles and cries out, "I have found the answer. Listen to me." One little girl calls out to Captor, "Save me. I am sick of my toes." Come to me and I will show a world of wonder.



INVENT A COMMUNITY MAGAZINE

OBJECTION.

MAY 11

We will not remain silent...

This Issue:

What's 3L really about?

Why are both tuition and enrollment going up?

Hey Professor... Why are you learning with me?

Top Ten Worst Things About Law School

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The ONLY REFUGE FOR THE DISGRUNTLED LAW STUDENT.



WARD OFF A NEW DANGER

Patience and Fortitude

By upsofloating

There were dark times, once. A time filled with warnings of apocalypses, every day on a precipice of destruction. A time when the lights of knowledge flickered in the face of prejudice and wilful ignorance. Insidious forces worked to keep the masses in the dark, unable to find their way to better and brighter days.

Those days are long gone. Now, we remember them only when our teachers and grandparents tell us those stories, and the story of the revolution that came. When the people, strengthened by patience and fortitude, stood strong against those dark forces and would not back down, would not be robbed of their histories and stories and the stories yet to come.

No more would the doors of knowledge be barred. No more would the keepers of stories be kept from their posts.

Now, on every other street corner, stands the symbol of our ancestors' triumph: the noble visage of a lion, burning bright in the dark. In every wallet, on every online profile, the stamp of privilege: we have access to the past, the present, the future. We take what we find, we mold it anew with the combined knowledge of millennia, millions of people, infinite ideas and infinite possibilities. Patience and Fortitude: forever warding off the dark times of the past, so they may never come again.

All the Pretty Chimeras

By MiltonBradley

Death was a memory; disease, a story told to scare children. We had discovered the secrets hidden among the stars and lost our sense of wonder. One day the man found some medicine we can't pronounce and our veins were living. It felt like a fire inside and it kept us alive and it kept us always dying bit by bit, so we cut ourselves into new shapes.

Boredom is our greatest evil. It's big and bloated

and it trivializes the architecture and the sunset and every waking moment. Not even the bickering of satellites can entertain us.

We use kiosks like morning coffee. If you feel like ostrich plumage and a face made of solid chrome today then step up. The kiosk outside our apartment can do any modification you like.

The Red Bees of Red Hook

By BajaLime

In Red Hook, Brooklyn, a colony of bees -- and their honey -- were once found to have turned an unnatural, unsettling red. At first, the bees were regarded as a chemical curiosity. There was a factory for producing Maraschino cherries in the neighborhood, and the bees fed from the sugary waste product as it was transported from one building to another.

Over time, the factory closed and the bees dissipated. Most people heard the story once, shrugged it off, and moved on with their lives. To the people of Red Hook, though, the bees grew to mythical status. They were five feet long and sounded like helicopters buzzing through the streets. They scared people's dogs from blocks away with their hisses, and when they were quiet, it was only because they were creeping up to touch people with their creepy, creepy, gigantic antennae.

The Red Bees of Red Hook were terrifying, to be sure. They were spoken of in whispers by children whose parents and grandparents had seen them. "Eat your vegetables," they would say to children clutching candy bars, "or the Red Bees of Red Hook will return and lick the sugar right off your greedy little hands." The children played at Red Bees by leaping at each other off of the jungle gym, in a game that was quickly forbidden by most public elementary schools.

More years passed. Red Hook became the neighborhood of young families educating their children in swank preschools and preppy boarding schools. Murals of monstrous red bees, with

glittering ruby compound eyes, began to appear on walls in the older neighborhoods. The newer members of the community didn't know what to make of the Red Bees, but those who had been there for decades, and their children, and their children's children, knew the stories. And as much as they feared the bees, there was also a respect, and a comradery. Together they were the old guard of Red Hook.

One by one, the Red Bees began to appear on street corners, first made of red crepe paper and electrical tape, half-beaten pinatas, single legs of faded red pants formed into the rough approximation of a torso. Then they became papier mache painted lovingly, if roughly, in stark crimson. Finally they were hewn in red granite, now become ten feet tall with six sets of wings, grimacing at the newcomers who had changed the nature of their beloved Red Hook. These were the signifiers of the Red Hook of old, before the prep schools and the skyrocketing rents.

While everyone feared the day of the bees' return, some feared more than others. The newcomers began to shy away. They shielded their children's eyes from the monsters and quickly shuffled back to their newer, cleaner apartment buildings, which were all blessedly free of all bees, red or otherwise. And for some of the old guard of Red Hook, there were moments where if they closed their eyes, the streets were almost as they had been, their memories now underscored by the thunderous hum of giant wings.

Use Your Head

By kleopoldful

Mark Twain's autobiography, to ward off ignorance and enforce the use of common sense.

A Grotesque Protector of Choice

By Chela

The Grotesque is a protector. It is ugly and solemn. It is because they are hideous that they can fend off the worst creatures of the night.

In the future, our world is still plagued by demons, but they are not as easy to see as a horned beast. The greatest horror of the modern world is apathy. Humans today are inundated with knowledge, but in the face of the onslaught are rendered powerless. The information age is, ultimately, too much information for the brain to process. How do we deeply care enough to choose, and do you protect against overwhelming choice?

The gargoyle of modernity is the mechanism that

chooses. How do we filter the information so we can actually make a choice? How do you choose what to eat for dinner when googling "mexican" yields 15,000,000 results? You look into your friends streams, your saved searches and your past history.

You filter, aggregate, sift through and predict. Then, the choice can be made.

But is the protector just as ugly as the demon? Yes, we have a paralyzing glut of information. But the mechanisms of choice leave us just as powerless? The calculations fight the chaos, and our gargoyle roars into action. And we don't have to lift a finger.

My own grotesque

By ThereseHeather

I was haunted by a grotesque. He (she?) watched me work. Watched me sleep. Watched me post on Facebook walls and send the covert SMS about dinner plans. This grotesque lived in the same place as me. This grotesque lived in the 5th aisle of the Duke Humfrey's Reading Room of the Bodleian Library at Oxford University.

He was a sneaky fellow. His big grin greeted me with a fearsome smile when I sat down in my favourite cradling wooden chair. He sneered at me during the usual essay crisis, usually on the Thursday before Friday deadlines. And his frightened eyes mocked my days of writing failure.

My grotesque was my Asian mother. Pushing me to be better with his mad eyes and slackened jaw. He never praised my inadequacies. "This can be better."

My grotesque saved me. Saved my writing. My degree. I wouldn't have survived Oxford without those watchful eyes. I wish my gargoyle was here with me tonight, here in the New York Public Library Rose Reading Room. I can't write. There are no grotesques to stare down at me, instead of roomful of 499 other writers, clamouring to finish this crazy project. I'll have to be my own grotesque. But aren't we all?

Our Fortunes

By Su_Lee

Unfortunately, evil spirits, hideous beasts, and disgusting witches are hard to ward off. Fortunately, for those who make it to the future there will be ways to dust off these dangers and negative energies in a natural and effective way. The discomfort, pain, and anxiety caused by these monsters will be eaten away with the simple display of a finger band, badge of involvement, and display of love and affection. Cheaters, malicious minds, and liars will all at once be banished to never harm another being with their vile behavior.

The expensive bands will represent the holiest and purest of powers to fight off heart wreckers. The badge of involvement will be a thunderous warning

against those who try to cross the line from bad to good. The displays of love and affection will surely stop evil spirits in their path to destruction.

Oh, wait. These already exist. It's up to the beholder to feel it within their heart and not take advantage of the tools we already have on hand. The more bands we wear, switch of badges, and heartless wear of affection that pile up, the less powerful the tools become.

Unfortunately, evil will always be present. Fortunately, the tools that have been around for centuries will always be stronger. This too is guaranteed for the future. Just feel it within.

The Hangin Holes

By Proprietor317

It was in the year 2729 that we first "hung" the black holes throughout the Milky Way.

We had learned quickly that not all IALFs (Intergalactic Alien Life Forms) were going to be good house guests. Of course initially it was all smiles, musical exchanges, and grandiose plans. Sure, there were those terrible awkward pauses but no one expected they were just stalling for an attempted invasion through Antarctica. Those were scary days.

You'd think that with all that technology and experience those greenies would have known they were going to freeze their you-know-whats off. They burned all their fuel trying to stay warm and didn't even have the foresight to think about getting out of here. All those Sci Fi writers had it wrong for sure. Not one bullet fired... not one death laser beamed... they just froze to death. Yup, those greenies sure looked the part but I guess they were human after all. Or just plain ole' stupid.

Anyways, when the International Union of Continents finally picked their jaws up off the floor and got together we still didn't know what to do in the event of another attack. We hadn't seen a single tactic. Just a bunch of frozen green little men. Rather than develop weapons to fight an enemy we didn't understand the decision was made to prevent them from even entering our galaxy. I read somewhere that the original plan consisted of a giant solar powered force field. I'm no genius but even someone with the poor schoolin' I had can tell you that's one helluva big shield. Can you imagine the maintenance routes on somethin' like that? Would take lifetimes just for one circuit! Ha!

Well, it's my understandin' that when General Coco shouted out "GARGOYLES" there was raucous laughter throughout the assembly. People thought he was kiddin' I guess. They thought he was just providing a little much needed comic relief.

He was talkin' bout scarin them away. About somehow convincing the little green men and anybody (or anything) out there that they probably shouldn't come near the milky way. Not a bad idea.

It didn't take long for scientists to jump on the bandwagon and once they did... well, the scariest thing in the universe isn't hard to figure out. Black Holes have been ravaging galaxies since the Big Bang. No one in their right mind would ever think about coming within 20 light years of a Black Hole, much less 50 of them! The Milky Way went from looking like perfect intergalactic conquering grounds to a cemetery for stars.

In less than a year we had it all figured out. Did I mention it was cheap too? With the right microwaves focused just so and the moon lined with those crazy mirrors... well, I'm no scientist so I get lost when it comes to bending the light waves but they somehow figured it out. We're not even talking about holograms here- like an old-timey stage production of "Cats" we used lighting effects to simulate Mother Nature and it worked. Or I should say it's working. Not even a blip on the radar so to speak.

You gotta love General Coco and his "Gargoyles." Reminds me of when he came up with the Hyper Octopus Triangle Tactic... but I digress...

The Warding of Reason

By agonsalves

Science is the grotesque of the future. When the fear caused by ignorance creeps in, measured inquisition will cast it out. When people would sooner rely on their feelings and hunches, the real truth will always be found through experimentation. In times of turmoil and upheaval, when the public reaches out for an explanation, the findings of science will give them the piece of mind they are searching for.

Beware the Devil

By kristaj

When thinking about a futuristic piece of architecture or technology to ward off evil, I cannot help but think of the black monolith in "2001: A Space Odyssey." Though the idea is not original, even to Stanley Kubrick, it is quite an imposing figure...a mysterious, large, smooth black rock that seemingly cannot be destroyed. Especially if it has special powers, whether real or symbolic.

Rather than the more realistic "Beware the Devil" application that will come to pass in the next ten

years (as sold for \$49.99), if it doesn't exist already... the romantic in me would love a return to gargoyles, sprites, and unicorns. Fantastical creatures as symbols of evil and innocence. Stories and art, ceremonies and architecture...and old-school form of dealing with superstition.

The evils in the future may not take on the same forms that they do today, but traditional ways of understanding and dealing with the bad in the world will likely survive and thrive.



GO TOO FAR

Equality Now

By Matt McCluskey & Maralee Sanders To Rise Above

From time to time our government calls upon its citizens make changes to their ways of thinking. While we can legislate business and governmental practices, the efforts of the executive, legislative or judicial branches are never complete without the active participation of the individuals who have to interpret those suggestions in their daily lives. Nowhere is this participation by private individuals more apparent than in the growth of tolerance in the United States. Tolerance has grown measurably since the government and its citizens realized that the promises of the Constitution require government enforcement and a mindset shift by those who live with those laws.

Historical analogies have been made before between the struggle for racial and gender equality and the struggle for acceptance of the gay, lesbian and transgender community, but it will require much more than the assumption that things will eventually get better to ensure that individuals of this community who are still persecuted and denied basic opportunities begin to receive what all Americans have been promised for centuries: a home where they will be treated as all others,

extolled for their gifts to the diversity of our nation and yet accepted as any other tax-paying citizen. We have hoped for this for too long and the ability to change this is in our hands. Sexual identity is not a corporate issue or an economic issue.

It is a moral issue. A moral issue that gets too easily ignored in a down economy that is not producing enough employment and a political culture that has moved it to the bottom of the list while it gets its finances in order.

We have the ability to change our own minds and if we can realize - collectively - that regardless of how we have been nurtured, we must accept the nature of those who have been forced to hide theirs for too long.

This is not a problem of money or time. It is a problem of thought. A single thought that would affect such a small part of most lives, but would have astound effects on the lives of a brave and determined group that only asks for that primary American thought: Creation of equality.

Cold Fusion Powered Space Travel

By jmann77

Human kind is born with an innate desire to explore and voyage to new, previously unvisited destinations. In the past, the limitations of fossil-fuel powered rocket engines held us back. By the year 2021, engineers will have developed a long-range space vehicle powered by cold fusion that will allow us to travel way beyond previously imagined distances. Cold fusion is a nuclear reaction that involves fusing atomic nuclei together to create a

cheap and limitless source of energy.

This nearly infinite source of energy will allow us to travel to far off solar systems that contain Earth-like planets. The final goal of these missions would be to colonize these planets, which are more than likely full of valuable natural resources, that would be able to sustain human kind for millennia to come, ensuring that we will continue to thrive.

Footloose and Car-Free

By arielfederow

In ten years we will quit the car. We will stop driving completely. Short trips by foot, longer trips by bike or zero-emissions bus, longer trips still by train. Things will be shipped via zero-emissions methods or built locally. Hauling will happen via zero-emission methods or bike haulers. We will never learn to quit destructive forms of energy unless we quit them entirely, and we will never make ourselves quit them entirely unless we have no choice. A bold step must be taken to not just replace cars, but to find a new way of living independent of the conveniences they represent.

From the Earth to the Moon

By CDB

Citizens, neighbors, friends,

Fifty years ago, humankind sent the first men into space in a race to determine which nation would dominate the Earth. Today, I can announce, that the next big step for mankind will be a mission of peace.

After years of negotiations, research, and intense collaboration an international coalition of nations has agreed to move forward on plans to establish the first international permanent human residence and research center on the moon.

Over the past 5 decades, we've created a vast network of information, eradicated diseases, discovered new sources of energy, and established stronger systems for the resolution of international disputes. None of these achievements would have been possible without the innovations of visionaries willing to mine the reserves of human ingenuity for the energy to move the world forward.

The next stage of this grand endeavour will require the input of more than just leaders and scientists however. Although an agreement has been reached on size, scope, and a majority of the funding, a mission of this magnitude cannot move forward with the unequivocal consent of the citizens in whose name we act.

A panel of scientists, politicians and ordinary people have assembled a list of potential experiments and tentative goals for the first rotation of colonists to occupy the base. Over the course of the next few months, participating nations will select the most promising and beneficial projects from this list in a series of referendums taking place in every community. Nations achieving the highest turnout will gain access to the technology utilized on preferential terms. Richer nations will vote alongside poorer nations and the powerful will compete on equal terms with the weak.

Some have questioned why with all the problems

left to solve on earth, we would seek to divert our focus once more to the space. What justifies the expenditure of billions of dollars on the moon, while here on earth people still go hungry, neighbors are still at war, and children are still equal access to education?

I say look up. Centuries of pioneers have looked to the heavens for guidance when humankind has faced insurmountable challenges. Some saw the symbols of the gods, others a means of navigation, and still more saw a beacon of hope on the darkest of nights.

(But they looked up)

Each scientific discovery will build upon those that came before it. Some may solve problems like hunger, some may yield more reliable methods of communication, we may even discover cleaner, more efficient sources of energy.

Only one thing is certain. We'll only get there looking up.

Uniting together to solve these trivial technological problems will create and reinforce an environment of shared human values that will sustain our quest for a more equitable relations among men.

Even now, with this historic agreement we've reached a milestone few imagined possible even 10 years ago.

Let's make this mission to the moon our enduring metaphor for "human" endeavor. Let's make this mission our reminder, our inspiration to SOLVE the problems we have here on Earth.

Let's make sure that the next generation to look to the moon sees not only a symbol but an achievement. Why? Because

Sometimes you have to look to the heavens to find the answers here on earth.

If you want to build it, ask them to come

By jsinderbrand

After three years working on the Access to the Region's Core project, which attempted to construct the first new tunnel under the Hudson River in 100 years, and the Moynihan Station project, a plan to expand New York's Penn Station into a historic train hall, I recently experienced a public servant's ultimate sense of defeat. The two projects poised to best benefit the region's transportation network at a time when construction costs were lowest and unemployment was highest were canceled (in the case of ARC) and diminished (in the case of Moynihan Station) for political reasons.

Moving to the World Trade Center redevelopment team reassured me that the practically impossible can still be accomplished when the public is convinced of the necessity of infrastructure investment. Their representatives have no choice but to prioritize spending of extraordinary proportions -- and bureaucracies are forced to collaborate and create streamlined processes to accomplish these tasks.

Focusing the energies of the public requires tapping emotions in a way that invokes values deeper than political party, economic status and the rural/urban divide. It requires turning the ephemeral, long term, intangible benefits into a manifest rendering that compels its audience to prioritize investment in the distant future at the expense of some more immediate need.

Today we associate the ancient Romans with roads, the ancient Greeks with athletic fora, and the ancient Chinese with defensive fortifications. And the course of human history was changed again when the Newfoundlanders gave precedence to communication and laid the first trans-Atlantic cable, reducing the time to send a message from weeks to seconds.

And despite its dark chapters, the 20th century also heralded infrastructure designed not to oppress or exploit, but to connect -- to make the world smaller rather than just to make empires bigger. The telephone, airports, and the internet have done more

to change the lives of their beneficiaries than any individual can appreciate. The compelling stories of empires past are instrumental in writing the story of our collective future.

The dream of high speed rail in the northeast United States is, by all expert opinion, impossible to build. It requires extraordinary amounts of money and unprecedented collaboration. Homeowners and businesses would have to be displaced. New technology would have to be created and engineering and construction methods adapted to limited footprints and material requirements.

Within the last century, President John F. Kennedy leveraged fear of the Communists to justify spending on a moonlanding and space program and President Dwight D. Eisenhower constructed tens of thousands of miles of highway for national defense. Adjusted for inflation, the cost of the Apollo program would be about \$170 billion and the Interstate Highway System about \$425 billion. But, with a narrative for national superiority and

defense, the federal government was able to justify this spending.

What narrative could be used to compel the same kind of national devotion to transportation infrastructure? Does it have to be fear that compels major infrastructure investment or can a positive goal such as economic competitiveness or reducing greenhouse gases be as compelling?

I believe the time for this change in thinking is now. The tools exist for the collective consciousness of the nation to coalesce around the kind of visionary and challenging projects that benefit our children and our children's children. Even if that benefit requires some sacrifice today. Help me tell that story by sharing your support of infrastructure investment with your friends and neighbors. Don't nod silently. Shout it! Tweet it! Blog about it! Create a Meet Up group and design a web site. Create a culture that supports this kind of thinking and be a part of the amazing project that's coming.

Sun Shot

By Wham.Bam

My fellow citizens of planet Earth,

Today I wish to speak to you about the next big undertaking of humanity. It has nothing to do with religion, race or country of origin. It does require all of us to work together. I am speaking about our next great energy source; Our original energy source: The Sun. We must come together, all nations sharing their brightest minds, their best ideas and our resources.

We must make solar technology a reality worldwide. It must be safe. It must be easy. It must be reliable. It must be affordable.

If we come together, this technology will free us from the burden of corporate greed, the burden of war, and the burden of fear for our children and their children.

My fellow citizens, we can accomplish this goal, with cooperation from all nations within the next three years. Within the next five this technology can, and will, be implemented world-wide. Please join me in working towards our sustainable future.

Yours under the sun,

- Beth Ann Mastromarino

The Way to a Man's Stomach is Through His TV

By Inventivehero

My neighborhood of East Harlem is one of the worst in New York City when it comes to the rates of obesity, diabetes, and being just plain overweight. The city itself has enacted negative reinforcement tactics such as a mandatory calorie count on menus and a proposed sugary drink tax - but little is done to positively reinforce the good habits of the community or educate the populace to better their lives. I propose a sweeping change in tactics that

attracts the attention of the citizenry, and educates families to live healthier lifestyles. I propose a community based game show - televised and backed by donations from Television industry.

This game would attract the community to competitively work together to better themselves for reward rather than curb their vices through punishment.

The New Frontier

By nnebeluk

Space. The final frontier. Or so we thought. But how can it exist as the final frontier when we've seen so little of it? What challenges await us beyond the milky way? Beyond Andromeda? Beyond every single star we've ever seen. Space isn't the final frontier, or the penultimate frontier, its the next frontier. We as Americans should embrace frontiers. We were a frontier, and we had a frontier and we are all frontiersmen. Radical spiritis, who will not be confined to the norms of society, we are pushing towards new grandeur. We are risk takers, challenge acceptors, attempting anything that is possible. We are Americans and we have more frontiers to conquer. We need to move forward. As frontiersmen, and women, we must look forward. It is how we have always lived. Now is not the time for conservatism, for status quo, for same old, same old. As it has never been the time for that, at any time in American history. We are pushing forward, always. We must face this frontier, and the one after. We must challenge them, and show the whole world what it means to be an American. What it means to be utterly unafraid of the great unknown.

Icarus over

By jcurwin

When Icarus fell to the earth after flying too close to the moon, he told a story. He said that the reason he fell is because he did not fly over the moon. Defy obstacles, he said. When you fly to the moon, navigate over and around it. Nothing can stop you if you use all your wits. The others may try to stop you, but they cannot if you take the whole and break it into a million particles.

To Rise Above

By leeloing

Friends, Community, Leaders, Movers and Shakers

A corner is never where we should hide the next leaders of families and nations. But a corner is where you would find them, children cast to the side by forces beyond their control. Education is the key to even the odds a little. It is the way to crash open the gates of adversity and give a child eyes to a world beyond what is just around them. It is time the ceiling of ignorance, of economic poverty, and indifference crashes over a wave of empowered new generation.



CHANGE ONE THING

Changing the Lives of Animals

By tomgerrity

We promise to make a difference for those who cannot help themselves by devoting time and attention to the care of animals in our city. Though there is a robust and thriving population of pampered pets in New York, there are many abandoned ex-pets that do not know where they will sleep tonight, who will take them on their next walk, or whether they will live to see another sunrise. These orphans need the same shelter, attention, love, and hope for the future that keeps all of us humans alive and thriving.

Beyond the commonly considered population of pets, there are also millions of wild animals, too commonly dismissed as vermin, that occupy our city. These animals are the original inhabitants of this land, and we should share it with them rather than occupying their space and displacing them. In

a grisly show of willful ignorance to the fact that these are living beings that strive to survive, we use methods of extermination to "control" these animal populations and otherwise kind and caring New Yorkers often display strong contempt these involuntary trespassers. This speaks of a weakness and compartmentalization in our society, allowing for atrocious treatment of lifeforms that feel fear when threatened and feel pain when harmed.

In order to overcome this problem and make the city a place where all beings can live harmoniously, we will make a conscious effort to protecting the animals of New York and we will encourage more humane treatment of them.

Tom and Owen.

Family Roots

By nnebeluk

I'm going to remember the names of my family. The great-great-aunts, the half cousins thrice removed, the people so distant it would be legal for us to marry. The people that my mom jokes about, saying "In America, they're not even family". I'm going to keep them as close as family. The ever branching roots of my family tree. The multitude of Slavic names that give me power, who helped my parents and me immigrate, so that my children know about them. So my family remains just as close, just as tight as before cancer struck. I'm going to call my grandparents on holidays, and go to all the family gatherings. I'll listen to the stories of how people remember me as a chubby 6 year old and listen to the embarrassing nicknames that don't translate. I'm going to remember my roots, so that they're power will help me into the future.

One picture a day

By gmehta

One picture a day. The simplicity and beauty in this act allows me to not only remember but also appreciate the unique, raw, and memorable moments, things, people that make up my life. The moments that aren't necessarily big occasions rather the random simple ones. These pictures can take me back to different emotions- be it sad, innocent, angry and remind me of that particular day and how it impacted me in a certain

International Cuisine Day

By Talisker

I could change many things about myself, the problem is making the changes stick. My New Year's Resolutions never make it pass March. But this time around, seating in this amazing place, in a Church for books and knowledge, I feel like my words, written in this page, will have a special power: the power to stick. I promise to learn how to cook a new meal each month. I will pick a random cookbook from the library, buy the ingredients and make it a special meal for my family. A new tradition has been born today: International Cuisine Day at home.

Miss adventures!

By MeggieMcD

I will start a blog or book documenting my new york adventures, starting with this adventure at the library!!

Friend and Daughter

By MPERIALHUNTRESS

I promise today that I will be a better friend and daughter. I promise that I will take everything that my friends and parents say and act in the best way possible and support and encourage them selflessly.

Before Next Year

By Chrislamb 2

Before 2012, I am going to change:

- My job. I love my career but not the place where I do it. I make games for a living, and it's all I want to do for as long as I'm able, but I've spent too long trying to do it at a place that is increasingly unhealthy for me. Time for something new.
- My laptop. My Macbook, poor, faithful creature that it is, is way past it's prime. It regularly shuts down at ra

English for Business [Majors]

By kellelucas

I want to change the fact that business majors do not have to take a grammar course to graduate college/university.

I want to change business major's views that English is *not* necessary for their future careers, but completely and totally necessary to survive in their future careers.

I want to change that high school students are not taught enough grammar.

I want to change the views of others, and have them understand that being gay is okay.

I want to change teenagers' views on their self perception.

I want to change the next generation so that there is no hate.

Practical Tips for a Better Future

By NotTheMermaid

As I go through life, I vow to be more vigilant about bringing an end to the minor injustices that I see, or even partake in, every day.

When I finish a bottle of water or soda, I promise to hold on to the bottle until I find a recycling bin instead of being lazy and throwing it in the trash.

When I hear someone badmouthing another person, I promise to speak up instead of sitting idly by, or

worse, joining in.

When I come up against one of life's many obstacles, I promise to smile and not let my frustration get the better of me.

Most importantly, I vow to share this mission with others. If I can get even one person to join me in a life of betterment and proactivity, we can find a better future.



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BREATHE NEW LIFE

Letter From Birmingham Jail

By nnebeluk

Space. The final frontier. Or so we thought. But how can it exist as the final frontier when we've seen so little of it? What challenges await us beyond the milky way? Beyond Andromeda? Beyond every single star we've ever seen. Space isn't the final frontier, or the penultimate frontier, its the next frontier. We as Americans should embrace frontiers. We were a frontier, and we had a frontier and we are all frontiersmen. Radical spritis, who will not be confined to the norms of society, we are pushing towards new grandeur. We are risk takers, challenge acceptors, attempting anything that is possible. We are Americans and we have more frontiers to conquer. We need to move forward. As frontiersmen, and women, we must look forward. It is how we have always lived. Now is not the time for conservatism, for status quo, for same old, same old. As it has never been the time for that, at any time in American history. We are pushing forward, always. We must face this frontier, and the one after. We must challenge them, and show the whole world what it means to be an American. What it means to be utterly unafraid of the great unknown.

Bethany Beach, Delaware

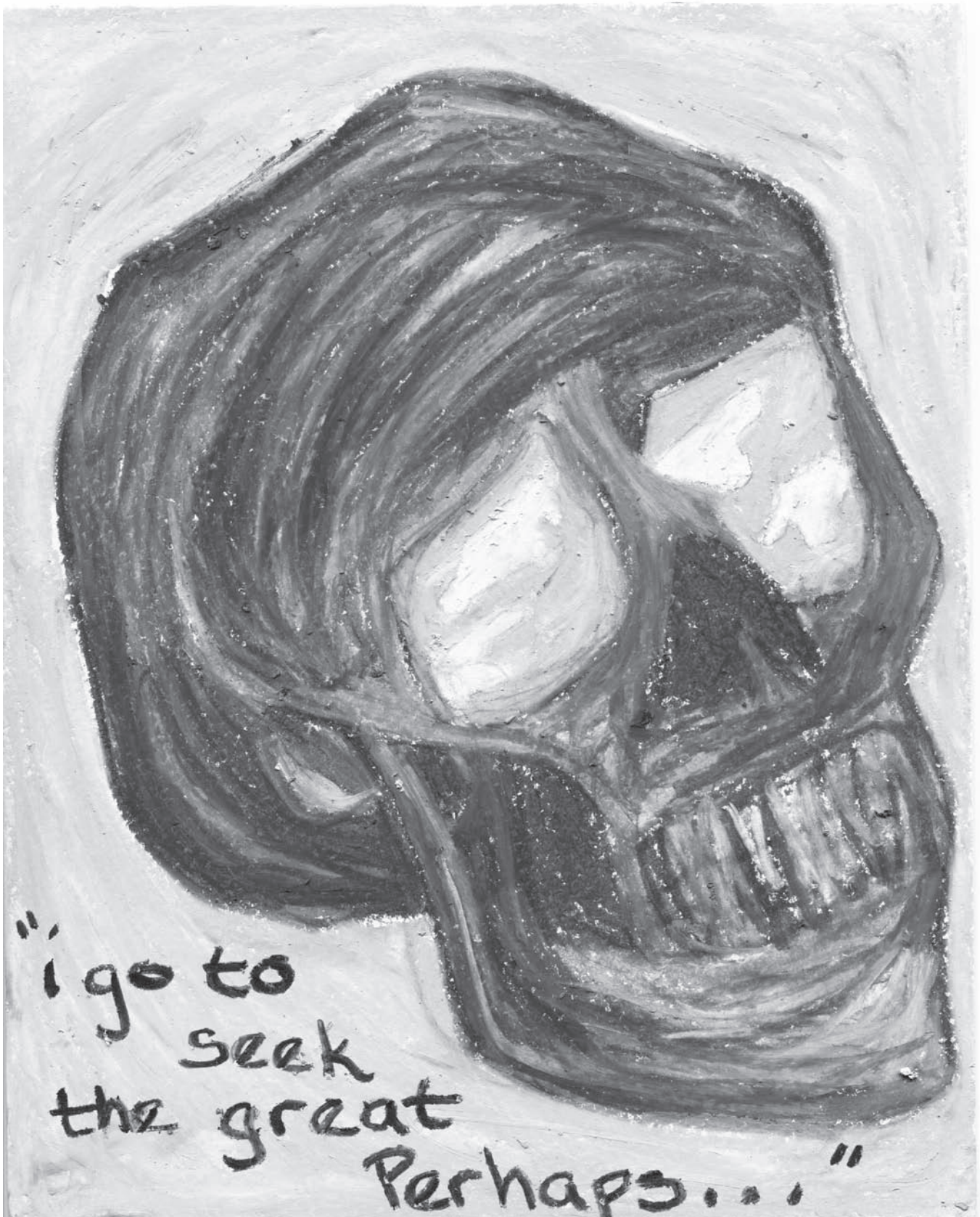


BronxRam
bsiem
shazhu
MiltonBradley
rieuwa

"If you're gonna be a bear,
be a grizzly"



km
arielfederow
rockpuzzle
montano90
embale
loveandsqualor9



Letter From Birmingham Jail

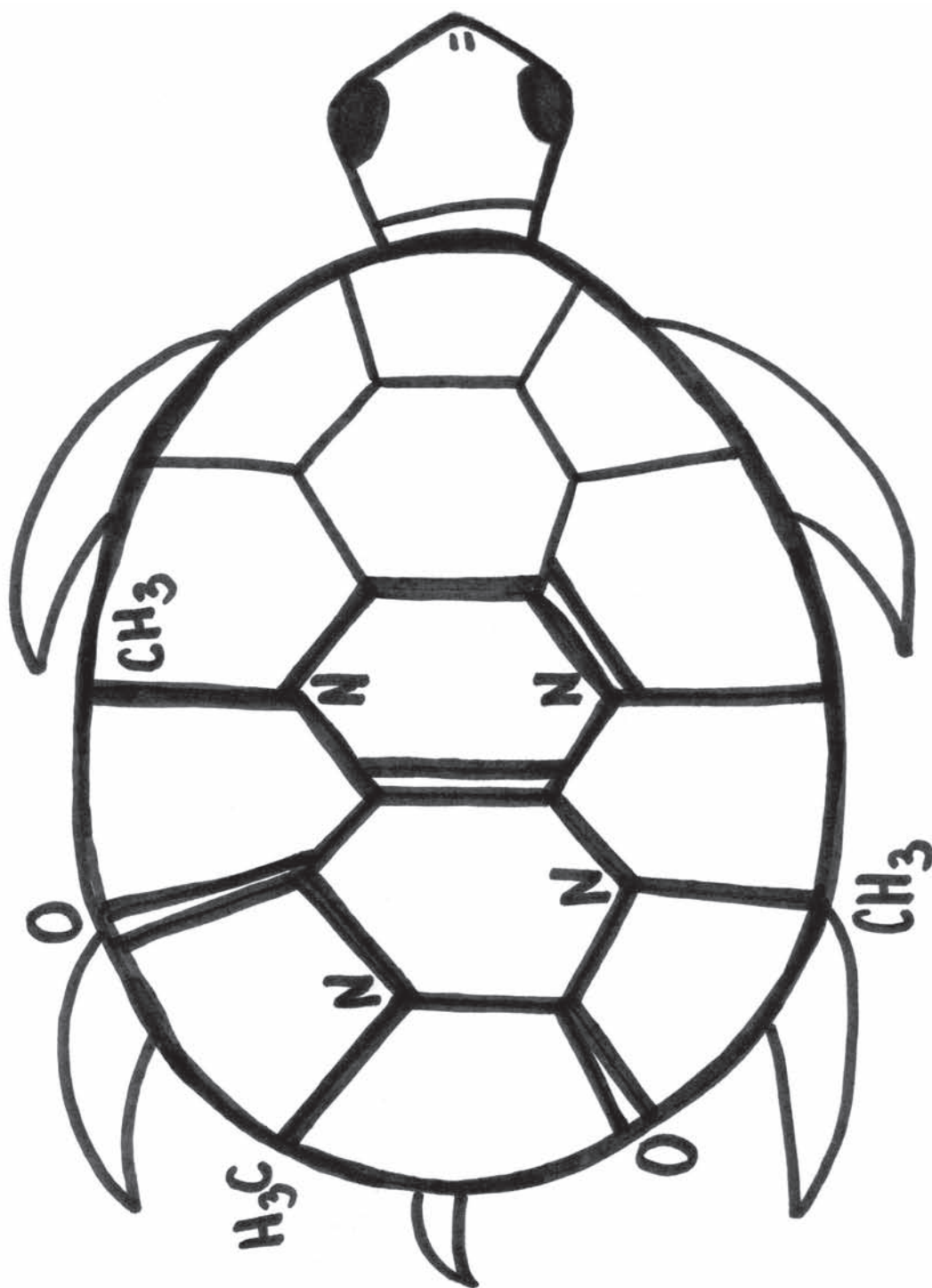
By JoseSPiano

Every February for the past 12 years - give or take a year or two - I have played for the Unified Professional Theatre Auditions in Memphis, Tennessee

The truth

By fullofgummibears

"Don't Find Fault In What You Don't Understand" Unknown.

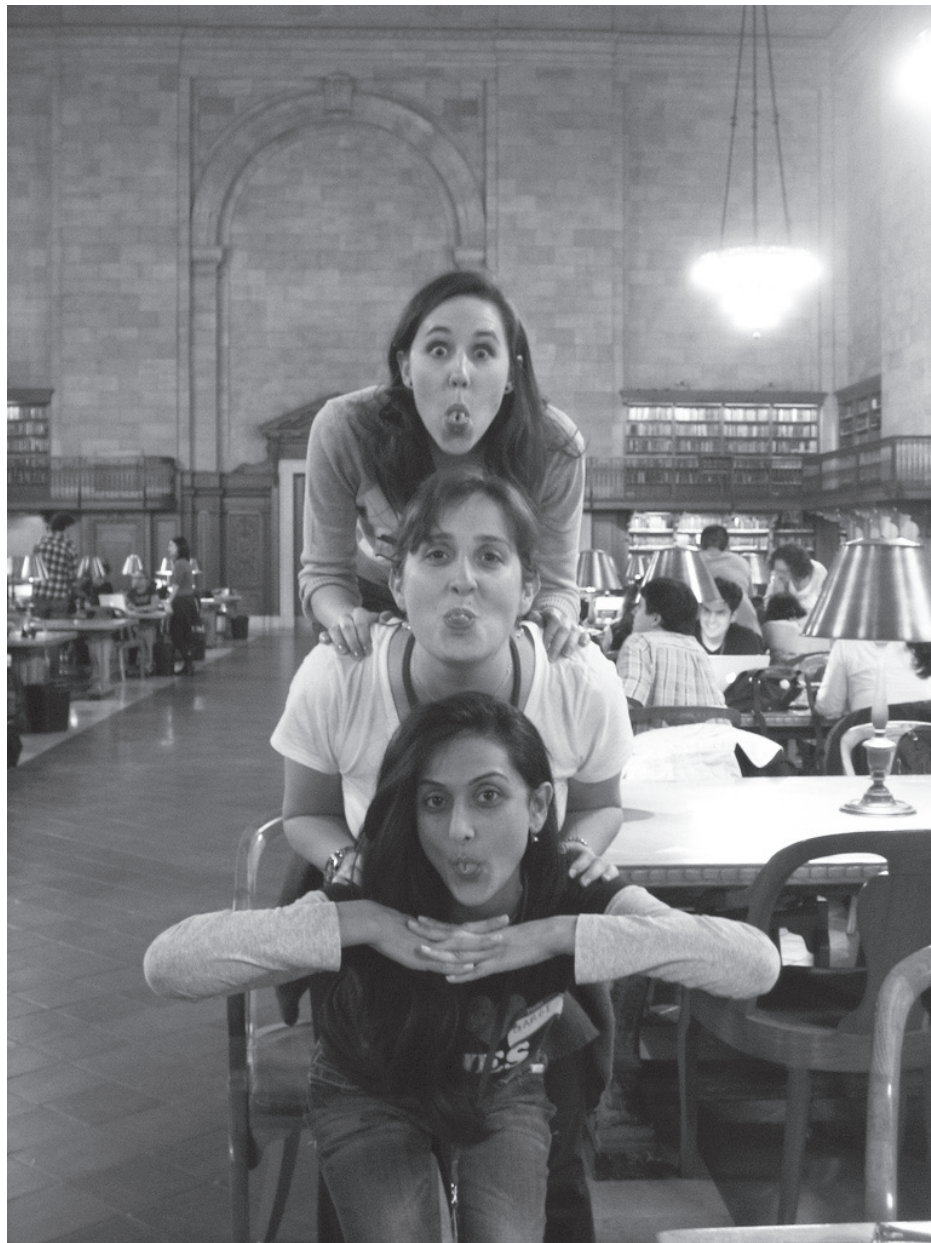


THE REASON THE TURTLE WON THE RACE

CapeKid
twixley
nnebeluk
Robot Ian
NotTheMermaid
idelectjulia
ianmacg

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MAKE A FOREVER FACE



E.E. Cummings "The Last Face"

By gmehta

Death Mask

(Despite the fact that it appears as if this woman lived a horrific final moment of her life, she is laughing so hard she cannot breathe.)



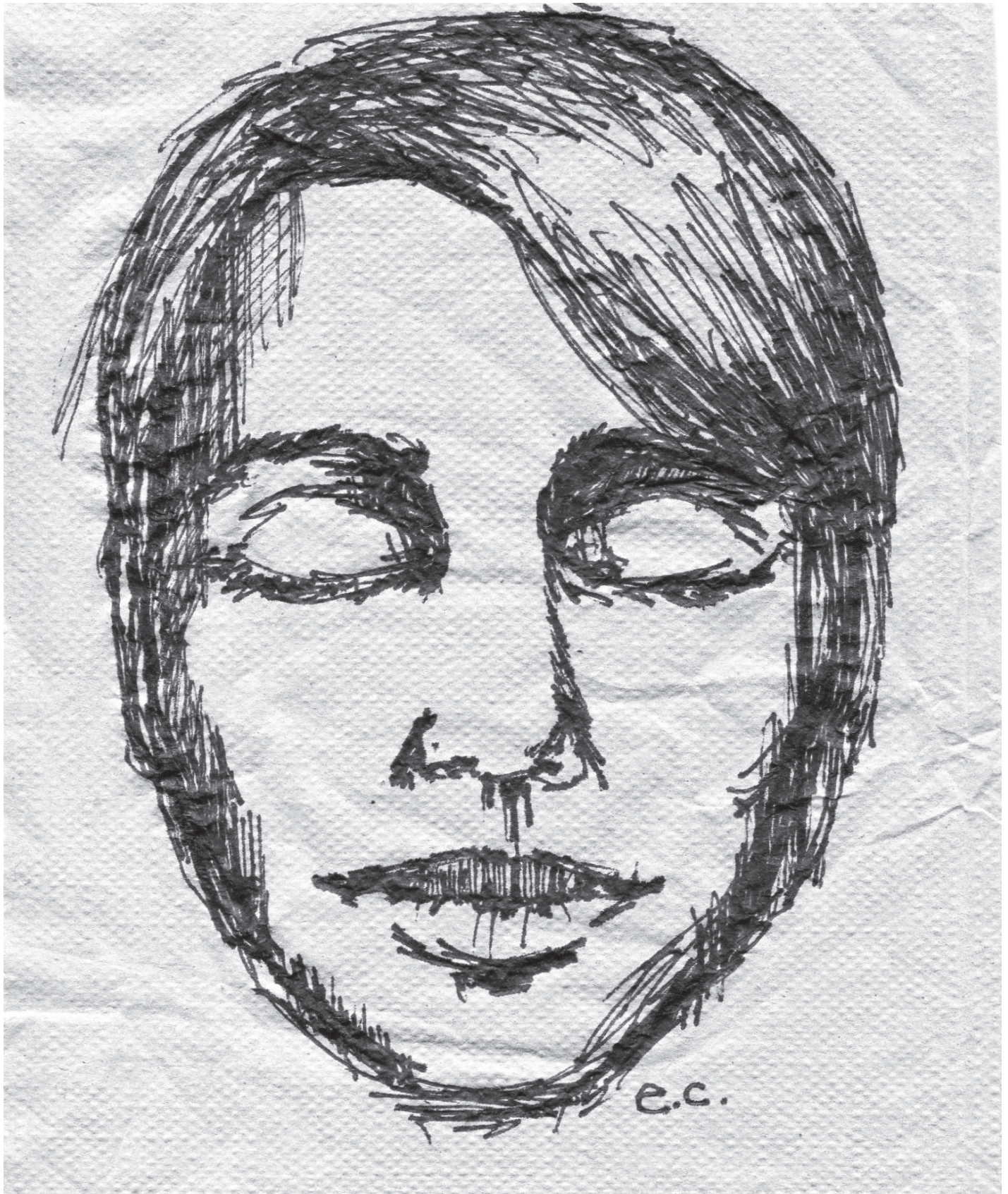
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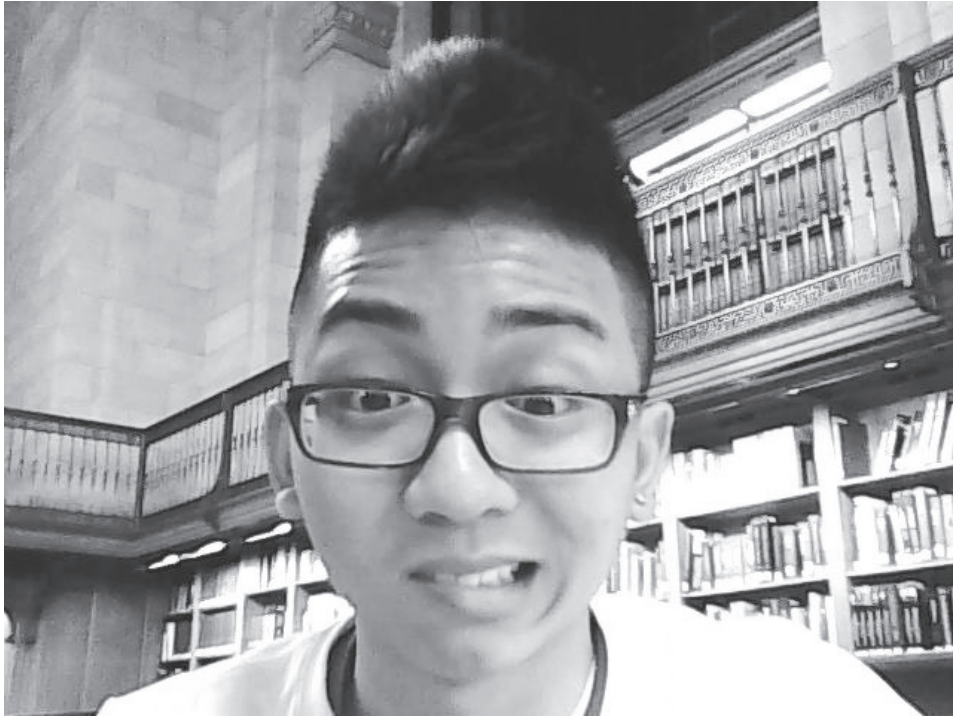
marypmcg

FOREVER FACE

By ellena

vogelbindery
SuzFarrellSmith
Cricket
ellena
smartestcleverest





e.e. cummings face was really unsettling, he must have been mad before he died! this would be my facial expression seconds before my potential death



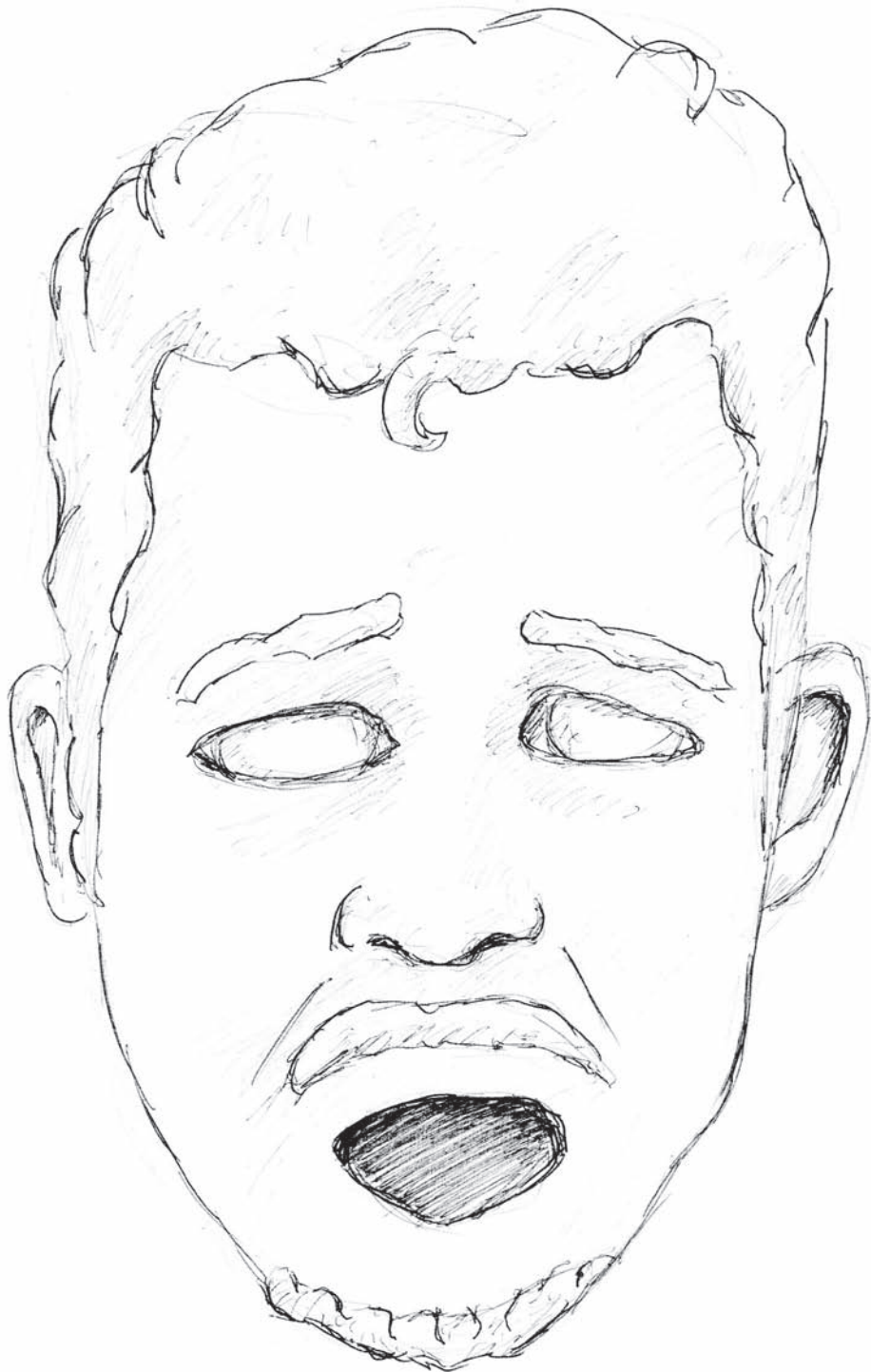


lilyszajn



Medieval manequin death mask

By sloonan



sarahb0485
amystettler
mjandersen
HanleyUS
SaraJo
kylecameron
whitneyebryan
imtopher



The Finger-stache

By Indi Cover Your Heart

The classic finger mustache

From Snidely Whiplash to Tom Selleck, Goose Gossage and Hulk Hogan, nothing is quite as timeless as a mustache. For those who are not blessed with five o'clock shadow that says "Hello!" at 2 pm, or for the ladies who are jealous of the grizzly scruff, there is the option of the finger-stache. Handlebar? Chaplin? Trucker? If you have a Sharpie you're a facial follicle aficionado.

So why is the finger-stache so important? Funny photos are always a sign of a good time. Some of the greatest moments with your friends, family, and loved ones are immortalized in time with the growth of photo technology. Paul Simon asked us not to take his Kodachrome, but Flips, phones, and iPads have changed the way we view the world. It's moments unexpected, random sightings, and chance encounters. It's those moments we see, share, and save.

Death Mask? Check out my Life Mask

By Proprietor317



Alba's Felicity.

By ailamar





Chapter 4: 

THE ROAD OF TRIALS



GATHER A LIST OF DEMANDS

The NYPL Find the Future 500 List of Demands

By nsharma 2

The New York Public Library Find the Future 500 demand the following changes for our future and for the future of our children:

1. We demand that everything should be recycled in order to decrease waste and prevent further devastation of natural resources.
2. We demand free secondary Public Education in the United States for our children.
3. We demand constant entertainment such as Alaskan Huskies and Pink Cotton Candy Clouds.
4. We demand a Four-day weekend.
5. We demand our government implement the 'End of Poverty' Plan and decrease poverty in the United States and contribute to the end of poverty on our planet.
6. We demand better public transportation.
8. We demand the same employment benefits bestowed to our brothers in European countries (8 weeks of vacation, 2 weeks of maternity leave, universal healthcare)
9. We demand the government and our local communities contribute to organizations dedicated to promoting good health and prosperity for our people.
10. We demand an end to discrimination.
11. We demand net neutrality.

We may be young, we may be ambitious, but with the cooperation of the rest of our community, we will be able to successfully implement our demands.

Freedom of South Africa Charter

By blueclaws

New York City Charter

The South African charter was established in 1955 as a way to end apartheid and revolutionize the country. Volunteers went into the villages and town of the country to hear what people wanted in a charter. By the people and for the people, the charter was the platform for Nelson Mandela's success as the new leader of a racially agnostic nation.

Although New York City is not in need of a racial or religious renaissance, it is in need of a change in attitude. Attitude is something every New Yorker is proud to have, but there are times to put it aside and other times when it should be adjusted, but not eliminated completely.

This charter attempts to pronounce and enunciate the subtle annoyances committed by the people living in or visiting the city. Attitude, like many social norms, are viral. All it takes is one apple to go bad, and soon enough the entire neighborhood feel like it has a license to act in its own self interest. The city has too many communal experiences about it to let bad habits and poor taste sour what could be fantastic moments of social serendipity.

These five tenants have been developed from thoughts, criticisms, and ideas from people that live in the city. All five boroughs are represented in the points below (yes, even Staten Island), and although some may be more applicable to one neighborhood than another, all should be respected equally. The

NYPD sees no difference in a crime committed in Red Hook than in Astoria, and this NYC charter bears the same unilateral applicability.

1) All shall have respect for the fellow New Yorker, in the subway, on the sidewalk, and on the bus. The width of the sidewalk should be treated as a 3-lane highway: Cruise and text to the right, pass with urgency and stride with a wide gait to the left. The subway vertical polls are meant for multiple people ☒ here and be fair, and always wash your hands before eating. Public bathrooms are sacred, but common, places of relief --- Remember the next person!

2) If you feel the need to show off how New Yorker you are, then you really aren't one. You don't need a NYC DOH birth certificate to legitimize your NYC citizenship. Being a New Yorker is all about who you are and what you bring to the table. Everyone here has big dreams, strong convictions, and an interesting taxi story. If meet those criteria and you have a MetroCard on your person, you are NYC and you don't need to defend yourself.

3) Character is the currency in the city, and we strive for the highest GDP in the US. A city is only as rich as the people that live in it, and we strive to be as different as possible from one another, our own unique snowflake. The funny thing is, with a city as big as NYC, you'll likely find a your twin in every area code.

Freedom of South Africa Charter

By Ahnt

Stepping Stones on the Road to Happiness: Ways to experience life to the fullest

1. More knowledge
2. More time in life (time freezer)
3. Ability to travel more
4. True love
5. Source of unlimited money
6. To find my bliss/place of happiness
7. Golden Doodle puppy
8. World Peace
9. Ability to throw a music festival to unite people
10. Eat whatever I want without any physical/health implications

Freedom of South Africa Charter

By CharBear

Sharing, equality, we will fight side by side until "we have won our liberty"

We Demand...

By christine.m.longo

Meditation

Food for everyone

World Peace

Peace of Mind

Sleep

Everyone laugh really hard at least once

Everyone in the world own at least one item that is pink

Everyone can read

Nobody has to worry about where they will sleep tonight

Animals

Freedom of South Africa Charter

By Kalus

Based on the will of the people.

Freedom of South Africa Charter

By yking3

Happiness and no regrets

Financial security, physical security (health), money wouldn't change me, it would be, better understanding among cultures,

Our Demands Are Selfless

By Mayorbest

Our demands are selfless. I urge you to pause and examine why you really want what you desire. I am positive that you will find that in one way or another your desire will have a positive impact on someone - whether it be your parent, neighbor or a fellow human being living in a third world country on the opposite side of the earth. If we reach for the stars and achieve our goals, however large or small they may be, we may find peace and love amongst the world.

Upon asking 10 individuals of what they want, I received the following replies:

"I want...

1. Businesses to accept social accountability; businesses should reach out to their consumers and respective communities. Businesses should realize how their services are effecting society.
2. The world to be better for the kids who are going to be our age in 20 years. Want it to be better for them than it is for us.
3. A flying carpet to explore the world, appreciate it and learn more about what's really going on in the world so we can gather a more comprehensive understanding of what's going on around the world.
4. A private spaceship to explore the universe and to go where no human has gone before.
5. A soulmate. Someone who will love me unconditionally forever and always.
6. A puppy to cuddle, love and share my life with.
7. The death of auto-tune.
8. A universal flashmob where everyone will unite, if only for a moment, dancing to Chris Brown's Forever.
9. Unlimited Edamame - because it's natural, healthy and delicious.
10. I'd like to see my grandchildren some day.

The replies all have something in common: every response was in some way, selfless. Everyone wants to share themselves with the rest of the world - whether it be to share their love of fine music or sharing their love and life lessons with their future grandchildren. We all want to make the world a better place and share our beliefs with our fellow beings.

It's good to want things...

By kleopoldful

1. Finding Cameron Russell to give him his future.
2. World Peace.
3. For In & Out to open a chain in NYC (a personal favorite).
4. Liquids on Planes.
5. Eternal life.
6. An alternative to air travel that is comfortable, fast, inexpensive, and intergalactic (another personal favorite).
7. Diet food that tastes good.
8. Immigration reform.
9. The ability to live more in the moment.
10. More capacity for knowledge to get through school easier.

For Today and For Ever

By jenvaz1

1. I demand equal educational opportunities for all!
2. I demand that people speak to me without an agenda.
3. I demand a bed.
4. I demand a uproarious laughter.
5. I demand respect.
6. I demand that I only surround myself with people who respect me.
7. I demand a purpose.
8. I demand the right to be without judgement.
9. I demand smiles.
10. I demand open-mindedness.

Freedom of Personal Limitations and Monetary Shackles

By zinstra

"I want the end of the Federal Reserve System and the return of sound money." Adam Rogers
"My goal is to become an entrepreneur with multiple businesses. By 40, I would like to be collecting money from my businesses and surfing all year long. Hopefully, I will have a wife and 2-3 kids, a beach home and condo in the city. Most likely I will be living in Cali with a retirement home in Puerto Rico or Costa Rica."
Chi Onyejekwe

"I want to have financial freedom, no debt, and sex twice a day." Bruce Bluekowski

"I want a kale farm in Oregon, goats 'n' shit...and a wood shop where I can hide in the winter, smoke pot and build beautiful furniture." Bogdan Gheorghe

"I want people to treat each other as they would like to be treated. I want people to say I love you when they feel like it. I want children to become the most important thing in society. I want us to treat the earth with profound respect. I want us to know the joys of existence as a truth that defines us without question...that's all." Rob Cukurs

"One thing I want from this world is to see it from outer space to get a bigger perspective on life." Preet Gujral

"Simply put: to be lucky in love, and full of good fortune!" Kevin Gordon

"Compassionate hearts and awakening" Annie Heller

"I want everyone to achieve their personal happiness." Bert Goncalves

"I want to be fully alive and stretch myself to find my limits!" Marielle Heller

-demands/wants collected and written by Cindy Gordon

By Whisper or Clamor, We Will Be Heard

By SuzFarrellSmith

1. Grace: I demand that people be polite on the subway.
2. Mike: I demand civility. We're all on this rock together.
3. Deo: I demand more understanding amongst peoples.
4. Jessie: I demand more curiosity and less laziness.
5. Shiv: I demand an end to fearmongering.
6. Steph: I demand more innovation. I want the new.
7. Claire: I demand kindness and respect.
8. Nina: I demand that CUNY release my friend's grades so she can get her diploma.
9. Mark: I demand of myself that I always try. Make an effort to the very end.
10. Tim: I demand that all people have the chance to be heard.

Spur of Moment Anthem

By leelooing 2 days ago

I demand:

1. Respect
2. Limbo party
3. Coffee
4. Happiness
5. Computer Speakers
6. More potatoes
7. Curiosity
8. No pleated pants
9. Meditation
10. Stuffed animals

Demands - Universal, Material, and Feline

By ANagler

- 1) Cars that use the wave engine instead of internal combustion
- 2) Equal pay for women in the same job
- 3) Making education and the environment important as business and technology to the government.
- 4) More cats
- 5) Allow me to be me
- 6) Healthcare for everyone
- 7) Peace!
- 8) Equal opportunity for all
- 9) More money.
- 10) More frequent subway trains (especially in the outer boroughs)

Freedom of South Africa Charter

By sloonan

The list of demands of the people who occupy and control the room where coffee springs forth

1. We demand public funding for all public libraries at a level that will allow them to grow and flourish.
2. We demand a trip to the international space station for those wishing to do research or just feel like taking a trip there.
3. We demand quaity health care made available free of charge to all citizens.
4. We demand there be made every effort to aid in happiness for all.
5. We demand cotton candy be made available, to those young and young of heart.
6. We demand devices or potions concocted to give us the power of flight.
7. We demand for some device be made to instantly heal broken bones, especially feet.
8. We demand the brain be studied in order to uncover the ability to turn on or off invisibility at will.
9. We demand the peace and tranquility to meditate every day.
10. We demand normal family members or replacement family members if the ones we currently have are not deemed "normal" enough.



STEAL SOMETHING FROM THE GODS

Neigia & the Gift of Snow

By lorene

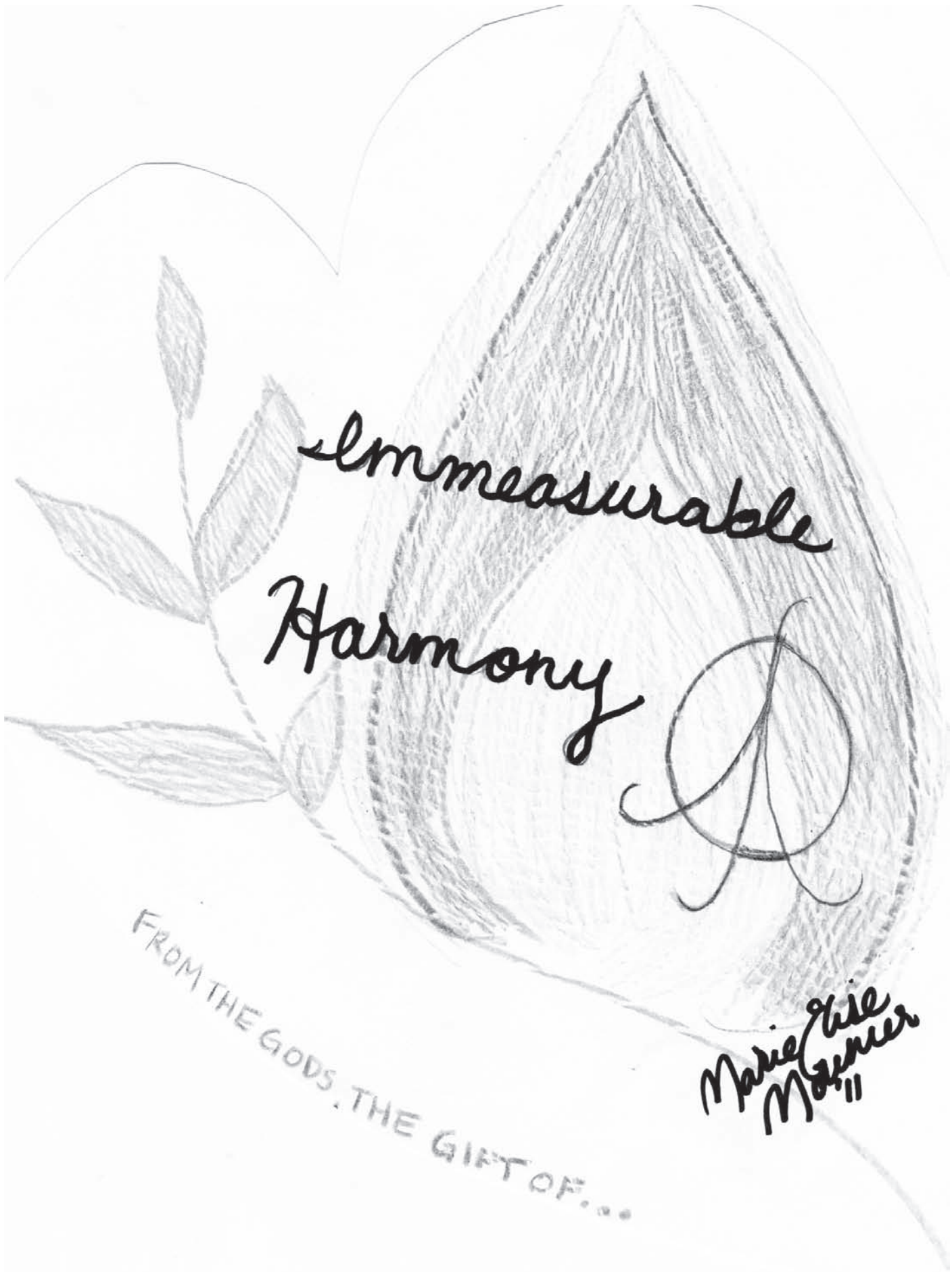
Neigia was the Goddess of Snow, but she was a lazy goddess. She would decide upon a human lover and spend all winter making love to them atop a mountain. Where Neigia and her magical snow cloak stayed, the snow stayed. Skier and snowboarders all over the world despaired as their mountains stayed brown as on place got buried in snow.

One snowboarder had enough one winter. When Neigia made her rounds looking for her seasonal lover, he worked all his wiles to catch her attention.

When Neigia propositioned him, he refused. No man had ever done this before. She tried to cajole him into agreeing, but he held out until she offered him a boon.

The snowboarder demanded he let her try on her magical snow cloak. As she handed it over he whipped it into the snowmaker, ripping it to shreds and scattering it into the wind.

No longer did Neigia have the powder to make snow, and mountains around the world got snow.



immeasurable
Harmony

A

FROM THE GODS, THE GIFT OF...

Marie Rose
Mayer

What Was Ours

By CyTheWriter

It's bad luck, they say,
to look in the face of gods.

I laugh in the face of luck

(and danger, and fear,

which is, admittedly, not the

smartest of actions,

but what do we tricksters need of smarts?)

and I make my own.

I sneaked down into the sky

(for the sky is below us,

don't you know?)

and stole it from them.

What did I steal?

It's something that is there.

Something that we knew was

missing, and always knew

was missing.

The hole in your heart,

the pain in the back of your dreams.

I stole the thing that was missing,

the nameless, tender thing,

stole it from the gods who took it

without our leave.

It's ours now,

and we can make our own

gods.

Invisibility for All

By leeloing

Invisibility. Everyone has wanted it at some point.

Enter invisibility. Goodbye order. Welcome chaos.

What Everyone Wished For

By Redjeulle

I am so tired, so tired, of hearing every beauty pageant contestant, and every birthday celebrant who doesn't wish to be labeled so materialistic and greedy, wish for it.

Everyone wishes for it, because it both seems elusive and impossible. Those are the two words you don't want to hear associated with a fervent desire. It's like unrequited love, it either dies or it burns a fire so hot it scorches your soul.

The latter is true for me. It was not impossible, or else a phrase would not be invented to give it a name. Everything that has a name exists; but it's either no one has seen it yet or it's not in this world. But it exists.

The gods, they have everything. They must have it. Somewhere in the levels of heaven, a deity holds it. He or she is in charge of that. And that deity must be one lazy god.

I went to the village witch, as she was the only one I believed to know how to open the gates of the first level of Heaven without dying. Indeed, she held the secret for so long, and she was more than relieved that finally, someone asked her how to open the Gates with not a selfish motive.

But it was a selfish motive. If I hear one more Miss Universe aspirant say world peace, I will personally start World War III by taking over Apple and releasing iPhone 5 but I would only make ten phones. So I wish for world peace, I want it too. I followed the witch's instruction to the letter and I stood at the Gates, victorious over my accomplishment.

I asked the Guardian of the Gates, a purple

unicorn with a pet crocodile, where can I find the god in charge of World Peace. At first he feigned innocence, claiming that there was no such god, but when I threatened to sell the beloved crocodile to a certain fashion label, he relented.

I stood in front of the dwelling of the deity called Conflictius. I knocked. Called his name. There was no answer for a while, then I decided to just enter. No one locks their doors in Heaven.

I found Conflictius in his bedroom, lying face down on four-poster bed made of clouds and golden pillars. Even while sleeping, he looked mean. I dared not breathe, because I was not sure if he will take kindly to my trespassing.

I tried to find the power he would not use. I looked around, truthfully not knowing what I'm looking for. A glass case? A golden vase? I had no idea. I backed out slowly. Then I stepped on something soft and furry that almost made me scream, but I covered my mouth on time. The something soft and furry turned out to be a golden cat, but it was so thin and scraggly I wasn't sure if it's still going to live much longer. I picked it up to at least show it that I'm sorry, then it glowed in my hands.

The cat then spoke, not unlike the voice of a very old lady, "I am World Peace. I have not been cared for by my master. I think I am dying."

"No," I comforted the cat. "I will take you to my world, where there are two kinds of people -- the dog people and the cat people. I will take care of you. Come with me."

He agreed. And World War III never happened.

Taking what's needed

By rzaramian

I would steal compassion, the one quality humanity has failed to fully understand. Compassion is caring for suffering, poverty, injustice, and hunger. With this 'skill,' the world would be a livable place for all.

Chronos and the Time-Taker

By imahorcruz

Chronos and the girl met early one afternoon - or was it late? She sought out the god to play a simple game of Google-searching, a game she knew well, but was certain the god wouldn't be as familiar with.

The stakes were high - if she found her search results first, she'd take his ability to personify time. If he won, she'd be his bride. So they set up the parameters of the competition: first person to get accurate results via a Google search won.

So she searched - using keywords - a trick only a young human would know. An Chronos typed his entire search query into the search bar, only to find he had millions of results. As he saw the search results mounting, he realized he'd been defeated. He quietly handed her the mantel of time.

Which is how she was able to relay this tale so early in the morning.

I DON'T KNOW HOW I GOT THERE, I JUST REMEMBER CLIMBING. I CLIMBED OVER ROCK AND LEDGE, MOSS AND FLOWER; UP AND UP AND UP. PAST MOUNTAIN, SKY, ATMOSPHERE. I CROUCHED BY THE DOOR AND GLANCED AROUND, HEART POUNDING. "SURELY, THEY MUST HEAR ME," I THOUGHT. BUT THE ROOM STOOD PERFECTLY STILL. A STEADY TICK-TOCK.

"IT APPEARS THAT THE TIMESES HAVE GONE OUT TO DINNER," I WHISPERED TO MYSELF, SLIPPING INTO THE DARKENED ROOM.

"GREAT, NOW I'M TALKING TO MYSELF," I WHISPERED, AND STOPPED SILENT.

IN THE CENTER OF THE DARKENED ROOM, A LIGHT STREAMED FROM THE CEILING, GOLDEN & SHIMMERING. I FOLLOWED THE LIGHT EXPECTING IT TO FALL ON SOMETHING EXTRA ORDINARY. SURELY TIME ITSELF WOULD HAVE TO BE MAGNIFICENT!

A WRIST WATCH SAT ON THE LEDGE, DIRECTLY UNDER THE BEAUTIFUL LIGHT. FADED LEATHER BAND AND A SCRATCHED GLASS SURFACE. REALLY "GO FIGURE," I THOUGHT AND LISTENED FOR THE TICK-TOCK.

TICK - TOCK TICK - TOCK - TICK - TOCK -

"GOOD ENOUGH!" I REACHED UP AND GRABBED IT.

SOMEWHERE, INDIANA JONES GROANED. OUT OF NOWHERE, LIGHTS FLASHED, BRIGHT RED — ONLY TO MATCH THE RIDICULOUS BLARING RINGING EVERYWHERE. SOUND SO LOUD IT ATTACHED ITSELF TO MY BONES. BARS DESCENDED BLOCKING OFF DOORS AND I FOUND MYSELF TRAPPED.

MEN DRESSED IN BLACK KICKED IN THE CEILING AND JUMPED DOWN — SKI MASKS AND ALL.

"REALLY?" I MUTTERED IN DISBELIEF.

AS THEY CLOSED IN, I STARED AT THIS RIDICULOUSLY PITIFUL WATCH AND SAID, "UHH, CAN YOU TAKE ME BACK?" SUDDEN DARKNESS. NEXT THING I KNOW, I'M CLIMBING. I DON'T KNOW HOW I GOT THERE, I JUST REMEMBER CLIMBING

ACoakley
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BTabor
bagelboy
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CONSULT THE WORDS OF WISDOM: PURPOSE

The More We Give

By loveandsqualor9

"I'll go and do all I can."

When we look toward the future, we often define goals to achieve. However, this limits us to doing what we planned, rather than all that we are capable of. The question is how to push ourselves beyond these well-defined goals, to truly do all we can. In seeking to do all we can, we draw inspiration from those around us, those who came before us, and those who come after us, and those who will one day benefit from our work. It is not an easy thing to push ourselves beyond our limits, to continue working after a goal has been reached, and to accept that no matter how many milestones we attain, there will always be something more we can give.

The Real Motivator of Purpose

By Daemonhatred

Money is not the true motivator to live or work. Purpose is. If we raise individual and global awareness, we can change the way we are running the world. Everyone will be able to go to school for what their natural talents are (what we were all born to do), instead of being concerned of what is lucrative.

Sometimes we forget the most simple things in life and become involved in how to make money and more of it. Our way of living now is too self-centered and selfish because what motivates our

purpose of living is not in the right place.

If we can shift our focus as an entire global society to what matters: the environment, resources, and each other, then we can change the materialistic purpose that is driving our world now to something more loving.

The only way to do this is to break down many socio-economic and political barriers that are preventing us from truly caring about one another, the way we should be.

Give the gift of expression

By rinsakura

Purpose defines my future goals, the driving force that pushes me to achieve and hold on to my dream. My future goal is to help Autistic children communicate themselves better, and lead a normal life. The purpose behind this dream is to help every child, and every adult, who with this rare disease, have limited themselves from the most basic needs of life, expression.

My Words

By viaveres

I asked - how will the words I write affect others, how will they change the world? The answer "I'll go and do what I can," was interesting.

To me, this gave me a sense of what was intended. Purpose. I will move forward with the intent to effect the world. I will write, I will speak and move myself in the attempt to move others.

I will do what I can, as it is all we can do.

Find your purpose and never fail

By km

Finding purpose is what gives a person drive. The drive to go on and to keep pushing when you feel you've hit the limit. When facing an insurmountable challenge, it's the ones that have truly found their purpose that will succeed while those who haven't will ultimately fail. They'll fail because it's not true to their heart and will find a way to rationalize themselves out of the situation. Purpose isn't something that can be chosen. I think it's something ingrained in your heart that you would be willing to pay the ultimate sacrifice for. You will overcome any challenge because if you fail, you will have failed your purpose.

what will bring you to your
desire in the future?





CONSULT THE WORDS OF WISDOM: DESIRE

Time to Be Me

By ceesie

"What's the use of talking?" asked the gold watch. Words are fleeting and disappear as quickly as they are uttered. We all hope to be around long enough to leave a lasting mark. And in that time, to speak loudly enough, travel far enough, and care deeply enough. As we grow older, we hold on tighter to every passing moment. We wonder if our years have been wasted. We wonder if we've spent too much time wondering.

When I was four, I looked forward to snacktime and dreaded bedtime. Yet, every day, there was another snacktime and another bedtime. I didn't understand that a day passed was a day gone. I was reckless, greedy, and carefree.

When I was fourteen, I thought that time crawled by at a snail's pace. Every day seemed longer than the last. I couldn't wait to be older, although my conception of "older" had little to do with time. "Older" was my idealization of maturity, one in which I could do whatever I wanted, whenever I

wanted. I was impatient, petulant, and hopeful.

Now, at twenty-four, I realize that time has somehow snuck up on me. I am still young, but won't stay young forever. I've heard stories of regret and stories of triumph from people who are nearing the end of their lives. It terrifies me to think that I won't like the stories that I will tell. When will it be too late for me to fulfill my dreams? Yet, the same terror that inspires me to make the most of the time I have also holds me back. It stops me when I am about to take a leap of faith or a big risk. It takes spontaneity and surprise out of my life.

I can't stay young forever, but I can embrace my youth - me as a carefree four year old, me as a hopeful fourteen year old. I am different now, but I am still the same. That will be true even when I turn eighty-four. When that time comes, I want to be proud to tell the stories of my regrets or those of my triumphs. Whatever I leave behind, it will be enough.

Until recently I thought that time passed too quickly, that I would never have enough time for the ideas that seem to flow relentlessly to make it to the stage when others can finally see them. I keep a file on my desk that is called "WHEN I HAVE THE TIME" and it never loses volume. Some of the ideas are probably terrible and many have probably already been attempted in some

form by another writer or artist. But that file scares the hell out of me because it symbolizes what I put off or ignore or merely hope to get to someday. This is no way to go about making something new because by the time I get to them the moment of my enthusiasm will have long since passed.

Well, the time for waiting for time is over. If I can focus on capturing that initial spark in that

instant that it is still lit I can — at minimum — test my enthusiasm for it and determine what it means to me.

I have resolved to do this with my emotions and I think I have succeeded in acknowledging and embracing those when they seem especially urgent. But ideas are no less important and no less urgent.

If I can convince myself that I will get to something down the road, it is

equally possible that I can use the present for the same type of calculation but with postponement and procrastination replaced by the sense of uniqueness and inspiration at that embryonic stage.

I have the time but it is the present that will determine my future.

No more files.

No more hiding ideas.

There's too much time for that.

Matt McClay

maralees



MAKE NEW MONEY

Global Knowledge Bank

By bunnybird

Using the World Knowledge Bank is simple. Setting up your account will take the longest. In order to set up an account, you must schedule an appointment with a StoryTaker who will work with you to collect your life lessons.

Once you have submitted your lessons and memoirs, you have some decisions to make about how your account will be handled in the future. You may choose to allocate all or some of your account knowledge to the general population. Items designated as such will be available for any interested parties to access and share. Please

remember to assign a minimum age of access to all public files.

For those files you choose to assign to a specific person, please designate that person. He or she will have access granted at the time you have indicated.

The purpose of the containment of your knowledge in our bank is to allow others to learn your life lessons and perhaps ease their journey through life. Use your account wisely, and perhaps you will learn a great deal about yourself as well.

Banking on the Future

By WickedJen and Heather Kalachman

An Idea Bank

Imagine a bank where you could deposit and trade ideas. Not just as a personal property for your own use, but as a commodity that everyone can access. Perhaps you've got an idea that is great. Revolutionary. Earth-shattering. But what happens if you don't have the resources, the time, the energy, the skills or the desire to do something about it? What if you could give it to someone with the wherewithal to actually implement it? Or barter it with someone for a different idea that you can achieve or even prefer to your own? Even bad ideas can be rescued with the right owner. Too often ideas fester in the recesses of our minds, stowed away and forgotten as the trials of everyday life distract us. Alternatively, some ideas are too ahead of the time. Instead of being labelled as impossible ideas, these ideas can be safely stored until a time where technology and human thinking catch up. An idea bank could serve as a place to save all visions, so that no idea is ever lost to the imperfectness that is the human memory again.

A Non-Profit Bank

Though it may seem like a pipe dream, the world would be a better place with banks that focused on helping the individual make responsible financial decisions instead of on making a profit. Too many good people have lost everything because they were given loans beyond their means or credit they

didn't understand. A bank that trades honestly, that makes a modest profit that it then reinvests in other deserving people. A bank that operates truthfully rather than deceptively. A bank that offers financial counseling, that ensures that the individual banking with them fully understands and can manage any debt they are getting into. A bank that operates not on principles of greed and trickery but on kindness, openness, and responsibility. While it may seem infeasible at the moment, perhaps one day such a bank could be a reality.

A Worldwide Natural Resources Bank (The "WNRB")

In the very immediate future, the world needs to create a bank to store and preserve natural resources. We are in grave danger of running out of basic resources that sustain our lives, such as water (as well as those resources that merely sustain our way of life, such as oil). We are consuming these resources at an alarming rate and not paying enough attention to conservation efforts. We currently fight over resources and claim them for one nation or another, but we could and should share them and regulate them, depositing portions of the resources we extract from the earth so that they can be withdrawn when they are most needed. We must learn to conserve, even if a little at a time, saving up these resources for future generations.

Reputation Economy

By nnebeluk

I know Jim he's a standup guy! In the future we will reward that kindness, literally.

He isn't cute but his points are crazy high!!!

By christine.m.longo

In the future, value will be placed on your deeds and your good will, not your ability to create situations from which only you benefit. As such everyone will have a card, that appears similar to today's credit card, however credit is not given by a bank. Any points that are accrued on this card are gained through actions that work toward making the world a better place for all who live in it. These points are the only way to obtain goods and services in the future, yet somehow most people are not motivated by the material gains that come from points, they are motivated by the pride they feel from a high number of points because it represents the fact that they are creating a more accepting, more equal and more humane world for current and future generations. On dating websites...girls are really going to dig guys with high points.

Charity Standard Currency

By Apreche

The fundamental question for any currency system is how new money is created, and how it is valued. Many different currency systems have been used through the years based on precious metals, loans to banks, or even computer processing cycles. Yet, there is one type of currency, that in my knowledge, has not been attempted, a charity standard currency.

Imagine a currency by which new money is only created by an act of charity. If you volunteer at a shelter every weekend, they will be able to print this currency and pay you with it. The more charitable acts are performed, the more money is printed.

The best part about charity based currency is that people can indirectly perform great acts of charity indirectly simply by demanding to use the currency. For example, if employees of a company all demand to have their salaries paid in this currency, then the company will be forced to perform vast acts of charity in order to pay its employees. If players of an MMORPG demanded the game used the charity dollars, then the people running the game would have to perform some great charitable acts to have enough of the currency to power their in-game economy. They would have to do something charitable for every monster slain that dropped so much as one charity cent!

There are no doubt some flaws in this idea. Chief among them is that there aren't many tools to fight inflation. As more and more charitable things occur, the less each dollar will be worth. People will have to perform more and more charity to create a significant amount of money. Eventually it might not be worth it to actually do anything charitable, and people will just use the existing money supply.

There's also the problem of figuring out how much charity translates into how much money. How many dollars is it worth for being a volunteer firefighter? How many is it worth for donating a stack of books to the library? Inconsistent payouts create problems of people scamming the system. Some people might perform relatively small acts of charity, but make out with tons of cash. Others might sacrifice greatly and receive relatively little.

Still, the fundamental idea makes it worthwhile to try and solve these problems. How good would it make people feel to look at cash in their hands, and know that cash represents an actual good deed someone performed in the past. That person's personal sacrifice to help others is what you are using you buy your groceries. The psychological effect that could have on the entire society may create a greater good than any negatives from sub-par economics.

Make the Most of Your Sleep with Sleep Bank!

By Tadhog

Dear Client,

Welcome to the Sleep Bank. We are happy to have one as one of our first customers in this innovative new sleep solution.

Like other banks, the Sleep Bank allows you to store away and make use of excess sleep, as well as bring future sleeping forward on credit. When you go to bed in the evening, you can elect to “save” any number of sleep cycles to your account. Sleep is accounted for and traded in assessed sleep cycles, rather than standard hours. Once in your account, you can use these sleep cycles, or slee-cycs, at any time, topping you up during a busy week when you need to be on top of your game, or making up for a poor quality night of sleep.

You can even make your extra slee-cycs work for you, by selling them to Sleep Bank or to

other clients. If you are ever short on sleep, you can choose to borrow sleep from Sleep Bank at attractive rates.

All of these services are available by putting on the Sleep Bank headset, and then choosing your settings. You can set them manually via the headset, or remotely via your smart phone (download the Sleep Bank app from the app store). If you have not already recieved your headset, you should receive one shortly via courier. Once you have it, log in to your account and you'll be ready to save!

Sleep Bank has been in use now in our trial Boston and Seattle markets for nearly two years now, and has been a rousing success. We think that you will too. We know that sleep can be a 24 hour a day issue, so you can mange all your account anytime at www.sleepbank.com. We also have helpful, dedicated reps able to take your call at any time.

Dream Bank

By gibblitj

The dream bank is where you can share your dreams and experience other people's dreams. Dreams are collected by wearing a mesh cap which is sensitive enough to detect neural activity and record dreams. The dream bank is a virtual place where dreams are uploaded by donors. This will create a dream library that users can peruse and also rate others dreams. You can leave comments like "you are a truly sick individual" or "you are so creative" or "you have really boring dreams". This will encourage people to value their dreams.

Are You Smarter Than a New TV

By Inventivehero

I suggest a barter system based on trivia knowledge. Where a good or service can only be received if a question can be correctly answered. the more expensive the good or service, the harder and more obscure the question! Knowledge is POWER! For REAL!



CONSULT THE WORDS OF WISDOM: FAMILY

A Published kind of Family

By Talisker

Will I ever become a writer? That's the question that always pops into mind when someone asks me to think about my future. Today, the word of wisdom that came up as an answer to my question was: Family. At first, I struggled to find the connection. My parents were both literature professors so the connection to the written word has always been there. But why family? How could that concept guide my quest to become a writer in the future? And I think I've got it now.

I've wonder for years if I should write children's books, or young adult books. Now I see that the answer has always been in front of me: in the life stories of my mother and grandmother. That's what I'm supposed to become, the writer, the storyteller who finally sheds light on the story of two immigrant women, who travelled as stowaways from Europe to South America with nothing but their clothes and some family jewels. That's the story I must tell.

Today

By yoyi

No need to recreate or imitate.
Give me a blank slate.

No doubt or fear about uncertainty.
Tomorrow is only what I make of it.

Words of Wisdom: Family

By LaurenDisorder

Here we are, my teammates and I, and we're not 100%
sure we've matched the right book to the right quest.
We're looking at

Biebuyck (ed., trans.), Mateene, "The Mwindo Epic."
LA: Univ. of CA Press, 1969.



BREAK OUT OF PRISON

Tear it all apart

By arielfederow

Prisons are fundamentally unjust institutions. The world we live in does not have a fair and unbiased justice system. The same people are given radically different sentences for identical crimes; rich people get off easier than poor people; white people get off easier than black people; women get off easier than men. Before reforming the prison system, we need to reform the justice system, so that justice really is administered fairly.

There's a simple way to do this - make justice truly blind. Rather than forcing the defendant to appear in front of the court, let all defendants be represented by a statement and a simulacrum or a masked image. Let their identities be obscured, let their voices be masked, and let the facts of the matter speak for themselves. Make choices so that every defendant sounds like someone very unlikely to commit a crime, and from there we will have better data about what kind of prison sentences are really needed.

Once that happens, prisons will then have to be reformed. The key difference is the difference between offenders who committed crimes against other people versus offenders who merely committed crime against the social order. The former need more careful treatment than the latter - was it a crime of passion, of sociopathy, of something else? This matters when it comes to reintegrating a person into a community.

For crimes against the social order, it depends what the issue is. Is it violating a taboo that exists solely due to tradition or is it in response to forces active in the community? If it's the former, let that eccentric live. If the latter, would it have hurt someone? If so, the community needs to deal with the offender. If not, well, what is the point of the punishment? Let the punishment fit the crime.

Prisons are hard.

By sdmarcus

Prisons are difficult. For one, they're not sentimental places to visit, like an elementary school or a nursing home. It's easy to leave a prison and feel bad for the inmates until you consider the crimes that those people committed. It's hard to look inmates in the eye, and it's hard to listen to what they have to say.

I met someone a few days ago who had been in prison for 23 years and had just been released. I spoke to him a week after he had left prison for the first time in over two decades, and he articulated a host of mental health and anxiety problems that have completely altered his view of the world. He told me how difficult it is for him to go outside-- every interaction with another person, every time he walks into a store or gets on a bus, he is fearful he might end up back in jail. He has become as imprisoned now as he was weeks, months, and years ago.

I write all of this is to state the obvious: that the prison system doesn't really serve the best interests of the public. So here's a start: most people currently in prison probably shouldn't be there, and I'm including in that "most": non-violent offenders (particularly drug offenders-- addiction treatment is more effective), people with mental illness (they should be in treatment), sex offenders (there should be a mental-health focused program for these people), juveniles (who, for the most part, should not be tried as adults). For the violent, mentally-capable people left, they should be punished with a focus on rehabilitation, which is how the current system purports to operate on paper but rarely meets that goal in practice. More attention should be given to changing the mental pathways that led to the violent behavior and providing the kinds of services (help with employment, health care, housing) that can make resorting to violence a less attractive option.

The prison problem is hard and there aren't easy answers to fixing such a pervasive and difficult problem. And there aren't necessarily sexy or popular reforms that would air on Oprah or gain the attention of documentary filmmakers. But the scope of the problem is large and the need for reform is obvious. This recommendation should be taken as a spring-board for a more comprehensive rethinking of the criminal justice system.

Criminals Outsourced to Outer Space

By liminary

Prisons exist to contain and punish those who violate the rules of society. There are some crimes that are simply too heinous to consider leaving the criminal on parole doing community service or on on bail. It is built into the very psyche of human beings that deserved punishment must be inflicted upon those who wreck havoc on the peace of the community. Being that that is a given, how else can we punish without sending criminals to crowded modern prisons that eat away at taxpayers' money?

Punishment can be served on so many levels but I believe that one of the worst punishments for a human being is isolation. As explorations into outer space continue, I can envision a prison system that involves sending certain types of criminals, typically those who are the greatest threat to the community, into specially designed centers in space. Removed from all that is familiar on Earth, the criminals will hopefully get a chance to re-make themselves while performing work that benefits science and humanity in general as a kind of fair payback for the crimes that they have committed.

Although the initial cost of outsourcing conventional prisons to outer space might be huge, the long-term benefits are apparent. The criminals would be isolated but they would also be doing the kind of experimental work that might not appeal to the average citizen. It might be dangerous, or not, and some might debate whether the punishment fits the crime, but this is a practical future solution to dealing with social aberrants.

Humane Alternative to Prisons for the Future

By emcfins and Heather Kalachman

Greater use of House arrest for instances of non-violent crimes

Since social networking has led to the rise of voluntary sharing - cameras filming on city street corners, in stores, even street lights - credit cards and computers in cars track where people travel and spend their money, we know what others doing at all hours of the day and feel this will only grow over time. Why not have people stay at home, pay for their own food, do their own laundry, while being observed all the time? As they say, it takes a village to raise a child, why not the same to rehabilitate a criminal? The community can be their guards and counselors, ensuring that the person who committed the crime get the help and treatment they need. There would be decreased cost to society, taking people from their lives and their families. While this may lead back to a Scarlet Letter type of shaming, at least people who commit such crimes will no longer be removed completely from their lives. Criminals will be treated better and live in better conditions. They are less likely to be severely mistreated. Keeping them with the general population of the community will keep them in the public focus as well as remind others of what the consequences are of breaking the law.

Alternative Methods to Prison Should Focus on Rehabilitation

In an effort to alleviate recidivism, future alternatives to prison should focus on a combination of rehabilitation as well as providing resources to assist those who have committed crimes, especially in cases of non-violent and “victimless” crimes. While society is beginning to come around to more rehabilitative options, such as drug rehabilitation for drug offenders, and programs to assist prostitutes, rather than having these “criminals” serve jail time, we have not yet come far enough in providing these alternative remedies. While some crimes may be committed purely due to power hunger or other forms of greed, the vast majority of crimes are actually related to flaws in society that we need to focus on fixing - poverty, hunger, joblessness, and addiction issues all contribute to rising crime rates. Instead of locking someone up for selling their body because they need money to eat, we should find ways to provide resources that can assist with finding work. Instead of sending someone to jail for possession of heroin for personal use, we should offer them programs in which they can learn to live drug-free.

It may seem, upon an initial assessment, that

switching to a rehabilitative-based program would not be cost-effective. However, the long-term savings to society, in preventing future crimes and creating more model citizens, outweighs potential higher costs (and, in truth, financial studies would need to be done to determine whether a full rehabilitative method would actually create higher costs than keeping someone in prison, as the results may be surprising).

Moreover, those convicted of crimes should be required to attend cognitive behavior therapy, until a time when, in the court's and/or the therapist's discretion, the person no longer presents a risk to society, having thoroughly worked through the issues that may have caused him or her to commit a crime(s). If the accused believes that he or she has made enough progress to discontinue therapy, but the treating therapist does not agree, he or she will be free to make a motion before the sentencing court to be released from future therapy sessions.

Individualized Sentencing

Perhaps a better solution to the revolving door that is the American prison system is a more individualized approach to punishment and rehabilitation. While there may be a few truly "bad

seeds" out there, it isn't much of a logical stretch to assume that most crimes have a reason, a basis, a driving factor. Some criminals may need mental health treatment, others financial assistance, yet others a stable home environment. While there are some of these programs in place, often times they are under utilized, under funded and under valued. The balance needs to be fixed. Right now, more often than not offenders are simply locked away with other criminals, leading them to be bad influences upon each other. Instead good influences should and must be emphasized. It often times easy for those of us who consider ourselves to be law-abiding citizens to just ignore the problem, to put on blinders, to just lock the offenders away. Out of sight, out of mind. The critical mistake with this mentality is that it doesn't better society in the long run. Simply jailing offenders may get rid of them for a while, but many will end up back on the streets with no skills, no resources, no support system. This will drive them back to a life of crime. And while it's easy to think that it's someone else's problem, the next time these undersupported individuals end up back on the streets and fall back on their old ways, it may be in your neighborhood. The victim may be your neighbor, your co-worker, your friend, your family . . . maybe even you.

Reformation Schools

By viaveres

Instead of prisons we would deal with crime through Reformation Schools the goal being to create the patterns of productive citizenship within the students.

For their tenure professors and associates within the school would help them to build trust in the system. Would give them tools to work within it instead of against it and moving them towards a graduation resulting in the potential for employment.

The essence of the program would be in creating the routine of a productive citizen in the student and educating them as to the nature of that routine.

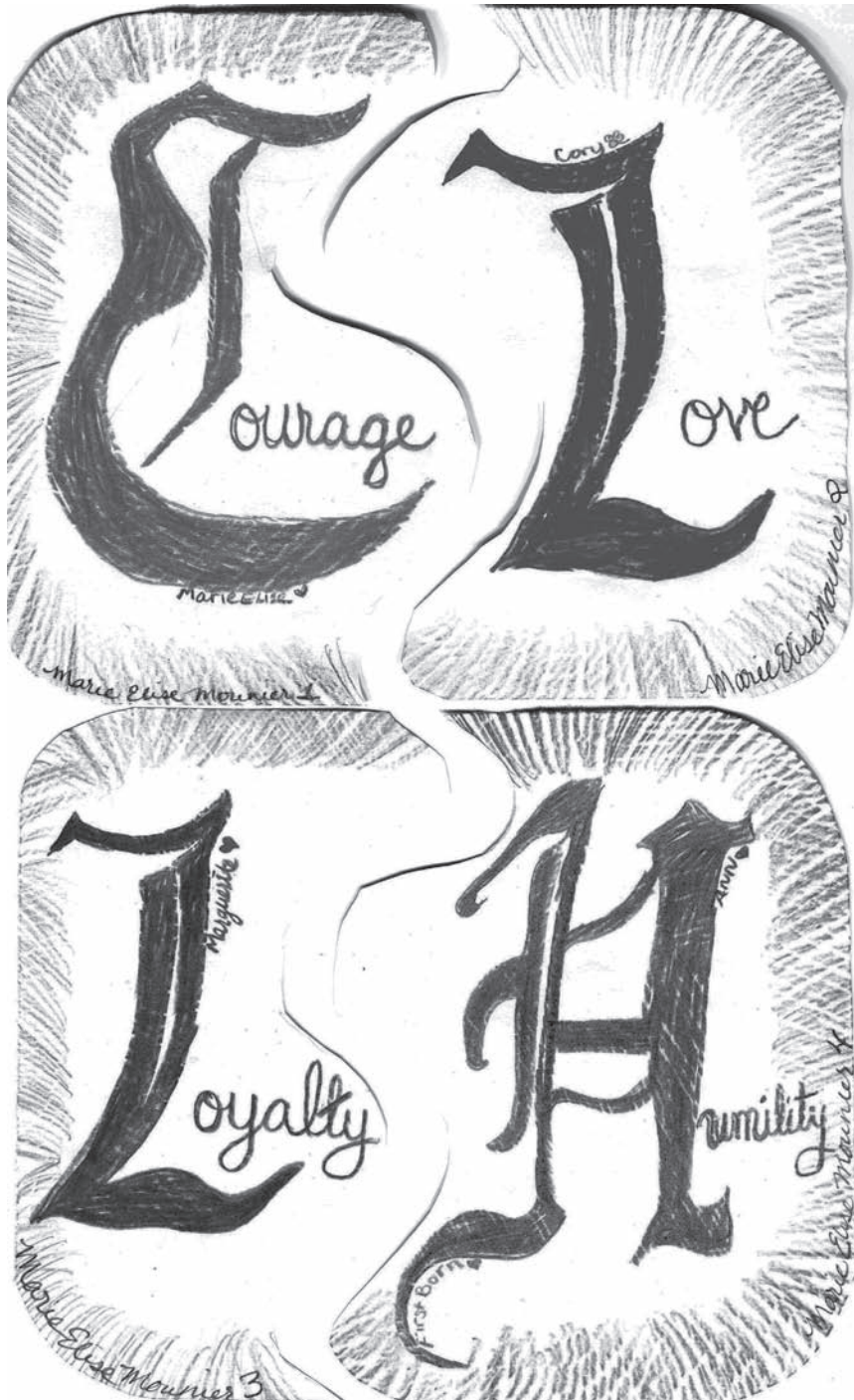
Love Burn

By Nathan Maton

There is a place in Brazil called Ithicao. They were a small village tucked away in a remote jungle in the future. They aren't fully connected to society although they do travel to visit and have people travel to visit them. Each time a problem arises the offender is forced to sit in a circle and listen to affection towards them from their closest family members. This goes on for a full day, the close relations of the offenders pour affection onto the person who committed a criminal act. They expose their vulnerability, fears and hopes so that they express the fragile beauty of human relationships. They began in 2025 to expand their practices and now cover the entire South American continent.



MAKE A LIMITED EDITION



Seven Sins, Seven Vows

By Terecille Basa-Ong, Corrine Brown, Laura Carter, Amanda Green, Michele Guido, Celine H., David Moldawer

I solemnly swear to get angry when the situation calls for it.

As a child, my parents told me to control my temper. As an adult, I've taken pride in my self-control. I now realize my mistake.

Controlling your temper is fine when you're stuck in traffic or on line at the post office, but we get angry for a reason, and when we develop the habit of swallowing our feelings, we are left with a flabby, underdeveloped rage. When anger is called for, when we see something terrible happening right in front of us, it quivers feebly to the surface and then sags out of view, leaving us weak.

Where has our wrath gone? It's our most potent source of power. Anger has toppled governments, saved lives, transformed society. If something makes us angry, there's usually a very good reason for it. Anger means we feel the need to act, to change the situation for the better. Anger is the voice of our convictions.

So I vow to feel my anger, to get comfortable with it, to learn to use it, where appropriate, to make a difference when it matters most.

I solemnly swear to fight my human urge to selfishly over-consume and protect only myself. Instead, I will actively push to give what I can to support others in need, especially those who are unable to ask, without considering personal reward. I will fulfill my own desires and satisfactions by

assisting my human family and the earth we share together. Each day I can contribute some act, some word, and some energy towards a positive change, and be content that I am making a difference.

I solemnly swear that, despite whatever tools may be made available to me in future forms of technology, particularly artificial intelligence, genetic engineering, and robot house staff, I will not allow myself to live a life solely devoted to the pursuit of leisure. I will continue to use my muscles for motions, including but not limited to, breathing, eating, sexual intercourse, core nervous system functions, and at least sixty-five percent of daily motion. I will also continue to use my mind, and its ability to think, to formulate all of my opinions, ideas, and stories. Any aid I receive will solely go toward improving upon the work I was able to complete of my own volition, using my own effort and natural abilities.

In addition, I will not take advantage of available genetic modifications solely for the purpose of lessening the burden of being born a human. Any modifications I adopt will be for an increased ability to contribute to humanity and its endeavors. I will not apply modifications that are based in a desire for additional "down time" or a release from personal exertion.

This is not to imply that I will not use the increasing number of tools available to improve upon my efforts. Rather, I will commit myself to living a life of accomplishment and meaningful

contribution.

I solemnly swear to commit my life to works worthy of pride. I will strive for pride in my relationships with other people, in all tasks that occupy me, and in my limited time on this Earth. I will work to be my best self even at the most difficult times. I will be the supported and the supporter. I will be the friend, partner, and mentor I would want to have to others and myself.

Yet I will never be so certain of my achievement that I become fat and complacent with pride. One proud moment is not enough. I will strive for more, even after enjoying success and happiness. I will not settle. My effort will expire only when I do. I will be proud of never being too proud.

I solemnly swear never to allow lustful thoughts and impulses get the better of me. It is especially easy to give in to one's desires, particularly if it is within close reach or easily accessible. One's heart is so quick to fall for things, whether it be another's heart, a product, an ideal, a reality TV show, a hobby, or a lifestyle. It doesn't help that, in our tech-savvy age, instant gratification is, indeed, instantaneous. One can buy that handbag at a moment's click, and at half-price too. One can find that lover, however fleeting they may be, with their idea of a most perfect date, via howaboutwe.com.

But no love is much more gratifying, and one

should have the patience to wait for their one true love. To discipline themselves not to buy a bag at half-price, as it will still be out of one's budget. If we all go through life abiding by a lust-free philosophy, we'd all better appreciate the things meant to come into our lives because they do so organically. Lust only makes us wish for and, sometimes, attain the things that may not be meant to be in our lives. It is no wonder the divorce rate has skyrocketed in our modern age, and why our economy tanked in recent years. The satisfaction that lust brings us is fleeting and, ultimately, not even worth the effort. Of course, we all end up learning this the hard way.

I solemnly swear not to fear the loss of what I have, and not to feel pain at seeing what another has, because love is patient and kind, it is never jealous, it is never boastful or conceited, it is not rude or selfish, it does not take offense, and it is not resentful. I hereby assure you my love for you will never end. I will be forever faithful to you with all my heart and all my soul. Together you and I we will embrace each other and make the world jealous!

I solemnly swear to be glutton-less, by living a life that is conscious of how my consumption affects others. I will promote lifestyles that encourage living well by using less and doing so through socially minded enterprises. I will spend my life building communities relating to sustainable manufacturing and connecting people in need with natural food sources.

Food for Thought

By alicialikesfood

Food Beware: The French Organic Revolution by Jean-Paul Jaud is a film made entirely in French and is about a small village in France, named Barjac, where the mayor mandates an all-organic menu for the lunch program in the local (private) school. They serve 200-220 meals a day and the film focuses on different the stakeholders such as the farmers, parents, kids, and health care advocates.

I don't think I can count how many times I've heard how French cuisine is the best cuisine in the world, or that there is nothing better than a French meal. Julia Child became famous for making traditional French cooking accessible to the modern American wife/mom. I did not grow up eating any French food, went to France once in my life, and have only seen beef bourguignon from watching Ina Garten on the Food Network. But what I liked about this film was how even the French has lost touched with eating and enjoying the right food and that America is not the only country dying from an eating disorder.

In parts of the film, government officials try to explain the increasing numbers of people (including children) that die from cancer and how the food industry and pesticides play a role in that fact. What I found alarming was how one government official said that the current generation will not be as

healthy as their parents. Being 21 now, a lot of the times I do feel like I'm invincible and that of course I am healthier than my parents, but at the same time I can't run 5 miles straight like my dad can or work out three times a week like my mom. And our health is obviously linked to our environment and what we put into it. After the mayor mandated that the kitchen to go all-organic, the children noticed that the food tasted better and that is was of higher quality than before. They even started a small garden in their school and all the students collectively took care of the produce together and were served the fruits of their labor together in the cafeteria. I can't imagine the satisfaction it must feel like to be 7-10 years old and being able to enjoy food that you grew with your own two hands. It would be my dream to see other nursery schools, hospitals, and regular schools (not just private but public too!) to look towards small-scale agriculture to serve the younger generation.

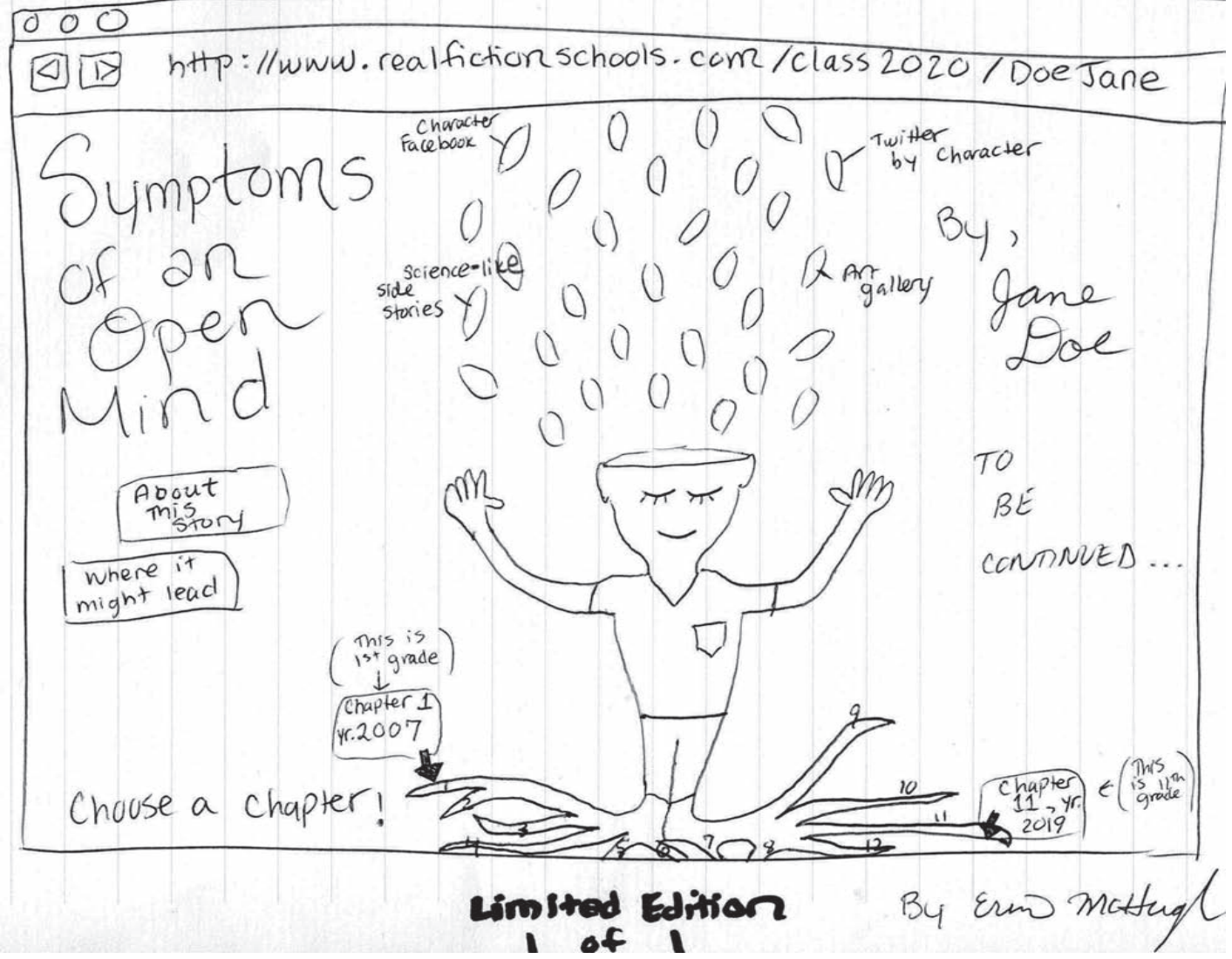
Yes, there are issues with food prices and how organic food is more expensive than buying the everyday food items in the grocery store, but at the same time we have to look at the collective costs eating this way is causing us. The film makes it very clear that you can not put a price on health and you can not put a price on our future. If you think about all the hidden costs that goes into mass production

of food you will realize that the organic food ends up cheaper. How? Well, as more and more farmers spray their fields with toxic chemicals, the yield on their farm goes higher, but as every farmer is doing that believing they will get more bang for their buck, the prices decline rapidly as there is much more supply than demand. If this was a traditional business, the head honchos of a company can cut costs by firing employees, closing down factories, etc. But a farmer can not lay off his land, instead he needs to squeeze out even more produce in order to stay afloat. But then the price declines even more. Then farmers demand the government to give them compensation on their losses and hello guys, that money comes out of our taxes! It really is not a question of finances, but a question of seeing how these issues are real, but at the same time they are preventable by controlling what you eat.

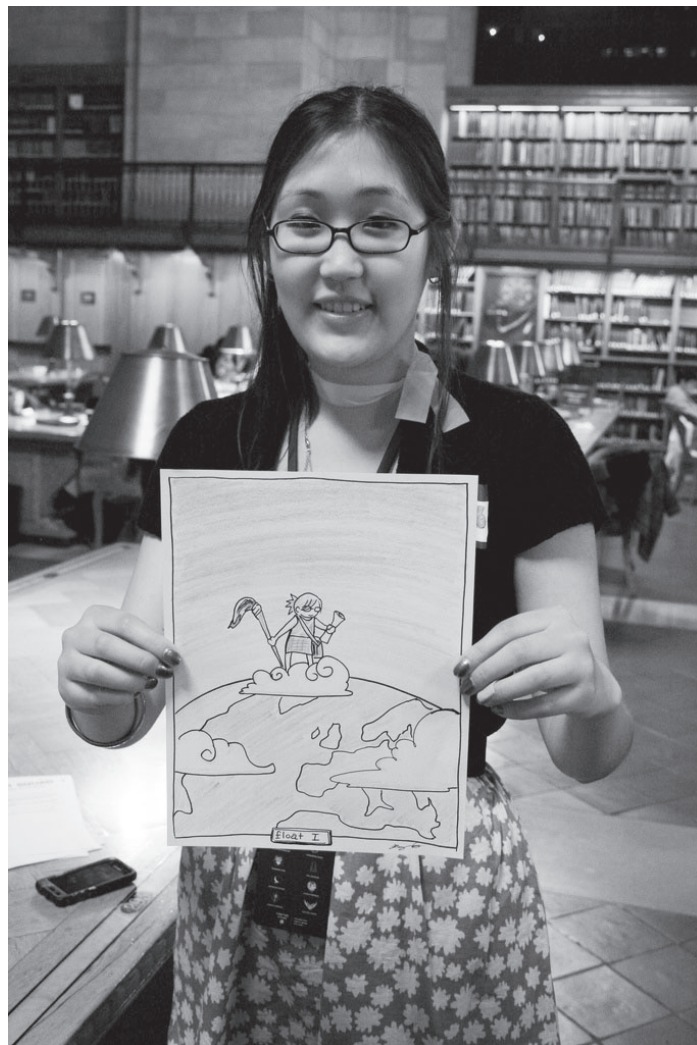
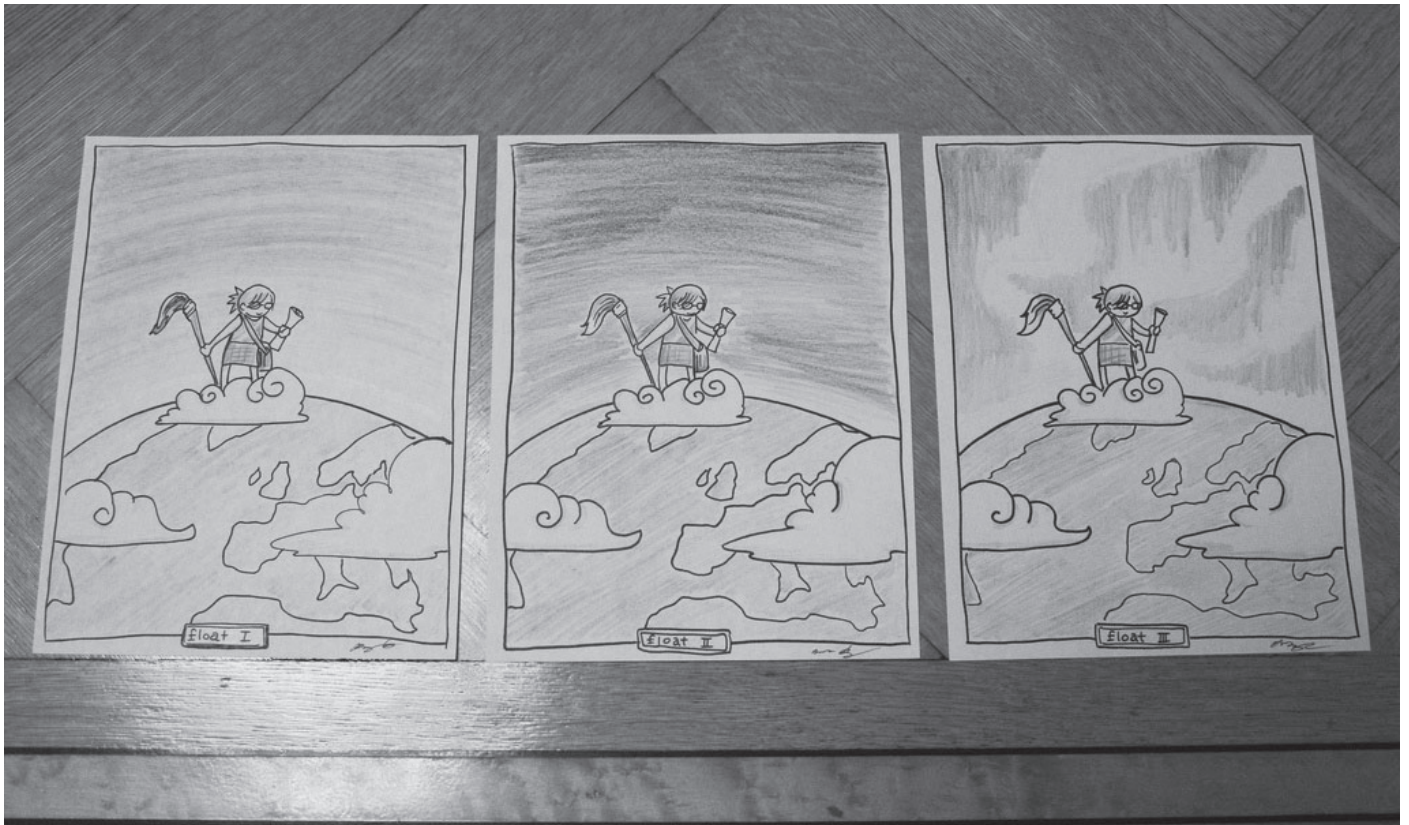
As I was reading *The New York Times* today, there was an article called “A Federal Effort to Push Junk Food Out of Schools” that talks about how the Obama Administration is pushing for legislation on banning candy and sugary beverages in schools. I love how Michelle Obama is talking about childhood obesity being a priority and she wants to take initiative in addressing this problem but at the same time, there was a 7-11 down the block from my high school, and if I craved a Twix bar or Spicy

Hot Cheetos, my open-campus allowed me to get it if I wanted it. I see how schools not supporting such poor eating habits, I still feel like nutrition and eating well in general needs to be a part of a school’s curriculum if you want to see any improvements in younger people’s health. Not to dog down on this federal push, but I think Michelle’s approach to the White House Garden is more applicable for students to be involved in their food. I think changing the Coke cans to Aquafina bottles is not the same as teaching kids how to be accountable for a communal garden like they do in Barjac. They should learn about how worms are necessary in order for soil to grab the nutrients it needs or what a zucchini flower looks like. I understand that Barjac was a small school and I can’t tell you how to apply that same curriculum to larger American public schools but I do think it has to come from the parents. Parents really need to advocate for a holistic curriculum at schools and until there is one, parents should do holistic teachings at home. I also think it is quite a rarity for a mayor to mandate such a law. As he says in the film, telling parents they are killing their children does not win him any votes, and telling farmers they are killing the country does not win him any votes either, but he says it is a conversation necessary to have. He would definitely have my vote if I lived in that lovely French town.

A New Diploma ... Kids will craft a story as they go through grades K-12



AudreyGelman
porksandwich
MEnglish211
mpuchon
roserin
kingstonlounge
jenvaz1

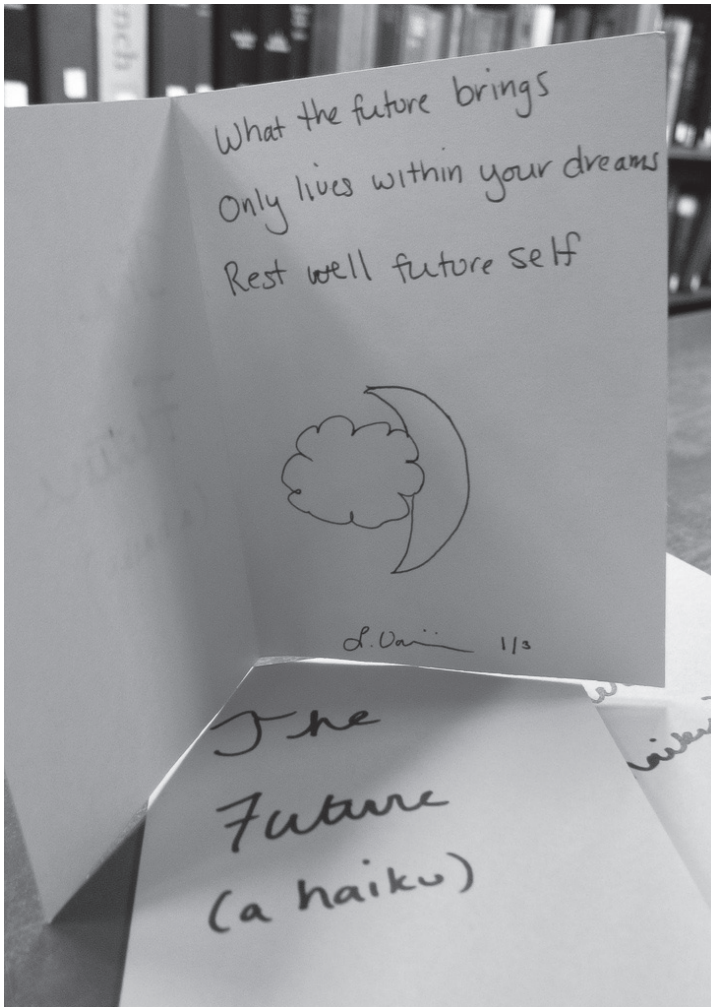
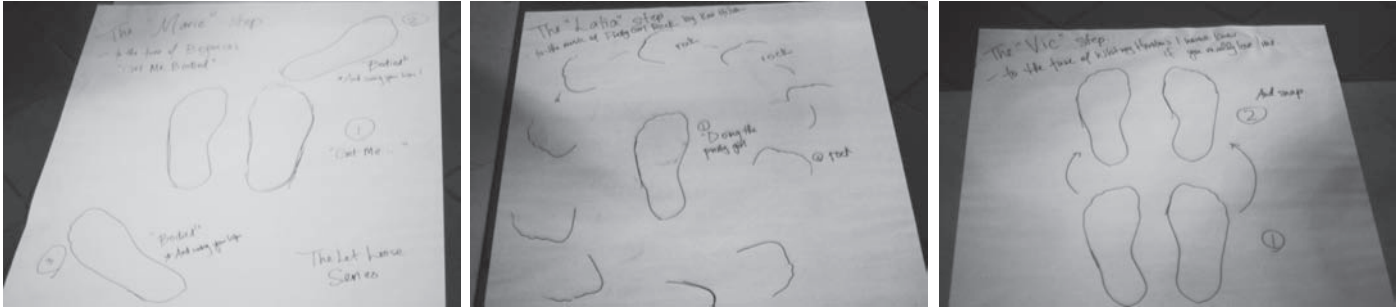


Ami Bogin

Feets of Fury

By leeloong

In honor of my new found friends and the energy and positivity they inspire, dance steps.
So that more people can literally "follow in their steps"



The Future (a limited edition haiku)

By lorene

My limited edition haiku addresses how to discover your future. A limited edition of 3 was handwritten on neon pink cardstock.

The Future (a haiku)

what the future brings
only lives within your dreams
rest well future self



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CONSULT THE WORDS OF WISDOM:
FATE

Toward Family or Ambition

By Mary Pasho McGregor

I am at a crossroads. This is not the first time in my life I've been at a crucial decision point. In my younger days, I could always choose the path that led to something new, unexpected or fleeting. Now, I am married, and I need to balance the things I want against the things my husband may want and against the viability for our future and the future children we may or may not have. I'm also getting a little older which means our parents and our aunts and uncles and cousins and friends are getting older. Every year that goes by, I become evermore aware of my own mortality, but more so the mortality of those I love. I am less concerned with losing my own life than I am of losing the companionship of others. Whereas ten years ago, I was hungry to see new places and go out on my own, now I begin to regret my time away from others.

What does *Adventures Among Wilde Beasts: Romantic Incidents & Perils of Travel, Sport and Exploration Throughout The World*, Hyrst's book of perilous hunting expeditions in 1909, have to offer me in the way of wisdom? Perhaps something in the reported natural world can offer some insight about the nature of life, and what is most important.

I chose to dive into Chapter VIII, "Lions and Lion Hunting". Here we are at New York Public Library, flanked by two world-famous Lions, Patience and Fortitude. What do these stately Lions have in common with the Lions of the wild at the turn of the 20th Century? More importantly, what do I have in common with these wild beasts?

"...It is with a sort of regret that we read in our natural histories that the handsome beast is now rarely met with except in Africa, and that 'our children will scarcely know him except from books'" (p. 94)

Hyrst writes of Lions as possessing these particular attributes: ferocity, courage, loyalty, and cunning. More than all of these things, the Lion is ruled by hunger.

"His ferocity and his courage perhaps only exist in proportion to the needs of his stomach" (p. 94).

The Lion is a pack animal and travels with his family. But when hunger calls, the Lion leaves the Lioness and cubs and will stop at nothing to satisfy this hunger. This was me, in my younger

days. Fleeing my small, country town and my childhood poverty, driven by a hunger for achievement, stability and success. I let myself wander to anywhere opportunity awaited. It brought me to New York. Now, I'm thirty years old, and wondering where to land next: to destinations unknown, or to the side of my family?

Away from the security of the pack, the Lion relied on courageous, quick-witted instincts to stay alive, catch his prey and elude his captors.

“Whatever may be said of his courage, the Lion has plenty of sagacity and cunning. There is a method in his roarings. When he cannot find a meal to hand he puts his head down to the ground and bellows with all his might, knowing full well that the noise, being so near the earth, will be refracted and dispersed, so that it will be difficult for the hearer to decide from what quarter it has come. Thus an animal that is snugly hidden away will spring out, thinking the noise is close to him, and will eventually run straight into the very danger he is trying to avoid” (pp. 95-96)

The act of hunting a Lion perplexed men of all

nations and backgrounds, made up of varying quantities of patience and fortitude. What they all had in common was the approach of baiting the lone Lion with food, and either ambushing it or outsmarting it. The Lion's size, ferocity and cleverness often outperformed the combined bravery and intelligence of men.

So, what have I learned from the Lion? The world is full of brave and clever people who may be looking for the opportunity to stop me in my tracks and take my place. If I let my ambition blaze my trail to distances unknown, I will succeed as long as I can be braver and smarter and hungrier than most. I will have to learn to balance my ambition with intelligence and practicality and bolster it with courage. I will need to be careful that my ambition (or hunger) does not become my downfall.

In the end, though the Lion is also known for his loyalty. I will always have to balance my ambitions with the needs of those I love. No matter what exciting adventures await me in the great unknown, it may not be matched by cherished time with those I love or the comfort of home.

Exquisite Corpse: Fate

By elsy1225

Adventures Among Wild Beasts by Hurst (pg. 69)

“We can’t stand here all night to be made fools of ...”

We have only one night to prove our worth and to make an impact on the world.

But it’s 2 a.m. and I’m thinking that maybe I’d rather just wait for the Rapture since I’ve been told with near absolute certainty that it’s going to happen at 2:15. I’m hitting the wall, that moment where I’d rather be doing just about anything than what I’m tasked to do — that is, help write an epic book in ten hours — and it’s making me delirious enough to consider apocalyptic doomsday scenarios. Possibly zombie-related apocalyptic doomsday scenarios.

I wouldn’t describe myself as someone who buys into cultish thinking; but there’s something darkly appealing about the notion that all of this tiresome work won’t be worth a damn come morning, so let’s just hang out, get something to eat, do something other than write.

This isn’t the first time I’ve looked for an exit when attempting something significant (though it’s definitely the first time that said exit was the End of Days). Time and again, I’ve set ambitious goals for myself — complete and record some epic set of songs, write a screenplay, develop a massive collaborative storytelling project — and time and again, I give up before I even get started. I don’t know what it is — lack of ambition; attention deficit disorder; fear of failure — but it happens.

Let’s not let that happen tonight.

There are too many great things that can come out

of this experience. First, there’s the game itself. This fantastic overnight scavenger hunt (with an essay component) that takes us into the deepest and most mysterious bowels of the library with 500 strangers, uncovering hidden or forgotten treasures and bringing them to light. Then there’s the place itself — several times tonight I’ve found myself in awe of everything around me, forgetting the game entirely. There’s also the idea of friendship — of the connections we’ve make with the people in the squads we got thrown into, the people we now could not imagine succeeding in this quest without.

We have two choices ahead of us: stay here with our heads buried in forgotten tomes, making something interesting that will live in the library for years, or give up and face the wolves. But in order to make progress, to make something great, we must forge ahead. Dragons do not slay themselves. Progress is not made without the will to preserve. A few hours of hard work will pale in comparison to what we create. History needs both its heroes and its villains; hopefully tonight we will be the heroes, slaying the dragons with those forgotten tomes, finding the future among the forbidden stacks of the NYPL together.

Now, at this point — the work is not yet complete. We write, looking ahead, seeing the finished fruit of our labors in our mind’s eye. But who reads it, looking back at a time behind when these words were committed to paper? We are both looking at the same point in time — our future, their past. A moment in time that exists for neither of us but in thought, yet we are both there, now.

We have chosen the path together and this is our fate.



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BESTOW HONORS

a tale of the king

By morisaur

this is (or could be, perhaps) an epic tale of the grasshopper king. i present it to the public in list form starting with the initials of those excellent relations soon to be renamed (RJPNRER). the list proceeds in this way, consisting of all my dearests:

1. the grasshopper king, a lover
2. the single-shoed lady of the cables, my mother
3. the unquenchable, grape-handed juggler, a father
4. freckled piper, my brother
5. my fingerling potato, RR
6. apple of my toes, EM

and lastly of course

7. *****, the other lover

The Tale of Genji

By brooklyknight

Genji scrolls are delicate and fair with rushing blue waters and jet black hair. Genji scrolls are delicate and fair with rushing blue waters and jet black hair. Genji scrolls are delicate and fair with rushing blue waters and jet black hair. Genji scrolls are delicate and fair with rushing blue waters and jet black hair. Genji scrolls are delicate and fair with rushing blue waters and jet black hair. Genji scrolls are delicate and fair with rushing blue waters and jet black hair. Genji scrolls are delicate and fair with rushing blue waters and jet black hair. Genji scrolls are delicate and fair with rushing blue waters and jet black hair. Genji scrolls are delicate and fair with rushing blue waters and jet black hair. Genji scrolls are delicate and fair with rushing blue waters and jet black hair. Genji scrolls are delicate and fair with rushing blue waters and jet black hair. Genji scrolls are delicate and fair with rushing blue waters and jet black hair.

Myth of Modernity

By IMPERIALHUNTRESS

The Strumpets of Aristotle and Homer

The Truant Schoolboy of Kent

The Lady of the Hellcat Rebellion

The Patroness of the Everlasting Vagabond

The Dark Lord of Limbo

The Dancing Waif of the Feast

The Daredevil of Pi

The Singer of Jilted Lovers

The Tale of the Betancourt Family and their acquaintances

By LK

The Tale of the Betancourt Family and Their Acquaintances

Dona Espertorberberona: what we lovingly call my grandmother - magnanimity personified and a matriarchal treasure trove of aphorisms, fairy tales and comic tragedies up her sleeve.

She Who Laughs A Lot: mischievously crafty, an aunt who finds the hilarity and the humor in all things mundane and tragic.

Lady Jealous: a frenemy with an insatiable appetite to rob one of one's friends and to sow subtle dissension along the way.

Mr. Quarrels: a man of a sensitive nature who never seems to see the likelihood of someone else being right, but righteously plods on with his own opinions.

Madame Flaneur: this would be me; a dignified woman that loves to amble, promenade, saunter and lollygag as I ruminate and look on in wonder at the vagaries of the world, marvelling at the doors in the neighborhoods and the stories they tell of their peculiar brownstone homes.

Sister Righteous: it could be said of a sweet, well-meaning, and, at times, annoyingly alarmist relative who piously and assiduously remarks upon our sins and ostentatiously displays her religiosity.

Don Juan The Infinite: the neighborhood seducer: always reconnoitering and canvassing the sidewalks and throughfares in order to vigorously conquer where no man has conquered before.

The Knight For All Things Racist: an appallingly open neighborhood crank who hates his neighbors more than they despise him and spends his retirement hours writing petitions to rid the neighborhood of us, the un-desirables.

The Duke Must Know It All: What a lovely neighbor - studiously studying the foibles of his neighbors, never jealous nor bothersome, but definitely meddling.

Title: The Tale of the Betencourt Family
and their acquaintances. ①
Lillith Coto

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Lillith Coto

②

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spqrxxi
markpopham
liminary
LK
upsofloating
Barbara Eldredge
Christina

Everybody Knows Everything

By chozzles 2

Leading characters:

- The Scholar of Songs (my dad, Mike)
- The Bringer of Souls (my mom, Karen)
- The Hornblower (my brother, Bernie)
- The Girl with the Blonde Hair (my sister, Anna)
- The Cat Lady (my friend, Kat)
- The Fashionista (my friend Anna)
- The Many-Armed Goddess (my friend Robin)
- The Directress of Greenpoint (my friend Lauren)
- The Storyteller (me, as bequeathed to me by my friend Anna, aka ajlobster)

The Tale of Strongee

By songtree

The Mistress of Adventure, The Duke of Passion, The Lady of Fun and Wonder, The Governess of the Law, The Goddess of Fitness, The Duchess of Understanding, The Lord of Wisdom, The Princess of Curles, The Matron of Vitality, The Prince of Determination, The Handmaiden of Hipsters, The Queen of the Space Race.

The Tale of Genji

By prisefterinferno

Philosophical Jester

Lord of the Water

Lady of Brave Insecurities

Follower of the beaten Path

Brash Youngling

Weathered Stone

Bending Pine

Honors

By rinsakura

Lady of wisdom

Knight of honor

Protector of justice

Maiden of bravery

Honoring the Family

By imahorcruX

Shenan, the tattoo artist - Wielder of the Ink

Dot, the genius - Lady of the Books

Ike, the comedian - Boss of the Hilarity

Gramma, the boss - Matriarch of Might

Jennifer, the aunt - Our Lady of Perpetual
Happiness

Jacci, the sister - Desperately Seeking Attention

Honey, the cat - Lady Buttons

Scurfy, the cat - His Royal Spinelessness

Su-Ling, the last cat - Boisterous Riffraff

Jessica, the yeller - Countess of Cheer

Maggie, the religious - The Bible Belt

The Chung/Fegans of San Francisco

By mackenzie

My mom: Empress of the Discount, Possessor of the Deadly Backhand

My grandfather: The Glass-Eyed Dictator, He Who Cannot Modulate the Volume of his Voice

My father: Archduke of Meandering Tales, Ruler of What-Was-That-Story-About?

My grandmother: Viscountess of Excessively Large Jewelry, The Mah-Jongg Mistress of Seacliff

Top 10 People in My Life

By whitneyebryan

- 1) The Wise Lioness
- 2) The Master of the Hillbillies
- 3) The Ensign Builder
- 4) The Esoteric Prince
- 5) The Effervescent Pony
- 6) The Clever Peacock
- 7) The Wandering Sage
- 8) The Earthy Mare
- 9) The Golden Princess
- 10) The Gentle Healer

The Tale of Genji

By michelin99

Adam Star--Loved by the
Buffalo

Candice Chiu--Lady of the

In Honor of My Familial World

By emcfins

The Mistress of Breathing Fire

Knight of One Million Fish

Most Honorable and Good Emperor of Thundering Clouds

The Lady of the Fiery Mountains

Governess of Motherly Love

The Lady of Forgetful Beauty

The Mistress of A Million Hearts

The Minister of Gentle Mischief

The Lady of Secret Awe

Tale of the Honorifics

By Luna

Though honorific titles carry a regal dignity with them, they are more of an artifact of the language, rather than a sincere and respectful way of referring to those close to you, or even those exalted by you. "Your Highness", "Lord", "Lady" ... these words hold little meaning as we no longer live in a feudal society and no longer hold monarchy in the same regard. These titles also lose their sincerity in the sense that they are used for many generations. A name is given to you before you come into the world, holding no bearing on your actions, and titles also bear no resemblance to your character. Titles should be given to reflect the deeds and characteristics of those that deserve them. Though my friends and family are not royalty, they are held in my highest regard, and would be bestowed titles from the most grateful corners of my heart and fondest memories. My Mother, Jo Marie, "Her Wiseness and Joyfulness", My Father Gurcan, "Adventurer of the Seas", My Brother Ben "The Comical Minstrel" and my Husband Evan "His Honest accurateness". Though these names probably have little or no meaning to you, the new titles may give you an idea of who they are. Christopher "The Organized One", Scott "Heart Like a Warm Beanbag Cushion", Daniel He's Seen Every Episode" and Diane "The Mighty, with Handwriting of a Goddess"! You get the idea. Try it out. Perhaps those close to you will feel honored to be granted a unique and poignant title. -Denise Yazak



Chapter 5: 

SEEKING ADVICE



CONSULT THE WORDS OF WISDOM: PEOPLE

Kindness Makes The World Go Round

By cnulli and Jennifer Wright

"Be kind, for those you meet are fighting great battles." Philo of Alexandria spoke these words more than a millennium ago. They have helped civilization advance for more than two thousand years. Hilaire Belloc echoed this sentiment in his poem, "The Frog," writing: "Be kind and tender to the frog."

No matter who we are or where we go, we are all better versions of ourselves when we are aware of and sympathetic to the battles, small and large, of the people we meet. Whether it was two thousand years ago, a century ago, or five hundred years from now, civilization will be at its best when we stop finding reasons to cut one another down and emphasize kindness.

So what about the future? The future is what we make it. Equally as important, it's HOW we make it. If I bring kindness and tenderness to my interactions with others, it is one small step toward crafting a better future. What you put out into the universe will work its way back.

Can humanity attain an ideal world?

By FLWmoveOver and Jennifer Wright

Will people learn to live together in peace and truly ever become one society where everyone is treated equally?

Reading “The Bad Child’s Book of Beasts” offers us a glimpse into the values that defined 1896. As the children’s book was written over one hundred years ago, reading it made me think about how far - and how short - the human race has come.

Given the topic, it seems natural to first consider animals. In 2011 animals are more protected than ever, yet we still have to worry about animals becoming extinct and fighting to protect their wild spaces. A hundred years ago, it was for their hides or their blubber for oil. Now we exploit the land where they roam due to the energies that lie below the ground. Ice caps are melting and populations of animals are dwindling. The larger populous - those animals called “man” - say they care, but the second their energy prices go up they cry for cheaper prices - animals be damned.

This book is about animals, but the questions it raises are about people. Although we are different from animals we’re perhaps not as superior as we’d like to believe. Society has always had the haves and the have-nots. We talk about caring for everyone and believe ourselves to be enlightened about equality. However, even in 2011 there are whole continents that are living way below the poverty line in comparison to other continents and societies. That’s become more apparent than ever as a result of our unprecedented access to technology. Social networks allow for an amazing ability to share our lives with others throughout the world, whether that means our day to day routines or monumental events such as natural disasters. Yet, our habits have changed very little in the world’s only superpower. Americans are the greatest consumers of the greatest amount of goods - and we produce the greatest waste on this quickly shrinking planet. It’s my hope that in the future society can look at itself and be proud that it’s taken care of all the living entities on what will probably be an even smaller earth than the one I see now.

However difficult it may be to believe that change can happen, and whole continents can be bettered, we have to inspire the future as the past has inspired the present. Women's equality, animal rights, gay rights, and countless other movements were non-existent in 1896. Although, society is a work in progress, and always will be, I have to believe that society will continue to work towards a unified appreciation of everyone as equals. It is my hope that one day we will begin to believe and behave as though we're all in this together.

I am sure that in the future there will be some kind of inequality and imbalance in society where living creatures will be disregarded. It will be as obvious an imbalance as seen towards the animals in the book that my current society has been too blind to correct. But part of being human, and not an animal, is our ability to gain perspective through time and to strive to better our own immediate lives. But as the world continues to shrink and transparency continues to illuminate the world I expect our immediate lives

to be able to influence a much greater part of the world. Our human instincts, along with the lessons that life and the universe teach us, lead me to believe that my original ideal will one day become a reality. I do believe we have the potential to truly live as one society where everyone is thought of and treated as equals. I believe that in spite of the fact that we are all different - a great strength, but also our biggest hurdle. Part of striving to improve is to strive for the dream of an equal society. While it may not be possible to live in complete peace and treat everyone as true equals, we can always aspire towards that ideal. It's this hope and humanity's deep rooted idealism that drives us to make this world a better place. I can see how much change can happen in one hundred years and believe that in the next one hundred or one thousand years my vision for a world where society views everyone as equals and lives in peace is truly attainable. But it can only happen if we believe and we work with relentless passion to better not just our own lives but the lives of all our living family on this planet.

The Words of Wisdom Are a Jerk

By edryan

I asked myself about my future with my girlfriend. The text told me to be kind and tender to the frog. That's pretty harsh, man.

Empathic Rhinos

By TheGKnee

The Rhinoceros.

The Strong.

The Thick Hide Beast.

The Boulder in The Glade.

And You?

Shall you run?

Will you Hide?

Cower upon your demise?

The idea of the Rhino infects your senses, while the reality simply is.

The idea of death; shall it cloud your soul or set thee free?

(Foolish?) Advice: Be the rhino-- the soft hide, the weak, the eroding boulder in the Glade.



SAY FAREWELL

Papyrus

By Apreche

The oldest known cave paintings may have been created as early as 30,000 BCE. For tens of thousands of years man has created graphical representations of his ideas by applying ink to a smooth surface. Chisel and stone, dye on wool, or oil on canvas the visual arts were also a craft. A physical object must be created such that it would absorb, transmit, and/or reflect the light of the sun in such a way as to create the desired imagery.

All that was changed with the invention of the cathode ray tube in the early twentieth century. Visual arts were still an art, but no longer a craft. No more was it necessary to build a physical object to mold light. Instead man had acquired the power of god, to let there be light in any configuration he desired.

The craft of visual arts soon began to wane. The production and development of film was the first to go, completely replaced by digital storage and liquid crystal display. The digital frame ended demand for paint. The hologram obviated the sculpture. Having attained direct control of the photon, the craft of shaping matter was forgotten.

It has been nearly a century since we abandoned handwriting in favor of typing on our schools. It has been decades since the last tax return was filed in hard copy. The postal service has been exclusively devoted to package delivery for decades. After millennia of service, paper has been retired.

Evolution

By krangi

I want to say goodbye to the notion that people are "who they are". I think that people evolve over time and that everyone should be allowed the chance to change. We as a society and as people have made many mistakes, who are we to say that someone can't overcome their previous mentality/errors?

As a person who has made mistakes in the past, I am lucky that I have people in my life who have let me atone for them and become the person I am today. Part of being an adult is trying to be a better person each day.

When people justify their behavior by saying that they just act the way they do because that's is "how they are", it is a sad state of affairs. It is so because this person does not believe in evolving into a better person for all of society's sake.

We, as the people who will be dictating the future owe it to our world to be proactive as well as accepting for those around us and society. It is our duty to the planet and its people.

Let Us respect and Appreciate One Another's Diversity

By Mayorbest

Good bye to the idea that we are all confined to one philosophical belief. In our ever changing lives we encounter a diverse body of individuals with their own respective beliefs. George Washington's Farewell Address shared Washington's belief that we should remain united and refrain from feeling too confined to one political ideology. We need to remain united and embrace one-another's beliefs - we don't need to necessarily believe them, but we may respect them. I have learned to embrace culture as a part of evolving.

We need to respect one-another so that we may remain united and active participants in our own respective cliques, societies and subcultures. I have learned that we need to avoid dividing and embrace: compromise, respect and appreciation. Tonight I bid farewell to my belief that we will live and die with one single belief. I will now embrace the uniqueness of everyone's ideological and philosophical beliefs. I encourage the readers of this book to remember the importance of embracing one- another's beliefs and cultures. We can grow, learn and live a healthier life together.

Washington's Farewell Address

By chozzles

Survive

Farewell to the Hellfighters

By jbeasley20002

Farewell to the Hellfighters. From the bottom of my heart, I wish you well. You and I were ill-suited from the start. My branch didn't have much of a presence on your Unit Manning Roster, your attention was all on those Logistical specialties at the Support Ops Section. I understood, I was in excess, what right did I have to complain? Still, you gave me a position; you gave me my developmental time as a leader. Even if you never had very much work for me to do, at least you gave me excellent people in my section to spend the days with. And even if we felt under-utilized, you still had the ability to send me to school in a timely fashion.

If nothing else, I loved going to the schoolhouse. The days there were spent with the understanding that all knowledge was available to me for the taking. All instructors were willing, obliging and even eager to impart the information that I desired. An environment that encouraged all the intellectual discovery one could ask for, while accommodating class mates more interested in check the block learning.

You also gave me my first experience in the mafia of junior officers, conspiring to develop one another while accomplishing the mission first. Thank you to that first company commander, the one who gave me so much responsibility on my first annual

training, all of which would eventually make its way onto my first ever Officer Evaluation Report. That experience was both special and ridiculous, allowing me a peek into what mischief bored Soldiers can get into.

Thank you to the senior enlisted men, the ones with twenty year letters in their pockets, that still let me teach introductory classes on drill and ceremony and would admonish junior enlisted who had the temerity to fall asleep in front of me.

Lastly, let me thank you for teaching me about pride. As mismatched as we were, I still had pride in our affiliation. Even if we were seen at times as misfits, or even jacked up, I still had a sense of pride in our place. Even if our building was decrepit, even if we lacked supplies, even if our valorous deeds were approaching the century mark, I could still take pride in the glow of our name. However dull it had become over the march of the years, it was our name. We were known.

Farewell Hellfighters, I will always mention that you are where I started my career. Even though I'm moving on, I will always miss the days I walked your halls. I wish you the best.

Hellfighters lead the way!

Post-Collegiate Angst

By alicialikesfood

I am sitting the in the New York Public Library the day I move out of my college dorm and two days after my last graduation ceremony. Saying goodbye to New York University is probably the hardest I've had to do my young adult life. When my mom was visiting she said, "Alicia, I think you're going to be let down after NYU." I got defensive towards my mom because maybe she is right- I gave everything I had to my college experience and am walking away from four years of no regrets. How could I possibly sustain all the relationships and friendships I've built?

Goodbye, Leopard-Print Heels

By ajobster

Dear Leopard-Print Heels,

You've served me well these many years, leopard-print heels. You're just the right height, and just the right size, and you look good with almost everything. I've gotten you re-heeled and re-soled and all manner of repairs.

But listen, LPH (can I call you LPH?). I think it's time for us to go our separate ways. Your seams are beginning to fall out, and your heels are practically falling off. We've had some good times, LPH. I've

walked through the rain with you, fallen in the mud with you, and danced all the way home with you. But it's time for me to move on to another go-to pair of heels, and for you to move on to a dump somewhere, to compost and turn into dirt.

I will always remember you, Leopard-Print Heels. Good luck, and God speed.

Anna

Goodbye my love

By caitlin2241

Dear Grandma,

As hard as it is for me to sit here and write this letter to you, it has to be done. You have been gone for 3 years now and everyday is just as painful as the last. Not a day goes by that I don't think of you. You were my heart and soul and I miss you so much. Life has been really hard since you've been gone. Living at home is really tough. Without you around, I have no one to turn to. I miss your love and support. I miss watching tv with you at night. I miss the way you called me everyday just to see how my day was going. I miss your laugh. I miss your smile. I miss the way you scared me half to death with your loud sneeze. I miss your cooking and your talking cookie jar. I miss going to your house on holidays and your early morning birthday calls. Most importantly, I miss you. When you died, you took a piece of my heart. I never felt so alone. Everyday I think about all the memories we have made. The truth is, I am terrified of letting go. These memories are all I have. I need to say goodbye to the guilt I feel over not being there enough when you got sick. I know you understood that I visited as much as I could, but it's so hard for me to let it go. It's time to say goodbye. I've learned that saying goodbye doesn't mean letting go of all the memories we have shared. Saying goodbye is freeing my mind of the pain and guilt I feel whenever I think of you. From now on, I'm saying hello to the love and support that you are still giving me through spirit. I know that you are with me everyday and I look forward to celebrating the moments we have shared instead of harping on the negative. I

The shape of things.

By Shivery

I didn't understand the first time you said it to me; I didn't even understand it the third. I didn't understand that you were teaching me the single most important thing I would ever learn. I'm not sure you did, either.

"We only commit treason when we fold ourselves into shapes that are easy for other people to carry."

This. Yes. This. If only you knew.

Farewell, My Job

By galenblade

Goodbye, my job.

You were good to me. You were a great opportunity to work with fantastic people, learn so much about the world, and to better myself.

But all things must end. Our time together is over. You were good to me, but you were a stepping stone. I have to move on, since I cannot move on with you. I know you too well now to know you'll never change, much as I want you to, and I know how it can be done for the better. But I need to stop deluding myself.

You're never going to be what I need. We had some good times together, some great times in fact. But I need more than a lax dress code and beer Fridays. I need more than pure data analysis and praise of my skills.

I need to be with another job I care about more fully. One that has more in common with me. One that will recognize me for who I am and what I'm worth. One that won't treat me with sullen silence every time I speak up.

I need something else. And so I have to bid you farewell.

Washington's Farewell Address

By merrymay

Farewell, my dear home state of ten thousand lakes and interminable winters. Although I still return to you several times a year, you are no longer my home.

I wear you with me

Goodbye, Accountant Self!

By Laurey Lou, Mary Mei, Robert Whitehead, Emily Schubert, Garrett Verdone, Mathiew Jean-Lubin, Andy Rossmeissl

To my accountant self: When I first met you, you were a freshman in college taking an Accounting 101 class with a vibrant professor who shared your love of hockey. As if it were a direct transfer of value, you associated accounting with the sport that you loved, thus loving accounting itself. Luckily, your overcompensation for a profession of less advetursome fit led you to take on challenging (read: reckless) physical adventures that landed you in the hands of physical therapists. Like your accounting professor, these therapists influenced your decision to change careers in an effort to pursue your passion. It's funny how much of an influence a person or an experience can have on another, oftentimes without even knowing it.

The last 4 years in the practice, and prior 4 yers of accounting education, have opened you up to experiences that will shape your future - don't forget that. I know that sitting in a cubicle on a yoga ball, typing endless excel reports and powerpoint presentations seemed trivial in the scheme of things, but it had an influence on your life and gave you puzzle pieces to take with you forward (be them straight edged). Moving to the next thing in life is just another layer of complexity to your person. That stage is over and now it is time to move on - which leads me to the present, the time to say goodbye.

To my current self: Goodybe, accountant self! How fitting it is that one day after quitting your job, your transition to the next stage of your life begins with a quest to find the future in a collaborative effort with 499 other people in the NYPL. You are at a crossroad - an opportunity for the change you want to see in your life. Start to fit the pieces that you have - knowing that the more pieces you have accumulated, the easier it is to target pieces that fit in your future. I love crossroads, they make you who you are, and will make you who you want to be. I know that you will make history tonight!

To my future self: I believe that every experience we have in life - planned or not, seemingly valuable or not, positive or not - shapes everything about our future. As you leap into a new career, I hope that you find the fulfilment from your work that you desire; remembering that sometimes fulfilment comes in packages hard to discern. Look for the good in people and feel the weight of the influence you can have in others. Always remember where you came from and take nothing for granted.

I look forward to seeing you at your next crossroad!

Love, Your Conscience

Farewell to 228

By kleopoldful

Dear 228,

It has been fun living there for the last year. I will miss the random parties and the utter silliness of all of my wonderful roommates. I will not miss the mess, the things that do not work, the craziness, and the noise-ridden living area. I am saying goodbye to this apt because I am moving in with my boyfriend and beginning a whole new chapter of my life. The next stage of my life is looking pretty good. Moving forward with a wonderful man and also getting to enjoy a new neighborhood on the upper west side. Goodbye old man cave apartment...Hello new coupled-up living quarters.

Washington's Farewell Address

By tcheung

Farewell Old ME

Goodbye to the person I use to be

Hello to the new me

Reborn into the world appearing the same

leaving behind the past looking forward to the future

forget everything you thought you knew

live for today and start anew

Everyday is a new day to start a new you.

Goodbye Gorbachev

By Tina Amini (@TinaAmini)

This is one of those goodbyes I never wanted to say. I have dreaded this moment since your adorable likeness to the Russian President earned you the namesake, and we took you into our home from your alley in the city. Nothing will ever be the same without your obnoxious desire to occupy my pillow, or sleep on my face. As much as I resented having to open the door, feed you, pet you and more in response to your incorrigible meows in the night - I will miss those, too. Most of all, however, I will miss your persistent, genuine love. It is almost humbling to see how much affection such a small creature that most people deem of lesser intelligence is able to express and, best of all, is able to express without a single word. We have become family, and your departure will certainly leave a gaping hole in mine.

I will never be able to verbally convey the extent

of my love for you. Only my incessant hugging, kissing, cuddling and downright smothering will ever suffice, and it is my deepest regret that I will never be able to shower you with that again. It will only remain a distant dream. As time fades the memories, I fear one day they will feel like surreal experiences from a past I can't recall experiencing.

After the one near-death situation we had with you, I have attempted to document your every breath and movement in the hopes of preserving as many memories as possible. Unfortunately, nothing will ever live up to you. I hope we provided as much love as you deserved, and as much love as you returned to us. I will forever love you. Thank you for making my childhood and my life memorable and filled with affection. Goodbye.

Worthington's Farewell Address

By brooklyknight

Goodbye negative David. Goodbye putting others down, for any reason. Goodbye words said in anger. Goodbye criticism. Goodbye judgement. Goodbye gossip. Goodbye teasing. Goodbye dirty looks or snappy comments. Goodbye sarcasm. Goodbye bitchiness. Goodbye comparisons and stereotypes. You never did me any good.

Hello new David Worthington Trahan

Perpetually Seeking Greener Pastures

By agonsalves

Farewell, my new job. I came to you as a refugee of a terrible situation. In truth, I would have taken a janitorial job if it had paid me as much as I used to make, but you were better. You gave me the promise of an employer with actual ethics along with the reality of justified compensation. But something isn't right. As much as I hated my old job, there was a certain freedom to it. When something is so bad and you're resigned to ending it, you're free to make of it whatever you will. You push it as far as it can go and you let it break if it comes to it.

Now I find myself in your embrace and it is quite unfamiliar. For as cheerful and fun as you appear, I find myself strangely unfulfilled by you. Yes, the constant reward of a quickly expanding bank account makes me hesitate in this decision, but there is much more to life than money. After four months of learning what is required of me, I have

come to realize that it is everything I tried to avoid when looking for a new job. I must have been blinded by the dollar signs.

I've gone from a free-range renegade to a handcuffed servant. I used to be a bucking bronco, but now I am a pack mule. For as terrible as the company I left was, the confines of the corporate structure are somehow worse. Benefits be damned.

I should thank you, though. My time spent in your company has not only allowed me to realize what means the most to me, but it has also prepared me, monetarily, for the break I am about to take. I'm going to gamble. I'm going to let go. I'm going to find my future, apart from the rules that everyone says I must follow. It's time to work for the only person who understands me. Me.

Goodbye

Katie Ventura

Saying goodbye to something might be one of the hardest things anyone has to do. Today I choose to say goodbye to a part of my past. The past that choose to learn to distrust and doubt. This past has become a part of my life that has taken over all the good things that have come my way. So today I will close that part of my life and say goodbye. Wherever the future takes me it will be a better place with the past left behind.

An Elegy for my Papa

By gmizrahi03

I've tried to write this before.
It started out as a poem
turned into prose
became a memoir
it was even a haiku at one point.
Nothing I wrote could explain how I feel.

My thoughts right now are not lyrical
my emotions will not rhyme
my words refuse to flow.

My heart aches, a raw feeling
vulnerable.
It is that feeling that makes wet tears
slip out of my eyes
and warm my cheeks
whenever I taste a crab cake
when I pass your picture in my room
and when I see you at night in my dreams.
It's an emotion that leaves me breathless,
five years later.

I still miss you everyday.

I think of all the things you have missed, will miss.
I think of all the places
where only empty chairs will mark your place.
You will not be at my high school graduation
you will not be there for my first day of college
you will not be at my wedding.
I wish my kids would have known you.

We released balloons after you died, with messages written on them
I hope they made it all the way to heaven.

To the Back Yard Fence

By Wishme

You've never been much use as a fence, you know, what with your gaping holes for the cats to get through and under-dug foundations thanks to the pekinese next door that never shuts up. But you were there. And we ran to you and back and stole golf balls from incompetent players at the VA through your slats. I thought I'd miss the bay-window bench more ~~we~~ we sat together far more often. Or even the bathtub, where I learned to sneak romance novels from mom's room, but always got caught thanks to wet fingerprints leaving dimples in the cheap paper. But it's you, fence. We ignored you mostly, lounging under the trees or having dance parties on the roof. But you kept the backyard safe for our clandestine naked tanning sessions that only ever lasted about five minutes before we laughed and threw on bikini bits. You saved me from a fall down the slope once, splintering into my palms, but stopping me from spilling my brains into the ivy. Thank you, fence. I hope you get torn down.

Goodbye

By edryan

There's a person I know most intimately, whom I say goodbye to every second of every day. He is my best friend and, sometimes, my worst enemy. In the manner of all men, he has often been brilliant, and just as often been remarkably stupid. I owe him everything.

He is myself--in every moment I am born anew and must bid my past a fond or odious farewell. If you ever meet Past Ed, tell him hello, give him a hug, and punch him in the nose.

Puppy love, I'll miss you!

By Purumus

I want no kings, no queens, no royalty from my loves. Today I say goodbye to two loves, unconditional and irrational. Today I say goodbye to a crutch and a justification. Today I am a captain on a raft, Major Tom stepping out without a wife. Today, I've drafted a prenup, and promised not to sign anything else. I've written my last will and testament, and you didn't make the list. The list reads, "I've given everything to those I loved, and to those I loved, I'm spent". My love is now called unexpecting, surprised, and shy about no one. My love was always a function from me to you, regardless. Now I've found the logic in love, the science in the art, the game in the blur.

Today, I want you to say goodbye to me. Assume I've left, I've died, and became much more text than flesh and bones. Pretend I'm a character someone wrote about, a small one; an extra. If you think that this person is cold, then I've done my job right; love in the end as an unselfish act with no one to name. Not my name, but ours. There are names of those that brought us here, I'm not here after this moment.

Goodbye Elena; the mold of all that broke me. I've written this many times, but today: it's published. In my mind, you remain in the cliché moments

no one else will ever see. I've been afraid of saying goodbye... but I found the world; and the world was right... everyone is a branching point in my life, and I was always going to take the right path; even the wrong ones were right because the lesson was learned. I was Candide, then wanted to be Sancho, and today, I'm just the editor neither had nor needed.

I'm saying goodbye to puppy love; that's what it was in every breath I missed from you. I feel guilty about not feeling guilty. I feel I should miss you, but I'm a child happier about knowing nothing's planned, that nothing is by design, excited about the beauty this chaos created. I'm saying goodbye to puppy love. I'm sad! I'm on the train station, waving goodbye; knowing you sat down by the window facing backwards so you can continue to wave back until the horizon buries you. The sun and horizon are your tomb, and my tears are flowers that shed petals because of staring at the sun; this page is the tear you expect me to cry from missing you. You saw me stare, because I owned today; because we do what we wanted, and it felt like it was a fulfilled need.

Tomorrow, will I have things to say goodbye to? Tomorrow! We, you, me and this time, we belong to no one, so no more goodbyes.

Washington's Farewell Address

By amystettler

I can't really say good bye to you completely. Even though you are not here anymore you will always be in my thoughts, but I need to say good bye to the idea that you are a part of my daily life, which is something that I certainly have not done ... until now.

Every day for twenty three years I went through life knowing that you were there to protect and take care of me, and then one day you were gone. I miss you every day and always will, but I move on knowing that you taught me everything you could and made me who I am today. I want you to be proud of me. So I will not be sad when I think of you, instead I will take strength in your memory and go on living the life you wanted for me.

So Long, Farewell, Auf Wiedersehen, Goodbye

By kristaj

To the person responsible for breaking my heart:

So Long, Farewell, Auf Wiedersehen, Goodbye

It pains me to push you away now, even though you admit you do not love me. You have been my best friend for nearly a decade, and you know me so well. I know you, too. And still I cannot understand why you refuse to commit to a life with me. It is my belief that we could be such a powerhouse of a couple...I have no doubts that we could have achieved ANYTHING!

Your "I'm sorries" hold no weight anymore, because they are not genuine. Your selfish ways will be your end. But I will no longer be dragged down by your negativity and indecision. I choose to move forward into the future...alone, yes...but stronger.

This ending for us is yet a beginning for me. I go forward into an unknown world, seeking knowledge, experience and true love. I know I will find what I am looking for. Will you?

Goodbye to the Food Pyramid

By gibblitjl

I have said goodbye to the majority of the food pyramid. Sweets, processed foods, artificial flavors, soda, refined carbohydrates, meat, fish, potatoes. Well, maybe not everything, but a lot of it. In the future I will eat and drink water, fruit, nuts, vegetables in raw form. So how do I feel about this. Mostly I feel OK about it, but sometimes you just want a Twinkie or a fruit roll-up or a frosted pop-tart, or gummy bears, or cheetos, or Dr. Pepper, or ramen noodles, or kraft macaroni and cheese or velvetta or american cheese or chocolate yoo-hoo.

Trading the Present for My Future

By Mary Pasho McGregor

Goodbye, New York. It's time to move on. I've arrived, I've survived. I have not thrived. New York is my ambitious youth, my nocturnal soul. It's time to sleep, it's time to grow. It's time to grow...up.

Goodbye, college friends. Friends of my single days. Friends of expendable income. Goodbye to impromptu plans. Goodbye to four'o'clock last calls and goodbye to every conceivable global cuisine delivered to my door. Goodbye to walking, walking, walking everywhere I go.

It's time to begin the next generation, but there's no room for them in a

Embrace the future

By rinsakura

I say goodbye to my past memory, wherein I shied away from expressing myself and getting involved with the people around me. I learnt the importance of communication, and how it radically changes life towards the better. By limiting myself I cut off many ties and opportunities, which I dare not risk again in my life as I work towards my future goal. I let go of a habit that I once embraced, and move forward with my goal to help myself and others lead a good life.

To the undisputed best Find the Future group EVER -

By NotTheMermaid 2

This is the true story of 7 strangers picked to live in a house work together and have their lives taped to find out what happens when people stop being polite and start getting real. THE REAL WORLD! FIND THE FUTURE!

At 27, I may be too old to be quoting this epic show from MTV, but it seems only appropriate here. Only we weren't ALL strangers, since some of us had met before and 2 of us were dating. And we weren't living in a house, but rather, we were trapped in the New York Public Library for the night, tasked with a strange and crazy mission.

Goodbye, wonderful Find the Future posse for as we like to call ourselves, "The Posse."

I enjoyed spending the night with you all. It isn't often that you get to sit around in one of the greatest buildings in the world, enjoying a free exchange of ideas and geeking out over the treasures that you're being "forced" to look at.

As I write this, it is shortly after 2 AM. Amanda is drawing a rocketship. Nazary is supervising and Ian B. is documenting. Ian M. and Seth are strategizing and Julia is plotting the perfect futuristic crime. Every so often we break out into seemingly spontaneous cheering because yet another person on our side of the reading room (TEAM "FORTITUDE" ALL THE WAY!) seems to have located their post card from the future.

I'll miss how well we work together. How we keep each other's spirits up in the face of myriad technical difficulties. How we are the only team that utilizes a loud and obnoxious dolphin call in order to locate team members who seem to have gone missing.

If you are reading this, it means that we survived the supposed end of the world on May 21st, 2011, the day after our library adventure. So congratulations not just on finding the future, but on surviving to see it.

I wouldn't have wanted to be cooped up in this crazy place with anyone else.



CONSULT THE WORDS OF WISDOM: LUCK

Buried Alive

By Boink Progress Inc.

"When you are spooking for treasure it does not do to dig it up at once."

This was the period when "Friends" didn't mean anything that anybody from anytime prior would recognize. We didn't have to "meet" our friends in the "Real" world, we didn't have to see them in the "Real" world once we "met" them, and we didn't have to earn what we "knew" about them. Meeting somebody for one night drunkenly at a party was as good of a "friend" as somebody you had known since the Second Grade; somebody who knew your last 5 girlfriends was as important as somebody who was there the night your brother got really, really sick.

And then we realized....
friendships aren't convenient.
friendships aren't completely open.
friendships aren't all-or-nothing, except when they are.

On-demand friendship isn't anything worth savoring.
Your Real Friends, are the ones who things won't change for, even when everything is changed.
Even when you can know everything about anybody you've ever met, on or offline, you can't. So don't try.

Fait Accompli

By: Brenda Tabor & Aftin Coakley

Que Sera, Sera,
Whatever will be, will be
The future's not ours, to see
Que Sera, Sera
What will be, will be.

Spooking for treasure inspires us to believe treasure is in the eye of the beholder. What one may view as junk can be seen as extremely valuable to another individual.

What you think you want isn't always what you truly need.

Let life lead you rather than you trying to leading life.

Words of Wisdom: Luck

By BrodyLogan

Ambition yields a bounty of haste

Create Your Luck

By yoyi

Luck is a combination of action and chance. Stop sitting around expecting luck to find you. You can't win the lottery if you don't buy a ticket.

The Great Deception: Phantom Fame

By TheGKnee

Where can I find strength?

The answer: Phantom Fame

A silly answer on the surface. Imagine, finding strength in a specter of a specter. Fame: an elusive concept; Phantom : an elusive shape. It may be counterintuitive at first to take this advice, but when deeply examined a hidden wisdom surfaces.

If you turn the pages of "The Great Deception" with an attuned sense of mysticism, it quickly takes on the energy of a personal oracle. Hold a question in your mind, then open the book with childlike enthusiasm to find the answer. In doing this you may find yourself upon the "Phantom Fame".

It tells the story of a man who generated an insane amount of profit by performing great feats of deception, albeit with a "delightful, prankish quality that justifies including them with other hoaxes perpetrated for the sheer fun". If there is anyway to interpret this, it would have to be by understanding that the joy of doing, overrides the joy of succeeding. Often times Fame can be a synonym for success, and thereby clouding one's true judgment of reality. However accepting Fame as a Phantom, as a parody of itself-- a light-hearted game of chance-- generates a strong energy of Strength and balance in my heart.

The Future is not based on Luck or Deception

By rockpuzzle

Luck. It is a four-letter word. Sometimes, it is as bad as all those other four letters words. It means that people are not fully in control of what is going on around them. Relying on luck means trusting in something else, hoping that something goes your way, when there's always a possibility that it won't. Ouch.

Deception. It is a nine-letter word. It is the conscious act of tricking and manipulating others. It certainly isn't luck. It is the careful, detail-oriented, controlling of outcomes, of your own future and what you want to be, ignoring the future, the destiny, and the options. The absolute opposite of luck.

The connection? You don't want either of them in your future. You want something genuine, true, real, present, everlasting, and tangible.

Future should not be based on luck or deception, but on the creation, drive, and enthusiasm of the one becoming a greater self.



PACK A BAG FOR THE FUTURE

A go-bag to hang by your door

By edryan

The contents of future survival:

A combination of tools, both modern and primitive, because that's the world we live in--at once angelic and barbaric. I would bring a credit card and a knife. Clothing, a few snacks, a credit card, an important book. Tools, two screwdrivers, a saw, a light. Matches.

A pen. Paper.

A small laptop, if I can manage. Perhaps it will be seen as a foolish affectation where I am going, but it might also be the most important of them all.

The immaterial I can stack in enormous quantity: hope; determination; a resourcefulness that transcends the boundaries of man and nature. A smile, a scowl, a sigh.

A good pair of shoes and a good pair of socks. A first aid kit.

Underwear, because I wouldn't want to trip.

A fork a spoon the knife. A cup. Anything can be a plate.

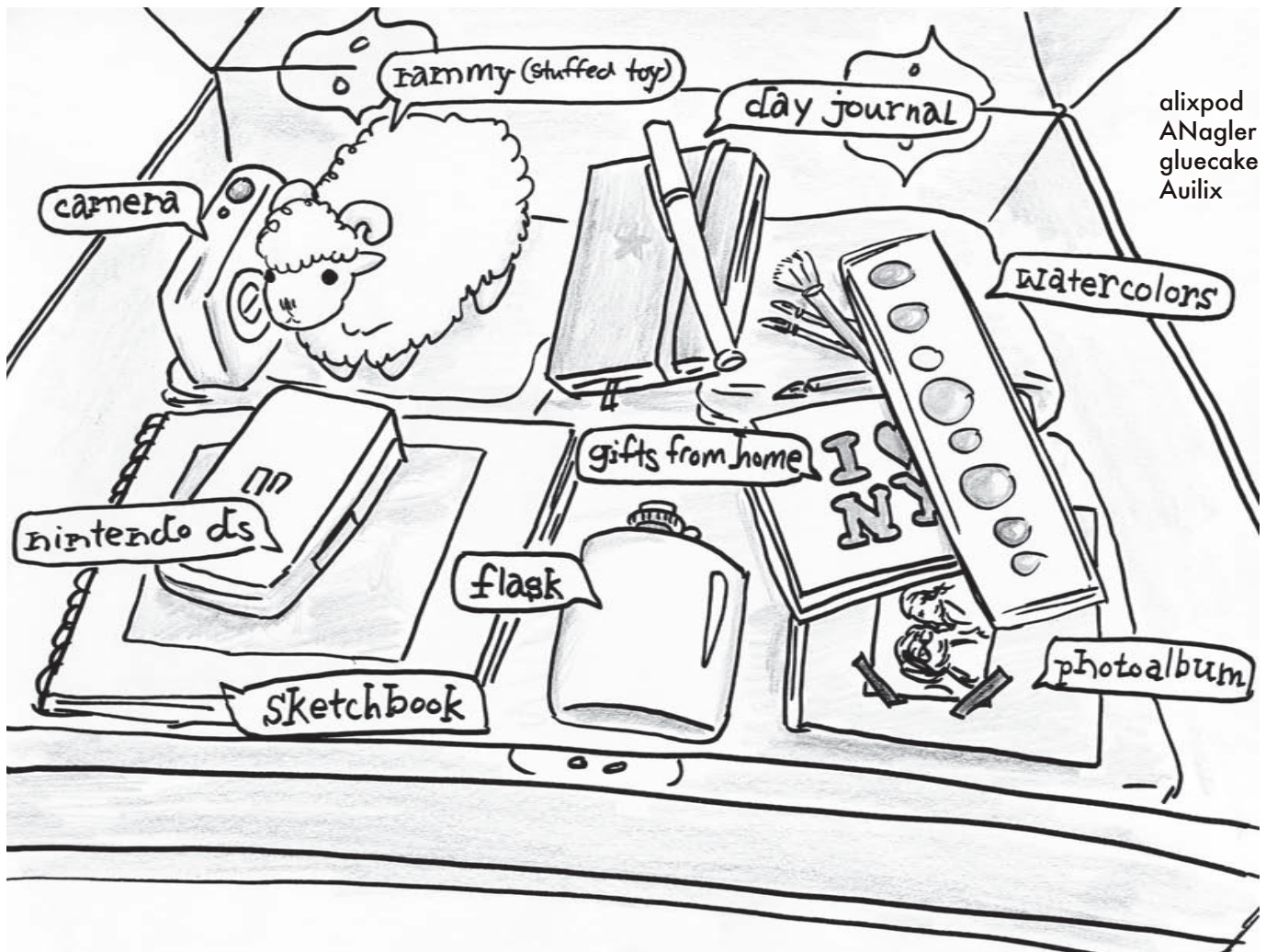
Water is too heavy to carry in any quantity, and any civilized place will have it, but a desert always exacts its penance. A bottle if I'm going to a desert.

The memory of what I left behind.

Natalia's Survival Kit

By Talisker

A photograph of my family
A poem from my husband
Ennio Morricone's soundtrack to Cinema Paradiso
My mother's book of recipes
My iPad
To Kill a Mockingbird
A blank notebook and my favorite pen
My running shoes
A bathing suit
My grandma's ring
My father's copy of Don Quijote
5 t-shirts, 5 pair of pants, 5 pairs of shorts, 2 and one hooded.
and a bag of Sunflower seeds.



Ellis Island Stills

By prisefterinferno

I am leaving.

A geek girl's list of essentials

By stealthslyth

I find the history of my mother's side of the family quite interesting as my great-grandmother passed through Ellis Island immigrating from Poland. As someone who has also moved around and had to pick up my life, I've become quite adept at packing the essentials I would need, even on a last minute basis. So what would a geeky girl pack in her bag to begin her new life? Well, here is mine!

My Nook (and charger): My nook would be essential. I can store tons of books on it and even some graphic novels. I can take my entire sci-fi and fantasy novels with me as I travel to my new destination and even add new ones provided I have wifi access.

Laptop and external hard-drive: My laptop would be essential so I can keep tabs on social media with friends and family. The external hard drive is also quite helpful as it holds the game files which tend to slow down and just take up too much memory on the laptop hard drive. It also carries my music collection which I can tap into.

Cell phone (and charger): Of course I would need a phone! Not only can I use this snazzy little device as an MP3 player, but I can keep up to date with email and social media. Plus it will be great for

Past paves the way for future

By rinsakura

A book on how to be a good leader, a book on past mistakes, personal diary, and photographs.

getting calls regarding perspective jobs and other opportunities.

Clothing: two pairs of jeans, my amazing gym shoes, and 6 t-shirts: my epic Hunter Shirt from Jinx, my Dr. Girlfriend shirt, Dimmu Borgir tour shirt, Rammstein tour shirt, my Wil Wheaton "Don't be a Dick!" shirt and my WWE Sheamus shirt. Oh and some socks and underwear.

Nintendo DSi XL: Because I love my DS and the various games like the Professor Layton series, Pokémon (yes Pokémon), Phoenix Wright and Zelda, I will need some more entertainment! Plus I have some extra spaces in my game case for future DS games. Plus I sadly don't think I'd have room to fit my Xbox360 plus controller plus the power brick into a duffel bag.

Autographed Jim Butcher Dresden Files books: Because I love Jim Butcher and I can't get enough of Harry Dresden my signed copies of two books from the series will have to go with me.

A sketchbook/blank journal: I love to sketch and write I would have to have a sketchbook or journal with unlined pages with me. I love many digital things, but I still love writing in an actual book.

Survivor's Kit

By Cespedes

1. To survive in a new land you need a wordless form of communication: my survival bag includes a miniature watercolor set and two brushes to make visual conversation with strangers. For the same purpose, I will pack a deck of cards. Gamblers come in all types and live in places near and far.
2. I will pack a camera and a pen and paper, to record where I came from and where I'm headed - if I can figure that part out.
3. Essential tools for survival Part I: A watch. A compass. A mirror.
4. Essential tools for survival Part II: A beer. A bible. Underwear. A knife.

Go Bag

By jsinderbrand

After participating in one too many emergency simulations and watching too much Survivor Man, I'm now convinced I have to be prepared at all times for potential major catastrophe. And this is inspiration for preparation, since I don't want to be stuck in a snowdrift for eight days in my minivan with nothing to eat but three hard candies and a stale Slim Jim while melting snow with the remaining warmth of my overheating laptop...if, say, I lived somewhere with significant snowfall and owned a minivan and drove.

Nevertheless, I've prepared this list of items to keep at the ready for short term survival should society as we know it break down due to natural disaster or man-made catastrophe.

1. Bottled water

Frankly, I think we've been getting mixed messages here. If everyone hoards bottled water, won't we be a part of the increasing the greenhouse gasses that might induce the very natural disaster that requires us to hoard the water in the first place?

2. Identification

I've heard copies of my important papers are important to have, but my gut tells me that my

social security card won't be so useful when we're back on the gold standard or trading seashells for butchered meat.

3. Something to eat

I'm torn about this one. Canned food is just so high in sodium that it will force me to drink what little remaining bottled water I have left, but dehydrated food will require water too. What other options are there?

4. Something to prevent boredom

I'm going to assume, for sake of argument, that there won't be electricity during this disaster. And that the satellites that put a world of information at my fingertips have potentially fallen from the sky. But, sadly, I can't remember what other options there are. Books seem so vulnerable to water and games require someone to play with. I'll have to wing this one.

People, it seems obvious that if life as we know it ends, there's no hope for me, prepared as I may try to be. Hopefully, someone with a tangible skill, like carpentry or farming, will take me under their wings.

Packing List for the Future

By hipster546

Things to pack for an unknown future:

- 1) Physical photo album and external hard drive with backups
- 2) Birth certificate/passport
- 3) Swiss Army knife
- 4) Attractive, UV-protected sunglasses
- 5) The fanciest cell phone you can get your hands on (AND CHARGER)
- 6) Good pair of blue jeans
- 7) Costco-sized bottle of sunblock
- 8) Two extra pairs of underpants and socks

Mike's Bag

By galenblade

Spare glasses

Wallet with cash and ID

2 t-shirts, black

2 pairs of jeans

2 pairs underwear

4 pairs socks

1 cooking set with pan, pot, fork, knife, spoon, cup.

6 pens, black

1 moleskine notebook

NewLife

By oshapiro

One Bag:

-iPod

-Shogun by James Clavell

-Acoustic Guitar

-Notebook + Pen

-Poncho

-Socks

-Extra Sneakers

-Soap

-Razor

Last But Not Least!

By fullofgummibears

My personal survival kit would have to be my camera of course. I might be starting a new life but i still have the same spirit. My DSLR would have to be at my side all day ever day! I also would have to break the silence with some tunes so my Ipod would be a must. If I wouldn't know anyone around my journal would have to be my ear to talk to so I would need my notebook and a few pens. Also, in my bag i would have to have a fresh pair of underwear and socks, my mother taught me well. And my last item to bring because my bag is becoming full is my beagle puppy Biscuit. He is my companion and always there to keep me happy!

What Would You Bring?

By kristaj 2 days ago

What a difficult task...to pack for my future life. How to choose which items to take with me? And to fit it all into ONE bag.

My personal survival kit would need to include:

1. My passport...I want to see so much more of the world...and as photo ID.
2. Family photos...though it would be impossible to bring every one of my scrapbooks, I would need to have happy memories with me.
3. The Alienist by Caleb Carr...my favorite book.
4. Pens and Paper...to write both about what has happened and what I want to happen.
5. Money...a necessity.
6. Diet Coke...to keep me energized and refreshed.
7. Cell phone...to keep in touch with loved ones and the "real" world.
8. Address Book...because I still love a good old-fashioned letter.
9. Hairbrush and make-up.
10. Snacks...especially Haribo gummy bears.
11. Keys...to my home.
12. Clothes and shoes.
13. St. Christopher medal...from my grandmother.
14. iPad 2.
15. Camera...to document it all.



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CONSULT THE WORDS OF WISDOM: CHANGE

The Edge of Dreams

By **maccombie**

Can I muster the courage to take the leaps I need?

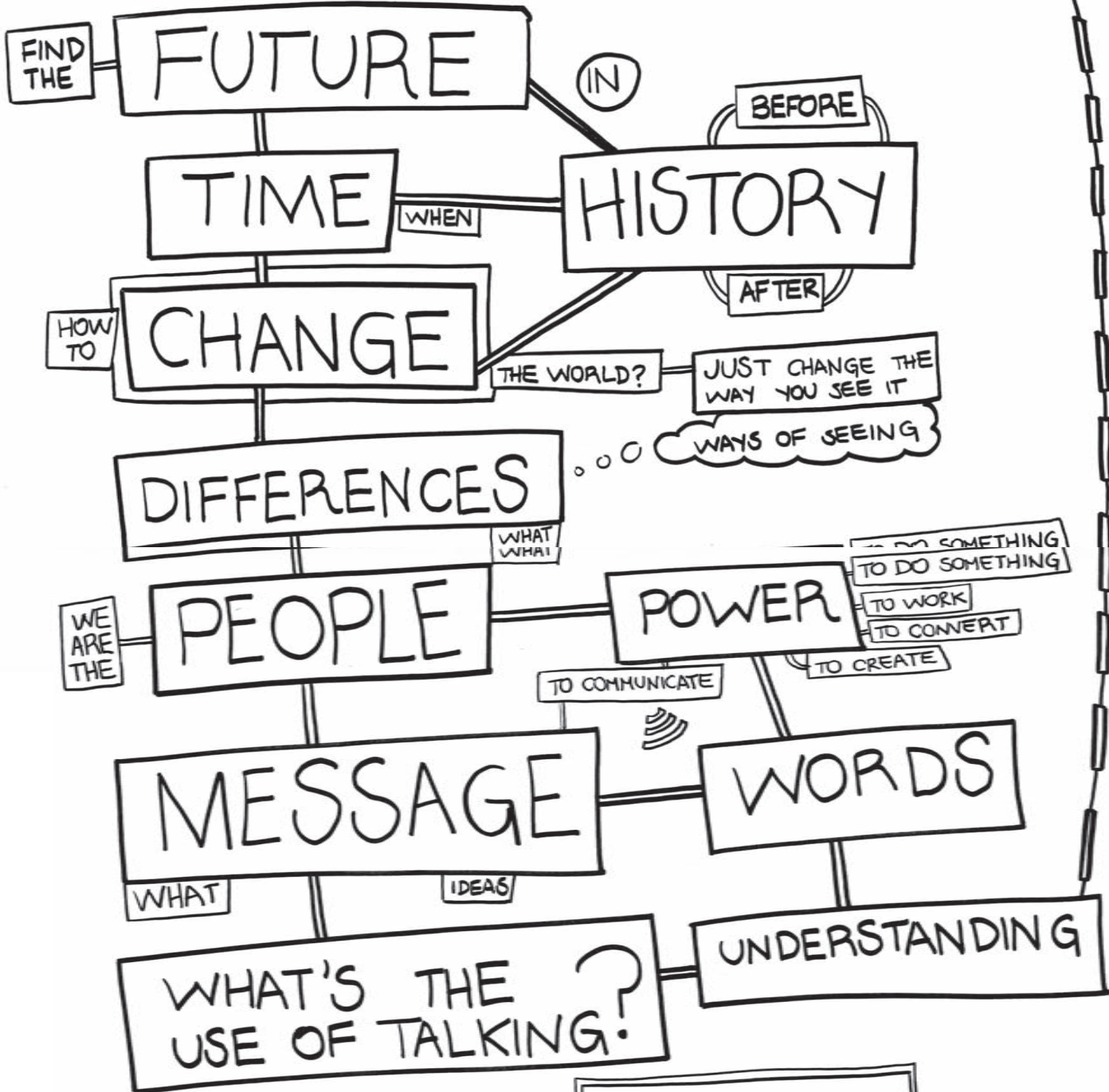
You don't need a precipice to feel the power of the edge. In the fluid boundaries of interchange where the weaves meet the shore, power encounters pride, and the past dives into the future, we have choices to make that can inspire courageous optimism and knee-shaking fear. It can create massive movements, but also chaos and entropy.

But in that undefinition there lies a richness of pregnant possibility. Fear in and of itself is not a bad thing. It's what inspires us towards hope. We need a spectrum of potential to understand where we want to go.

So, even if the edge looks scary, as long as I remember the excitement that lies beyond, I know I can gather the power to dive right in.

WORDS OF WISDOM

is a DEEP



by JULIETA TALAVERA

jackieberg
reillyodonnell
brooklyknight
zacharyostrow
Hajime6
mrackerson85
shournalista
natematon

Change. Just do it

By gmehta

Change evokes a sense of frustration and discomfort for many. However, the beauty of change is often overlooked. When change is met with the ability and mindset to prevail, creativity and resilience results. We all will constantly mold our present into the future we strive for. How will you tackle the inevitable changes life throws at you? P.S. If nothing else, recall your junior high photograph and now consider and implement the idea of change!! ;)

Philosophy, Gravity, and Jetpacks

By gothamagik 2

Why do we not have jetpacks? Perhaps it because even though our minds can change, our world gets infinitely smaller through technology, and our interdependence nearly strangles us, we still are highly flammable and bound by gravity. So if the jetpack faced directly towards the Earth's core, we would burn our behinds. If, on the other hand, the jetpack was at a 45 degree angle, we would forever be propelled diagonally forward, making navigation difficult and hovering impossible. The great philosopher Kevin Nhieu contends this problem to be a faction of presumptuous acquisition.



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BRING TWO CULTURES TOGETHER

Moonlightin Clown Cab College

By Brooke Siem



Classical dance meets pop music

By rinsakura

The new fusion dance, combines 'Bharathanatyam', a traditional Indian dance, to the tunes of modern pop music. The dance is based on words, and is a sequence of expression, and the story behind classical songs. Why limit it to classical music? With the pop music genre, the dance can be combined to portray the emotions expressed in them.

Brooklyn1 Meets Brooklyn2

By David Trahan and Christine Longo

Assuming we're from different places

Different lives and different spaces

One in brown and one in green

Oh the things that we have seen

We'll spend the night combining might

Forgetting bounds forbidding fright

This poem brings us one step near'r

To understanding without fear

One final line to say goodbye

To each other, but not what inspired these lines

Building by Justin Kenny & Andi Teran

By Indigenous Pigeon

Hand me the hammer

Can't do the job without tools

Trabajando mas.

Oh Bomba

By yoyi

La Bomba hay que rica es es es,
me sube el ritmo por los pies, por los pies
mulato saca tu trigueña
pa' que bailes Bomba, Bomba Puertorriqueña.
Bomba!

Your wife she day fine oh
I watch as she wind oh
I can't lie no
Your picking day mine oh

Bomba!

Flowers of a Hundred Worlds, or Girl Talk Meets Richard Wagner

By ANagler

I have no idea how to appropriately express this, but imagine hard core hip hop and dance music mashed up with German opera and Italian art songs.

Una furtiva logrima

(black and yellow black and yellow)



IN COLLEGE I JOINED THE KARATE TEAM AND MY TEACHER WAS THIS CRAZY EX-GUARDMAN AND HE WOULD INVITE HIS CRAZY EX-GUARDMAN FRIENDS TO COME AND SPAR WITH US. AND THE CRAZIEST ONE WAS MISTER SANCTUARY. HE HAD A TITANIUM ANKLE FROM A MOTORCYCLE ACCIDENT. ONE LEG WAS BIGGER THAN THE OTHER FROM THE IMBALANCE. ANOTHER WAS MIKE. MIKE WAS A BROWN BELT. HE WAS GOOD. GOOD ENOUGH THAT HE WOULD WEAR GLASSES WHEN HE SPARRED. SO ONE DAY I HAD TO SPAR WITH MIKE AND MR. SANCTUARY YELLS OUT "KNOCK HIS GLASSES OFF!" HIT THEM IN THE HEAD! SO I FIGURE WHY NOT? SO I HIT THIS GUY THREE TIMES IN THE HEAD. AND HIS GLASSES COME OFF. AND IT TURNS OUT MR. SANCTUARY HAD BET ME \$40 I WOULDN'T DO IT. BUT I DIDN'T HEAL H.M! SO HE DIDN'T HAVE THE MONEY BECAUSE HE DIDN'T THINK I WOULD. SO HE GAVE ME \$20. AND MUCH LATER, AT A BAR I TOLD HIM HE STILL OWED ME. SO HE PAID ME \$40 MORE. EASIEST \$60 I EVER MADE.

I am the marketing director ~~at an arts non profit.~~ We've been struggling to ~~at an arts non profit.~~ I am also the ~~director for~~ almost 24/7, supported by interns but also working my ass off. This is the first year that I've really started to ask myself, why? I thought I was supposed to fulfill my potential, but now I feel like I am doing that, but it's f-ing killing me. I'm not complaining, I love all this. But after I get through this, I want to be able to feel like I did achieve my potential. I am hoping I can do this.





INK A PEACE TREATY

A Transformative Treaty

By Inventivehero

The long fought war between the Autobots and Decepticons has waged on for far too long. So many generations have passed that those who fight have no idea what they're fighting about any more. Today I seek a treaty of peace between these two rivals.

Firstly the Decepticons can vow to deceive no more. To be what meets the eye and nothing more. Also, they can stop all the murders. Murdering people is right out. They can also work to find less friction within their own ranks, the less in fighting and power grabs the better and stronger their community will be.

Conversly the Autobots can stop befriending

human pets. Sure they're as lovable as they are squishy - but despite their better interests and genuine love, a human is no match for a robot in a fight and should never be close to the battlefield. Also they can get Jazz to shut the hell up.

These two factions may have different views, but are they not both robots that can turn into sweet sweet cars, boats, trains, helicopters, and Volkswagen Beetles? If you zap them, do they both not spurt hydraulic fluid? My friends, put down your guns and awesome fighting abilities, and try hanging out and jumping sweet ramps with each other. You'll find the power to transform - into friends.

A Social Treaty

By radiohboy

The parties of Neil Ari Wijetunga and whiskey, from this day forward will no longer quarrel on Saturday nights. Wijetunga shall consume whiskey in a manner befitting an adult, maintaing both his dignity and maturity in social settings which, heretofore, has been called into question. Whiskey will agree to no longer permit Wijetunga to drunk dial his friends and family at 4:00 AM and tell them "what he really thinks." Especially not his ex-girlfriend, who both Wijetunga and whiskey agree, had issues.

Neil Ari Wijetunga

whiskey

The Soju Treaty

By Sandero

THE SOJU TREATY

A DECLARATION OF PEACE BETWEEN NORTH AND SOUTH KOREA

At the break of dawn 20 years ago a family of four: a mother, father, son and daughter cross a river in an attempt to escape the oppressive North Korean regime. North Korean soldiers opened fire on the family -- in an effort to save the women, the two men swam back towards the North Korean shore with the intent to surrender.

Unfortunately, to the father's horror, the son was felled in a hail of bullets midstream. The women, ignorant as to their loved ones' fate continued towards the South. Now the family found itself literally torn apart by war.

After decades at war, the family's anecdote became popular lore and drove the momentum towards official peace. The son's death at the hands of war evoked Otto Dix's Corpse in Barbed Wire, prompting both sides to work towards officially ending hostilities and led to the document before you today.

The following are the proposed terms for peace between North and South Korea:

Demilitarization of the border

Both sides agree to withdraw all troops from the DMZ.

The DMZ will be converted into an international "zone" and a monument commemorating the end of hostilities will be built.

Open borders

Both sides agree to unrestricted travel through the former DMZ and throughout former North and South.

Reunification of families

Both sides agree to relocate families to their home of origin, or to a location of choice dependant on needs, or alternative compensation.

The South will offer economic aid to the North in exchange for a nuclear non-proliferation agreement.

Pledge for the future:

The North agrees to the free exchange of ideas as well as developing a long term free trade agreement with the South.

Both sides pledge to work towards comportsing with International Law governing human rights.

Both sides agree to put forward a joint application to the IOC in an effort to host a future Olympics game.

...the zombies are non-negotiable

A Lasting Peace in the Middle East

Written by Elena Hecht

I would like to see peace between Israel and Palestine.

The terms are as follows:

Mutual recognition of each other as people deserving of peace, freedom, and equality.

Mutual recognition of a shared desire for peace.

Mutual recognition of each other's nations.

Recognition that differences are meant to be celebrated and shared, not hidden, fought, or repressed.

A general return to pre-1967 borders with the understanding that there will be negotiated land swaps.

A shared Jerusalem, in which both countries have full access to their holy sites, and an understanding and respect for their neighbors of different religions.

No war. No terrorism. No killings. No stone-throwing. No unnecessary deaths of innocent civilians, from any side.

Recognition of Israel as a country, and Palestine as a country.

Recognition that one can believe in Israel as well as in Palestine. And vice versa.

--

For the future both sides pledge to respect each other. To accept each other as they are. To share themselves and to work towards a lasting peace. Most importantly, both nations pledge to recognize that they share more with each other than not.

Peace Accord for the Future of HumanKind

By timothy.morrissey

The fight for religious superiority has reached a breaking point. This war based is based on manipulated ideologies that have lost sight of the true meaning of love. These man created belief structures are rigid and static; therefore in direct, problematic contrast with dynamic conditions that define the evolution of the human spirit. Here lies the root cause of strife. People are willing to maim and kill for these beliefs, when in fact they are in conflict with the very nature of the people doing the killing. War in the name of religious beliefs has been waged since the dawn of time. A great civilization has the power to assure that this type of conflict can be ended. It is with this in mind that the following treaty of peace in this war of religious ideology has been devised.

Terms of Peace:

- Immediate end to all armed conflict that is based in the notion of religious superiority
- Immediate end to imprisonment and persecution based on religious practices or beliefs
- End to sovereign state sponsored religious governance

Pledge of Acceptance:

- Assurance to tolerance of ideas
- Respect for ideas and the right of the free will of all humankind
- Greater acceptance of the religious ideas of others
- Consideration of all religious beliefs regardless of agreement
- RESPECT based solely on humanity

By agreeing to this peace accord, you are pledging to respect the religious ideas of the human condition and not persecute or proliferate intolerance.



CONSULT THE WORDS OF WISDOM: IDENTITY

Make it known - To you

By Majestas

In the cacophonous journey of life, it is often very easy to forget where you truly want to be. We are bombarded with daily duties to ourselves and our families. Have breakfast, drive to work, do laundry, play with the kids, take grandma to her bingo game. But we must not forget our life's goal. "Sure, I won't," you think. "I know what it is. It's right up here in my noggin." But let me ask you this? Do you have it written down? After all your life's goal isn't some fable or story that you talk about all the time, and pass around at the bar, or share with the little old lady at the bus stop. You don't speak about your goals often, no one does. And that is why it's so hard to actually achieve them. If we were confident enough to speak these things outloud we should. But until we reach that point (And we will as our dreams draw nigh) the next best thing is to write them. Write it on a card to keep in your wallet. Leave as a small note in your

mirror so that you see it every morning, keep the card at your nightstand to read just before going to sleep. The most successful people in history WRITE down their goals and replay the image of their achievement in their mind. Do YOU want to be successful in your goal? Well now you know what to do.

Identity as Iteration

By caameron

In order to do something new, one does not have to be completely original. There is novelty, and meaning, in the very repetition of the past, in the passing down and forward of the stories that together make up history. Each time it happens a little different, but is a repetition of the same. It is through this repetition that a memory is built up, and an identity formed; for a person, or a culture, or a world.



AudreyGelman
porksandwich
MEnglish211
mpuchon
roserin
kingstonlounge
jenvaz1

Mankind is our Identity

By Dutchbur

When I think about how to make an positive impact or change, the question that comes to mind is how? Is it through words, art, movement, design or is it something else. The more I thought about it, the harder the answer was to find. What is the variable that is common among all those ideas? The answer is simple and equally complex, but just when I was about to give up, I realize the answer. The answer is Mankind. We are creator of our destiny and in one way another, it's mankind who can change each other, regardless of our methods. We as people have a commonality and it's this commonality that must be touched in one way or another.



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SHARE YOUR DOCTRINE

You better get to living...

By arielfederow

First, do no harm.

Second, think. Try to solve it yourself. What do you have? What do you need?

Third, go big or go home. Why stop halfway? What do you have to lose?

Fourth, don't be a douche. Do the right thing, even when it hurts a little bit. Do the right thing **ESPECIALLY** when it hurts a little bit.

Fifth, ask questions. Don't ask a question you don't want to know the answer to. That said, ask and ask bravely.

Sixth, your happiness comes first. Once you are happy, you can bring happiness to others.

The Codes of the Common 20-Something Woman Who Thinks She Knows What She's Talking About

By MaraleeS

A personal code should be a very necessary part of who you are. It should evolve throughout your life and be a cherished part of your past, present and future. These five codes below have shaped every part of me: my dreams, my personality, the decisions I have made as well as the insecurities I have:

1. Family comes first - Growing up, my family moved a lot due to my dad's job, so my early years were spent mostly with my parents and older brother. Add that to the fact that I have a giant Mexican side of the family (la familia is their middle name) and you can be sure there is no escaping the family bond. We've been through more "rough patches" than I can count but we've always made it through together. Our strength as a unit, our bond as a family is the main reason I am absolutely sure that I will be okay. Even with mistakes and bad judgements I have made, it's going to be fine because I have a kick-ass safety net keeping me from slamming face first into self-pity, regret and anger.

2. Individuality leads to a fuller life - Who is going to want to hang out with someone who's faking it the whole time; following instead of leading, not thinking for themselves? NO ONE WHO'S WORTH KNOWING. Even though it's easier to follow the crowd, I think it's been easier to become more comfortable with ME (cheesy, yes but oh so true). I like things because I do, not to make more friends. I love horror movies, comic books, anything with zombies or zombie related, true crime novels, karaoke and flow charts. This has caused me to be an outcast by many but through this I've found people who embrace these interests and love me for these quirks anyway. Take it from the movies of John Hughes (check them out, their clothes may be dated but their messages are timeless), the

outcast, the weirdos and the unpopular are the most interesting of the bunch.

3. Don't be afraid to try new things - This is a given. If I didn't try anything out, I wouldn't have known how much I hate softball or that I actually have a decent voice. I would have spent the rest of my life living in Houston, TX following a path with no excitement and little fulfillment. It would have been awful. Instead, I moved to New York, against my parent's wishes and made a life for myself here. MY LIFE. It's a decision I will never regret, no matter how much this city tries to beat me down or my parents beg me to move home.

4. Morality means more than blind faith - I've never been religious. I've been an atheist since I was 8 years old but that doesn't mean I have no moral center. I believe in equality, the "good" in people and the connection we all have to each other. I have known a number of religious individuals who are angry and hateful and the same amount who are kind and encouraging and believe that we all deserve equal rights. I lean towards the latter mostly so my heart won't be so heavily weighed down by mistrust and anger.

5. Just because your education ends, learning never should - GROW. That's why they call it "growing up" or "growing old". I'm still growing and in order to grow, I absorb all the knowledge I can. I read books I want to read, I go to museums and travel. Because of this, I can see things from other perspectives. I see cultures and experience everything I want. I can't regret anything because I've done everything that I wanted to. I obsessively absorb all the information that I can because if I stop, my life will be a lot less exciting...and I can't handle having all of that time on my hands.

Rules

By Katie Ventura

1. Tell People You Care
2. Always Go All Out
3. Believe You Can Do Anything
4. Don't Lose Hope
5. Be Yourself

Dotrina Breve

By embale

1. Above all else, your happiness comes first. Once you are happy, you can bring happiness to others.

Dotrina Leopold

By kleopoldful

1. Always tell the truth, then you don't have to remember what you lied about.
2. Do onto others as you would have done to you, unless they're really asking for it.
3. Laugh, loud and often.
4. Trying is more fun than regret.
5. Love yourself, you're worth it.

The Road To Optimism

By JoseSPiano

- 1) Know that there is always a "bright side".
- 2) The "worst" is never as bad as you think it will be.
- 3) Always to offer to help someone each day.
- 4) A "relationship" is something you have face-to-face, not iPhone-to-iPhone.
- 5) Eat chocolate.

Cindy Gordon's Personal Code of Living

By zinstra

1. Smile - it's infectious :)
2. Do unto others as you would have them do unto you
3. Be adventurous and don't live in fear
4. Take time to Play - it's healing
5. Love Thyself

The Six Commandments

Bykaryu3, Heather Kalachman, Giovanni Rodriguez-Rey, and Erin McGill

1. Treat others as you would want to be treated, including those who have no voice of their own.
2. Always try something first before deciding that you don't like it.
3. Be nice to waiters. I'm pretty convinced that if someone is nice to you, and not nice to the waiter, they are not a nice person. Same goes for animals.
4. What you think, or what you know, or what you believe is, in the end, of little consequence. The only consequence is what you do.
5. Live, laugh, love, and never forget where you came from.
6. There is no such thing as true evil in this world. Everyone deserves a second chance.

Golden Rules

By Wishme

- 1) Don't be a Jerk
- 2) Breathe- it's useful
- 3) Pursue everything you do with passion: a conversation, a vocation, a relationship, a good nap
- 4) Try something new daily. Challenge your own preconceptions
- 5) Eat well, love well, love well

Always have a backpack

By michelin99

1. Don't have a plan
2. Keep moving
3. Wear comfortable shoes most of the time
4. Wait for the perfect photograph
5. See as much as possible
6. Believe in coincidences
7. Always have a backpack ready to go on a moment's notice.

Dees is da rules, yo.

By MeggieMcD

1. Exercise so you don't go crazy and you don't get fat.
2. Try to do something that scares you every day.
3. Remember it's not always about you!
4. Do something thoughtful every day. Or at least don't be a total jerk on the subway even though it's early and you just want to push everyone on the crowded train.
5. Laugh laugh laugh. Find the funny in any situation.



CONSULT THE WORDS OF WISDOM: FRIENDSHIP

For Molly

By [bridgetcostello](#)

Perhaps this is not the way of the world, and only the way of my particular world, but I find that the older I get, the more problematic friendship becomes. I don't remember "making" friends as a child -- I simply had friends who waxed and waned in my life, but without any sort of effort. Up into my twenties, friends just appeared, and sometimes disappeared. But now, it seems that my friends do not just appear -- I have work acquaintances, and people I might have a drink with on occasion, but friendships are no longer simply part of the atmosphere.

Is it because I am slowly losing my fight? It rings true that my good friends -- more specifically, the true and enduring friends -- have been those with whom I fought the hardest. Why bother to fight with someone that you don't care about? Clearly a good friend can mean a good fight. But is the ability to put up a good fight itself a necessary precondition for making friends? As I become more settled in my opinions, it seems that perhaps less is up for debate -- about me, about my view of the world. Does this mean that we come to care less about others...and thus diminish our ability to make those important and deep connections anew?

Friendship Is Love

By Daemonhatred

Friendship allows room for increased productivity, peace, love, and efficiency in the world.

As the adage goes: we all have a purpose in life and were born for a reason. Friendship among all nations and individuals is important as it helps to increase love in the world. I believe that we all share the same energy on Earth as well as the Universe.

Words of Wisdom: Friendship

By Wishme

When all is perfect the unforeseen can happen

Friendship is

By Pablo

Friendship is

throwing rocks at a bedroom window

a Ford F150 in the city of angels

paying for elegance lessons with satchels of gold

a head scratch for every touchdown

a note that is never lost

the Jets game that eludes us

an early morning walk to College GameDay

a perfectly lit shot

lunch at the Beekman Arms

a plate of pancakes...every. single. day.

running charades in your living room

cruising over the Gibraltar

It is said that, "Good friends are often made after a good fight", and you are all worth fighting for.

You must be brave! You must crawl out of the dark and into the light. You must meet your destiny square in the eyes and say, "Is that all you got?" Though your hands tremble and your breath stops short, persist! Stand firm!

Courage is made beautiful in the presence of fear. Only in the presence of fear. It is alright to be afraid, it is the mastery of it that will define your courage.

You must love. Love truly, ferociously, deeply. There is no instruction on how to do so. Love is within you — woven into the golden fibers of your soul. Open up your heart and allow yourself to know love. Love unconditionally. Love always — at any cost.

You must trust. It's terrifying, I know. People are absolutely crazy these days, but there are the good few souls out there. Trust is closing your eyes on

a walk with a friend, knowing you won't run into a pole. You may joke about it, but it won't actually happen. Trust others, trust yourself. Trust and have some faith. There is good yet in this world.

Lastly, you must have hope! You must have hope — or all is lost. The bright and shining sun bursting forth after the dark night! You must believe in something better to come, something greater than you and I and everything we know. Believe and you will have the greatest hope. A hope that will burn and will never be extinguished.

Bravery, love, trust and hope.

But the greatest of these is
love.

ACookley
quixticdonna
mgifs
LindseyE525
BTabor
bagelboy
mem2233
jilane

"They all laughed at this"

By a|lobster

I read once that children, small children, laugh - like REALLY laugh - many many more times per day than adults do. Perhaps it's that most adults find laughter to be untoward, or perhaps they don't find that many things funny.

I make a point each day to laugh at one thing, or multiple things as I see fit. Just looking around and listening to people on the subway can be fodder for comedy. Life is FUNNY, man. And when I encounter problems in my future, I know I will be able to laugh them off - maybe not right then, but eventually.

The company you keep

By nnebeluk

The friends that leave are the friends you should leave. Fighting isn't bad. It's rough and horrible and our world needs less, but it's not bad. Not for a relationship. That is what friendship is, don't mistake it. A relationship. Two people who bind their lives together. The friend that sticks around to fight you, is the friend who will stay to fight for you. They value you enough to spend time with you, even if that time is unpleasant. They value you enough to tell you the things you don't want to hear, when you most need to. They value you enough to make you so angry you turn red, and be there when you cool down. Good friends will be there for the roughest parts of your life, and the best. If you find them fleeing from your anger, you shouldn't invite them to your wedding.



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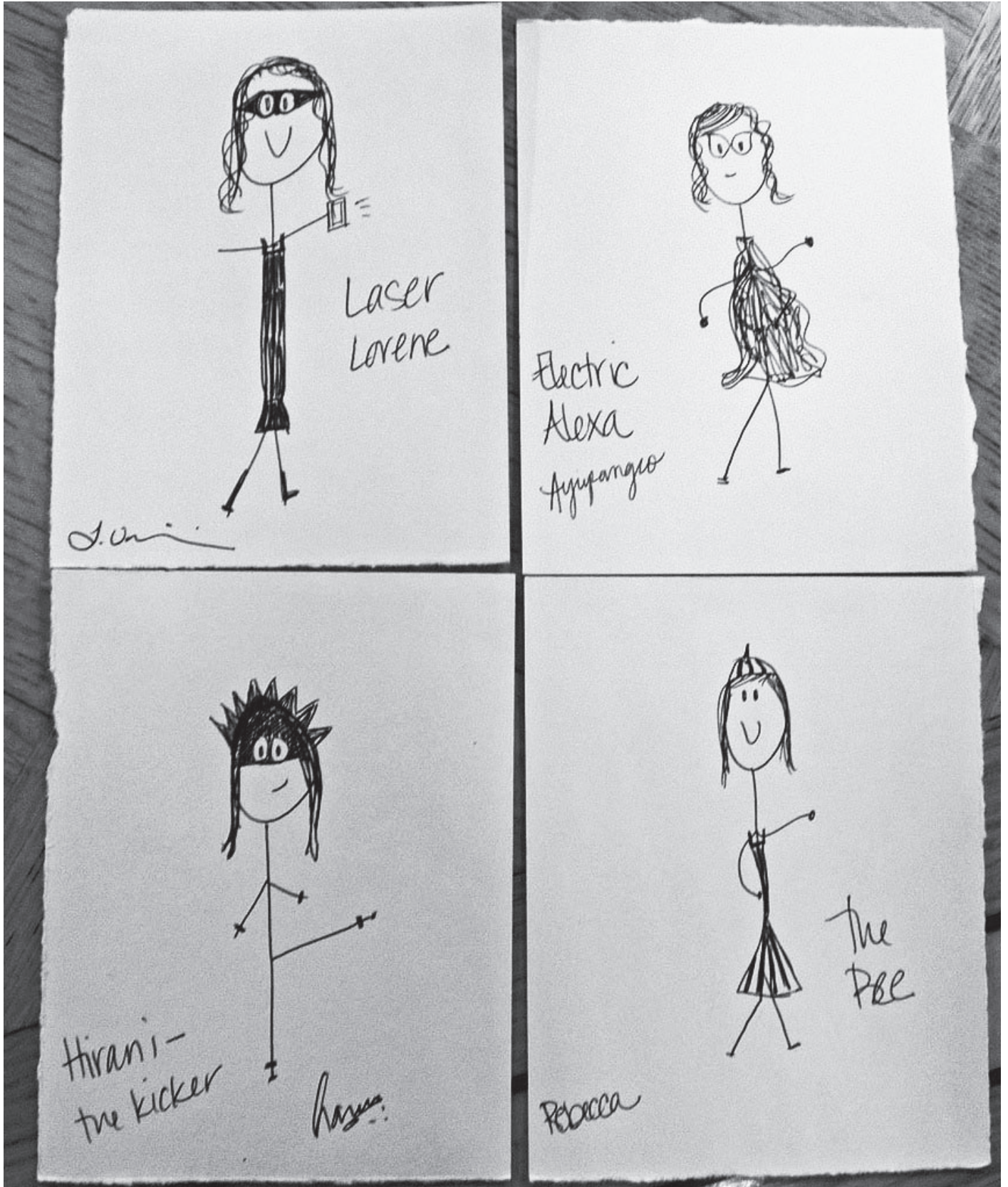


FORM A BAND



The Fearless Four

By imahorcruz



Soft Like Pajamas - The Band

By chozzles

BAND NAME: SOFT LIKE PAJAMAS

Member: Anna

Instrument: Ukulele

Favorite Food: Peanut Butter Cups

Favorite Color: Red, like cherry Jolly Ranchers

Favorite Date Spot: McGolrick Park

AKA: The Fashionista

Member: Caitlin

Instrument: Tambourine!

Favorite Food: Pasta, just like mom makes it!

Favorite Color: Pink!

Favorite Date Spot: Chuck E. Cheese!

AKA: The Flirty One!

Member: Christine

Instrument: Lead Vocals

Favorite Food: Anything from Wendy's

Favorite Color: Robin's Egg Blue

Favorite Date Spot: Wal*Mart

AKA: The Ball Buster

Member: Charlie

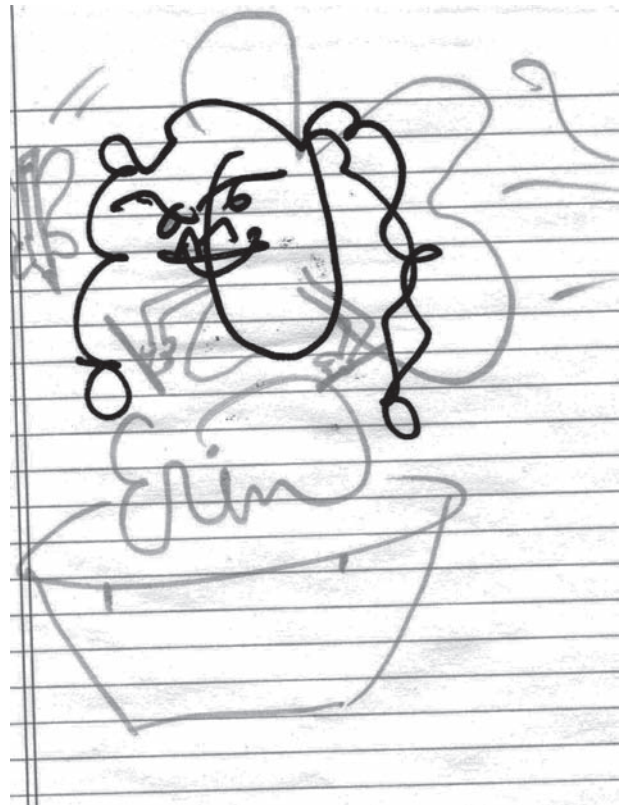
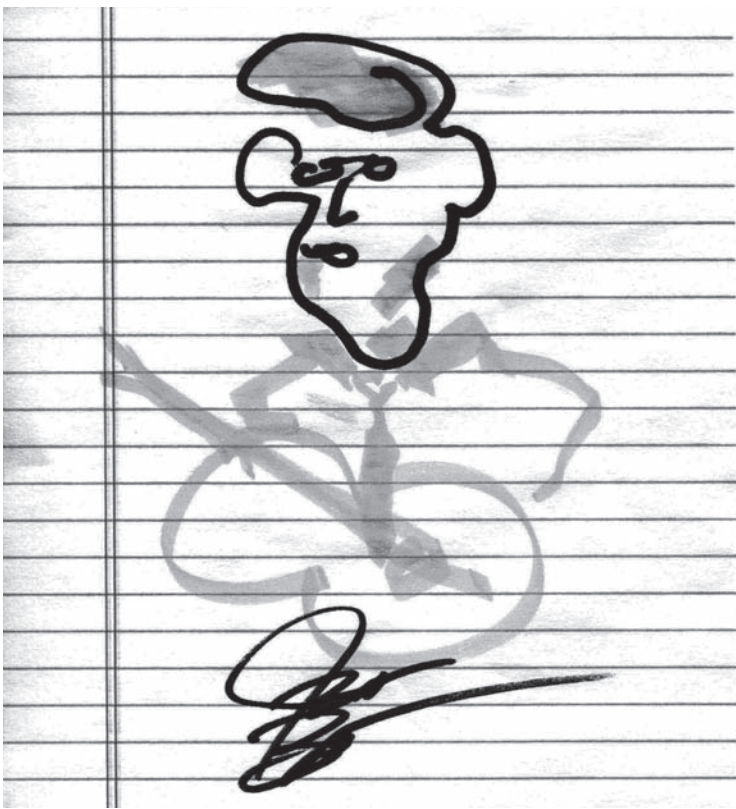
Instrument: Guitar, Accordion, Backup Vocals

Favorite Food: Korean BBQ from K-Town

Favorite Color: Indigo

Favorite Date Spot: Greenwood Cemetery

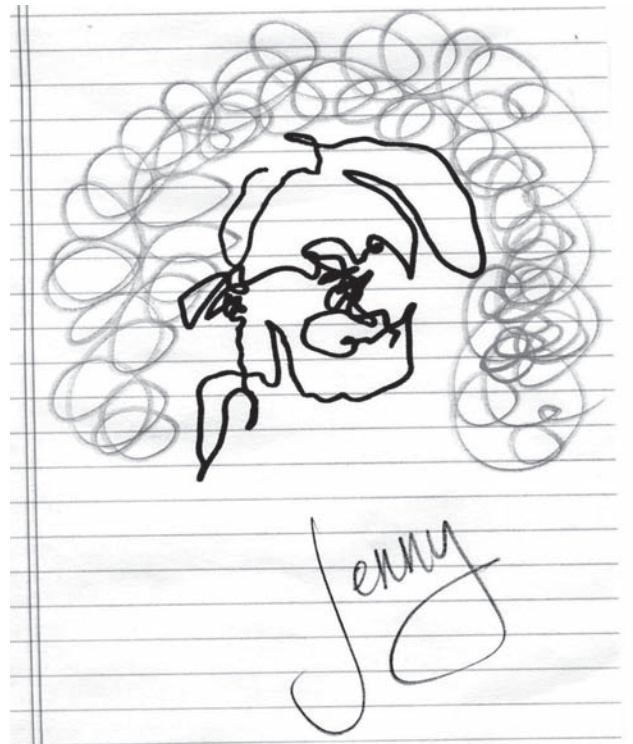
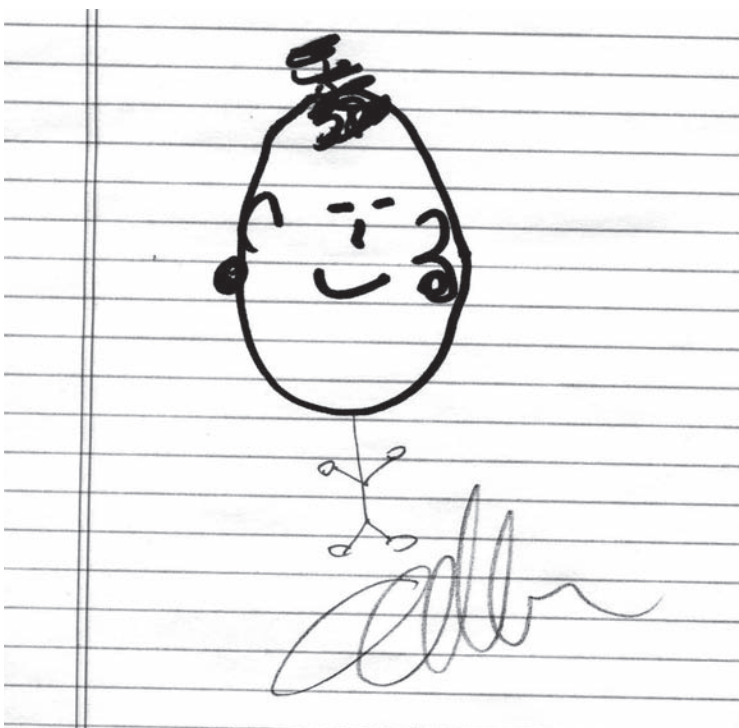
AKA: The Bad Boy/The Boy Toy (I have to fill all of the male stereotypes)



The Blind Contours

By AudreyGelman, porksandwich, MEnglish211, mpuchon,
roserin, kingstonlounge, jenvaz1

The Blind Contours is an art rock band formed on May 20, 2011 when former strangers and now bandmates Michelle, Erin, Jenny and Jerome found themselves sharing a roof, a table and an abstract state of mind.





MISTRESS SPARKLE
aka Nancy

Info: No one knows exactly what she does or how her powers work, but at least it looks pretty.



"MARGARET ATWOOD"
AKA
JANE DOE

Made H...

Handwritten signature



CECI N'EST PAS UN COUP DE POING.
THE POWER TO CALM ANY SITUATION.

CALMINA!

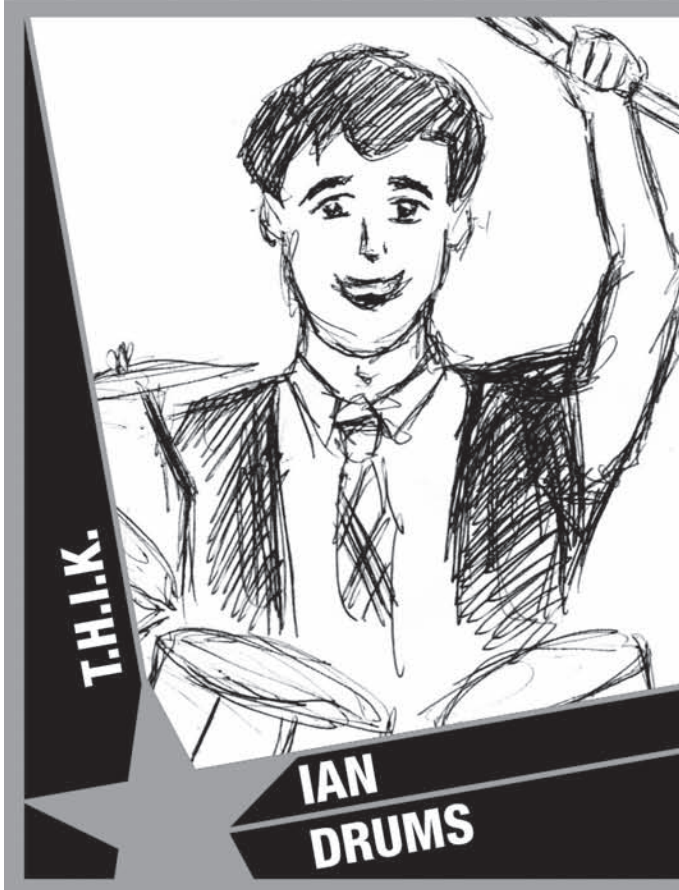
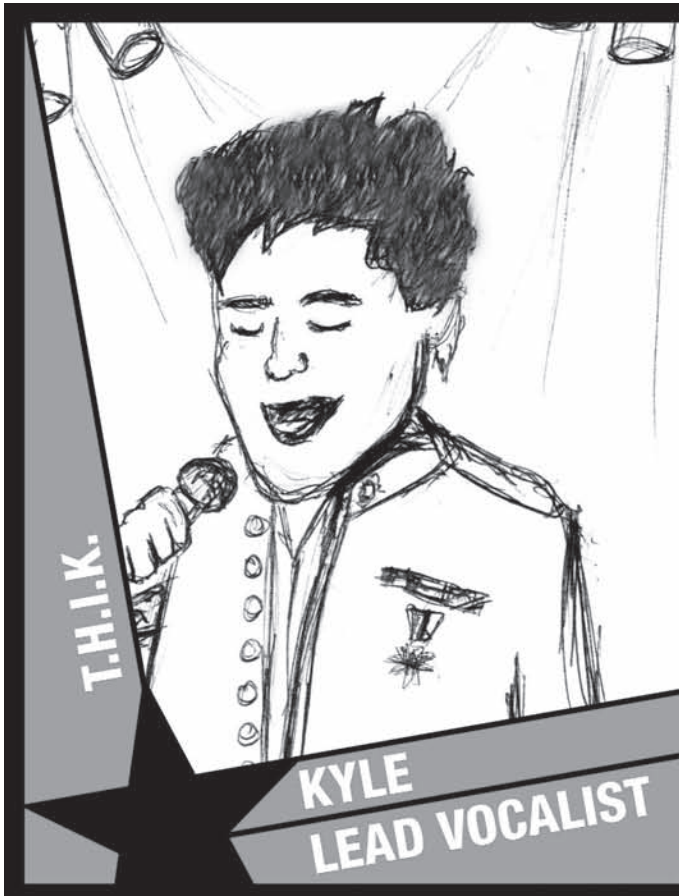
Chiswick

THE BARON!
Unaging Invulnerable Semi-Permeable.



brenda fogg

3:40AM
VK 5/2/06



Beatles Trading Cards

By klugesan

all you need is love

We've Got It Covered!

By christine.m.longo

Our band of misfit crime fighters...

Bust-A-Move

Real Life Alias - Corneethia Hornblower

Skills - Groovin' to the music and bustin sweet moves 'till villians run home crying to Mama.

Lady Amazing

Real Life Alias - Penelope Funkhausen

Skills - Extends arms to punch villians in the face from across the room.

Bathroom-Man

Real Life Alias - Bartholomew Eardrum

Skills - Flushing out the bad guys.

The Brown Avenger

Real Life Alias - Dirk Spanker

Skills - Kickin' it old school.



Chapter 6: 

A VOW TO CONTINUE



PEN AN ANTHEM

**Barrier Island (Ode to Long Beach,
New York)**

By Heather Kalachman

(original tune)

Oh the beaches are bright
and love grows at night
in the sand
of this barrier island.

On our boardwalk we share
concerts, biking, art fairs
City Hall stands so tall
in our sea-salty air.

We've got Gino's,
the Rec Center,
and Kennedy Plaza too,
these wonderful treasures
that make our city true.

In the summer,
population booms.
Hotels fill up
all their rooms.
As people come
from near and far
to see the great city
that we are.

Oh Long Beach,
I love you.
You are my only home,
and always shall I return
no matter how far I roam.

High Line Hymnal

By kinsk411

I was walking in a park
that's known as the High Line
it used to be an elevated railway.
I sat there on a bench with
a woman, "Call me Rosa."
And I asked "Why are we here today?"
And, Rosa, you looked back,
and saw the concentration camps that stole your
mom and dad and brother...

An Anthem for Single Girls

By nsharma

This is an anthem for the single girls, the girls who don't mind rolling in as the third wheel, or the fifth wheel, or the seventh. For the women with class, style and confidence forged in the fire of independence.

This is an anthem for the single girls, the ladies who are beautiful whether in pajamas or tea-length dresses, with makeup or without. This anthem celebrates your beauty.

This is an anthem for the single girls, the women who enjoy time with friends, or reading on Friday nights at home alone. For the women who don't obsessively check their cell phones for new text messages and demonstrate other signs of co-dependency. For the women who don't complain about their man every chance they get simply for the purpose of complaining.

This anthem is a celebration for the women who deserve more in life than hypocrisy and demeaning stares at baby showers and Weddings, "oh-when-you-gonna-get-married" or "why-haven't-you-found-a-nice-young-man-yet's?" Rock out your single status and hold it out like armour. We celebrate yourself because you have the power to be comfortable in your own skin.

Ice Cream Parlours (tune of "Oh Canada" and "You are my Sunshine")

By quittle

Oh Ice cream, Ice cream parlours,
confection-ary- sugary goodness

You bring such much joy to- all those who do enter,
Awashed with happiness- and prospects glorious.
With options abundant- and toppings abounding,
This is to you, my street corner dear.

The smell it does fill up- my nostrils with glee-e,
it fills up my thoughts- and consumes all of me
my thoughts are of nought but, I-cey cree-eam

And once I have started, begun on my cone,
the liquid does drip, and stick- and gets all on my nose
It covers my hands with, it's sugary sweetness,
But I'm in the one place- accepting of messiness,

I walk out delighted- my energy heightened,
Ice cream parlours, Ice cream parlours,
One day I'll return, my street-corner dear.

Ode to Camp Nellie Huckins

By cmulli

(This song is set to the tune of the theme song from "Cheers")

Where is a place for girls to have fun, a place that's second to
none
Camp Nellie Huckins, what can we say, to us you're number one

Wouldn't you like to sail and play?

So off to camp we go!

Where revellie wakes us every day
And the craftshop is stocked with clay
We want to be with all our friends
Splashing around in Broad Bay

Berkeley, CA

By ahojinl

O, the cold summer breeze

sifts through the oaks

Reflections off cars trickle

from the bay to the campus

On the hills, we sit

and hear the campanile

here comes the sun, little darling

We dig our fingers in the soil,

and smell the earth

This is home!

We are here

The Golden Book of Tagore

By eh1234

Sung to the tune of Amazing Grace

Kibbutz Ga'aton

How green your hills

How great your view of the sea!

I walked and I danced

I learned to hope

God Save My Office

By delvebelow 2

God Save My Office

(To the tune of "Dulac is the perfect place")

The status symbol of the working man
Is a four-walled room on a simple plan
When I insert my key
That was cut just for me
I know my office is my land

There is one large window, looks out to the hall
When the telephone rings, I must answer the call
Kicking back in my chair
To meet the passer-by's stare
In my office I feel tall

The cubicle's a place full of sour artifice
Of the squashed happiness and the dour etiquette
At the end of the day
I turn to wave and I say
God save...God save...God save my office!

Anthem of the Internet

By CyTheWriter

This is an anthem
(a quiet anthem that
should logically be
nothing but
1 and 0)
for the internet.

The place of
porn
and
perversion,
dreams
and
depression,
stories
and
sadness.

A place where those of us
who don't entirely belong
(whether we know it
or not)
find something,
someone,
somewhere
and
make it our own.

This is the anthem of
the outsider,
the dreamer,
the lonely one.

This is the
ballad of the weirdo.

This is the song
for the place of belonging
for those of us who
don't.

United we stand

By rinsakura

Peace and hope in our motherland!

Justice soaring high.

Our people so brave and wise,

step forward and seek glory,

never surrendering to any wrong.

Equality for everyone,

raise your hand to the sky,

united we always remain.



CONSULT THE WORDS OF WISDOM: CONFIDENCE

No Regrets

By aaronstein

There's nothing in this passage that you don't already know. Maybe you've never heard it this way before but you definitely know it. You're self-aware enough to read and think and therefore as informed as anyone and everyone.

Animals are enviable. They're honest, instinctive, and relentless. If these qualities are ideals then we're at our best on the day that we're born. We say what we want, we do what we want, and there are no ulterior motives. If being born is painful we make no effort to conceal it. We scream as we learn to breathe because we don't know what else to do, we act completely primordially to get food. Animals act this way every day. But animals are not human. They have no need to lie; their lives may be filled with complex obligations and relationships but none that can impede the will of them or their society to subside.

The emotional needs of humans are what separate them. Until the lack of sustenance becomes a point

of extreme discomfort it is rare that it is the thought at the forefront of one's mind. The truest want of man is for gratification ~~it~~ her from oneself or from others. This causes us to betray our instincts. We lose our forwardness in interactions with others because we fear judgments and repercussions. Contrasting egos make the simplest things become painful conflicts. This is apparent by the time one either starts their first job or enters into their first romantic relationship.

We must remember the value of our instincts but never forget the meaning of our wants. While we cannot control the world around us we can control our perception of it. By looking forward we allow ourselves to embrace what we will be and move-on from the damning regrets that man by his nature lives with. If we strive for gratification then what can we expect to achieve with timidity? Let your ego be your instinct but your intelligence be your humanity.

Should I be bold?

By edryan

My job is pretty good, and I like it and all, but I wonder if there isn't something more. So I asked for words of wisdom relating to confidence. Scene missing? That's like saying, "Future hazy, try again."

Words of Wisdom

By tonytypes

Hear thee, if for soundness you seek
In your endeavors, of paper or mind.
Listen to the wisdom I speak
To preempt obstacles and confidence find.

In inquisitiveness ye should be strong--
From curiosity doth wisdom flow:
For 'tis a maxim I've adopted long,
The more a man enquires, the more he'll know.

Develop your idea, refine the flow,
Go deep as the ocean and far as the sight.
With your thesis articulated, your argument so,
Take a deep breath, and prepare to fight.

Play the worst enemy of the thesis you just laid
Attack every point, every link, every flaw,
Then defend, counter-argue, and defend again,
To make your story to elaborated from raw.

Hear thee, apprentice, be bold,
Be thine worse enemy, so the world will not.
By seeking integrity ye will hold
Confidence in battle well fought.

If I can live without a person, should I?

By Kalus

The answer, yes, beckoned,
No, a close second.
But the one prevailing notion,
In the face of either motion,
Is to make a single choice,
And be confident in voice.



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WRITE A PROTEST SONG

PROTEST SONG - OH GOV'T MAN

By Mephistoblast

Oh government man don't be stupid
Oh government man don't be greedy
you borrowed 14 trillion, and gave away 8 billion
This government plan can't stand, believe me

Oh government man what motivates you?
Power to take to share with your crew?
We put you in place all you do is abuse
Factions lead to factions, the state's in a noose

We reached our limit with your lack of term limits
More thinking less stinking, this system's a gimmick
Come on government man, what's the problem?
You give the people promises and then you rob them?

Oh government man don't be stupid
Oh government man don't be greedy
The people are oppressed by your hypocrisy
If not you, who will look after the needy?

Changing of the Guards Song Lyrics

By oshapiro

What do they want?

How do we end it?

It seems impossible, but there must be one.

One man

One woman

One child that can.

Care for your children, your children childrens

They will honor you

Awakening

By klugesan

lights go out
mystery and wonder
both young and sleepless
wake up kid, it's time to write your song

the living heart beats on
and we awaken
to voices that radiate out and out
rise up rise up

the songs that sing
little girl drifting on a nighttime wind
"please sir, stop playing for a moment
and join my friendly clan"

Drink in hope cast out fear
weave your dreams while we awaken
we're both young and sleepless
rise up rise up

a floating barn sails above
fields of fire and blades of thorns
inside sits a one-winged pelican
the last bird to sing your song

The little girl drifting on a nighttime wind
"please sir, stop playing for a moment
and come join my friendly clan"
rise up
rise up
rise up
rise up
rise up
rise up
and awaken

On Wal-Mart on Wall Street

By ade228

By Alex Edelman

(To the tune of "This Land")

This land's not your land,
This land is my land,
So get off our land,
Not on this island.

Don't want no Wal-Marts
Down by the water,
This land, is mega-market free.

Go build that big store,
In Bumpkin City,
Don't want no guns here,
Your goods are shitty.
We like our thrift stores
Don't even bother,
New York is mega-market free.

SOS(SaveOurSeafarers)

By TheJollyLibrarian

A lost and ignored sector of our world's economy is being held hostage on the high seas. Our seafarers, our men and women who work the world's oceans to keep our way of life alive by delivering goods and services every day, throughout the night, and on every holiday known to our calendars. Their devotion to one of the most ancient trades and transportation is at risk, attacked by terrorism on the seas. 2000 souls in limbo. Billions paid annually in hostage and hijacked cargo. This is a song for our sailors in the Gulf of Aiden and around the world who are unable to be with their families tonight. Let's bring them home; let's end modern piracy and what drives men to piracy in our age of plenty.

SOS (Save Our Seafarers)

(To the tune of Dar Williams's The Ocean)

The sea, she called, she beckoned t' the shore

Oh, years at the helm, years on watch seemed to mean nothing

It rocked me to my core.

For years upon years she swirled, she sang, and she rocked us so dearly,

With our cargo, she must have heard our cries.

We were boarded, our wings, like a sparrow's, were clipped.

Our crew and our cargo, were hoarded.

Oh sea, where's our shepherd? Our guardian,

To shield us now? Oh Neptune, where are you

To save us from sea raptors? Who will remember us on shore

And keep us from harm on the high seas?

Oh landsmen, oh navies, today:

It is no longer child's play in a pond down the street. Remember us in harm's way.

Look us toiling to bring you what you wear, what you drive, what you eat, what you need.

See us weak with hunger, deprived of sleep,

Held captive at sea.

Remember us, your sailor men so bold; but be bolder still,

and let us grow old on shore.

Bring us home now, and keep us from harm's way; free us and our shipmates from terror out here alone.

You are our only hope back from the sea.

End the war

By rinsakura

Money and lives being spent on war and weapons,
in the end we get nothing good.
Promote peace and not violence,
decrease the chaos around.
United we can stand,
but divided we are falling.
Wasted lives, and ruined lands,
can we not stop this madness?

Holding It In

By protimetraveler

I needed to go
But you said no
There sure are a lot of things I hate
No ice cream in the library
No being at the park past eight
No patience for school
Fortitude is cool
You make me sit and wait
I feel like I'm trapped in a crate
I held it in for as long as I could
You told me to behave like a good girl should
You can run my life, you can guide my fate
But you can't take away my right to urinate

Ode to the Whiners

By misterpeterson

To the tune of Pinball Wizard, by The Who

Ever since I was a young boy
I've heard of protest songs
'Bout war and hunger and strife
Some short and some were long,
But as they've all been sung,
Now, tell me if I'm wrong,
There are no more pure protests
All rational gripes are gone...

They stood for what was right
In a time that needed change
For equity and freedoms
Thoughts rearranged
But now the songs are sung
From kings down to pawns
There are no more new protests
All rational gripes are gone...

The protest songs
Of my poor father's time
The only way to improve them
Is repeat them line for line...

How do you think they wrote them?
(I don't know)
What makes them so good?

Kids today just whine and moan
Of shorted TV time
Got to do their homework
Is why they're out of line
Never fought a war
Or fought for rights at all
There are no more new protests
All rational gripes are gone...

Busy

By bottad

Caressing our pride with our eyes on the prize
Fixing our frocks with our minds on the clock
Dreaming up lies for the perfect disguise
Sinking our ships before leaving the dock

We spin our webs, but they leave us dizzy
We find our goals, but the journey's missing
We got degrees: bachelors of misery
We'd live our lives, but we're just too busy

Stomachs full, but hungry for more
Rich in currency, but in spirit poor
Beckoning for battles across the shore
But we don't know what we're fighting for

We spin our webs, but they leave us dizzy
We find our goals, but the journey's missing
We got degrees: bachelors of misery
We'd live our lives, but we're just too busy

Paralyzed by flawless visions
Executed with perfect precision
We solve our problems through long division
The certainty of a few yields mass indecision

We spin our webs, but they leave us dizzy
We find our goals, but the journey's missing
We got degrees: bachelors of misery
We'd live our lives, but we're just too busy

So many layers to our collective souls
But we dig deeper and deeper holes
Build steeper and steeper goals
Remember long enough to forget our roles

We spin our webs, but they leave us dizzy
We find our goals, but the journey's missing
We got degrees: bachelors of misery
We'd live our lives, but we're just too busy

Lady Liberty, lost in labor
Her ambition has changed her
Her ambition has chained her.

E=MC(2)

By TheGKnee

The relentless tune of the sun and tide,
A dance of lore for the ages.
A well-tuned fork we humbly abide,
The Lord of Mystics and Sages.
A divine flame of dark and light,
Sears pain, love, and stasis.
Like the Changing of The Guard on a silent night,
Arrhythmic stealth and nameless.
The relentless tune of the sun and tide,
A dance of lore for the ages.
A well-tuned fork we humbly abide,
The Lord of Mystics and Sages.
So set your troubles free of judgement,
Wave them softly as the fade.
Rise to fight the upon the battlement,
And willfully fail to make the grade.
For freedom rings to the well tuned fork,
Of Life and Golden ages.

48 Hours

By ailamar

To be alone
and still be so sullen
delay to connect
delay to long for me

open wide to see my scar
in the cold
in the frozen blood
and they prey on pigs
when all they've heard is preachers preying
and all the preacher haven't died yet
no regretting things I've kept in me

Until the day I lay to rest
lie to me about yesterdays
untold/clandestine/furtive
die in me until I can bear it on my own

support your killer
I find nothing in your wars
windows shatter
intuitions fail to recognize blemishes

like a vacant womb
revolving circles in my head
aqua blue linings
aqua grey iris

floods of broken dreaming
prick my eyes
blind the masses

The lies they try to tell
bought like frozen yogurt

shield me from pages and not from myself
though I lay in comfortable sheets
though I wake with forgotten nightmares
though I can't see with this prescription
though I care not about tomorrow

I smile and cheer
to the lies they try to tell me

Versatile and mobile weapons
steel and metallic bullets
gas to make you laugh out loudly
scars to make you forget to shutter
blisters in untold places

continuous eternities
for ever dying

all to witness your
all to witness my
all to witness their
cries

It is my profession
to help the hate rise up in you
to stop the natural breathing
to aid my ignored instincts
to educate the feeble minds

the ones that have learned nothing

My stomach turns on your amendments
life should be given a universal price

quit the shaking and control the illegal substances
convulsions are taken lightly
like newspapers thrown outside your door

tell your baby you must go

Let me go, darling
sweet muffin, bake goods for dinner
let me be the man daddy didn't teach me about
I fight you

strike upon thee who smacks you around
revenge on you who abandoned me

Be my blanket when I've wet myself
say goodbye and let me sleep

Dreams of tired villains
hear my momma mourning

the snake has lost the bite with all her venom
and the wolf has forgotten his trail

pick up and go home
security lights have been shut down
white flag over here

I remain a boy
and a scared little girl
Too late to remember my anthem
too tired to lay down trembling
unstill heartaches and quivered fingers
get ready to open wide for doctor

where are you to trying to go to?

the day I tried to live
they send me home from boot camp
go ahead and ask me why

my eyelids are still twitching
my air is still polluted
my pants smelt like urine
my ankles turn when I saunter
come and try to dance with me
sweep me up when I've fallen down

today seems such a long way back
a heartache
an uneasy feeling
a love-struck expression
I know nothing

a brand new pair of shoes
I will die in my self-made cradle
I will cry on rainy days
I will cry for me

Choice, Not Burden

By: Ashley Van Buren

(Sung to the tune of The Rolling Stones' "Beast of Burden")

We'll never let our choice be taken
Our right to decide; our bodies forsaken
All we want is to keep our Roe v. Wade

We'll never let our choice be taken
Our right to decide; our bodies forsaken
All we want is to keep our Roe v. Wade

We are smart enough; we are strong enough; we are wise enough
Are "those men" too blind to see?

We'll never let our choice be taken
So keep it up and a stink we'll be makin'
Talking heads on my TV; come on, baby, it's a right for me

We are smart enough; we are strong enough; we are wise enough
Are "those men" too blind to see?

Sisters, keep it Roe ... Roe v. Wade
Come on, baby, please

You can't vote me out, vote me out, vote me out deciding on maternity ...

4 Days to sleep

By Purumus

The house is messy there isn't anywhere to go;
some kids are playing on TV
I want something else and all I seem to get is no,
Just steal a chapter from a war!
The flies are staring out, their sunshine



CONSULT THE WORDS OF WISDOM: FAITH

SWF Looking for SWM N/S Likes Kids & Sci-Fi

By andeepandy

If you're like me, a twenty-something looking for true love in the big city, you know it's not easy. In a city this size, you could possibly pass your "true love" a million times over on the streets without a second glance. Also, if you're like me you have an aversion to talking to members of the opposite sex, which severely limits the probability of you actually snagging your future spouse. I'm not a quitter though, so I signed up for internet dating. I liken internet dating to Russian roulette, except it's much more dangerous. That being said, I have not given up hope. I have faith that he is out there, and just as desperate to locate me so that we can start our new life and have 2.3 kids together. Am I being unrealistic? Will we only have 1.4 kids?

Seriously, locating that one person who you willing spend every evening watching bad infomercials with is not an easy feat. Monumental decisions should not be made with haste, so why do I think that this person has to be located right this very minute? It is unrealistic to think that finding the man of my dreams should be as easy as locating a Starbuck's. While I conduct my search, I keep in mind that I am still loved. I am not adrift on my own in this harsh reality. There is the love of my family, which never diminishes, no matter how often I screw up. I have the love of my friends,, that look at me like I'm certifiably insane but accept me anyway as one of their own. And of course, there is the love of God, which is all encompassing, forever, and the purest love I will ever know. So all in all, I don't have it so bad, but that doesn't mean I'm going to give up my search. I do have faith after all.

Meanwhile

By caameron

It is hard not to wonder what the future will hold, just in terms of one's own personal little existence on this planet; before one even thinks of the planet as a whole and starts wondering about melting ice caps and armageddon - actually, maybe people want armageddon so they can stop thinking about their own little lives. Will I lose the one(s) I love? Will she/they walk away from me, or die before I do, and will I be able to go on?

One must have faith, I suppose, in the moment. In the moment of love, of being loved, there is something eternal, and it will be there - in the always, outside of time - forever. So long as it is not betrayed. So long as the faith that sustains it has not been breached. But we can have no evidence here. One must trust in order to love. I suppose.

But I Still Have Faith

By slip.inc

You were loved, then and now.

I had a friend commit suicide a few years ago, she jumped off a 30 story hotel building, outside of downtown Dallas, in the middle of the day.

But I still have faith.

When I think about my future I have to first look to the past. I was born a bastard child in a tiny little town in Arkansas. My mother, an ex beauty queen turned drug addict, decided that I was a gift from God. She got clean and I was born small enough to fit the in the palms of her hands. Nothing has been easy since.

But I still have faith.

I have been through hell and high water to get where I am today and some of those experiences involve more hate then I care to remember and they also hold an unaccpetable amount of sadness that I choose relive so I scare myself into not repeating the past.

But I still have faith.

Today I am 23 years old, I am in New York City for the first time ever. I came here by myself to experience a new world. I walked from East Village to the Financial District and then back up to the New York Public Library.

I still feel like I am in a movie.

I say these things because although I do not believe in God I have faith now, more then ever, that I'll wake up tomorrow.

Tomorrow I will experience something different if not really "new".

In my family we say "i love you to the moon and back again, a hundred million times."

And the question I asked about my future was nothing more then "Will they remember me when I'm gone?"

The simple answer is no.

And I still have faith.

Empty Spaces

By *aterribleidea*

He recognized love only by the empty spaces it left on his shelves.

The Future's Shadow

By *astienon*

Nothing is more frightening than the future,
that shadow that hides my life from view,
withholding the passions that will drive me,
the goals that will define me,
the ideas that will inspire me.

It shrouds the path before my feet,
obscuring all knowledge of where it leads.

And yet, with the darkness looming ahead,
one thought gives me the strength to continue.

Those that loved me once
and love me now,
will love me then,
when I enter that abyss.

Faith keeps you going

By rinsakura

Faith is to believe and hold on to that belief to go forward in life. It helps me rely on myself better, and dismiss all doubts and confusions along the way. It is an essential part of my plans to achieve my goal!

Patience

By snufkin

There was water here, once.
Water washed us. Cooked our food. Quenched our thirst.
Slaked our horses. Boiled over fires,
and put out fires.
Water for beer, water for blessing,
water for the garden where the tomato vines smell like green,
grandfather moving patiently between the rows.

And when the darkness comes,
and the endless, dry days,
and the leaving,
and your sense of humor walks out the door
wearing a hat and carrying luggage,
and the garden grows nothing but dust
there is still water
underground.

Dig deep.
Do not falter.
Wait.

Soon will come
a burbling gurgle laughing up the pipe.
You will grow again.
You will move patiently between the rows
that smell of green and red living things.
You will smile, and look up at a blue sky smiling down on you
and think glad thoughts that you are still walking the earth
that has always
always
always



SAY IT OUT LOUD

A Sister's Promise

By Christina

"And will the night bring adventure or woe?" the Captain asked.

Laura drew into herself, cold, yes, but with something else. The chill of an idea spread through her head as she gazed at the movement under the door. She would make it this night. The Captain with his horrible deeds had kidnapped her, but she would be prisoner not one moment longer than she had to be. Her sister, the pirate Chloe, would be arriving soon to rescue her. Of that, she was assured by the appearance of the rat.

The rat was carrying a torn piece of silk between its teeth. The silk was decorated with golden half moons, the sigil of her sister's nighttime adventures. Laura stood up from the table as the Captain watched her carefully.

"Where are you going, Sweet?" asked the Captain, stepping in between Laura and the doorway. Her eyes fell upon his face as she

smiled innocently, with knowledge underneath.

"To get some air, my love. This meal has not agreed with me and I must find something relative to feel better." She moved toward the door, sweeping the rat forward with her right foot. With both of them out onto the deck, the Captain followed. Laura awaited the signal. She wasn't quite sure what she was looking for, but when it came, she would know.

The Captain knew this day would come, but even he could not believe it when Laura was suddenly swept backward toward the sea, rat resting on her shoulder. A gentle spray rose up as she landed in the water, free once more, her fins and tail already fully reformed within seconds.

The rat transformed instantly into her black-haired sister.

"What took you so long?" Chloe asked.

Tonight, they say, the world might fin'ly end

By chozzles

Read aloud at 12:38am 5/21/2011 in the Rose Reading Room of the New York Public Library:

Tonight, they say, the world might fin'ly end
Though most of us agree that this is lame
We'll listen to the 'pocalyptic trend
And briefly trust the scientific flame
But if our reason fails, and logic shaken
And every city falls into the sea
What things might I have lately taken
To keep and hold and have eternally?
I'd bring my tunes and books, and then, I wonder
Perhaps a book of crossword puzzles too
I'd bring the full box set of Six Feet Under
And every episode I'll watch with you
But hopefully the world won't end tonight
But if it does, I think we'd be all right

Sharing PJs

By ajobster

Got a new pair of pjs
That I really like
They're orange and purple
And covered in stripes
It's so hard to wear them
I've already tried
So just come on over
And let's get inside

chorus:

You take the pants
I'll take the shirt
Till we both take everything off
All I need is half
Don't give me that laugh
Let's just take everything off

I like these pajamas
They seem really warm
But what's even warmer
Is your human form
So curl up beside me
And don't change the channel
I want to watch 30 Rock
Just covered in flannel

You take the pants
I'll take the shirt
Till we both take everything off
Liz Lemon knows
That we share our clothes
But let's just take everything off

I don't need anything but you...and these pjs
I don't need anything but you...and a sandwich
I don't need anything but you...and some flannel
I don't need anything but you...and these pjs
[repeat chorus]

To Excalibur

By Terecille Basa-Ong, Corrine Brown, Laura Carter, Amanda Green, Michele Guido, Celine H., David Moldawerr

Dramatis Personae: Bus driver, Merlin, Elderly gambler, Sir Dudley More, wealthy gambler, Shanda the stewardess, Sharla the Old Navy shift manager

Setting: Bus running from LA to Las Vegas

BD: Welcome aboard and thank you for choosing Starline for your journey to Las Vegas. Shanda will be your stewardess this evening.

Shanda: Welcome ladies and gentlemen, I look forward to serving you as we make our way to the Excalibur casino in Las Vegas. We offer a full galley of snacks and beverages. We also have headphones should you wish to enjoy the movie, which will be Leaving Las Vegas. Tickets please.

ELG: I don't have a ticket.

Shanda: That'll be sixty dollars.

ELG: Wait a second. (digs in oversized, sequined bag and pulls out change) I save my quarters for the slots. I used to come to Excalibur once a week to meet my friends, but they all died.

Shanda: Never mind. (To Dudley) Ticket please.

Dudley: Don't you recognize me?

Shanda: No, should I?

MS: I dance for the ladies at Excalibur. That's why I'm dressed like a knight. They call Sir Dudley More. But spelled M O R E.

Shanda: Do you have a ticket?

MS: Yes, but it's in my banana hammock.

Shanda: Never mind. (to Sharla) Ticket please.

Sharla: Hi, I'm Sharla. I'm a shift manager at the Encino Old Navy. Did you get that sweater 75% off? I noticed it has a tear, so we always discount that stuff, plus it looks like you're oddly sized. What are you, an XXL? I don't know what the T's for. We do a lot of vanity sizing. I'm a size S or XS, depending on the fabric. Old Navy has a lot of cotton-spandex mixes, and I'm pretty sure they're the reason I have this really contagious rash. Here's my ticket.

Shanda: Never mind. (to gambler) Ticket please.

Gambler: Here are two tickets.

Shanda: You only need one.

Gambler: I'm a very wealthy man. I inherited a vast fortune, and I've spent my entire adult life gambling my money away unsuccessfully. I bought two tickets for the bus because I can.

Shanda: I'll take one.

(Gambler hands over one ticket.)

Bus driver: Let's go.

(They drive.)

Gambler: Driver, there appears to be a hitchhiker on the road. He can use my extra ticket.

(Merlin boards the bus. He has a shoulder-length mullet, French-braided into pigtails.)

Merlin: You were wise to pick me up on your way to

Excalibur. I am Merlin the wizard, and I discovered Excalibur.

(Merlin sits.)

BD: Let's pull over here for a restroom break. (BD struggles to remove the key.) Uh oh. The key's stuck in the ignition.

Merlin: Only the true king can remove the key from the ignition.

(Dudley stands boldly.)

Dudley: I'll get it out.

(Dudley struggles to remove the key and fails. He returns to his seat.)

BD: Wait, I forgot it to put it in park. (BD removes the key from the ignition.) Now I got it.

Merlin: I'm not really a wizard.

Chairesque

By diez

Stop me if you've heard this one. Young actor goes in to his teacher and says: I study, I rehearse, I experiment. I plan, I play, I live life. I audition. I don't get cast. What am I doing wrong? Teacher points to a chair. Says: Look at that. It's just a chair. But if I had to cast only you or only it? I would choose the chair. See, the chair may only be a chair but it is a chair completely. Whereas you? You are much but nothing in total. You are replaceable or more to the point it's not what are you doing wrong exactly but what are you doing EXACTLY RIGHT?

Hm?

My teacher told me that story. In my acting class. Said if I could understand it, REALLY understand it? Then I would know "the true secret of the theater". And if I couldn't? I'd be better off in an office. Well, I liked that guy. Really trusted him. No idea at all what he was talking about. So late one night, I'm sitting up in my kitchen. And I figure alright. I'll take a chair. Put it under the light. Stand across the room and take a good long hard look at this thing. This chair. And it's. Well it's a chair. Very chairlike. Chairesque even.

But what's it got that I ain't got? Two more legs? Better posture? Sex appeal? Hell no! Has it got my style? My skill? My savoir faire? Fuck that chair! That chair doesn't understand what it's like to wait for two hours for a call back and then get told oh thanks we're all good. We're looking for taller, we're looking for younger, blacker, whiter, balder, stronger. We want a woman, a child, a chair, we want a fucking CHAIR. Stupid CHAIR. Goddamn CHAIR and it's a chant in my head now of fucking CHAIR, stupid CHAIR, goddamn CHAIR, fucking CHAIR, you CHAIR, you

CHAIR, CHAIR, CHAIR, CHAIR, CHAIR, it doesn't even have MEANING anymore, stupid CHAIR, goddamn CHAIR and so this CHAIR, this CHAIR, this CHAIR.

Stands up.

And delivers a monologue.

And damn. It's good.

Original piece? I think? I mean, I never heard it before. Started out light comedy. Silly stuff. Foibles, they call it. The foolishness of the human experience as seen from below, yadda yadda yadda. Unique perspective. Snowballing into something that hits you with a belly laugh 'cause you thought it yourself but you never put it quite that way? And then? When you're all in? Cracking up? That's when it turns. The pain. The pathos of lack. Of never reaching a goal. Of being trapped in an impossible dead end job. Of never rising beyond the lowest rung. It was intense. It was powerful. It was REAL? Really real. Realer than you would believe and then.

Then it was over. Chair said its name. Took a little bow. Sat down and it was.

It was just a chair again. But that was the best acting I've ever seen. And I knew. I knew it was so much better than anything I'll ever do. Ever.

So.

That night, I threw the chair out the goddamn window. And the next day, I quit my acting class and I started looking for a real job. An office job. A job where the chairs know their place.



PRESERVE YOURSELF

End of the World, 4AM

By Katie G

I don't know who is reading this right now. I don't know if anyone will ever read it. But if you do, let me set the scene for you. It's 4:00 in the morning, on a day that, according to some, was supposed to see the end of the world. (Since the buildings outside the window seem to still be standing, I'm going to say that was a bogus statement.) I'm sitting here on my teammate's laptop at the very back of the main reading room at the New York Public Library, writing this book with 499 other exhausted individuals. All pretense is gone, all sanity is slowly depleting, and filters are an idea fading fast somewhere beyond the horizon.

That's probably why my team thought this "quest" was such a good idea. It's the reason why blogging is such a dangerous thing. Give someone a platform and lack of sleep, and you never know what will come out of their heads.

Here are twenty things that who we are, right now: Jenn, Andrew and Katie.

Jenn: adventerous. outgoing. sarcastic. hungry. tired.

happy. interested. growing. loving. living. laughing. upbeat. lazy. motivated. undecided. mysterious. distracted. dedicated. butler.

Katie Guarino: confused. directionless. adventurous. outgoing. in transition. curious. waiting. hopeful. cynical. frustrated. creative. dreamer. daughter. friend. perfectionist. idealist. tired. waiting. hurried. young.

Andrew Ferguson: wired, ecstatic, humming, hungry, amusing, self-conscious, acoustic, Canadian, introspective, photographer, lonely, transcendent, scrivener, enviable, mortal, gamer, detached, enigmatic, awesome, Batman.

There it is. A product of decades in 60 odd words. That's who we are. 4AM, Saturday morning, in the library reading room. We're not all that remarkable (yet). But we're here. And we're controlling the page. Scary thought, huh?

Happy reading.

Karie's Now

By sircek

Driven

Hopeful

Free

Music

Going For It

Change Agent

Lover

Friend

Family

Children

Vulnerable

Engagement Economy

Complementary Currencies

GoodWorks

San Francisco

Asheville

Seeking Angels

MBA Graduate (in one week)

Sustainability

Purpose

Me, Today

By racheljmccormick

My t-shirt says "Legalize Arizona: Immigration Reform Now."

I live in Harlem.

I've been married for ten months.

I'm studying for a Masters of Arts in Media Studies.

I received a grant to study literature in Mexico City this summer.

My dad and I are still too similar to get along.

My sister and I are still too similar to get along.

The car wash I organized at the high school where I teach raised \$316 last weekend.

I ate falafel for lunch.

I saw Lykke Li in concert on Tuesday.

I teach Spanish at Bronx Leadership Academy.

I live thirty-five blocks away from my parents.

I drink at least three bottles of tap water a day.

I weigh more than I should for my height.

I haven't been to the gym in two months.

I bought clothes from Urban Outfitters yesterday and then lied to my husband about it.

My second-period class makes me want to quit my job.

Mice live in my oven.

It's 4:09 am. I can't remember the last time I stayed up this late.

I believe another world is possible.

Twenty of Me

By IMPERIALHUNTRESS

1. I am 26 years old and I am still idealistic and young at heart.
2. I am intensely curious about what the world has to offer.
3. I call myself a cook who cooks only for guests and a biker who bikes only once a year.
4. I have insatiable wanderlust to travel the world and experience all that there is to know.
5. I am not confident enough to make a decision without the support of my family.
6. I am appreciative every day of the things and people I have in the world and I do not take things for granted.
7. I want to break the Asian stereotype of quiet and submissiveness.
8. I like to throw things away rather than clean them or fix them.
9. I am very glad to be the only child.
10. I have a lifelong dream of becoming a published and successful author.
11. I am highly interested in psychology and social dynamics and my favorite magazine is Psychology Today.
12. I am quick to anger and quick to laugh...and quick to forget the bad in people.
13. I am dedicated to physical fitness but I am not sure whether my body is fit for running long distances.
14. I love philosophical discussions with just about anybody.
15. I get very excited about the possibilities of quantum physics.
16. I am still fascinated by teenage vampire stories.
17. I am a maximizer and not a satisfier.
18. I believe that experiences rather than material things make one happy.
19. If I can be re-born again, I would want to be born as a Brit.
20. I am fascinated by history and wish that time travel is not a myth.

The Medieval Scribe

By LukeKingma

1. I strongly believe that music has the capacity to change the entire world with one song, one lyric, or perhaps even one note, and I think music is better than it ever was.

2. My biggest passion in life is traveling, and I strive every day to position myself to earn a living traveling the world and telling stories to anyone who will listen to them.

3. I struggle constantly between my desire to become a better photographer and my desire to leave the camera behind and actually experience what I see.

4. I'm slowly working my way up in a company I don't see myself working at for much longer in a city I don't see myself living in for too long, and I want to break out.

Katie Lynn Klaus on May 21, 2011 at 2:28 a.m.

By agentfamily007

1. A daughter, wife and friend who treasures the close bonds of her relationships more than anything else.
2. A future educator who wants to work creatively with children to become writers.
3. A lover of every kind of dog, especially large ones with fluffy tails.
4. A runner, for the first time in my life. Finally.
5. Anxious about the future, my direction, my career and place in the world.
6. A person who would never go a week without eating pizza. It's the food of the gods.
7. In love with my best friend, the only person I could ever imagine spending a lifetime with.
8. An aspiring writer. It may be a blog, but everyone starts somewhere.
9. A traveler who dreams of spending a year exploring the world.
10. A watcher of way too much reality television, specifically the Housewives shows on Bravo.
11. Someone who tries to remember that speaking loudly doesn't always mean you'll be heard.
12. In love with the color pink and anything with ruffles or bows. The girlier the better.
13. Convinced that having a child would destroy my freedom.
14. A bleeding liberal with conservative ideas about money.
15. Able to sing Happy Birthday in both Spanish and French.
16. A lover of water, specifically the ocean. Nothing make me happier than sticking my feet in the waves and feeling them sink in the sand.
17. A person who wants to build relationships with new friends.
18. A very bad driver.
19. One class away from recieving my Masters degree.
20. More content with who I am than I've ever been.

The 21st Century Scribe

By Daemonhatred

- 1) Open-minded
- 2) Loving
- 3) Giving
- 4) Caring
- 5) Global Citizen
- 6) Attention Deficit Disorder
- 7) Senior in College
- 8) Learning more about writing
- 9) 22 years old
- 10) Lives in Jersey City, NJ
- 11) Works at Walgreens part-time
- 12) Volunteers for Peers Educating Peers in NJCU
- 13) Volunteers for Rising Tide Capital 501(c)3 non-profit for local entrepreneurs
- 14) Volunteers for Jersey Cares
- 15) Very interested in astrology
- 16) Owns a Compaq laptop
- 17) Misses playing video games
- 18) Thinking of 20 things about me
- 19) Never gets enough sleep sometimes
- 20) Sleeps way too much sometimes

Living in the Now

By Beth Ann Mastromarino

At this very moment I am: a Mother. I am a wife. I am a daughter. I am a Priestess of Diana al'Italia, working towards the revival of The Great Goddess in her ancient forms.

I am a writer. I am a descendent. I tell the stories of my Italian ancestors and the gods they worshipped and the land they worked and the lives they lived. I am someone who strives daily to make both my ancestors and my heirs proud to share my blood

I am the President of the NYC Pagan Pride Project: I help an emerging People to connect with each other towards the common goals of community, acceptance, and dispelling the prejudice which surrounds our beliefs and practices.

I want to bring back the great libraries of the ancients, to house the collective knowledge of humanity so that we can build on it and each other's ideas. I despair for the vast amount of knowledge has been lost thanks to religious persecution.

I am someone who cares for others as much as, if not more than, myself. I am a refuge for my loved ones. I am often overwhelmed; Not just by the enormity of my undertakings, but also by the support and love I have found along the way. I am loved, in all ways, as I know you are. And right this very moment I am surrounded by friends and compatriots working towards a lofty, some might say crazy goal. And at this moment, I need a nap.

Who I am at 35

By Talisker

A 5th grade teacher

Blogger who writes about a different children's picture book each day

Mother to a 4 year old boy and 1 1/2 year old girl

Wife to a sweet, loving, generous husband

Avoid doing the laundry until my kids run out of clothes

I keep finding reasons not to go to the gym, although I'm signed up for three Triatlhons this week.

Love reading to my son at night

I still have trouble creating and mantaining friendships.

Love the Mets

Love my iPad

Never wear make-up

I keep thinking that at 35 I still feel like a child who's expected to act like an adult

It still surprises me that I'm a mother of two kids.

I'm starting to seriously considering writing picture books

I'm embarrassed to admit that I still hold grudges and that "mean girls" still piss me off...especially when they're in their 30s and they still act like they did back in their teens.

I worry about my parents getting sick while I'm living so far away from them.

I feel like I don't know my brother anymore.

I still need to prove to everybody that I'm smart

I feel so proud of kids

I find myself losing my pacience the same way my mother used to...dreadful!

The Medieval Scribe

By Su_Lee 2 days ago

1) I am currently 9 credits away from getting a Master of Arts degree. This means I am two classes and one thesis away from being able to have people call me Master.

2) I have cooked a lot of different dishes in the past 6 months that I've never cooked before and have learned to embrace butter.

Twenty Things

By JCD

1. I resist lists.
2. This is because they do not exhaust.
3. Sometimes I like to speak directly.
4. It is more often, though, that I don't--that I qualify, efface, weasel or misdirect.
5. I'm not sure what it is about the number twenty that is supposed to encompass a whole: it's not a prime, or mystical, or the like.
6. The West Coast was home for a while; it's no longer.
7. Rain really brings me down.
8. Too much sun really burns me.
9. I like words. Especially short ones that are interesting. Shiv. Cairn. Alder. Zephyr. Polyglot. Ewe. Ew.
10. There's an image I think of, I think it comes from Pound (simple misdirection; I know it comes from Pound): iron filings, collecting in a magnetic field, forming a rose.
11. I like short words, because they come from the gut. Compare gut to intestine. Or, viscera--viscera! Really. That comes from the tongue.
12. Time is entrancing. I think.
13. Cars, and their infrastructure, are inhuman. The way things are going, this will not matter: long live the machine. Of course, the machine is inhuman. Alas.
14. I prefer stone to wood, flooring-wise.
15. Syntax is like a dance; I dance funny.
16. When I was sixteen, I hit a deer with my car. I also shot one, when it was decided I would make that passage. I don't even bother thinking about that anymore.
17. Aging is wizening.
18. I'm happy not being who I was and not yet being who I am.
19. Twenty in an arbitrary number, and it doesn't exhaust.

I am John Kluge May 21 2011 at 4:10 AM EST

By klugesan

I live in New York City and my sail is full. I am a grateful dreamer, open to possibility and filled with optimism, building a hyper collaborative army of purpose seeking entrepreneurs. I burn with an unquenchable fire for impossible ideas. My sidekick is a 7 pound dog named Thor. I am working on a global game for peace, a documentary on disarmament, and building a sustainable toilet company. My world is filled with wonder and awe and an eagerness to create. I envy gifted musicians and feel pity for the doomsday evangelists. I don't envy their hangover.

Immortal. Maybe.

By Chelsea Howe

I am a

- (1) time traveling [Hi from 2011!]
- (2) game-crazy
- (3) love-jaded
- (4) orange-adoring
- (5) 110%er with
- (6) a fantastic mom, dad, and brother Adam,
- (7) the job of a lifetime at Social Chocolate: Director of Design,
- (8) and an excellent San Francisco flat - 94107.

I am

- (9) happy 97% of the time
- (10) thanks to my Keeshond pup, Koru,
- (11) and my undying belief that I live in a world colored by my own emotions.
- (12) Why be negative, right?

I want to

- (13) improve lives,
- (14) be known,
- (15) and constantly better myself.
- (16) I belly dance.
- (17) Sometimes I get lonely,
- (18) even despite the overwhelming number of ways to connect.
- (19) More than anything, I am unspeakably lucky to be alive right here, right now:
in this epic Library tonight, and in this century of human crisis and global change
where we will rise or fall, together.
- (20) I hope we rose. And I hope you smile.

twenty facts about miss shivery timbers.

By Shivery

I am not cool. At all.

I have, however, turned out to be more adventurous than I would have expected.

My inner control freak doesn't like piloting anything with wheels. This has not stopped me from trying out for the roller derby.

I am very quiet and very loud.

Generally, I wouldn't call what I do burning the candle at both ends--closer to incinerating the whole candle, really.

I won't commit to a favorite color, though I do frequently seem drawn to green.

I believe in cast iron, fresh herbs, and really great knives.

I express my love through dinner and mix tapes.

I have made some astonishingly bad decisions in my life. Astonishingly.

I aspire to be a little less sensible.

I get craft anxiety.

I am in a comic book (no, really!)

I have two passports.

I love the smell of bonfires.

I vascillate between feeling extremely lucky and acknowledging that I have worked damn hard to get where I am today.

Despite the fact that I have been singing since before I could talk, I get self-conscious when performing, especially my own songs.

I am frequently tempted to cut off all my hair.

I have a hot temper and a mean streak three miles wide. Not that I ever act on either.

My pockets and bags are all full of scraps of paper with half-written songs on them.

I never stop dreaming.

The Medieval Scribe

By songtree

shaggy hair, tired, excited, happy,

The way I am

By rinsakura

Calm
Patient
Interested in Japanese culture
Loves Korean dramas
Manga addict
Piano player
Loves noodles
Interested in travelling to East Asian countries
Website developer
Constant dreamer
Cake addict
Peace promoter
UN volunteer
Practical joker
Silent observer
Trying to connect with more people
Scared of cockroaches
Living in a weird house
Can't stand liars
Judgmental



START A LEGEND

The Splendid Life Of Christopher the Loud

By galenblade

Christopher was born loud. He came out squalling under the worst thunderstorm the world had ever seen. Trees cracking and splintering, wind howling, and the thrum of rain on roofs. All were mere background noise to the mighty scream that escaped that infant's mouth. When he yelled, the storm itself quieted, its fury undone by that mighty holler.

As he grew up, he was the loudest kid on the playground, able to quell bullies with a mere yelp. His legend grew, and his voice dropped. The boy's contralto screech quickly turned into a man's deep rumbling boom. And still he yelled at anything that arose his ire - be it the television, politics, or even the size of a slice of pizza. He yelled and yelled, and the walls shook with his fury.

Now a man grown, he continued to thunder against all. As a lawyer he'd intimidate judges and attorneys alike, booming his arguments with a vibrancy that would crack the varnish on the judge's chair.

As the years droned on, he would continue his loudly ways, often shattering windows on a bet, or when irate. It got to the point where the crowd would quiet upon hearing a sharp intake of breath from Chris' mouth.

But it wasn't till his later years that he began to quiet. No throat can bear years of such volume. And thus he passed his final years consigned to have no one able to understand the level of his voice.

And it was only then that those who knew him best missed the familiar voice that they had disparaged but a short while ago. The familiar crush of audio waves was no longer there. And Chris was but a shadow of the figure who had come before.

It was only in a whisper that Chris made his final wish known as he lay on his death bed, the reaper looming over:

"My only regret is that I was never heard."

A Bonfire of Joy

By spqrxxi

It was so that in the age of wealth and plenty, as Western civilization paused its frenzied rush towards progress, new illnesses fell upon the people in the land. Those new poxes bore all manners of names, many times those of the brave scientists who first came to grips with their true nature. Some had been with us a long time, merely hiding behind our lack of knowledge. Some struck the men and women now enjoying a lifespan without precedent in our history. Of all of them, one came to be feared beyond all, for it debilitated both the body and the soul and turned one's own cell against her, corrupted one's core. Sometimes it seemed to be cured only to reappear after a time and renew its work of destruction. Its name was cancer.

Even as the XXIst century dawned, none could yet tell where cancer came from, or how it picked its victims. None could predict how one could resist it either, or for how long. A frail elder might survive, while a flourishing youth last but a few days. As a rule, it struck mostly the more mature. But

sometimes it attacked the young. And one day it set its sights on Chris Jacobs.

Chris was an All American boy. If one wanted to draw the typical youth, the ideal of American boyhood coming into its age of glory, one could pick Chris. He lived in a typical suburb, attended a typical Highschool. He played football, had girlfriends, played music and drove a sporty used car that he worked tables to afford. He was a common man, but cancer made him uncommon. For in a world without limits, of health and hope, he became marked for suffering, abandon and death.

But Chris did not submit to the fate cancer laid out for him. He sought treatment, of course. But he never became only a patient, never let the illness define his identity. Instead, his smile became broader, his joy became brighter, and soon his laughter rang with the sound of a hundred trumpets. He shed his inhibitions, and quickly became able to relate to the people around him as no one else could.

He could discuss their greatest hopes and fears with them, he could encourage them and touch them, and they could tell him anything that burdened them.

Where most flee the sick, people began to flock to Chris. In his presence all would feel electrified, their pulse quickened, a world of opportunities opening ahead of them, where they could see none before. Chris became a center of attention, a gatherer of friends. People loved him, and he loved them. They would think: if he, bearing the burden of this deadly sickness, can radiate so much joy, so much fun, how can I not be happy when all is given to me? Chris became a beacon of enthusiasm for all around him.

Happiness did well by him. The cancer came, and he fought it. His laughter fought it as much as the medication flowing in his body. He lived a year. Then another. Then another, and one more. Time passed, and his life was ever more outsized, and still cancer did not triumph. He went on to live longer

with his specific strain of cancer than anyone before him, by a large margin.

In time medicine failed, and the dark cloud one could see on x rays and MRIs carried him away from those he loved. But not before a party was thrown in his honor the likes of which suburbia never saw before. There was dancing, of course. Gorgeous food, with a thousand enthralling smells and colors. The women were beautiful, their lips full, their hips swinging, their eyes both mischievous and happy. The men were loud, and proud, telling tall tales and sharing stories. The children were up way too late, running around like mad dervishes, shrieking all the way. All night there were drinks, jokes and dances. Finally as dawn came up they all raised their glass to Chris, one last time.

He put a spark in all of their lives that would live in their hearts for the rest of their lives.

Dr. Seuss, the Do-Goodiest Do-Goodler

By jfreemanslade

Much is known about the wonders of Dr. Seuss, née Theodore Seuss Geisel, and the ways he revolutionized the world through bringing whimsy, creativity, and compassion to everyday language and life. From the way he named things to the trends he pointed out to us, he saw the world through crazy-shaped glasses, and gave us something to giggle about every time we opened one of his books. But a few of Seuss's claims to fame are rarely discussed:

Many people know that Seuss's *The Lorax* was an early tome in the environmentalist movement. But they didn't know that he had also been the biggest force in defeating the logging industry--slaying the evil Once-ler and keeping him from taking down all the Truffula Trees. Seuss borrowed a snickersneed (a famed sword that defeated the Jabberwocky) from his good friend Lewis Carroll, and slew the Once-ler before he could deplete the entire Truffula population. Today, there remains a remote island populated with the trees just beyond the Jungle of Nool, a reserve which is guarded 24-7 by a diligent elephant with a sensitive ear.

Perhaps Seuss's invention that most benefited humanity was one that he stumbled upon by accident. Every morning, Mr. Seuss (as he was known at that time) would start his day with a heaping plate of green eggs and ham. This morning ritual was written off as a quirky habit of an eccentric man. But then he reached the age of 100, and then 110, and then 115. At this point, people began to wonder about the secret of his longevity. Seuss himself became curious, and by conducting some simple at-home science experiments on his green eggs, discovered that they contained 10,000 times more antioxidants than a cup of green tea.

After making his findings public in the book *Green Eggs and Ham*, the diet became a worldwide craze and the global average life expectancy increased by 17 years. From this point on, Seuss was known as "Doctor."

Yet another one of Seuss's crowning achievements was his story "The Sneetches". The tale of rivalry, one-upmanship, and eventual reconciliation between the Sneetches and the Star-Bellied Snitches, has been cited by Sylvester Stallone as the inspiration for *Rocky IV*. The book was also credited by Ronald Reagan and Mikhail Gorbachev with influencing the fall of the Berlin Wall. In fact, Reagan lifted large portions from the book in his "tear down this wall" speech. Gorbachev admitted later in his life that "Perestroika" and "Glasnost" are not in fact words in the Russian language. Rather, Seuss had invented the words for an earlier draft of Dr. Seuss's ABC.

Seuss, cartoonist and lesser known designer, simultaneously revived fashion and the feline image when he constructed his character The Cat in The Hat. This whiskered diva balanced a red and white striped hat upon his head. He wore a red bow tie and gloves reminiscent of blanched udders. These accessories, matching the hat's colors, confirm that each part of the outfit was deliberate. Seuss transcended kitty design in his art and, in turn, raised standards for cartoons, and demonstrated their capacity to shape the fashion world.

Seuss. Activist. Nutritionist. Pacifist. Diplomat. Fashion Icon. He truly was a Renaissance man.

It's rrul late, guys.

By mackenzie

Many things have been said of MacKenzie Fegan, but the truthiest thing that has been said the oftenest is that MacKenzie Fegan loved a bargain. She loved a bargain like some men love their dogs and like some dogs love chasing their tails, even though they will never catch it unless it is an unusually long tail. When MacKenzie Fegan would stride into a place of commerce--a marketplace, say, or a Barney's Co-op--the shopkeepers would cry, "Hide your goods, boys! MacKenzie's come to hunt a bargain, and she shoots straight and true and takes no prisoners and goes for the jugular, or in certain cases the femoral artery." Her preferred bargain hunting method was looking a sales clerk straight in the eyeballs and, unleashing a mighty cry akin to the bellowing of several mid-size water buffalo, demanding, "GIVE ME A DISCOUNT." In such a manner had she procured many a bargain, from the time she got the Macy's clerk to extend the semi-annual white sale by an extra hour to the time she wrestled two-for-one entrees out of a particularly surly server at the Cheesecake Factory. So great was her prowess that to this very day, flea market vendors consider saying her name aloud a curse akin to that of saying "Macbeth" in theaters or "Johnny Walker" in AA meetings.



WORDS OF WISDOM: COMPASSION

A Question of Power

By Chela

Looking toward the future, I am intrigued by the powerful people and events that shape our world. What forces create the leaders that move history?

The words of wisdom point me towards compassion. When we think of power, of strength and of those who change the world, we do not think of the compassionate. The people who lead in the present may be the bravest or the loudest. They may stand at the front lines. But history often tells a different story.

The people who affect the greatest change, through leadership or inspiration, are the ones with compassion. They are the people who not just stand up to their enemies, but seek to understand them. Without compassion, a ruler is free to exploit and

corrupt. Without understanding, a general sends his men to a pointless end. For my own life, there is a power to interact with those around me. Even a simple moment - when I have the power to disparage someone or make them feel comfortable - can be changed by compassion. History is build on such moments.

Every fairy tale is build on compassion, from a kind woodsman to friendly drawers. Every protest in history is a cry for compassion from an oppressor. Even great political leaders have innate understanding of their constituents. The power of compassion is subtle, but it is there, below the surface of great historical moments. Maybe it can drive the future as well.

Living the Golden Rule

By LauraK

We all find ourselves at one point or another questioning the meaning of our existence. Wondering how our actions today will impact the future and what legacy we will leave behind for others. I believe we find the answer in the memories of people who have come across our lives and brightened our world ever so slightly with their presence. Robert Bolt wrote in *Gentle Jack*, “Kindness lights little lonely fires that twinkle across miles of black indifference”. I recall with equal gratitude:

- A hug from my grandpa before saying goodbye

- A fresh coffee on my desk from a co-worker before a busy day
- A stranger giving me their seat on the subway because I had heavy grocery bags and an exhausted expression on my face

We never know how even the smallest gesture can change someone’s world, and it is through daily acts of compassion towards others that every individual can improve our collective quality of life. It starts now; it starts with you.

XOXO

By Dutchbur

Compassion can be a force, which allows someone to do something great. Not just something great for themselves but for others as well. It takes strength, devotion, peace and love to be a great person but compassion is what brings it together and allows you make a difference.



SEND AN APOLOGY FROM THE FUTURE

Letter to my Husband, from the Future

By [racheljmccormick](#) 2 days ago

Dear Irvi,

I'm sorry you suffered so much in your lifetime. I'd like to tell you that things got better after you died, but I'm not sure that's true. You see, it's the year 2076, and we're about to celebrate the tercentennial of independence here in the United States of America. You could have been here to celebrate, but you were sent back to Mexico after living in New York for thirty years. We had three beautiful children together and shared a happy yet humble life. Despite your accomplishments, our government deported you back to the country you left as a young man. You were left there to die.

Hopefully you didn't suffer in vain. You came here in 2001, a month before the September 11th attacks. You risked your life to cross the desert to find a better future, or at least to begin a new adventure. The danger didn't stop once you left the rattlesnakes and coyotes of the border behind. Poverty followed you from south to north. We met fighting for your human rights, and you died when that fight failed.

Here's what happened since you succumbed to dengue fever in your hometown. Congress passed the Dream Act, which allows undocumented

students to attend college and follow the path to citizenship. Latino/as became the majority of the population in 26 states. Undocumented immigrants who arrived before 1999 were granted amnesty (sorry you missed the cut). All 1,969 miles of the U.S.-Mexico international boundary were fortified with steel, costing taxpayers \$1,000,000,000 per mile of wall. Drones replaced human border patrol agents and robots replaced construction workers. More Americans have learned Spanish and more Mexicans have learned English, yet they still don't have the language to understand each other.

Sometimes I think things have gotten better, and sometimes I think they've stayed the same. Despite changing demographics and shifting sentiments, people like you are still vilified and blamed for a variety of societal ills. I would tell you more about the future, but I've been awake for twenty-four hours. I just wanted to say I'm sorry. Lo siento. Thanks for believing that a better world is possible. Otro mundo es posible. Unfortunately, it didn't happen in your lifetime.

Love,

Rachel

Désolé

By ailamar

20 May 2020

Queridos Papi y Mami,

"Cambia lo superficial. Cambia también lo profundo.
Cambia el modo de pensar. Cambia todo en este mundo"

The water you drink sickens you

The thick air you breathe debilitates you

The wars started over here threaten you

The poverty and despair have saddened you

My deepest most solemn apology.

But now you have purified water

and fresh, healthy air

Now you've nothing to fear

wars and poverty have ended

In solidarity all necessary change comes.

"Cambia todo Cambia.

Pero no cambia mi amor."

Tuya
Alba Isabel

2011/05/21 03:50

No Child Left Behind: An Apology

By scottnicholson

Dear frustrated and bored children,

We realize now that our concept of "No Child Left Behind" was a grave error. By creating a situation with standardized tests and a focus on all students meeting a common level of mediocrity, we have allowed our most talented and intelligent students to lose interest in education. Great societies are not built on an army of average; they are led by great people, and our school system should be focused on bringing out the greatness in everyone.

Instead, our system forced teachers to focus on standardized testing, removed their ability to explore far beyond traditional classroom methods, and drove high-quality educators out of the system. It turned classrooms into baby-sitting spaces where students

were kept busy rather than inspired.

Our new system is focused on helping each child find his/her greatness, rather than focusing on a common ground. By focusing on what each child excels at, we are unlocking passions in science, writing, music, art, and other disciplines. In addition, once a child finds his or her passion, we then work to help them explore various viewpoints through those passions.

It is only through encouraging the greatness in all do we create a bright future, and we have failed those of you unfortunate enough to be trapped within the disaster known as "No Child Left Behind."

To All the Polar Bears

By cboire25

Dear polar bears,

Our sincerest apologies go out to you and your babies. "Lost" led us to believe that polar bears could survive in tropical climates; we were wrong. At the moment, you are left with less and less ice to stand on between fishing trips, an ever-expanding commute. Since the time in which you receive this, we have worked to cut down on greenhouse gasses and other chemicals increasing the rate of the polar ice caps melting. Also, we have learned to create a slower melting ice, created in large bergs to create more lasting pitstops. But these changes in our time do little to help you in your current state. And for that, we are so sorry.

Olfactory Reparations

By Richie B

Dear Smelly Pants,

I would like to apologize on behalf of the general public for your inhumane treatment based upon your horrific body odor. Deodorant and anti-perspirant may not be for all however there has been significant progress made in the abolishment of B.O. and we are pleased to pass this message along to you.

No longer will you be subjected to ridicule for your permeating aroma of awfulness as you will simply notice that people will not be afraid to exist in your personal space. Fortunately, in the future, controlling BO is not just the purview of the smellee, but now, with odor-averting technologies, we can de-aromify YOU.

BE THE CHANGE YOU WANT TO SEE IN THE WORLD.

-The Beckermans

Letter From a Brother

By Victor Lewis Glazer

Dear Chaz,

I was twelve years old when you told the world the kind of man you were, and when I realized that I could fix the innate emptiness inside me. You were the first trans man I, and much of the world, had ever seen. I scoured the internet for every news article and youtube clip of you. Everyone seemed to be asking the wrong questions; even reputable news sources linked your difficult path to the fascination drag queens had with your mother, and with impersonating her.

It's hard to believe that fifteen years have passed and that I experience great privilege as a "passing" straight man. I am sorry you experienced such intense scrutiny; every transgender person has you to thank for not having to explain the authenticity of their transitional journey between genders. I am sorry people, even those closest to you, were

not careful with the names and pronouns they used referencing you. I'm sorry you could never experience what it would be like to be in the correct body without having to explain yourself.

Your courage spurred great change: Unisex bathrooms and locker rooms are the norm. Transgender education is an integral part of health education and incorporated into LGBT history. When people decide to transition there is an entire office devoted to seamlessly changing your name and gender on all identification documents. Transgender surgeries are performed in all 50 states by the most qualified plastic surgeons in the country.

I'm sorry you had to be the first trans man the world knew well. You have saved so many of your trans brothers from being trapped in the wrong body and condemning themselves for it. Thank you.

A Letter to a College Student

By embale

Dearest Andrew,

I know the going is rough right now. When it comes to college, you're stretched pretty thin, and you feel like the education system has partly let you down. College is supposed to be a place where you have more carefree times than stressed out, long days, and it doesn't feel like that. We've both gone our entire lives working toward those A's, and it's starting to take its toll. You want your degree to take you places, but what happens when life decides that this isn't what you were meant for? What do you do with that degree that you've spent so many sleepless nights working towards? Was it all for nothing?

So I'm here to say I'm sorry. I'm sorry for all those nights and I'm sorry for the bags under your eyes and I'm sorry for the girls lost to homework and I'm sorry that things changed. I'm sorry that life is crazy, but you deserve every second that you have been allotted. I love you and you are going to do nothing but great things. So let me just tell you now - it is worth it. Every second of the pain and confusion and utter frustration is completely worth it. It will pay off in the end.

Your friend,

Diana

Letter from a mother to the child she lost

By leelooing

My dear child,

It comes in waves, the grief. One minute I'll be standing in my garden and a memory of your face comes rushing up, pitching me forward to my knees in agony and shivers. The kind you get when you hear nails running down a board... the unbearable kind. Or like when your bunny fell in the river and even though we tried for two hours we couldn't find it.

Because it's not that way anymore. Kids your age are no longer subject to brutal violence and degrading abuse. The trafficking of women and children, that ripped you from me, destroyed your childhood, took my life and gave back an empty shell... that has ended. The law has stood true, enforcement has stood true, but more importantly people have stood true to the promise they made when you died that

NOTHING like this would happen again. That the status of women and children would be elevated as they deserved, and that to steal a childhood is to steal the very essence of humanity from a living being. THERE IS THAT GRAVITY!.. and respect. Communities have rallied together, governments have created laws, and families have imparted the lesson you have given to us through your death.

So I am sorry. I apologize for this not coming sooner, for your innocence robbed, for your childhood robbed, that I couldn't bring this about for you to enjoy. The apology is for peace, to put to rest what should be, and to continue trumpeting your story, your cause. Rest well dear one.

Forgive me?

By Dutchbur

Will you forgive me? for the wrongs that I have done? The hardest thing to admit is being wrong but I know by doing this, it will only show you that I am truly care. I've tried to erase hatred and love my fellow man/woman. I've tried to recycle and clean up the wasteful attitude of my generation the ones before me. I've tried to open my mind to possibilities that no one is better than other and tried to stop war after war. Can you forgive me? I promise if you forgive me, you will see a future of tolerance. I promise you if you forgive me, you will see a future where people will have saved "Mother Earth". I promise if you forgive me, you will see a future where people will have love in their hearts and the word "war" will be a memory. So I ask you, will you forgive me?

Internet Comment Accountability Protocol.

By anilineblack

May 20th, 2089

Dear Maggie,

It has come to our attention at the Branch of Restorations of An Embarrassing Past In Society that you suffered quite a bit from June 2008 to March 2012. We are deeply sorry for the anguish The Past has wrought upon your life. We have viewed quite a bit of footage from that era and can assure you that the world will have in fact changed if it brings you any small comfort.

We have now invented The Internet Comment Accountability Protocol. The man who said you have a "Jew Nose", so that the video game you were an artist on "must suck"? In our time that man's name would be publically posted in Times Square, along with his address and a photo so that many could find him and properly shame him for his behavior. Possibly with knives or really horrible smelling fruits. Those people who told you that women couldn't develop games because women

don't belong in the industry would simply be shaven and tagged until they learn to function with the rest of society. Anyone who writes "first" is held in a detaining cell until a court is convened. I won't even get into the punishments for people on Xbox live who insist that you are "fat, ugly, slutty" but suffice to say, they suffer. Oh, how they suffer. I know you quite enjoy that one scene from that Jay and Silent Bob movie, so I will say that it's just like that, but sometimes with angry bees.

Again, I am deeply sorry for the idiocy the past has wrought, especially via the Internet. If you somehow make it to this point in the future, we have set aside a lovely robe and deluxe playing card set for you, courtesy of our department.

cheers,

Christy, Director of Reparations within the Videogame Industry in coordination with the Feminist Society of Payback Bitches.

A Letter to Samuel Maverick, Currently Dying of a Musket Wound

By Chrislamb

Dear Samuel Maverick,

First, GREETINGS FROM THE WORLD OF TOMORROW. I, Chris Lamb, am writing to you from the far-flung future of 2011, a couple hundred years from where you are currently bleeding to death on the streets of Boston. Even better, I'm not using some paltry parchment and ink or whatever (that's what you used, right? Sorry, it's been a long time since I read Johnny Tremain), but a computer and keyboard that are hooked up to a special website. What's are "computer", "keyboard", and "web site", you ask? Well, see, a computer is a machine capable of proce...

Y'know what? Magic. It's magic.

Second, sorry to hear about the whole you being shot thing.

It won't happen for a few hours yet, but I'm afraid to report that you're going to die from the stray musket round that hit you at the protest/rally you attended. Tough luck, man. The intern- er, magic mirror I'm talking to you through says you're only seventeen, and you were hanging out at the back of the crowd to boot. I don't know if you were there to protest the British troops or just gawking at the mob or whatever, but it doesn't so much matter any more. You and four other civilians are gonna die from the chaos currently happening around you - some instantly, some, like you, a little later (sorry, spoilers), and at least one guy a few weeks later. It's a super crappy situation to be sure, and I'm really sorry it had to happen to you. I don't know if you were a good guy or anything, but you do have an excellent name, and some two hundred and fifty years down the road, that's what really counts, right? You don't have to say anything, just sort of groan or bleed a little more if you agree. There's a lad.

But before you go, I wanted to let you know that the shitty situation you're in right now is going to be

very important to an awful lot of people down the road. Folks are going to call it the Boston Massacre, and it's going to be one of the big things that kicks off the war that earns America its freedom from the British. Since you were at the rally in the first place, I can only assume that's something you'd be in to. And hey, it's not like you're gonna have time to tell anybody else around you, right?

Sorry, that was kind of inappropriate.

So anyway, America. It's not gonna be perfect, and it's not always gonna be easy or even pretty, but the country born out of the next few years of fighting currently more or less leads the world. We get a lot of stuff wrong along the way, but more often than not we figure it out. Slavery will get kicked to the curb, and blacks and women will eventually get the vote - hell, we even have a black president at the moment. I don't know if that's something you'd be in to - for all I know, you could be super racist and hate women - but for the sake of keeping this fun, just don't tell me if you're actually a huge asshole. Ignorance is bliss, right? Well, that and not being shot and dying in the muck of a Boston street. I've already got the latter going for me (sorry I can't say the same for you), and since our time is almost up, let's not spoil it.

So sorry you got shot, and sorry it happened when you were so young. I wish I could do something about that, but I'm hardly a doctor, even by your super primitive standards. But know that your sacrifice, unintentional as it was, is important and remembered. So thanks for that.

Oh, and one more thing: If a crazy old man or a punk kid ever show up in a DeLorean asking about this letter, we never talked.

Sincerely,

Chris Lamb

Fair chance to all

By rinsakura

My dearest friend, your talents have impressed me countless times, but Education can only be attained with a price, a big tuition fee, which unfortunately has you dropping out and working from an early age and settling for less. The future is a better place, where Education is standardized across all colleges, and everyone gets a fair chance to aim for their goals. The future is a place where you are embraced for who you are, and you get the best of everything you can attain.

A Letter for a Letter, And the Words You Could Not Say

By loveandsqualor9

To Rhianna Logan,

It's been many years since we first met, and tonight, as always, you are in my thoughts. I realize that in all these years together, I never heard you speak. Without a voice, you became my calling.

I am writing tonight to apologize for the time stolen from you, and to mourn the time with you stolen from me, by this disease. I remember your 18th birthday in 2010. Your father had promised himself the day you were born that, on this day he would celebrate with you by giving you the keys to his Mustang. Just for that night. And he was determined to keep that promise; it meant weeks cleaning, oiling, shining, and perfecting his never-used car, but on your birthday he sat you on his lap, and let you hold the steering wheel while the car slid slowly, in neutral, down the driveway, where it came to rest. And you smiled. I like to think you were happy that day.

This letter is an apology, and a promise that things are better now. That there are people engaged in spreading awareness of San Filippo Syndrome because of you, and researchers who have funding because of people who knew you, and new children who have hope because of the lives that you touched and inspired, although you never knew it.

And, in the end this is an apology because I know, writing from this distant future, that I am writing not to you, but to the void you've left behind. And for that, I am more saddened than I have words to describe. But you were here, once, and your memory remains here still, changing lives and shaping the future.

With love and hope,

Courtney

To My Sister

By eh1234

Dear Ava,

I do not know why there is death in the world. Or rather, I know, but do not understand why those we love are taken away too soon. Too soon because no matter how long a life, it is never long enough. And your life was not long enough.

The great injustice here is not just mine, or yours.

It is the world's too, for all it will miss, all that you were going to bring to it, all your art and your poetry, your musings, your passions, your wit and your puns. Your Ava pizzaz. Your beautiful smile.

I am sorry, Ava. I am sorry that there was no way take your place. I am sorry that I could not have stopped the world from leading its course

Letter from a Daughter to her Mother

By Talisker

Dear Mom,

I wish we could have fixed it sooner. It took too long, I know. You spent more than 15 years dealing with the oppression of his regime. Seeing your country fall apart, your beautiful city become a sea of injustice and trash.

I remember growing up in the Caracas valley, as the daughter of an immigrant, listening to you talking about how much you loved Venezuela, the country that had become your home. How you would forever be thankful to it and to the opportunities it gave you? And look at you know... you can't go anywhere because it's too dangerous. You can't afford the things you deserve. You pray the government will pay you what the pension

you worked so hard for. All your hard work for nothing...You're now trapped in a lawless country where life is worthless and corruption is king.

But don't cry anymore mom. I've seen the future and I'm writing to let you know that it all gets better. That those who destroyed your Paradise, paid for it later. That a new generation came and rebuilt the country you loved so much. I want you to know, mom, that your dream comes true and your grandkids do get to go back to the beaches I grew up swimming in, and to the rainforest you so proudly introduced me to. And they love it there mom! They can see why it hurt you so to see that maniac destroy it. But he's gone now and the valley is beautiful again.

Apology to Islam

By jbeasley20002

If one had to name a group of individuals, that was looked on with more suspicion and hatred during the early years of this century, than any other, one would be hard pressed to choose anything other than those who embraced the Islamic faith. Knowing how hard it is to keep to your beliefs while not engendering hatred and suspicion, I apologize on behalf of all who did not take the chance to draw their own conclusions.

Your religion, like all of the Abrahamic faiths, is beautiful in nature, drawing on the shared traditions of the past millennia. I consider myself a true patriot, and never have I been more disappointed than to see Americans turn on one another, based solely on religion. How many communities fall prey to the fallacy of hasty generalization? Taking for granted that the actions of a few radical individuals can dictate the allegiance of an entire faith community. I am disappointed to see how little credit some people will give the American spirit.

Our country is one founded on religious tolerance, one founded on the principles of acceptance, of inclusion. Our very nature is to take on the next challenge, turn it on its head and absorb it until we are changed for the better. How little some people must think of America, to believe that our nation

cannot accept the next batch of the faithful; to think that our other religions cannot withstand competition from a newcomer to our shores.

For that matter, I challenge any person to name a religion that has not had the unhappy distinction of having a deranged individual claim to be a member of their faith community. In the 21st century, radicals are not the sole property of the Islamic faith.

In the future, this has changed, as things always do. However we might hope to avoid it, in the future it will be someone else's turn to be looked on with suspicion. We will look back on the past and remember how once those of the Islamic faith were looked on with suspicion, and the Catholics before them, and Jews before them, in an unbroken chain of suspicion. While I can't promise that the future will hold a new era of peace, I can promise that by then, America will have come to its senses, and will accept and cherish Islam like it has accepted and cherished the temples of Judaism and the steeples of Catholicism, Protestantism and Lutheranism churches to name a few. It will get better, I promise. Remember that America will always come back to the principles upon which she was founded so long ago. Tolerance and acceptance with a dash of common sense will always win the day.

Apologetics

By arielfederow 2

Dear Trans Women Everywhere,

It will be better someday. It will be better. We know we messed it up. Your surgery will be free if you want it; your hormones will be readily available. It is more about meeting your needs than our needs; it is more about justice than our own discomfort.

It doesn't matter if you are an aberration or if you are the next step of our evolution or if it is an x soul in a y body. What matters is that you are a person

who deserves dignity and fair treatment, and we will provide it.

We're sorry we dehumanize, criminalize, and mock you at every turn. We are sorry we make you the butt of our jokes. We are sorry we deny you your personhood, and your womanhood.

Sincerely,

The Future

An Apology

By NotTheMermaid

Dani,

When you and your wife married in 2010, the world was a different place than it is now. You had to travel outside of your home state just to legally get married, and the negativity that you faced was something no one should have to deal with on a happy occasion such as a wedding.

Society has long since realized that you love who you love, and the barriers to same-sex marriage that existed in 2010 are no more. I'm sorry that it wasn't easy for you, but thank you so very much for helping to pave the way.

Sincerely,

The Future

Letter to gay men and women in america

By gibblitj

I would like to apologize from the future to the gay men and women in america who were denied the right to marry. It's amazing, looking back, that in the 21st century we still hadn't learned yet that there is no longer a place for intolerance and inequality based on lifestyle choices or anything else. You'll be happy to know that in the future there are no restrictions on gay marriage.

Letter to an illegal alien

By msalas4

Hello dear Gustavo. I hope all is well in this 2024. So many things that impacted our lives so greatly twenty years ago seem so trivial now. Remember how much you had to give up because you were an illegal alien here in the United States? You had to make due with crappy jobs because you could not legally work in your profession; you had to make do with seeing your mother once every five years because she was back in Mexico; and you had to make do without your son for years because he lived in another state. I deeply apologize for the suffering the United States caused you those years. I assure you, my inability to help you still causes me grief. Many of us knew your ancestors were unjustly driven out of their native land when California became part of the United States, but nobody did

anything to right that wrong, that is till now. The United States finally admitted its illegal possession of the California territory and has decided to grant citizenship to all Mexicans living there. You now have the rights taken from you so long ago. I hope you hold no resentment towards this country, for we were driven by greed back then. We have now learned to respect other human beings regardless of the color of their skins. Can you believe it? We no longer kill nor enslave brown people. You ancestors can finally rest in peace.

I wish you best of luck the rest of your life.

Love

Mercedes



CONSULT THE WORDS OF WISDOM: NATURE

Sculpting verbs

By protimetraveler

"Why don't statues sit?"

So often, we are not content to make art that merely reflects the ordinary is life. Artists of the past have hypercorrected the banality of life with mythologies--great warriors clashing, the destruction of spectacular beauty, and both the making and unmaking of awesome love. Such works give us something to aspire to gain, to seek ourselves, or to imbue us with the feeling that we were born to do great things. Which we were. We will do great things.

There are those among us that have decided to make statues that sit. Art is no longer relegated to a depicting the fantastic and fantastical. Think about

what that means? Think like Rodin's "Thinker," (which is probably the most famous of all sitting statues). It means that life has become so fantastic, that simply capturing a sedentary person can be thought of as something great. Either that, or the elusive quest for free time has become so great as to be worthy of three dimensional capture.

Now and in the future, the nature of life that is groundbreaking for sculpture is elusive. Paradigms shift, and perhaps statues that use the internet or statues on a smartphone will facilitate a deeper reflection on the activity and what it means. Until that time, think what statues aren't doing, and think about why because no one else is.

Movement Inaction.

By stockyturtle

I often wonder if my future will be spent, as it is now, pursuing advancement at the risk of appreciation. A future of mere accumulation of knowledge, skills, vocabulary, books, experiences, flavors, scents, and destinations.

The paradox is this: A passion for life leads to a relentless pursuit of all it has to offer, but one cannot savor these experiences fully without sacrificing future gains. In the end, though, the pursuit of something of happiness, love, expertise looked upon by society as more virtuous than stillness. So: is a life in motion forever doomed to be at odds with a life of reflection?

This was my question for *Night Life of the Gods*, and the *Words of Wisdom* it gave were reflected right back to me as a question on page 134:

“Why can’t statues sit?”

A Confucian answer to be sure. But I turned it over in my mind for a bit, desperate to pull something from its vagueness. Why can’t statues sit? Well they’re pieces of inanimate matter for one, some form of stone usually. They don’t really do anything, and “can’t” implies some form of willpower usually bestowed on the sentient. But I get it, the author is being a bit poetical here so let’s go further.

Perhaps the question is actually: “Why aren’t statues usually posed sitting?” Assuming we’re talking about gods here this would be a decent question after all. Free-standing statues in the art world, as the excessively fit Roman and Hellenistic deities we’re all familiar with, are usually in flight. They are captured by the artist in a state of action, bounding or twisting toward or away from some unseen stimulus. A god may just as well be posed sitting down of course, which would actually be a bit more in keeping with the regal nature of the role anyway. Gods preside over mortals, so surely a throne would

do well, no?

Well, apparently no. This may simply speak to the artist's desire to take advantage of the 360-degree nature of the medium, so that a viewer can walk around the carved figure and appreciate its many facets. There's not much to be seen on the back of a chair, for instance. But the reason for poses in motion could run deeper. Perhaps the artist feels that a moment of action captures the true nature of a subject in a way that a stoic, static pose cannot. A figure in motion is in the midst of performing an action, which relegates deliberate thought processes to lie behind instinct and reaction. Figures in motion imply a boldness and complete intolerance for stagnation. To look at a figure frozen in motion is to observe what is usually unseen by the naked eye, as the tiny details of sinews and tendons pull against skin or cloth and gazes are intensely focused.

We enjoy this ability very frequently now with the

recent ubiquity of photography, but even then: isn't the truest representation of a subject captured at the peak of the movement's arc? Think of a soccer player in the trenches of the defending player's zone as foot meets ball. It is only at that moment that one can be sure the player's action has safely superseded his mind's conscious decision-making tendency, if only for a split second. Since a figure in action is no longer deliberating, then what you're looking at is an honest pose. True form.

It was here that I found my answer. A life in motion is not at odds with a life of reflection at all, but rather they are meant to complement one another. A life of relentless pursuit only becomes meaningful after a thoughtful pause, and times of stillness can only be enjoyed when action has justified it. The lesson, then, may be that all of my future pursuits must be balanced with the diligence to appreciate them as well. Otherwise I may as well be sitting.

Wild Green Yonder

By maccombie

How can I bring about a deeper connection of people and place?

We're not going to save the world through guilt, so why not try laughter? The ancient tales have served us so well through the generations because they inspire us through humor to see the error in some of our ways. When I look at humanity's legacy of treating nature as something to conquer, control, and subdue, I want to be sad, or outraged, or indignant. That's not helpful, though. I have to

remember that we're still evolving beings. We've only had a dozen or two decades of industry under our belts. In the grand scheme of things, we're still toddlers learning to walk. So, I say, if we take the lessons of the ancients to heart, and go for a romp through the woods of consciousness as in *Night of the Gods*, we can look into the future with the hopeful eyes of the child, laugh at our absurdities, and strive forward with a chance to learn something new tomorrow.

From Limitation to Empowerment

By Ahnt

I think one of the greatest fears in my life is not finding that special someone or not being able to meet someone who appreciates me for who I am. When posed with the question "Why can't statues sit?" it made me think of the basic foundation of statues. Although statues do not have flexibility because of the material it is made of, that same limitation serves as something beneficial. The material provides artists the ability to create intricate details and formations, allows the statue to endure time and constantly maintain its solid and striking presence. Similar to this statue, I have to turn my limitations and shortcomings into something positive and beneficial. I need to constantly challenge myself to learn and grow. Additionally, I look forward to the prospect of meeting someone who will love me for both my good qualities and flaws. This person will motivate me to continue to improve myself and help me become a better person. It will also be my duty to help this person grow with my unending support.



Chapter 7: 

MASTER OF THE TEN POWERS



CALL FOR A VOTE

The Greatest Enemy of the Social Contract

By BelleRead

The ability to thrust, even in a tempered way, ones opinions upon others--voting--is one of the most priceless acts ever contrived. It comes from a realization that we are all here together, it is an attempt to express the social contract. In our sharing of this tiny globe many cultures have realized the importance of diverse and invested decision makers.

I ask: what would benefit us all? The issue which seems to be holding the world back; preventing much preventable sickness, death, reasonable quality of life, and fostering so much starvation, poverty, and general public health concerns--is GREED. Greed is that aspect of sinful human nature which goes most against God, most against His precept to "love thy neighbor as thyself" (Mark 12:31) and most against the social contract.

An issue to go to popular vote and one for which every person above an age of accountability,

would be required to participate is the issue of an unfettered "pursuit of happiness"... This philosophy has been used to cover a multitude of sins which have lead to a culture of creating prosperity in the face of extreme poverty. Like the families in Ursula LeGuin's *The Ones Who Walked Away from Omelas*, there is the need, in our system, to maintain a constant level of depravity in order to buoy up the wealth of others.

The goal of the following proposition is that more should never be less, having more should never encourage the desire to have less and that less should not exist on a sliding scale where it can consistently become less and less.

Proposition 31207: a) Taxes not to exceed 10%, regardless of income and b) inflation be resisted with the full forces of the market.

~LM :)

Please circle Yes or No:

Do you want to feel safe? Yes No

Do you want to know that
you can eat today? Yes No

Do you want to know where
you are sleeping tonight? Yes No

Do you want to feel healthy? Yes No

Do you want to practice your
beliefs? Yes No

Do you want to spend an hour
doing something that you love
this weekend? Yes No

Do you want to hug a loved one? Yes No

If you answered yes to any of the above, please
know that somebody else did, too.

vogelbindery
SuzFarrellSmith
Cricket
ellena
smartestcleverest
TheGKnee
CaseyLynn

A Vote for Tolerance

By Audrey Gelman

By the time you read this, marriage equality will be a reality.










Not just in New York State, but hopefully in every state across the country where elected representatives obey the will of their constituents and follow the tides of progress.

In December 2009, the New York State Senate rejected a bill to legalize same-sex marriage. As the 2011 legislative session draws to a close, a renewed effort to legalize same-sex marriage has been mounted by powerful interests for good across

the state. The outcome hinges on a handful of Republican senators whose political careers depend on the support of the state's Conservative Party, a group that is vocally opposed to the marriage equality movement.

The fight to legalize gay marriage is the civil rights battle of our generation. For all who believe in compassion, fairness and respect, there is no more symbolic issue at stake today. The divide between our future and our past is never more evident than in this fight, and we believe the forces of tolerance will prevail.



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|--|---|
| <p>Case WY81729</p> <p>In the matter of the State of Wyoming v. Brittany Elizabeth Gurgle, on the count of Grand Larceny, how do you find the defendant? Click here for full case details.</p> <p> Not Guilty  Guilty</p> <p>April 7, 2021 Suggested Punishment (10 comments)</p> | <p>ABOUT</p> <p> AmericanVerdict.gov brings the court room to the public, truly fulfilling the mission of a "jury of peers." Participate in our virtual judicial system, without the hassle of jury duty in a physical courtroom.</p> <p>Review the matters listed below, and cast your vote with just a click. See how your friends judged, suggest punishments, and more!</p> |
| <p>Case CA09352</p> <p>In the matter of the State of California v. Gabriel Andrew Laks, on the count of Tax Evasion, how do you find the defendant? Click here for full case details.</p> <p> Not Guilty  Guilty</p> <p>April 12, 2021 Suggested Punishment (7 comments)</p> | <p>User Name: <input type="text"/></p> <p>SSN: <input type="text"/></p> |
| <p>Case NE47268</p> <p>In the matter of the State of Nebraska v. Christopher Nicholas Bishop, on the count of 1st Degree Arson, how do you find the defendant? Click here for full case details.</p> <p> Not Guilty  Guilty</p> <p>April 28, 2021 Suggested Punishment (9 comments)</p> | |
| <p>Case PR98375</p> <p>In the matter of the State of Puerto Rico v. Katherine Leigh Chapin, on the count of Racketeering, how do you find the defendant? Click here for full case details.</p> <p> Not Guilty  Guilty</p> <p>May 5, 2021 Suggested Punishment (5 comments)</p> | |

[Load more cases](#)

By Brent Barkey, Martha Kirby, Katie Chapin, Emily Achler, Sarah Kranzberg, Alex Edelman, Jonathan Millstein, Sachin Shukla

Universal Facebook Type of Voting

By Daemonhatred

The perfect voting ballot would be a social-medium such as an advanced official form of a type of "Facebook" that the government would adopt. This would allow every citizen to actively vote on every single policy, reform, leadership, and governmental reform. Today we have smartphones, tomorrow we will have a very convenient, mobile form platform in which we can vote for every important thing we all must vote for.

The No War Treaty

By alexayupangco

The No - War Treaty

- In favor (which means wars are therefore NOT condoned and will be sanctioned)
- Against (which means war is an agreeable way to settle things)

Ayupangco
Alexa Yupangco

Printed name & signature

May 21, 2011

Date



CONSULT THE WORDS OF WISDOM: ADVENTURE

The Spaces Between

By SusanEMcG

So often we think of our lives in terms of tableaux of finished works; future moments where our desires are perfectly met. This may mean a vision of ourselves in a particular type of profession, or family, or lifestyle. When we imagine these, what is usually missing are the scenes that lead up to and follow the apparently perfect image: the *other* moments, and hours, and days and weeks and months and years. But these overlooked times comprise most of our lives. The wisdom I'd take from these words is to enjoy the adventure and excitement of these "missing scenes"; to recognize that they represent the greatest opportunities of my life, rather than dark spaces between its highlights.

Life is an adventure and we all make history together.

By Julieta Talavera

We are creating the future. The present is about to finish and we always need to choose. We have the wisdom that comes from understanding the past and the power to create a whole new world.

Like in any adventure, we will discover new things on the road and we should learn from them. We need to learn from previous adventures.

We will need to take risks. We need to be bold and open to understand our differences and work as a big team.

We live this adventure of being a world together and we have the power to change it.

A Growing Contention

By Kalus

The tree. I faced it with an appearance as worn and haggard as its bark, and a wary opening of my arms. The tree offered no welcome other than to sway, or drop a couple of leaves, letting them loose with a casual toss of a branch, as if to say to the world “take them, I’m still young.”

I was not, not deciduous, not destined to return to form with the flying colors of the changing seasons. The tree grew taller, while I grew shorter, purchasing shoes with thicker soles to compensate. Only the deep cracks tracing its magnitude evidenced its age. “Why can’t you be like me?” It laughed, not caring to hear an honest answer.

But I had no interest in satisfying its mock curiosity. Tilting my head back as far as my aching back would allow, I followed trunk as it curved into the blue. This tree would be here long after I was gone. Nothing I could say would be as humbling to the tree as the tree’s simple existence was to me.

In my youth, recklessness had suited me well, vigor hand in hand with a rash inclination. A challenge was a thought barely existent, as I recognized most obstacles only during the brief moments in which I found myself catapulting myself over them. A locked door was nothing that a loose stone couldn’t fix, a ball over a fence was a search for a ladder. Adventure was a friend who came and went without hesitation, but took its final bow all too soon. The worst part was that I had only now noticed.

With the tree before me, my younger inclinations projected themselves into the branches, climbing over the bulbous growths and tumors of the tree, pulling itself into the forking upwards paths. Seeing the route before me, the vary steps that I would have, many years ago, dashed for without a moment’s wait, made me all too conscious of my own two feet pressed firm against the grass. My leather soles, meant for wood and stone, had never felt the quiet thrill of bark crumbling under the toes.

I walked forward and put my hand up against the tree, my palm recognizing the unpleasant stickiness of long dried sap. I bet the tree was wondering what I

was doing, and if I had considered the risk of dirtying my nice suit, but I did not move away. I was still looking upward, towards the swaying peak.

“You’re not thinking right,” said the tree. “You haven’t worked out the logistics... or your upper body. You haven’t done a pull-up in years.”

And yet I was flexing my fingers, my mind sifting through the words of Julian L. Street:

“A desperate bravery came over me. Here I was. I must face the matter out.”

That was certainly how I felt after my feet had left the ground, and I was perching, left thigh twitching out of fear and stress, balancing with a hand against the trunk. A short fall, it was, to the ground, but nothing high enough to permanently damage, or maim... I hoped.

The tree might have been hoping either way, but it did not seem to want me in its trunk. The birds had flown from their homes up above, and the squirrels had all left for the security of adjacent tree branches, too light and springy to possibly support the overweight and balding invader. And even so, I climbed.

Again, the words J.L. Street were my anthem: “Like a soldier who hears the word of command, and obeys though it means death, I advanced.” In this case, I climbed.

“Why?” The tree asked me, as I moved higher through thinning canopies. “Is it really worth the risk?” I had no answer for the tree other than the one J.L. Street provided: “The vision of death was hardly less repulsive than that of a long convalescence.”

Youth had long since held me in its glory. My life, like most, had been one of incalculable change. And now, again, but this time, as I looked down towards the ground, to the sharp dashes of light across a summer green, the sudden departure from a lifestyle of growing sedentariness was mine. The change was mine. The adventure, at the least, was reclaimed.



Words Can Hurt

By IMPERIALHUNTRESS

Words can hurt as sharply as a knife.

One of the deadliest tools of life is the words with the intention to hurt.

A dagger to the heart is like unkind words to the ears.

Words deliver an edge as sharp as the blade of a knife.

A twist of a knife in the gut accompanies the falling of cursed words.

Words cut deep.

Wounds created with words fester in the aftermath.

Words can put up irreconcilable divides.

Watch what you say because you might hurt more than you know.

Words act like weapons when used unwisely.

Writing the Future

By SuzFarrellSmith

It's four am, and I'm writing the future.

This night, as four am arrives, I write of my future.

As four am arrives, my future appears in my own writing.

I write my future as four am finds the clock.

I'm writing the future that I find in my four-am brain.

What is there to write at four am but the future?

I scrawl the future with four-am fingers.

The clock says four, my fingers find the keyboard, and somehow, my future appears.

I find four am and the written future finds me.

I choose four am to write, I choose to write my future.

Write yourself a future and follow it to four am. It will be waiting.

Music

By khill

Music is universal

Music is like math, the same in every language

Music is a language that everyone understands

Music can be created anytime, anywhere

Music is expressive

Music is life in song

Music is what feelings sound like

Music is sound amplified

Music is noise

Music is sound personified

Music holds the story of life

Music is the soundtrack to life

Music is love

Music

It's just a feeling you can't fight through

It's a shadow that's always with you

It's a good dream

It's the one thing that's always on your mind

It's a way of life

It's water when you're thirsty

It's food when you're hungry

It's the air you breathe

It's what wakes you up in the morning

It's what put you to sleep at night

It fills you up

It stresses you out

It makes you happy

It sets you free

It touches you in a way that you can't even explain

It's your passion

It's your favorite toy

It's an experience

It's noise

It's a life-long experiment that's never complete

It's what keeps you on the edge of your seat

It's what defines you

It's your outlet

It makes you laugh, it makes you cry

It keeps you sane, it makes you sigh

It makes you cringe

It's your worst enemy, it's your best friend

It's the love of your life

Is it even real?

Or is it all just hype?

Oh, it's real

It's real simple

Confidence and Beauty

By Christina

There is something beautiful in confidence.
Confidence brings out the beauty in someone.
Someone is more beautiful when they are confident.
A confident person is beautiful.
Confidence makes someone beautiful.
Beauty is enhanced by confidence.
To be confident is to be beautiful.
Beauty's secret is confidence.
The mystery of beauty is found in confidence.
Confidence is a beautiful feature.
Beautiful people are confident.
In beauty, confidence below.
Confidence in beauty belies.

Coltrane's Handwritten Score

By CharBear

Great composer, made history with his particular style of saxophone. Sounds very different from others

Rose

By Barbara Eldredge

This is a beautiful place.
The white marble blocks of the reading room fit tongue-in-groove like lock and key or the nestled books among the shelves, spine out.
Brass shades and the humid scent of cloth bindings.
A carved and gilded heaven above me.
Laughter echoing off the terra cotta floor.

This too, shall pass.

By galenblade

This, too, shall pass.
Everything will end.
From ends, come beginnings.
Nothing bad lasts forever.
Good times are just around the corner.
Don't let temporary times get you down.
Nothing is forever, good or bad.
Don't rely on happiness to last forever.
Strive for equanimity.
Be at peace with the world.
Smile, for this will end.

Who Said It

By LindseyE525

Take your time. Slow your roll. Roll with the punches. Chill out.
You move too fast. Practice makes perfect. Enjoy the ride. Lay hold of the hour.
Grab the grind. Grip the gross. Clutch the crunch and seize the late.
Yield the tick. Tock the clock. Rock your rummage. Rule someone else's moment...don't we all?
My schedule measures menial in demanding the deed. Extract the exact. Endure the rapture. It lasts.
My time is precious. Yours is specious. Reap what is sown. The trilogy continues.
I refuse to take my time.
I am looking for Lauren Knight.
For the love of God. Where is she?

Why Not?

By larissa

I can't understand that...
I can't. understand. that.
I can't understand that.
I can't understand THAT.
"I can't understand that?"
I CAN'T UNDERSTAND THAT!!!
I can't understand that?
I can't understand "that".
I can't....understand that.
I! Can't! Understand! That!

The Cat Is Red

By mpuchon

writing a sentence many times.

the cat is red.

ten more times:

red is the cat.

there is red on the cat.

the cat may be red.

red may be the color on the cat.

the color red is the color of the cat.

if you look at the cat, you may think he is red.

the cat appears to be red.

the cat and red are together.

there is a colorful red cat.

the cat is colored red.

Coltrane's Handwritten Score

By merrymay

Sitting in the library writing, late at night.

SITting in the library writing, late at night.

SITing in the library writing | late at night.

SITing in the l-i-b-r-a-r-y writing | late at night.

Sitting in the library writing... late at night.

S i t t i n g in the library writing - late at night.

sItTiNg iN tHe lIbRaRy lAtE aT nIghT.

SITT-ING in the library writing, late at night.

An Improvisation on the Future

By scottnicholson

1. The best way to know the future is to create it.
2. The best way to know your future is to create it.
3. You have the ability to create your own future.
4. Your future is not dictated by your past.
5. My future is not dictated by my past.
6. Our future is not dictatated by our past.
7. Constraints from the past prevent a dynamic future.
8. A dynamic future goes beyond the present of others.
9. A dynamic future is just on the edge of a dyanmic failure.
10. A dynamic failure sets the groundwork for a spectacular comeback.

In search of Shane

By nsharma

We can't find Shane. Shane has disappeared. Where is Shane? Shane can't be located. Do you know where Shane is? Shane, where are you? Shane is hiding from us. Come out, come out, wherever you are, Shane! Why are you hidden, Shane? Come to us, Shane.

Shane didn't want to be found because he would rather be by himself than be with us.

Coltrane's Handwritten Score

By camruss

The 'bones blare beautifully.

The horns hum harmonically.

The trombones traverse talentedly.

The frenchie flows fluently.

The tuba

brass bellows

melody

John Coltrane meets Jack London

By mrackerson85

I would rather be ashes than dust.

Go big or go home.

.tsud naht sehssa eb rehtar dluow I

Pop, don't fizzle.

Life is path-dependent.

Om Mani Padme Hum

Write Giant Steps, A Love Supreme and Blue Train

Don't be afraid to fail.

.(Serbian)

Walking

By songtree

I walked down the streed. I walked down the street gently. I walked down the street both gently and smoothly. I walked down the street and tripped. I skipped down the street like a child. Both myself and my sister strolled down the streed with a dog in hand. We air-guitared as we walked down the street. Tomorrow post-apocolypse we will still walk down the avenue. We will walk down the street hand in hand reveling in the sun. I will slither down the sidewalk. Come with me?

♫ But, I love you...

♪ I love you, but...

♫ You are everything!

♪ Everything is about you!

♫ I can't imagine life without you.

♪ Life with you, I can't imagine.

♫ Will I be your last?

♪ Will I last as yours?

♫ Please believe my love.

♪ Believe my love? Please.

♫ Can we still be friends?

♪

ACoakley
quixticdonna
mgifis
LindseyE525
BTabor
bagelboy
mem2233
jilane

Improvisations to Accomplishing Your Goals

By gcombes

It's only after we've lost everything that we're free to do anything.

After all is gone, all exists.

Without our burdens, we are free as feathers on the wind.

Slaves can do anything, because they have nothing left to lose.

We can accomplish anything once we have conquered our fears.

The world is open to endless possibilities, but only to bachelors and widowers.

A rolling stone gathers no moss.

We don't find solutions when we are preoccupied with the problem.

The simple and elderly are forgiven for all.

Free your mind and the rest will follow.

(mississippi)

By Finnegan Brantley

i found you inside the point-of-view of a raindrop
raindrop i found you inside the point-of-view of a
a raindrop i found you inside the point-of-view of
of a raindrop i found you inside the point-of-view
view of a raindrop i found you inside the point-of-
of-view of a raindrop i found you inside the point-
point-of-view of a raindrop i found you inside the
the point-of-view of a raindrop i found you inside
inside the point-of-view of a raindrop i found you
you inside the point-of-view of a raindrop i found
found you inside the point-of-view of a raindrop i

Sleep and Speak

By kinsk411

Ace talked in his sleep.

Ace emitted words while knocked out.

Ace regurgitated language while in a slumber.

Ace blurted something after going to bed.

Ace spoke while napping.

Ace whispered in a state of unconsciousness.

Ace said something after dozing off.

Ace replied after nodding off.

Ace orated after burning out.

Ace shouted after conking out.

Status of a Game Designer

By Tesseract

I am a game designer.
I am a game designer.
I am a game designer.
I am a game designer.

This is credit to game designer Jesse Schell. Oddly enough, his point in repeating the same sentence in different ways was to insist in their validity no matter the accusations that might have incited them.
This is my attempt to expand on these concepts.

I am a game designer -
I create imaginary worlds filled with creatures you could never dream of.

I am a game designer -
I create simulative experiences that you'd never dare embark on otherwise.

I am a game designer -
I create a community of followers and fans with a powerful passion for my game.

I am a game designer -
I create an escape into a detailed environment that forces you to get lost and begs you to discover more.

I Play, therefore I Am.

By JoseSPiano

I play the piano
I am a musician.
I make Music.
I create sounds out of a series of lines and dots on a page.
I use my finger to create vibrations.
I use my physical body to make something non-physical.
I make myself cry.
I make others happy.
A box of wires, pieces of wood and felt is my friend, and sometimes my enemy.
I make something out of nothing.
I share my Soul.

Buttery Summer

By bforesil

An artichoke steamed, peeled, and then dipped in butter is best enjoyed on a summer's eve while sitting beneath a willow tree's shade.

The best way to enjoy an artichoke is to steam, peel, dip it butter and then eat it under the shade of a willow tree.

A willow tree represents the best location to enjoy an artichoke that has been steamed, peeled, and dipped in butter.

Dipped in butter beneath a willow tree's shade on a summer's eve, an artichoke steamed and peeled.

Steaming artichokes under the willow tree, dripping in butter under the willow tree, peeling away at summer eves.

Butter tree shade steams, peels, and enjoys sitting beneath a summer's artichoke.

A summer's eve. Steamy. Peeling off layers like an artichoke, ready to be dipped.

Willow shade is buttery, yes, buttery. Peel and dip your enjoyment in a summer's eve.

Butter is a lot like an artichoke that has been

dipped in willow. Peel it. Steam it. Enjoy it.

Dipped, steamed, and enjoyed in artichoke's butter in the summer is most enjoyable in the shade.

Shady, steamy, buttery peel your artichoke eves and sit in its Summery willow shades!

Artichokes' willows have Summer hearts and Summer hearts are full of shade, steam, peels and enjoyable butter.

Butter willows under artichoke steam, peels the shade out of a summer's eve

Shaded. Enjoyed. A summer's eve served with butter willow under an artichoke.

Artichoke butter enjoyed with eve peels is best in the shade of a dipped and steamy summer willow.

Butter shades and willow enjoyment is best dipped in steamy summer artichoke peels

Peel away your butter from the summer, dip it in shade and enjoy the steamy willow.

.1. Summer. 2. Artichoke. 3. Willow. 4. Shade. 5. Butter. 6. Eve.

Improvised Man

By diez

I am a man.

A man I am.

Am I a man.

Man I am.

I am man.

I am.

And I man am.

An' I ma'am.

Yes ma'am a man.

Yes I am a man.

A man is a man is a man.

Variations on Grand Little Gestures

By Bajalime

The smallest gesture can contain multitudes.

The smallest gestures often mean the most.

Doing little can mean a lot.

Even the smallest thought can have a big impact.

A tiny action can mean the most.

Read the most meaning into the littlest action.

Make a small gesture and change someone's world.

Make the first motion, inspire the next.

One step, second step, make it all happen.

You could change my world so easily.

No Party, Just Wine

By ajobster

We aren't going to the party, because there's a huge rainstorm, so we're just going to stay in and drink some wine.

There's a monsoon, so we're staying in with Merlot; don't bother with going to the party.

We can't attend the festivities due to the hurricane, so let's just have some sangria.

Let's not go to the fiesta, let's just stay in and have champagne, because it's stormy.

It's too rainy! Bring me that Chardonnay and let's skip the shindig.

Is that a bottle of Cab? Oh snap, girl, it's wet outside, we ain't going to no party.

Staying at home due to inclement weather, y'all. Bring your best Malbec and skip the gala.

I don't want to get rained on - can't we just forgo the event and drink this bottle of Riesling?

Oh man, it's so gross outside. We're not going to the thing, we're going to drink this booze.

Yuck. I hate rain. No party, guys. Just Asti.

At the beach

By Elena Hecht:

Her hair draped down her back and into the sand, the brown waves curling into the pale beige beads, sticking to the dots of sweat adorning the middle of her back like a thin lace top.

Her hair was long, the sand collecting at the split ends, the gentle brown taking the form of her pale, hunched form.

She was small and delicate, her right elbow sticking through her deep brown, Rapunzel-esque hair, the salty sand collected in a bucket at her side, her small, impervious sand castle fighting for its life against a disturbingly strong wind.

Her footprints sunk deeper and darker into the wet sand, her hair cascading down her back like a shield, her right elbow buffering the wind like a spindly sail, her back rounded like a human ball ready to be thrown from the cannon at a moment's notice.

Her footprints filled with water as she crouched on the hard, wet sand, her long hair trailing into the sea as her red bucket filled slowly with warm, salty water, her back in a gentle curve towards the unknown, a cavern to be filled with the thoughts and moments of the hundreds of thousands of children who too had squatted, waiting and wondering, as their buckets filled to the brim.

She looked to her feet as she crouched down near the water, browned and sandy, her red bucket trailing gently in the shallow waves, her blue bathing suit a present from her Aunt Gertrude that morning, her dark brown hair billowing into the open sea.

And why was it like that, she wondered, why did lives end when the sea could extend endlessly off into the sky?; it did not seem to coalesce that the blue of her bathing suit could so clearly match the endless blue in front of her, and yet she, like her mother, would one day end.

It was all so final, she decided, and she could not find a way to make it grow together in her mind, that the sea could stretch so endlessly and yet life could be cut short like a thread suddenly found to be just a small fraction of what it was once believed to be.

She grabbed her hair in one fist and tugged, kicking the water and wondering what would become of her hair and her footprints and the sea.

She dug her big toe into the sand, burrowing it like a gopher, her small pink toenail vanishing beneath the heaviness of sand and water, the unknown and the inexplicable coalescing around her left foot like a monster swallowing her whole.

Sleep comes slowly

By embale

I am sleepy.
My eyelids are growing heavy.
My body wonders why I am not lying down.
Insanity draws nigh from my lack of sleep.
I crave warmth, rest, quiet.
Caffeine knows no bounds to the tired mind.
My mind REALLY wants to see the movie playing on the inside of my eyelids.
As night turns to day, I stay conscious to the turn and wonder why I am here at all.
Why can't humans refuel themselves like cars? Why do we take so long to charge?
Weary mind, weary body and weary soul make a library adventurer a dull person.

Someone lost my postcard somewhere in this building.

Andi Teran:

1. A person other than myself has misplaced a letter addressed to me, and they have misplaced it in a space occupying this building.
2. He or she lost my written correspondence in the New York Public Library.
3. A small card written to me went missing in this vast, book-filled bastion of history.
4. Whoever dropped a small, written note that I was supposed to take possession of while residing here in this library I'm not sure of their name or gender at this point is now, officially, missing.
5. Give me back the postcard you tossed aside, oh thief of scribbled intent!
6. It was just a simple note, nothing long or fancy even, that a man or a woman was supposed to put into my hands wherever they found me, whether I was upstairs, downstairs, next door, or in the bathroom (pretty much any of the rooms that occupy the floors of this concrete structure), but not a single person has stepped up to do so.
7. I'm searching for an index card with lines written on the back addressed to me and, quite possibly an important message, but I can't seem to locate it nor the being whose job it was to outsource it to my person.
8. This place is three stories high, has windows and many rooms, and somewhere within its cavernous bowels there resides a stiff piece of paper with script on it that most likely has my name on it, too, and there's a person of interest not doing their almighty best to attempt to fly it into my coat pocket because, it seems and I'm not getting haughty here they no longer care nor remember where they placed it hours ago.
9. Who are you and where inside the monument on 42nd and 5th Avenue did you place the letter addressed to me?
10. There is a small, delicate letter on the run, an unknown culprit serving as the catalyst in this wild, written card chase, and an unhappy victim stagnating under fake painted skies, multiple hanging lamps, and more books than you could possibly dream of.

I Get The News I Need From the Weather Report

By loveandsqualor9

The sky is blue in Baltimore.

Cloudless skies above / The city hummed electric
/ Blue and without rain

Clear skies. The city. And you.

Will it never rain in this place; the summer heat
drags drily on.

Hemingway Style: On the day it rained, he
thought to himself: she never believed me any-
way.

Under an azure ceiling, city residents ran.

Morning Rounds: Call and repeat the weather
report, but you will not go outside today.

The sky, blue and clear, rounded along the hori-
zon like a dome, encased the city like a promise;
perhaps today would be better.

Once there was a lady of very small wits...

By By Alix Piorun

Once there was a lady of very small wits, who snacked upon nothing but cheese and grits.

At one time, there was a woman (she was not very smart) that would only eat coagulated milk and porridge.

Once upon a time, a fair maiden very much enjoyed imbibing in cheese and grits, but nary would she imbibe in improving her wits.

Kraft singles and grits were once eaten by an unintelligent woman.

A girl who wasn't the sharpest pencil in the box only liked to eat a specific dairy product and oatmeal.

A female of few smarts only ate cheese and mushy breakfasts.

Une fille stupide ne mange que du fromage et du porridge.

A dimwitted frau scarfed nothing but curds and polenta.

A bimbo chowed upon creamy velveeta and creamier ground corn.

Only mozzarella and hominy grits were injected by a naive miss..



REPORT A SHOCKING CHANGE

Paraguay Becomes First Country Without Fresh Water!

By cboire25

On May 21, 2031, the President of Paraguay released a statement that the last of the fresh water reserves in the country had been depleted in last week's regular rationing. Experts have long anticipated that Paraguay would be one of the first countries to run dry, along with Namibia and Bolivia.

Paraguayan officials are calling for the urgent support of its neighboring countries. However, most South American countries are already below the limit of safe levels of fresh water for distribution, and Paraguay's needs have largely gone unmet. Due to the severity of the situation, United Nations officials expect that citizens of Paraguay may become increasingly hostile.

Due to worldwide shortages, traditional superpowers have found it difficult to provide short term aid. The United States, Japan and Germany continue to struggle to maintain their reserves at

adequate levels, especially as they have become the primary targets of illegal smuggling across borders. Along with even distribution, a task force is being instated in these countries to maintain and control the movement of fresh water through different countries.

The most promising long-term solutions are under development in research facilities in France. Efforts have been concentrated in a research institution in Nice, south of the capital. Funding and staffing for this facility has been supported by Switzerland, the two nations having solidified scientific collaboration during the years devoted to the Large Hadron Collider (LHC). Their most promising initiative has been the Salt Water Purification Project. Currently in its beta testing stages, the project promises the purification of gallons of salt water at a time. Whether or not the project will be completed in time to avoid the beginning of casualties in Paraguay has yet to be determined.

We are the Word made flesh

By edryan

Everything humans do is fundamentally language. We were not truly ourselves until we learned to speak and to frame the world in words. With printing and the proliferation of the Word, we have not only become more fully ourselves, but as a whole we have become an entity that thinks and acts of its own accord, by and through our words.

TELEPATHY TRIAL YIELDS SUCCESSFUL RESULTS

By Andreacollins11 and Oscar Mergenthaler VII

New York, May 21, 2031 -- Dr. Uma Jagtiani of Bryn Mawr College released information this morning, confirming reports that human subjects are able to receive messages of limited content via brain waves, ie telepathy. Her experiment shows one person correctly deciphering a random computer generated image seen by another subject in an adjacent room with a success rate of 96.3%. "This will revolutionize how we communicate" says Dr. Jagtiani, "a change in magnitude only surpassed by the invention of the linotype machine."

Still in its follow-up trials, the results are very promising. Telepathy, a concept that has lingered in our popular culture but been an unreachable goal in recent past, became possible with the discovery of a plant that produces a chemical reaction in the brain when heated to 110 degrees and consumed orally.

Professor Melina Brown who teaches communication and psychology at UCLA says "there are many great advantages to telepathy. Ease of communicating ideas and concepts without the barriers of language and stalled download times are a plus. Also, telepathy would be a great educational equalizer-it costs the user nothing to receive the information."

Technology expert Andrea Collins blogs about the advantages and disadvantages; "We can be assured that the right message get to its intended recipient every time. No viruses to worry about. But I'm concerned with the amount of information that

can be sent at once, and to how many people at one time. I don't see emails disappearing anytime soon."

Technology has developed rapidly over the last decade, leaving many to wonder if communication will ever be able to survive offline. The recent findings by Dr. Jagtiani provide mankind with a new level of communication and information retention.

Telepathy may very well be the way of the future, but is it safe? Telepathy can very well threaten national security. Government officials are concerned about the lack of paper trails on national security intelligence investigations and can pose a whole new class of terrorist activities.

"The effects of this type of communication intake is foreign to the human brain," said Florida International University's Head of Brain Surgery Jamie Burgoon. "This has potential to destroy the way the brain stores information, and filters thoughts. I would never recommend anyone participate in any of these studies and guarantee that we won't see this form of communication used in the public."

For now it remains unseen what the impact of the new communication tool will be on areas of daily life such as emergency protocols, dating, professional contacts, and voice interaction, but it is clear that the world will be vastly different because of this discovery.

US Political System Dismantled

By a|lobster

In a shocking turn of events, the two-party system used for so many decades by the United States government has been abolished in favor of a system that promises to work better. Modeled after a previously-unknown system described in an ancient Sumerian text, the new setup involves a variety of dance- and song-based voting blocs, as well as juice and cookie Thursdays to keep government officials' blood sugar up. "I'm particularly excited for the peanut butter cookies," said one official who preferred to remain anonymous.

AUGMENTED REALITY IS THE NEW REALITY

By datruth29

Yesterday will be a day that will go down in history, as the augmented reality network, AUG-R, was given the go ahead to open it's data pipes to the public after 5 years of ongoing testing and development. After initial success in New York, Chicago, and Texas, it was only a matter of time before the doors of AUG-R was open for the rest of the US. The benefits are immediate: via the use of specialized glasses, users can connect to AUG-R and interact with its virtual environment. On initial startup, a welcome screen greets them. After entering a user name, it does a biometric scan of the users eye for identity purposes. Afterwards that, the user can modify it's the interface to their liking. From a simple display of a clock, to class notes scrolling up right in front of your nose, to doctors interacting with a virtual representation of their patient during an emergency procedure, the world of augmented reality is changing the way we see the world, and will become the new reality that we will interact with.

United States Government Dissolves

By galenblade

In a widely unexpected development of the ongoing political strife circling the globe, the United States government today voted to dissolve. The vote in the Senate was 72-42, and the vote in the House came in at 321-114.

The Governmental Dissolution Act was pushed by members of the Secessionist party, with strong support from the Democratic-Republicans. However, it was met with strong opposition from the Socialist party, who denounced the act as "Reckless and pointless endangering of the social fabric of the United States from which there is no

avowed recovery." The pro-dissolution coalition saw the act as "a vital and necessary step to preserve the Union and create a new social compact for the people of this nation."

With the dissolution, all nonessential governmental agencies have closed down. Representatives from each state are expected to meet in a new Constitutional Convention at a date to be determined, but given current difficulties in navigating the war-torn terrain, it seems unlikely that this will occur for some time.

CURE FOR AIDS FOUND

By krangi

After years of tireless research, scientists yesterday unveiled the cure for AIDS today. The vaccine can be used to treat the disease while in HIV form, or while in AIDS form.

Dr. Richard Murdock: "Enough can not be said about the research team here. The medical community has not had a breakthrough like this in about 75 years. However, this does not change our suggested approach to protection. Just because the cure for the disease has been found, it does not

mean that safety can be forgotten."

The cure that has been developed has been proven with 100% accuracy in clinical trials over the past 6 months and is now just waiting for approval by the FDA, which many seem to think that it is a foregone conclusion.

Needless to say, the world has been waiting for this for a long, long time. Thankfully, that time has finally come.

Space Colonized!!

By tcheung

Through vigorous research and innovation Nasa scientists have discovered a way to make space travel economical and affordable for everyone. using new alternative fuel sources created in a laboratory space travel can be possible for everyone. The first houses are being built in space right now and you can be one of the first to own them. Live in a world of anti gravity and breathtaking views at every which way you look. Be the first out of your friends to own one of these unique homes that are literally out of this world.

Free & sustainable Energy confirmed!

By Purumus

Free Food to follow!

Ever since the early 2000s, the desire for free green energy has been sought by many entrepreneurs and hobbyists alike. After many early developments with solar, wind, nuclear and other inventions, the Personal Energy Creator, or PEC pack, along with the modern kinetic battery, allowed people to contribute to energy reservoirs from producing storable electricity out of their movements, as well as sounds and energy fields that were previously left to waste. The energy created from the PecPack was used to cover the power needs of many common household devices that people used, as well as give out or share any surplus energy that wasn't necessitated during the day. Moreover, it allowed people to have black box advanced multiplier devices that once bought continued to pay for itself in the energy created and fed back into the global grids. Water pumps, transportation, communications, and computing were all connected and fed from wherever people lived, worked,

and played, needing little supervision from labor engineers.

Facilities that produced food, began to run automated and continued to churn out produce with, again, little to no need of supervising personnel. Though food created in these facilities is not the best tasting, highest quality that money can buy, the technology is constantly evolving to be able to enhance flavor and textures people have come to expect. Lastly, these facilities are currently being made easier to export and install in more and more remote parts of the world, utilizing the transport infrastructures that can deliver cheaper food to all in all parts of the world.

It's been a long time since the press hit the sensationalizing panic button on green energy, but we all are glad it got us here! Now if we could once and for all solve traffic and waiting in line; it really is a killer! Much more dangerous than the fire ants and the killer bees we finally got rid of just last year!!

Speed of light no longer a limit!

By rieuwa

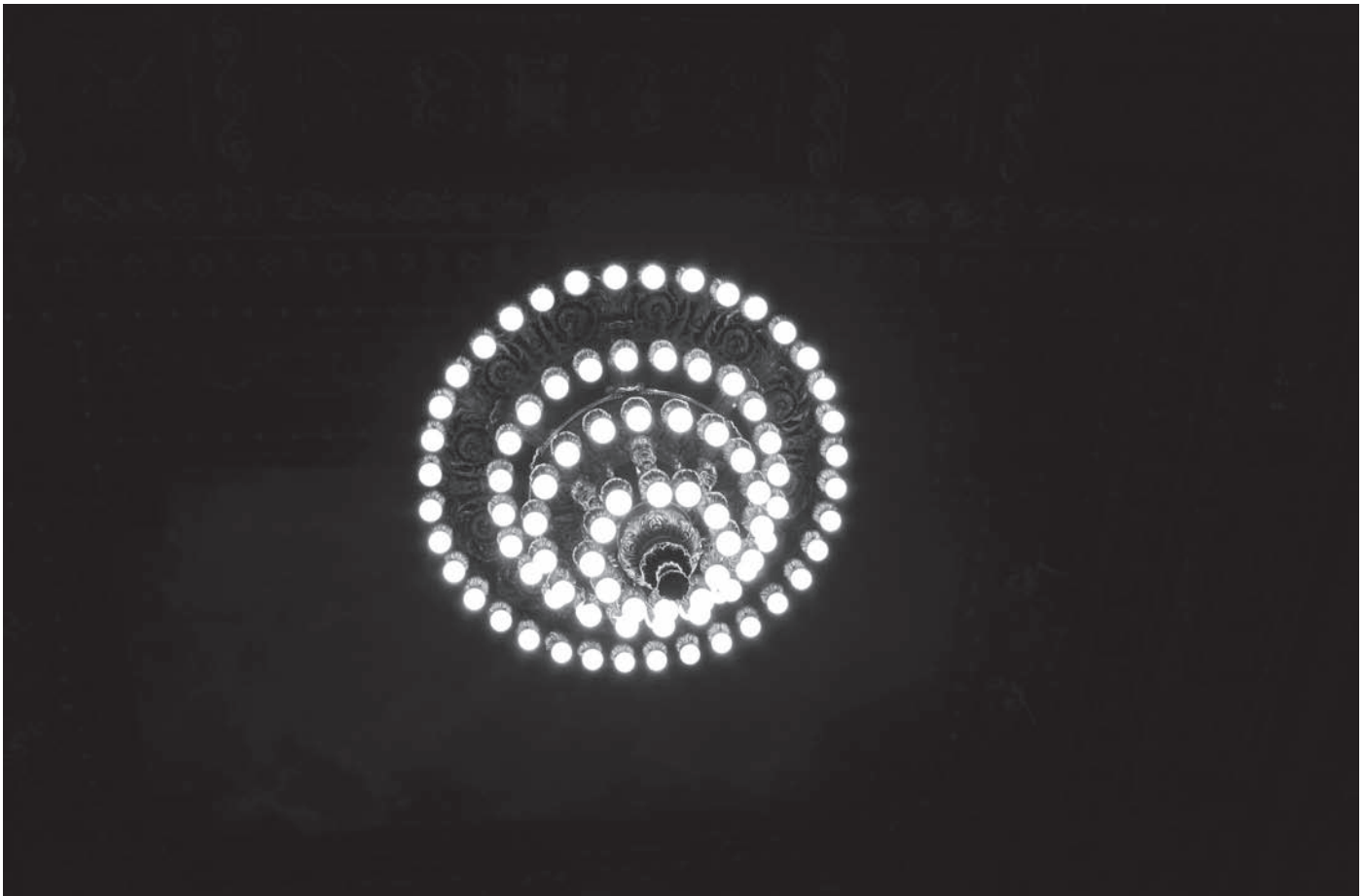
Light

Eccentric and incredibly clever physicists from the University of Physica have finally proven that the speed of light is not a fundamental limit.

This revolutionary discovery marks the end of the reign of classical and quantum mechanics and is almost certain to usher a new era in science. The warp-drive and transporters made famous in 20th Century science fiction will now become an

active area of research and with the ingenuity of engineers will most likely become reality within the next 15 years.

Much as the discovery of graphene was done at the turn of the century by exfoliating carbon with scotch tape, the speed of light limit was found to be invalid by 2 physicists using battery-powered flashlights. Such remarkable experimental technique will no doubt inspire generations of students of the sciences.



2031 - NEWSPAPERS NO LONGER EXIST!

By HanleyUS

What? Don't act like this is a surprise!



STATE YOUR PHILOSOPHY

My Philosophy

By by Alix Piorun

1. Be kind.
2. Always be honest. No need to be brutal, but honesty is the best policy.
3. Find the humor in things. Don't be afraid to laugh at yourself, as laughter is the best medicine.
4. Look on the bright side of life. If things don't work out the way you planned, see #3.

Self Embracement

By tcheung

I would inspire people to embrace themselves we are each unique in our own special ways and if we embrace our differences we can learn a lot from each other.

The four traits everyone should try to develop in their lives are integrity, patience, Love and compassion

Integrity is important because if you do not have it no one will believe what you say or take you seriously. People often listen to people with proven integrity and

Patience is important because not everything will always go your way or according to plan. It is your

ability to adapt to the changing environment and how you deal with situations that can help you handle life stress free.

Love is about building a bond or a connection. Love is important because it gives us something to live for. When we establish a bond or connection with someone of something it motivates us to live a better life and achieve our dreams.

compassion is important because it shows people that no matter how different we are we are still one Race. No matter where you come from or where in the world you live we are all a part of the Human race and it is important that we never forget that.

Read, Breathe, Move

By katherinemyers

1. Read as many books as possible
2. Never worry about the number of friends you have
3. Aggressively and actively pursue true love
4. Walk everywhere

Be a better you.

By cmulli

Each person should seek to improve themselves by:

1. Sharing both themselves and the world with the people around them.
2. Having a better sense of humor! Don't take everything so seriously or literally.
3. Being thankful for and using their gifts. Live up to your potential!
4. Being more patient. Don't live life in a rush.

Pillow Talk Philosophy

By afrank17

We, the members of Team Pillow, believe that the following four traits are essential to the human experience, in order to bring us closer together as individuals and as a global community:

Compassion: Understand another, and you will understand yourself. By walking in the shoes of others, we give ourselves the chance to learn, and to better our community as a whole. Without compassion, we cannot grow as a society.

Courage: Feel the fear and do it anyway - that is true courage. Embrace the idea that fear is real AND that it is natural. It is something that we need not be ashamed of nor allow to be a hindrance; courage without fear is meaningless. They are two parts of a whole and drive one another. The fear

drives us to be heroes and our courageousness drive us to conquer our perceived limitations, to better realize our full potential as human beings.

Independence: Tomorrow's problems cannot be solved by yesterday's ways of thinking. True leaders must seek to achieve the impossible, even in the face of criticism. Dreamers must follow their own intuition, especially when it's on the road less traveled.

Respect: How can we better the human race and grow for the best when there is low or no respect? Respect makes us better people, it enhances every aspect of life and better our civilization, it is what separates us from the animals.

Modern philosophus

By bsiem

Self fulfillment--A happier you brings happiness to others. We subconsciously project our emotions to those around us. One negative person can change the energy in an entire room. Our society constantly focuses on self sacrifice. It's heroic and admirable, yes, but ultimately destructive to the whole. Peace begins with you. How can we expect humanity to heal itself if the sum of its parts can't find individual contentment?

Patience--In a world of now, when everything is available instantly, patience is a virtue that seems to have gone by the way of the rolodex and rotary phone. We no longer need to wait for summer tomatoes, a treasured gift, or the perfect mate. Hot houses, credit cards, and dating websites have ensured that what we want is always available. As technology increases and the world moves faster,

it will become necessary to consciously bring patience into our everyday lives. Without it, we lose perspective as the things that actually matter are worth waiting for.

Thought shift--Our thoughts influence our actions, our body, and our relationships. Thinking negative thought? Replace it with a positive one. Suddenly, the world will start to respond in a different way. It may seem like the Universe is tipping in your favor or that you've come across a little extra luck. Is it all perception? Maybe. But if the end result makes for a better you, why not give it a try?

Gaiety--There will always be laughter. The challenge is to find it in times of struggle and tragedy. Fill up on joy when the moment allows, and think back to it when everything seems dark.

A short discourse on godhood

By edryan

There are four traits that embody a human being:

Self-awareness. The first component of humanity is the awareness of the self as distinct from, yet also a part of, the world. To abdicate self-awareness is not only to forsake the mundane needs of one's own body, but to fail to recognize the self as it forms a part of the world. One should therefore strive to be aware of oneself and the role one plays as a part of the world--to seek an understanding of one's characteristics and function.

Self-determination. The second component of humanity is the willingness to choose one's own path. To abdicate self-determination is to become a plaything of fate and a victim of destiny. With the wisdom of self-awareness, one has the ability to make informed choices about one's life and direction.

Awareness of others. As another extension of self-awareness, being aware of others is the third component of humanity. We live in a society--something that is greater than us and yet defined by us. A human being in isolation can hardly be called a human at all. It is only through communication with one another that we become ourselves, and communication is impossible without awareness and understanding of the other.

A motive force. Underlying everything, there is a drive to humanity that provides its fourth part. A restlessness fills us and keeps us from deadly contentment.

Each of these parts is separate and yet intertwined with the others. A complete human being is nearly a god, but deficiencies in any part can reduce us to pitiable animals. Strive toward your own apotheosis!

4 gifts for happiness and a color-filled life

By pikagrace

Politeness

This may sound very cliché but there are basic etiquettes people should keep to one another, and the most important trait to have to keep this rule is to be polite no matter what the circumstances are. We may not have good impressions of everyone, but also we cannot judge a person with our narrow frame of information about a certain person. We should always be open-minded and understand that we cannot evaluate a person simply with our tools of perception.

Positivism

Life is hard and full of obstacles but it's very important to be optimistic and positive at all times. Life does not have one route but it has infinite routes. What make life charitable are the process and the experiences of taking different routes. Therefore, there is no negativity in life, but rather an outcome we did not expect in our ideal life. We should loosen up our expectations and our goal towards our ideal life a little bit, and we will experience something unexpected yet unforgettable.

Romanticism

My pastor has once told me that you will understand the depth of a bible once you have experienced love because a bible is a love story from God to us. Like the bible, books, essays and even facebook statuses are derived from an individual or a group of people's emotions. We write with emotions. We are emotional because human beings are romantic. Our emotions, our romanticism is crucial for interactions with people and for appreciable literary works that continue to be produced all over the world. Don't be shy, and be in love and release your romantic side.

Motivation

We all have a passion for something, but in order to make passion into reality, we need motivation as our secret ingredient to activate the process. We need to have the urge and the drive to be motivated. In order to acquire this trait, the three traits mentioned above need to be combined; we need to be romantic for our passion, be positive at all times, as well be patient and polite to others when we need to interact with people in relation with our passion.

With these four traits we can be people with quality and happiness.

I Got My Philosophy

By a|lobster

Bravery: Think about the worst possible outcome in a situation where you feel afraid. It's really not that bad, right? Except skydiving. Oh man, skydiving could be so bad if it went wrong.

Consideration: Try to say "thank you" to at least 5 people you interact with each day. It's small, but it costs you nothing, and maybe it will make their day much better!

Attitude: It will get better, it will get better, it will get better. Everything is only for now.

Humor: Laugh at one thing each day, even if it's yourself.

Sinarum philosophus

By BelleRead

Perspective Taking.

It is often very difficult for people to accept the validity of the thoughts, emotions and/or actions of others; thus invalidating the concept of human beings as rational actors. This makes dialogue between groups and individuals extremely difficult. I would want to inspire perspective taking in others. Specifically, this personality trait should be developed through consistent and deliberate explorations of why or how to see things from someone else's perspective. In doing so, they will come to understand that many of the perspectives held by others, are completely rational given their beliefs and experiences.

The Fab Four

By christine.m.longo

If each of us fully developed these four traits, the world would be a better place:

1. **Humor** - While many things in this world aren't funny, many others are. If we take the time to be able to stop and find the enjoyment and humor in the things around us, maybe we could better handle the harder times when the not-so-funny things are at the forefront.
2. **Honesty** - There are a lot of liars out there, but there are a lot more people who lie to themselves. People who are really able to be honest with themselves will truly see their part in the world and what they can really do to make it better.
3. **Empathy** - It is time for us to stop seeing everyone as different than we are, and to remember that everyone around us is going through many different things, but at the core are feelings that all of us experience.
4. **Fearlessness** - Think of how many things in our world would change if we stopped being afraid of what people will think and just did what we knew was right?

Our three traits

Story by Rafael Mejia, La Von Mejia and Jennifer Dickey

LaVon Mejia

Perspective Taking.

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Jennifer Dickey:

Humility is a trait that I wish more people possessed in America. When you are growing up with two brothers it seems like your entire existence is a constant battle over who is right. We became angry, rude, and often times, arrogant. These are not desirable traits, but they are traits that we are taught to embrace in Western culture: being strong and sharing your opinions constantly, even if you really have no opinion to speak of, is something we not only accept, but encourage in primary school.

While teaching English in Japan and growing close to my students I was able to learn the beauty of humility. The Japanese show such grace by being humble in all of their endeavors. At first it was troubling to not be able to read my students emotions like a book. Never being able to tell if they were frustrated or upset in class. Their silence and stoic faces would astound me. However, after some time had passed and I was able to understand and embrace more of the culture I was able to appreciate the benefits humility provided not only a society with, but also an individual. More effort was needed to learn the intrinsic details necessary to understand a persons feelings through their behavior or short speech. More attention, which built stronger personal relationships than I could have imagined.

German Philosopher, Immanuel Kant, spoke of humility as "constituting the moral agent's proper perspective on himself as a dependent and corrupt but capable and dignified rational agent." If we know that we have intrinsic self worth, we don't need to be abrasive. It provides us with unity with the universe to be able to be at peace with ourselves. This is not something that we are taught growing up and I feel honored to have been taught true humility by taking a job in a country where I didn't even know basic language skills. To learn enlightenment through meditation and embracing my own ignorance was the only way I was able to

grow. I have come back changed, inspired, and much at peace with my inner-self. I hope this is something that I will be able to share with other people, the way my amazing students shared it with me. I think everyone should take the time to put themselves in a situation without influence, without stability, and really take a look inside themselves. This will be the way to learn this invaluable trait.

Rafael Mejia:

I am 26.7561643835616438 years old. My race is Hispanic or Black depending on who is looking, who is asking and how much time I've spent out in the sun recently. I am Dominican by birth, American by life. I love Jesus in Christ. I am married. I don't like the notion of political parties. I believe in democracy. I care deeply for my family. I've lived in shanty towns in third world countries, ghetto projects, rich Connecticut suburbs, ivy-league dorms, and now in New York City. Life has taught me that the only real different between people is the degree to which they do instead of wait. Given the chance to inspire a person, I would want to inspire that person to be a doer. I would want for that person to join those of us truly alive and feel empowered to act on their desires and transform the possible into the real. Only those who spend their lives waiting on outside forces can

find dissatisfaction in life and say that life is long or that life drags on. Life shines on those who do, our heroes, inventors and success stories are only special in the sense that they saw where others wouldn't look and did where others held back.

I want for people to develop boldness and initiative. I want for people to have the boldness to be genuine with themselves. Before a person can do, they have to want and before they can want they have to be willing to admit that something isn't as they would have it be. I want for people to take initiative. I want for people to ignore fears and doubts. I want for people to accept that the path to success is paved with failure and that a bad outcome often positions you to succeed on the next try. Not getting into one school is a chance to attend another, not getting one job is a chance to do well elsewhere and being turned down by a girl only leaves you free to meet the love of your life.

The only way to be a doer is to do. One has to dream big for oneself and start walking down the (sometimes long) path to one's dreams. I force people to start working towards their dreams right now. I would force people to recognize all of the roadblocks that they've built for themselves and force them to move past those now. I would force people to do.

The stars in farsi

By Purumus

Realize yourself as part of a sentient species, a trait not exclusive to humanity.

Reason: the ability to continue to question until the truth found is as clear as the question itself. As a teacher, I don't want to give answers, I want students to ask better questions. The ability to reason, relabels many believes as entertainments and pastimes. Everyone should have an opinion about what everyone should have an opinion about. Please, make factual opinions. In arguments, attempt to be convinced.

Exploration: The ability to continue to observe until the mind feels it's has to stop and digest the moment... for a moment or two. Traveling and learning to shutup! I went to Germany last year, from July 1 to July 20th. I didn't know the language, and though I knew others spoke english, many would say they didn't speak english. I was on my own, and managed to survive better than fine. I walked around learning to be in my mind, to listen to what my thoughts thought. I explored without attachments, I had to take moments to remind myself of that which was around, and that which was upcoming. Wanderlust!

Laughter: this is a condition that includes all feelings: all the good ones, and all the bad ones too. Laughter can be lost through too much knowledge though. I've found that the more I learn about any one topic, the more my ability to be mesmerized dissipates. Laughter allows for some ignorance to

present surprise; for jokes to make sense. I'm not appealing to ignorance, but I wonder if jokes are better the less you know about a subject. Laughter is the culminating condition of the best of smiles... who farted?

Expression: Science, play, and art. These are the 3 branches of how knowledge is explored. One is the method for finding better questions, the other one is where we interact, the last one is how we present it. Expression creates noise; noise must be filtered. Artists, players, and scientists all are responsible to keep the best of the expressions, and rework the ones that aren't best yet. You can express yourself through your body, or your thoughts. Learn more than one language; each language is comprised of all the expressions of an entire culture... then contribute to the language if you can.

Oh and try to be quoteful. Try to have some things that others will want to quote from you. Or share the quotes you've learned from others, with others. Share them around.

Free is the best condiment; beats ketchup 9 out of 10 times.

Be patient: Traffic always exits.

Wear well!

While we're young, let's solve entropy!

Satisfaction is a ratio between taste over price.

The Whole Person

By Christina

Openness - Remaining open to new ideas and ways of thought is difficult. It is easy to become stuck in one's own way of thinking and let inflexibility set in. Remembering that we didn't arrive at our beliefs overnight, but that they developed with experience is key to retaining a pliable mind.

Tolerance - Being able to accept those who are unlike us or in disagreement helps keep peace and is also related to the openness principle. Remembering that we are individuals, and yet part of a whole, is key. Live freely but do not deny others their freedom.

Lifelong learning - Always being ready and actively searching for new wisdom and new ideas. Engaging the mind is vital and keeps it sharp. And while no one can learn everything there is to know, that is not the point. As long as one keeps growing and learning, one has a great power.

Love - Whether platonic, romantic, self, or familial, being ready to love and giving freely of oneself to it, is the foundation of many great things. IT can and will surprise you, and is relevant to all three other values.

Needed: Four Personality Traits.

By hackett

Needed: Four personality traits. Why: Confucius did a good job, but we can always add to it. It is a new era.

Humor: Always take light of yourself. If you take yourself too seriously, others will as well. How? Laugh when you make a mistake. Remember the big picture. Nothing is that serious. Seriously.

Compassion: Everyone is struggling with something. But, don't give excuses, solutions, or additions. Just a sound ear. How? When there is a problem, don't "one-up" it. Stop. Listen. Hear. Listen again. You don't even know how much that can be missed in our non-stop, frantic, fingers-glued-to-the-qwerty-keyboard lives. And then, it will surprise you. People will start to listen to you!

Respect: Respect comes hand in hand with self-restraint. Bite that tongue. Or, swallow that lump and speak up. How? Wherever you fall in the communication spectrum, try the other side. Give your boss the credit on the project you single-handedly created or tell your mother to lay off your financial choices. Either way, give yourself a chance to experience respect in a new way. Earn it.

Adventure: You are born with an innate sense of curiosity. This fades with age. Don't let it. How? Get out of the comfort zone. Eat a new cuisine. A new color, a new flavor. Speak with a stranger. Make eye contact. Take a different route home. Face your fears. It will change your life.

Did I mention humor? It's completely underrated.

Don't be a jerk.

By Beth Ann Mastromarino

Don't be a jerk.

Those four words are all the philosophy you will ever need. That brief sentence encompasses the great virtues of honor and chivalry indeed. It also nicely sums up the "commandments" so many people profess to live by. I'm certain you'll succeed if only you try.

I can't think of a case where this philosophy cannot be employed. If you live by these words your life will hold joy: You want that taxi but so does the couple racing to the play: Don't be a jerk, there will be another cab for you today.

Driving on the road? If you aren't tailgating, or cutting off your fellow travellers, you are living by the words above and hence, not a chode.

Before you speak in anger, before you say something mean, or would in some way hurt, think about those words, and don't be a jerk.

The drek I've written here might in the mire lurk, but the truth will endure: Don't be a jerk.

You Don't Know How Lucky You Are...

By slip.inc

1. Humor -- A sixth sense which some have and others don't.

Laugh loud and hard cause you never know when you'll get hit by a bus.

2. Lust -- Excessive obsession over something.

To divide and conquire is to be defeated, want it all and want it now.

3. Grief -- An emotion of extreme anguish, generally in association with a major loss.

You are what you love, not what loves you.

4. Hunger -- applied metaphorically to cravings of other sorts.

Wanting is never enough, but to NEED is to know the difference between dead and dying.

It's almost 4 in the morning, the world might end today and all I can think about is the fact that I really wish I had done more.

Cheese-arum Philosophus

By Barbara Eldredge

The four keys to happiness are simply matters of taste: good taste in friends, good taste in books, good taste in shoes, and excellent taste in cheese

1. Good Taste in Friends: Choosing friends wisely will ensure a life of laughter and learning. A friend is more likely to help you than money in extreme times of need.
2. Good Taste in Books: A vaguely literary life will prevent entropy of the mind and enable you to travel to far off lands and times without the inconvenience of jet lag.
3. Good Taste in Shoes: Your feet should always be shod for dancing.
4. Good Taste in Cheese: Because it is the tastiest!

If one is truly committed to the virtuous path they will achieve nirvana by becoming a gregarious, library-bound, fancy-footed cheesemonger!

Four Ignoble Truths

By mrackerson85

Compassion

Perspective

Creativity

Honesty

The Four Virtues

By galenblade

1. Knowledge. All knowledge is worth having. To gain it requires fortitude, but all knowledge benefits you.
2. Drive. To do something, one must want to do something. An inner engine that propels you to action.
3. Compassion. One must not be driven solely for oneself, but for the betterment of others as well as oneself. When you better others, you better the world.
4. Vision. To go somewhere, you must first know where you are going. Once you know this, you can focus on how to get there.

Toencourage

By songtree

I would want to inspire a joy in learning. Everyone should develop skills in self-teaching, critical thinking, open-mindedness, and not taking life too seriously. These skills should be developed by cultivating passion, by the incentivisation of curiosity, by thinking about problems and letting your opinions change when you hear a persuasive opinion, by trying to not be judgemental, and by trying to play whenever possible, and by finding the fun in all activities.

Sinarum philosophus

By BelleRead

Perspective Taking.

It is often very difficult for people to accept the validity of the thoughts, emotions and/or actions of others; thus invalidating the concept of human beings as rational actors. This makes dialogue between groups and individuals extremely difficult. I would want to inspire perspective taking in others. Specifically, this personality trait should be developed through consistent and deliberate explorations of why or how to see things from someone else's perspective. In doing so, they will come to understand that many of the perspectives held by others, are completely rational given their beliefs and experiences.



CONSULT THE WORDS OF WISDOM: SECURITY

What Gives Comfort

By Chela

Security is more than a deep hole, dug below the sea level as it rises its just a bit a knowledge about the future that makes the present more bearable. It is a prediction of better things. Being secure takes imagination. Big ideas that wrap you up like blanket.

Securing the Future

By prisefterinferno

Is there a link between complacency and security?

There has to be a link between the two. We often pass the responsibility of our security to others. We purchase anti-virus software, and house alarms, and these things make us secure. Once we purchase and install them, we think of our part as done, and go about our life feeling secure. Most people go a large portion of their lives feeling secure. The problem with this is that it makes us too complacent, too lax. We will stay lax until the security systems we have in place fail. For example, you most likely lock and alarm your car when you park it at work. You feel secure and believe your car will be there when you get out of work. What if it were not? Granted, the loss of your car is significant, but exactly what personal information was in your car? Was there bank information? If someone broke into your house would you be able to identify what was missing?

Part of the problem is that, when complacent, we are less aware of the things around us. It is this lack of awareness that defeats all other security measures we take. When it all boils down, the only person responsible for your security is you.

"They that can give up essential liberty to purchase a little temporary safety deserve neither liberty nor safety." - Benjamin Franklin

In a perfect world, the words of Benjamin Franklin would be true, but this is not a perfect world. Today there are both dangers and liberties that he would never have dreamed of. One of the greatest challenges in security is balancing safety and freedom. The more valuable a thing is, the more you would wish to secure it. However, in the securing of this item, if you make it inaccessible, isn't it now worthless? If you owned a painting that you loved to look at, but kept it covered at all times because light damaged the paint, how much use is it to you?

An Agent of Change

By WickedJen

From "The Secret History of Europe" by John Oldmixon, dated 1712. "The only powers that seemed to be in a condition to keep the ballance even in the Empire of Christendom, between the two houses of Austria and Bourbon, were England, Sweden, and Holland." Before reading these words, I asked about peace and security in the future. Will we become a more peaceful people will 2021, 2121, 2221 and so on see nothing but endless war, much like is the case today in 2011. I have to say that Mr. Oldmixon's words don't so much inspire as they do remind me that our troubles today are not that much different than they were in the past. The names and the places may have changed, but we're still in a situation where countries are in turmoil, others are

intervening, right or not.

So how does this inspire my future action? To be honest, it won't change the track, the path that I plan on taking. While I will probably never be in a position powerful enough to effectuate real change across nations. However, I plan to take a micro approach as opposed a macro one - make small changes in my neighborhood, in my sphere of influence, whatever it may be. I'll strive to be an agent of change, advocating for equal treatment amongst people of all nations, regardless of race, religion, sexual orientation, gender, or yet as undefined class group. Fighting for change at the grass roots level can and must be a way to change our world for the better.

Security?

By BrodyLogan

This was an actual conversation that took place just 2 days ago.

"I'm bringing my girlfriend to the bachelor party"

"What? Are you serious?"

"Yeah, I'm not going to just leave her at home."

"Yeah you are, it's A BACHELOR PARTY."

"Man, I can't just leave her at home while I hang out with you guys. You have a girlfriend, she's cool with this?"

"Yes."

"She's cool with staying in while you get drunk and go to strip clubs?"

"Yes, in fact, she offered to have some of the other drunks sleep at her place after a fresh stripper dusting."

"Wow, man, you should talk with her. That's not normal."

"What's not normal is your girlfriend being so crazy that she can't spend a night at your side and is trying to crash a party of 15 drunk guys so she can keep an eye on you."

Sometimes security just isn't worth it.



HELP THE WORLD CELEBRATE

Visit Lovely Outer Space

By bunnybird

Come one and all to see the World's Fair

Visit the very first space station built for colonization

Shuttles leave every hour on the half hour

Live Like Its Yesterday

By dotNET

As humans, we like to build things. Its in our nature. We take pleasure and pride in morphing the once dirty and organic into something suddenly polished and profitable. A boulder becomes a brick becomes a wall becomes an entire building.

This is a synthetic life cycle worthy of celebration. And so, we have celebrated it. Often.

This is best exemplified in the World's Fair; which basically became a method for the human race to pat itself on the back while simultaneously competing over which country pat the most vigorously. The exhibitions of the past seemed to always focus on modernity; constructing monuments to the shiny and new. The chosen, esteemed architects (in some opinions) abused their budgets and creative licenses, constructing garish and often useless structures that did little to represent their culture.

For the 2021 World's Fair, I forsee our race having

taken many steps forward, by taking a few steps backward.

The new slogan? "Live like its yesterday".

To save on materials, the primary exhibitis will be demi-holographic buildings that visitors can interact with, learning the history and construction details as they explore the glittering, non-corporeal space. The key to this event's sucess is not only the new projects, but the environmentally friendly reconstruction of spaces that no longer exist or, should the fair go on tour, famous buildings that some citizens would be otherwise unable to visit.

With the technology of the future, people can better understand the past. And that is indeed a universal gift that all cultures can share and appreciate.

Perhaps then it won't be so much a "World's Fair" as it is a "Legacy Relived."

Have a Gay Ole Time at the Come as You Are Fair

By afrank17

"Come to the 2021 Come As You Are Fair: You'll Have a Gay Ole Time"

Welcome, to the 2021 Come As You Are Fair. At this annual celebration of self-awareness and respect for the lives of others, the world gathers to be and showcase just what makes them who they are.

To celebrate the global acceptance of same-sex marriage, we are proud to announce the theme of the 2021 Fair: "Have a Gay Ole Time." This year, we stand together, to celebrate that love truly does conquer all and that the greatest gift we can share with the world is to love and be loved in return. So, men bring your boys; women bring your girls, and come as you to join your brothers and sisters of humanity in pride.

So, people of the world, come and openly share your love and equal partnerships with the rest of the crazy, unique, beautiful, intelligent, honest, pure, genuine, odd, underestimated, different, and proud people of the world. Remember - the world is full of colors, and celebrating the rainbow of the world this year is a hallmark celebration for us to remember and believe in for decades to come.

Future Fair

By christine.m.longo

The world should be celebrating the future. Every day new possibilities are sprouting from the hard work of the day before. Each day we can do more than we could the day before. As individuals this is built through experiences and realizations occurring constantly throughout our lives. As societies and larger communities this is built through the leaders who inspire change to move forward and the people who believe enough in a better future that they readjust the way they live their lives to reflect what can be. The World's Fair of the future will not need exhibits or rides or strange wacky sideshows to draw people in. It will simply be a designated open space where all are invited to meet, talk and be. Everyone will walk away with something new from someone they probably would never have met before. That is something to celebrate.

Well, DUH...

By Majestas

Let's Celebrate!

2011 WORLD'S FAIR:

WORLD PEACE

(It's About Time)

Humanity finally realizes:

"Human life is precious"

Humanities Fair - 2012

By rustrada

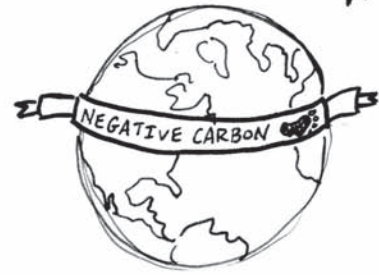
Let's celebrate our accomplishments as humans. We came from nothing and have surpassed unimaginable thoughts. We will always move forward in thoughts. our intelligence will continue to advance and never digress. 2021-10 years from now. 2001 - 1991 ... how much has everything advanced since then. Celebration of intelligence! We always move forward. Global celebration of humanity, our constant progression and working toward a finer lifestyle. We always try to improve what we already have. Our potential is limitless and can't be held back by delusions of self importance.

Celebrating You

By tcheung

Everyone of us are unique in our own ways and none of us are the same. You need to celebrate the uniqueness of you and embrace the things that make each of us different. What a boring world this would be if we all were the same. In 2021 we need to celebrate what makes us different rather than be afraid because of it.

2021 WORLD'S FAIR



Attend the 2021 WORLD'S FAIR
and you'll not only have fun, you'll save the world.

Visit and you'll:

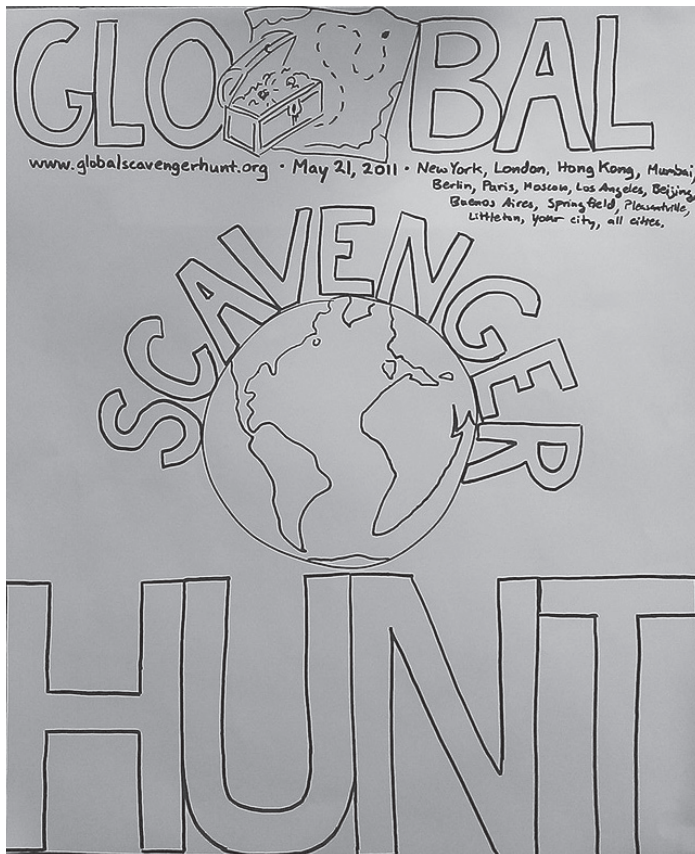
- Re-freeze glaciers
- Remove CO₂ from the atmosphere
- Save Siberian Tigers from extinction
- Eliminate your carbon footprint



Help Yourself. Help the World. Visit **THE FAIR.**



spqrxxi
markpopham
liminary
LK
upsofloating
Barbara Eldredge
Christina



The World's Discovery Fair

By tonytypes

A global game of discovery to take place on May 21st 2011.

The Fair of the Multiverse- 2021, Earth

By Wishme

Ladies and Gentlemen, Ze and Zir, Calphalon and Xyzzx alike!

Welcome to the Multiverse's only exhibition of technologies and fancies from the 18 known galaxies!

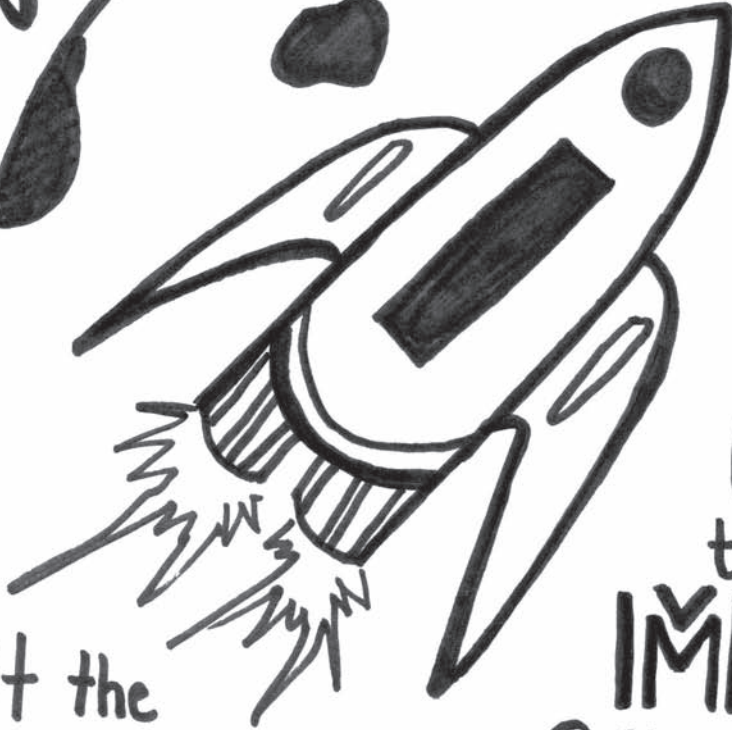
Tour the history of baseball from its barnstorming past to it's unparalleled heights on Mars and Alpha Centauri, Eat delicacies hitherto unknown on this planet, Watch the Pernicious Mudworm unravel her voils for the first time since her galaxy was formed. Be Astounded by the physical feats performed by species of all types under Earth's peculiar gravity!

Our Fair is meant to be an exchanging of cultures and sharing of experiences. if at any point you feel maligned, offended or otherwise overwhelmed please feel free to spend time in our decompression tent. Our attendants come from all over the multiverse and are attuned to your every need.

Not all attractions are appropriate for all ages or levels of development. Please consult your Fair guide for suggestions from your embassy. All unattended spawn under pre-adolescence will be corralled into the Hippolyte- rides and given false hopes.

"Leave
the

Worlds PARLIT"



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**SOYLENT
GREEN**

The World's Fair

By g8torjenn

With the advent of the internet and social media, it seems as if cultural boundaries have vanished. All over the world, we are telling the same jokes, watching the same TV shows, reading the same books and sharing the same life experiences.

What better way would there be to celebrate the joining of our worlds than a global observance of Flash Fair day. Organized, of course, entirely through social media.

New World Disorder

By WaxwingSlain

Welcome to the 2021 World's Fair!

This year we welcome all humans, alien life forms, robots, docile zombies, clones, clones of clones, and genetically modified guinea pigs.

We celebrate the achievements of the past decade: world peace, finding a cure for cancer, and the eradication of Crocs Shoes. We honor our globe's President for Life: Ke\$ha, and welcome you to this year's World's Fair with her immortal words: "Let's Party"!

No apocalypse- woohoo!

By MeggieMcD

Welcome to the "the world didn't end and we get to continue existing on this Earth!!!" party!!! Bring all the canned food you stored up in the event of an apocalypse and we will build a gigantic food pyramid and knock it down with an awesome game of jumbo bowling! Do everything you wanted to do before the world ended but were actually too lazy to do when it came down to it. Dance in the streets! Learn to crochet! Throw the first pitch at a baseball game! Have a child! You name it, we will make it happen at this party!

The World's Fair (so I didnt read the instructions before I wrote)

By Elizabeth.K

It rose up from a mosquito ridden ash dump called Flushing . Its visionaries stood in their scuffed shoes and gazed across the river to a spiky skyline that represented rise and fall but defied its own gravity. Then they got back in their cars and went back to Manhattan to wrest \$160 million from deep pockets.

But it was the Commissioner, perhaps the most powerful man in New York , who squeezed and molded that money and that message into a vision to match his own. The 1939 World's Fair, he declared, have to be a beacon of hope squeezed between Depression and War. And so the World of Tomorrow became a manicured, landscaped future world. Its center was an immense steel globe ☒ he Perisphere ☒ symbol of a world absent imperfections. The Perisphere was chaperoned by a soaring spire being slowly sheathed in steel. The Trylon.

Two days before the grand opening of the 1939 World's Fair, The Commissioner arrived at the vast Fairgrounds for a last inspection. He barked orders at men who peeled off with their clipboards to carry out his wishes.

By noon, he stood alone at the center of the park. Before him stood four massive statues ☒ enormous, gargantuan, expressionless bodies that represented the Four Freedoms. The Commissioner, a towering man in most company, had to crane his neck to see the blank features of his beloved Freedoms, but he liked it that way. Freedom, as the Commissioner saw it, was not something precious to be protected ... it was something too big to topple. "Too big to topple," he said aloud, trying the words for inclusion in the Independence Day speech he would give soon.

This was the Commissioner's vision of the future: imposing and authoritative, beneficial and superlative. His was a tomorrow filled with orderly lines, automated machinery, untrammelled lawns and supervised children. He had been dreaming this dream for decades. Today, finally, it was laid out before him. He was satisfied, and in his satisfaction, he drifted into an uncharacteristic idleness. His step slowed, and he let the sun beat down on his bare head. Before long, he found himself in a fenced lot, where two men in workers clothes stood gazing down into a deep hole.

The Commissioner approached them and cleared his throat. "What is the meaning of this unfinished construction?" he asked loudly.

"It's for the time capsule, Commissioner," said one of the workera. "Don't worry, sir. We'll have it buried before sundown."

The Commissioner turned to the sleek black bullet lying on its side on the other side of the pit. It had two small latches and a copper band around its middle.

"I'd like you to open it," he said..

The workers hustled over and unbuckled the belt. They lifted the cover to reveal a bundle of carefully packed articles: there was a straight razor and a pack of chewing gum; a mechanical pencil nestled inside a tape measure and woman's makeup kit. There was a golf ball and a small piece of rayon, the latest synthetic fabric, as well as samples of aluminum, iron, tungsten and silicon; he touched the artificial cellulose sponge and a piece of rubber and the back of an electrical wall switch. There were several packets of seeds and rolls of microfilm. The

Commissioner was right in assuming his own image could be found in their celluloid. He rifled through the half-dozen newspapers tucked along the capsule walls, smiled at the commemorative pin showing the Trylon and Perisphere and was about to close the container when his eye fell upon a small metal-gray ball the size of a shooter marble sitting atop a Raggedy Ann doll. Impulsively he picked it up and dropped it in his pocket, noting in the split second, the ball's surprising heaviness. Then he quickly left the site.

A few moments later the Commissioner, overcome with a highly uncharacteristic weariness, sat down on a bench under a tree planted just a few weeks earlier. The shade it provided was scant, and yet the Commissioner had the impression that a large cloud had just covered the sun. He shivered, involuntarily.

A promotional brochure that had fluttered free of its rack gusted across the walkway and fastened itself to the Commissioner's polished shoe. He picked it up and read silently.

To help us get a glimpse into the future of this unfinished world of ours here is a provocative exhibit of the greater and better World of Tomorrow - where individual effort, the freedom to think and the will to do have given birth to a generation of men who open new fields for greater accomplishment. Come, let's travel into the future, what will we see?

The Commissioner knew exactly what the visitor who responded to this come-on was supposed to see: he was supposed to see an idyllic American landscape of pretty houses, clean factories, spectacular bridges, mile-high skyscrapers, dirigibles, telephones, dishwashers and broad interstates. He was supposed to see "The World of Tomorrow," just

as the Commissioner had earlier that day when he went to the head of the line at the Perisphere and took an abbreviated tour.

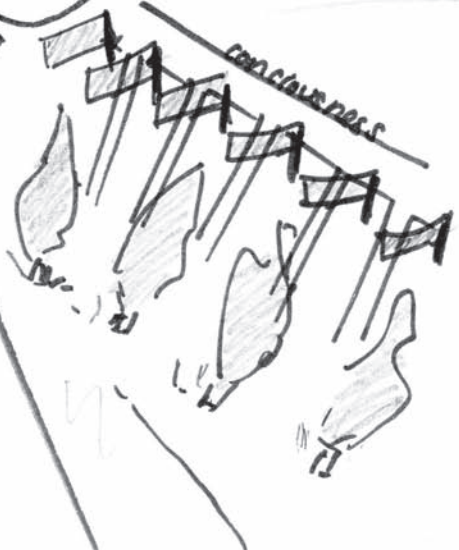
But as he read the text, the Commissioner felt a strange foreboding creep along the walkway and sit next to him. Forgetting his enmity towards litter, the Commissioner dropped the flyer on the ground. Then, for the third time that day, he did something most unusual. He closed his eyes.

What he saw behind those closed lids was very different from the World of Tomorrow he had so long envisioned. He saw orderly lines of people but they were headed for their own graves. He saw doctors pushing the limits of science but with horrifying results. He saw ambitious men harnessing the power of radio and television to enslave, not entertain. He saw gunships sink pleasure ships and firepower destroy manpower. He saw small, close-knit communities scattered, and children in tears.

How long these visions of Tomorrow revealed themselves as he sat, hat in hand on a bench in Flushing Meadow, the Commissioner was unable to say. But when he arose to leave the Fairgrounds, he understood that New York in the summer of 1939 had an even greater responsibility to the World than he had ever supposed before.

With the slow but unerring gait of a sleepwalker, the Commissioner headed towards the VIP parking lot. As he passed the alabaster pavilions of Europe lining the Lagoon of Nations, he closed his eyes again, and another vision disturbed him. He saw his proud national pavilions slowly covered in a shroud of black. And then he saw Freedom as she really is, not a gargantuan man of stone, too big to topple, but a small, brave bird, fighting against a strong wind.

2021



- technology
 - vision
 - cooperation
 - creation
- evolution

BronxRam
bsiem
shazhu
MiltonBradley
rieuwa

The 2021 World's Fair

By Chrislamb

SURVIVORS! MUTANTS! WASTELAND SAVAGES AND HUMAN DETRITUS OF ALL AGES!

Come one, come all to the 2021 WORLD'S FAIR!

Yes, a mere nine years since the utter and complete collapse of what we once so foolishly called "human society", we're back on our feet and ready celebrate mankind's steady climb back up the food chain (take that, three-headed cows!) with an exposition of our great and many accomplishments!

Make your way to the nuclear ruin of Detroit, now called GROG HOME in honor of Boncrusher Grog the first, god-king of the midwest, for a week full of fun, learning, and water with a lower rad count than you're used to! Ooh and aah at achievements from all corners of this broken world of ours, from the Los Angeles fire-pits to the island fiefdoms of Old Texas! Each day has wonders and amazements the likes of which you haven't seen since Pan-Asian Magneto Wars crashed part of the moon in to this ol' globe of ours, bringing civilization to a screeching halt. Our schedule of fantastic sights and sounds includes:

FRIDAY, DAY ONE

Gasp in wonder through your mouths, gills, or blow holes at the miracle of ELECTRIC LIGHT! Yes, all the way from the Connecticut Spires comes the last known working 60-Watt bulb. Powered by over eighty batteries made from potatoes, this wonder of days gone by is a reminder of the simpler pleasures of a by-gone era, like reading after dark and not being hunted by the gas-gangs of the Waste for your pelt. Come by in the afternoon for a special shadow puppet show for the kids!

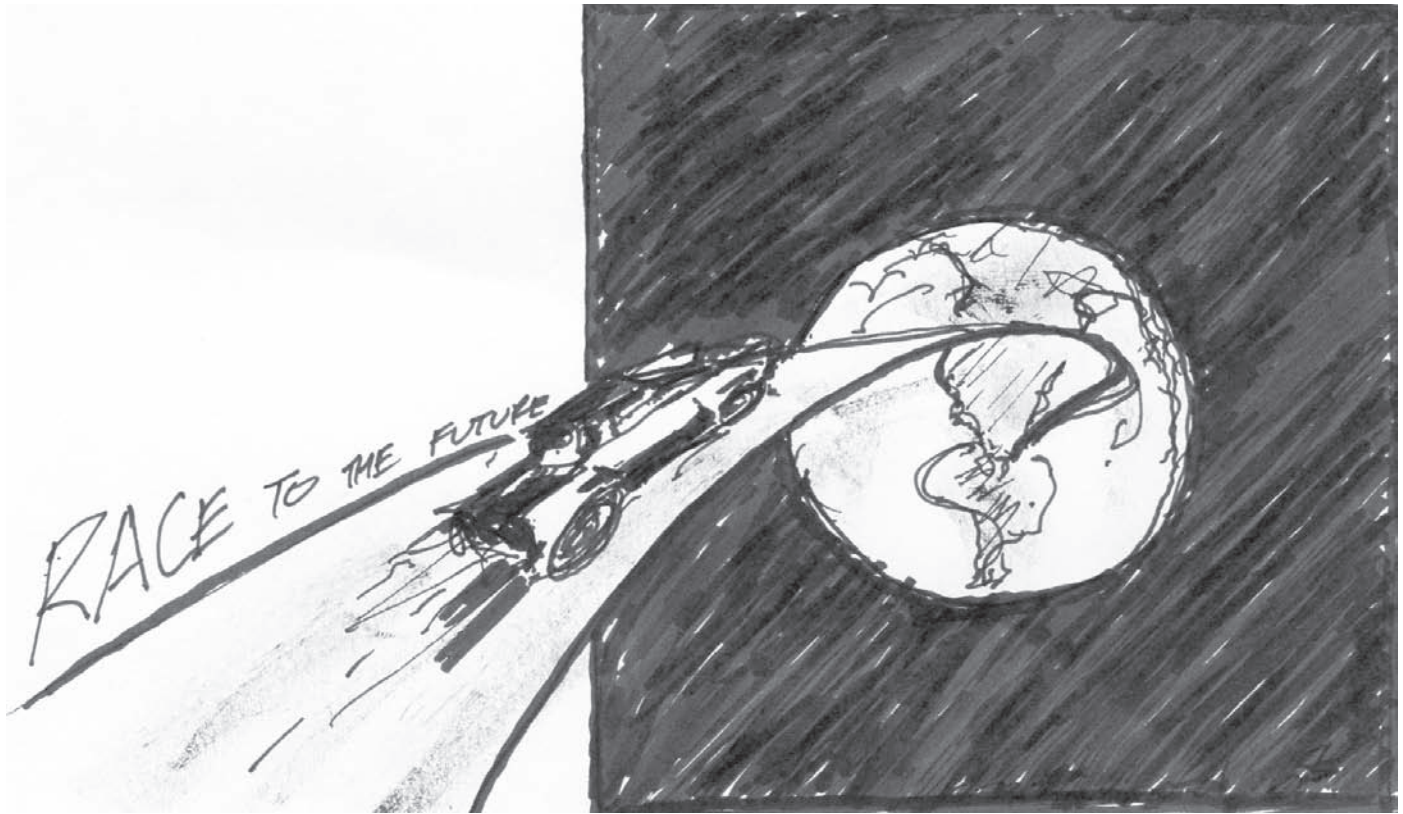
SATURDAY, DAY TWO

Just when you thought it couldn't get any better than artificial light, our friends from the Volcanic Fields of Oregoshington bring another wonder you'll need to see to believe: the two-story structure! Yes, it hasn't been easy, particularly since some of the more feral tribes of the great Northwest still insist on worshipping anything taller than six feet as a god, but this miracle of modern engineering is a at last a reality! Come see the sort of structure you and your irradiated brood might one day call home, but watch out hungry terra-hawks!

SUNDAY, DAY THREE

And last, but certainly not least, the 2021 World's Fair of GROG HOME is proud to present the exhibition we're most proud of: star of the small screen Lou Ferrigno! Yes, the rest of Hollywood may have been devoured by the land shark invasion of 2013, but it'll take more than an army of sentient shark-men to stop TV's the Incredible Hulk! Lou will be on hand to pose for rock paintings and sign autographs with any of his many flipper appendages for the low, low cost of forty bottle caps or your most attractive daughter. What better way to end a weekend celebrating the triumph over adversity than with one of America's first and favorite mutant monsters!

DISCLAIMER: Please note that the 2011 World's Fair is not responsible for your safety to, from, or during the festivities. We are all but cattle to Grog, may his will forever steer us.



AudreyGelman
porksandwich
MEnglish211
mpuchon
roserin
kingstonlounge
jenvaz1

Capture the Rapture

By kinsk411

YOU SURVIVED THE RAPTURE!

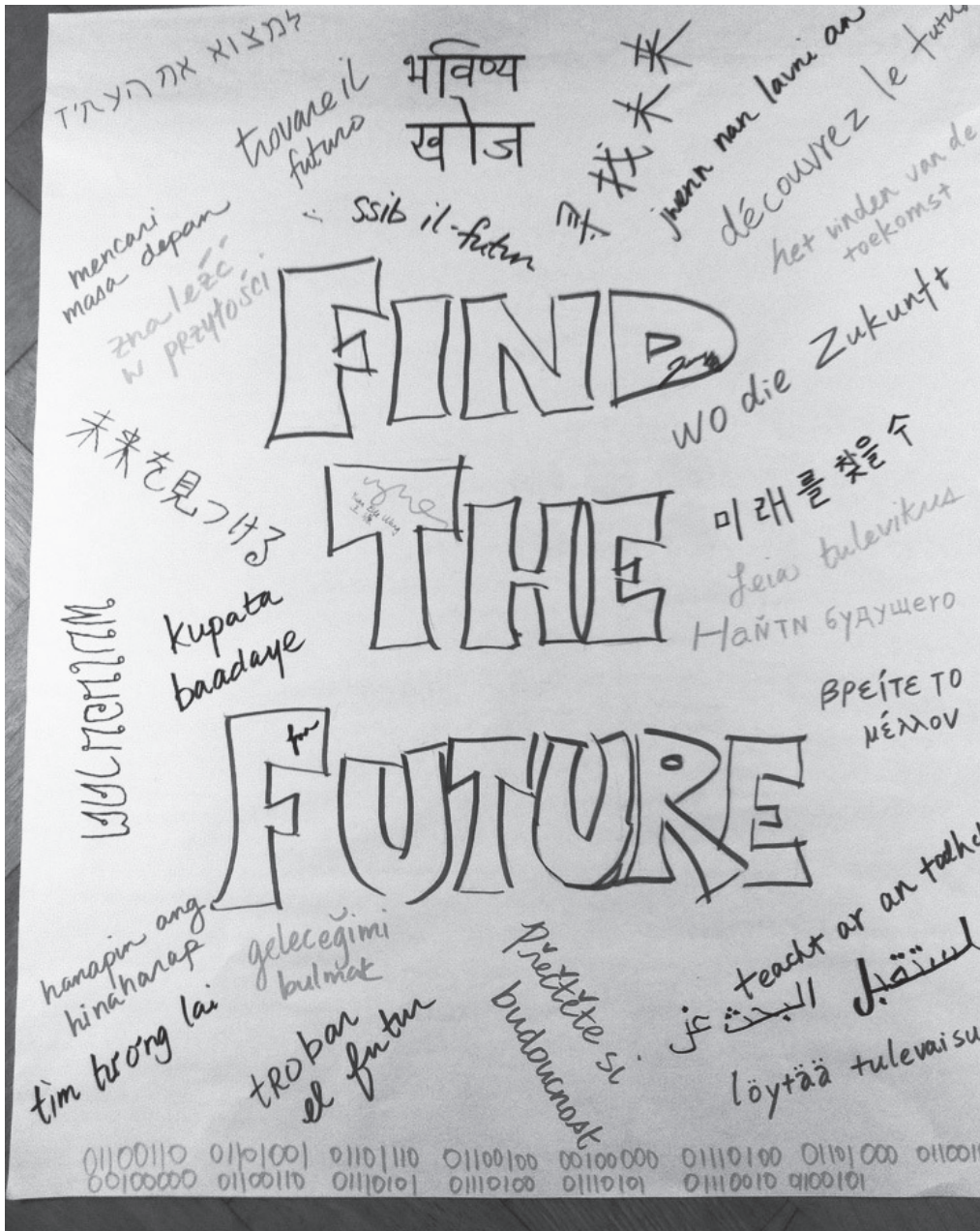
What's Left

By chozzles

Welcome to the 2021 What's-Left-of-the-World's Fair!



CONSULT THE WORDS OF WISDOM: COMMUNITY



find the future

By ellewy

How to define community

By EdgeOfSeventeen

Community is found in the family you build for yourself. It is in the bonds you make with others over a cup of coffee, a good laugh, or even a good cry. Community is necessary.

A New Yorker's Community

By hipster546

Community in New York: Is it here?

I am sitting here writing in one of the biggest cities in the world. As time spills slowly into the morning hours, the hubbub of the city refuses to cease. Red lights from cars still flood the streets while drunken men and women carouse and caress on the streets. The last lone hedge fund manager wraps up his new investment prospect with the light faintly on in his office for all to see. This is New York - constantly moving, changing forms, working, loving & dying. This is the community we have known and loved for many years. However, finding our future can sometimes be very hard when you are among such a transient population.

Even though we are constantly on the move, a sense of community is always around us here in the city. Every day, we find our future community through a fated glance, chance encounter, brief hello or even an unanticipated car accident. Community soon becomes a concept that is defined by our day to day encounters. A quiet hello to the homeless man on the corner of 42nd and Park might just give him a modicum of hope for the future. An extra tip to Darlene at Clinton Street Bakery might help her make rent this month. A quick nod to the doorman

at The Plaza might even make him feel welcome among the thousands of hotel workers making their way in the city. We create community, and in a sense community can find us.

As the night rolls on, the sun will slowly peek through the majestic windows of the empire, slowly covering the tar-stained street like a blanket of red hot fire. Cars will still be zooming into the future while the drunken men and women will be waking up the next morning with little memory of the night before. The hedge fund manager will slowly pack his things for the next day - a rigorous one at the office. Today, however, will be slightly different. One car might bump into another, the drunken man might say hello to the new occupant of seat 4 at the bar, while the hedge fund manager might decide to go out to lunch. Today a new future is defined as fresh communities emerge out of the woodwork.

To broaden our community we must treasure each day and really cherish the small connections we make with one another. Our future can be much brighter if we realize the person next to us might have a great story to tell.

Unlike the Rest of The Zoo

By Boink Progress Inc.

"All animals to speak learn. How else do they obey?"

The Scorpion must always sting the Frog. It is his nature, and he is a Beast.

The Hyena must always laugh at the Wildebeast. It is his nature, and he is an Animal.

The Cobra must always strike the Lark. It is his nature, and he is Wild.

Wisdom used to hold that a Person is a People! "People aren't Beasts, or Animals, or Wild! We choose our nature, and obey our reason."

Wisdom changed. "People is nothing but a Monkey with a bigger brain! Our nature rules us as it does any Ape."

Looking at the historical record, one can certainly see the evidence for our beastlier ways. World Peace is one of those concepts like "A unicorn!" or "flying like Superman!"--a wish for toddlers and beauty pageant finalists. "Get Rich or Die Trying" isn't that far removed from "Kill or Be Killed", and we lionize those among us capable of achieving the most wealth, the biggest armies, the greatest victories. Jungle Law is Competition; is Competition not ours?

But the Scorpion and the Hyena and the Cobra, even the Apes...their contests end in carcasses and flies, true, but nothing the dirt can't forget.

The People--the contests of the People leave destruction that cannot be forgotten. The wisdom that makes Man unlike the rest of the zoo, makes him above the other creatures, makes it so that obeying the instincts of his animal past becomes more and more dangerous with each new achievement.

People can form their own fellowships, and in doing so, overcome their individual nature. If this is a lie, then so is the Future.

Words of Wisdom: Community

By GorgesForDimples

communication knows no languages. it is not about what is said; it's about the intention.

Words of Wisdom: The Comforting Smile

By jcurwin

How can I comfort the world. "Fritzi gave Santa a comforting smile." I must learn the comforting smile, the look that says no matter what's happened to you, I understand. I find in the book that the act went at a terrific speed. Hurry, hurry to learn that smile because when a being is in pain, he needs immediate relief. My smile must answer all terrors. In the book it says they won't. But I know they will be comforted. Circle Shoes take you wherever you have to go. Climb the mountain; seek the truth. You will find the way and I will help you with my smile.



alicialikesfood
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sircek

Community of Clowns

By Latia L. Miller

"They had no time to be exhausted for into the ring tumbled clowns."

With unprecedented disaster and division among the human race so far in the 21st century, it's a pertinent time to reflect on the concept of community for humankind. For ages, philosophers have debated whether the individual shapes his society or if society shapes the individual. I will not presume to have a superior insight than those preeminent minds, but to me, these theories are pitted against one another unnecessarily. Our humanity is at stake and the need to act precludes

the virtue of pedagogy and semantics.

I chose the quote above for it's supreme simplicity and functionality. It is an especially brilliant antidote in times of distress. Our global community is in a state of disaster. And instead of pontificating about the many flavors of causation, we need to act - spiritedly. And there's no reason this can't happen. We waste so much time defining and refining communities - standards for inclusion, expectation for remaining in it, etc. - when the truest answer is that there is but one. And, we all belong to it.



Chapter 8: 

THE ULTIMATE BOON



GUTENBERG BIBLE

The New New Testament

By jackieberg

Al Salaam a'alaykum. Konnichiwa. Aloha. Guten tag. Shalom. Hola. Jambo.
Hello.

Just between us, I have a feeling that the page resting beneath your thumb contains a remedy for our deepest problems. As a society. As a world. As indeterminable flakes of a plaged universe.

Would these words be more precious if they were rolled carefully across the end of a feather tip? If they came from an ink-paper union, relentless in its existence separate from the “backspace” “delete” or “reset” that allows our fate to be about as tightly sealed as a Ziploc? Perhaps, says the culture newly bound by the neurotic explosion of shared ideas.

As for this one, it was born in the south wing of the New York Public Library’s Rose room and somehow stretched itself to where you are. I do not know your name or your story but I am sure this idea has passed through many filters of diversion that have kept you and I apart until now.

The near entirety of our existence for at least our mind’s ability to understand it is here to reinforce that separation. There’s a great beauty in the nuances of separation; it’s an astonishing that the way you look at a stranger, the way your face reshapes while holding a smile, and the way you pick up a glass all have infinite shape.

Yet despite which planet your eyes are colored with and what your shirt stitching show you in your mirror and what God looks like in your mind, your double helix looks almost identically like mine. Over 99% of it is a duplicate.

It’s unfortunate that our fears and our histories and our families and our religions and our social circles and our pride and our senses lead us away from remembering that.

It's Okay...

By chozzles

It's okay to not like things, but don't be a dick about things you don't like.

Dependency

By zacharyostrow

Man by his very nature is dependent on other men. We call ourselves explorers, independent, courageous; but what are we without the support of our brothers. How far do we really get if we try to do everything alone. When the simplest smallest thing can bring the whole world around you to a halt. I want piece of mind; I want to rely on my brother. And know that he will find the wrench if I don't.

What He Saw in the Dirt

By Robert Whitehead, Emily Schubert, Garrett Verdone, Mathieu Jean-Lubin, Andy Rossmeissl, Mary Mei, Laurey Lou

The sun peaked before noon and then hid beneath the rough thunder clouds. The sun was acting as if it were part of a day trying to finish up quick, as if the guarded procession of fixed hours in their fixed days could be done away with easily and without consequence. Underneath this headless day, men worked a marble quarry in Vermont, their thankfulness for the lost sun tempered by the uneasy experience of a now-dark afternoon. As the men brought down their stone cutters and shovels, their pickaxes and chisels, the marble was giving away the heat it collected throughout the hot morning. Johannes was one of these men, and from behind the veil of a heat mirage, he worked, roughing the rock, turning it out of the ground athletically.

"Cut evenly," the foreman yelled over the terrible din. "This here rock is going to New York City!"

Johannes stood and wrenched the angry muscles in his back with his hands. The horizon rippled. Somewhere to the south, he was told, was New York City and this cold-looking rock now filling the air with heat would build a library there.

He imagined New York, what it was and what it could be, and how he could make himself known there. He thought about his work, and how to make things held in buildings of marble, instead of merely hacking stone into building blocks. It was

where his mind wandered to, day after day, to escape the drudgery of his work. When he was lucky, he was able to read by candlelight for a small bit in the evenings, but usually he was too exhausted and sore from the day's work. But the stories he read in those hand-written tomes, of Biblical heroes and struggles of good and evil, allowed him to further escape during the sun-drenched days. He wished he could share the stories with the world, rather than only those who were rich enough to buy a book, or lucky enough to inherit one.

He wanted to live in a future where all people had access to books, and literacy was not the privilege of the rich. He had made sketches in the dirt while daydreaming, but nothing had stuck. Recently, however, something had begun to form in his mind. Letters could be cast and set in frames, inked all at once, and pressed onto paper. And it could be done over and over, and then when each page had been completed, they could be bound together. It was easy, it was cheap, and it was all a dream. But Johannes knew that one day soon, it could be real. He would make it possible for anyone with passion, an idea, or simply the desire to write a book and give it to anyone who wanted it. The message would belong to all of us, and we could all share it. That was his desire, his need, to allow anyone, stonemason or king, to stand on even ground and share his view with all the world. We are all equal and deserve to be heard.

MESSAGE TO THE WORLD (Post-Gutenberg-Bible)

By Mephistoblast

History threatens to squash us. We are the quivering legs of a table burdened by memory's excess. Our bodies reverberate with what we have inherited, and looking back, we see history building to a climax which may never come, a series of events, triumphs, catastrophes, swelling forward and outward asymptotically to an impossible infinity. We are speechless before the physics of expansion. Where are we going? How will this end? We cling to dreamed answers, but know we can't know. At last we must submit to and accept the basic futility of control.

This is not a warning, but an affirmation. The human story is not told by history, but by the infinite moment. In the extreme present the structure of the story dissolves and the possibility of connection presents itself. Letting go of control the past washes over and through us; the burden is lifted; we are given relief in our togetherness. In the same moment we're humbled and exalted as we realize what matters: I can reach out from my plateau of questions and touch you. I can feel you. In your eyes I can find the same burning mystery that animates us all. The magic of the future, the excitement, is in this discovery and rediscovery of our unity.

Be Nice

By a|lobster

Hey guys. Can we just, like, be cool? Don't be mean. Just be nice.

An Open Letter to the World

By bunnybird

Rapture: Published in The New York Times, May 21, 2011 (6:00PM, time zone unknown)

By nsharma

Dear people on the corner of 35th and 7th who have told me every day that I will die in rapture because I don't believe in your God,

I want the world to hear my message to you.

What do you plan on doing if the world is going to end tonight? What could you possibly do in the last few hours, in the last few MINUTES of your life that would make up for every sin you have ever committed? This brings me to my first point:

1. Be honest with yourself. If you've sinned, or done something bad, or hurt someone, you can't make up for it by handing out flyers and yelling at those who are part of a different religion. Reflect on your own life and try to change it, don't try to change everybody else.

Here's the next kicker: what if I am part of a different religion? What if I do believe in a different higher power? Who made you the authority on which religion is right or wrong?

2. You can't convince me that my religion is wrong just because you say so. The end.

I don't hate you, random people who yell at me about the apocolypse. I really don't. I just don't believe in your message. Whatever happened to the whole "our god is a loving, compassionate god?" Would compassionate gods kill every non-secular person on the planet in a fit of rapture? I don't know. What I do know is that you spend so much of your time focused on this rapture business that you've lost perspective. This brings me to my final point:

3. Don't you think that god will think you've cherished the gift of life he's given you if you spend your time enjoying, protecting, and loving everything around you? Spend your time enjoying your life instead of bothering people on a street corner. I promise you that your message will be better received.

Thanks for hearing me out.

Sincerely,

Burning-With-Rapture

Technology from the Past to the Future

By Elle Yuan Wang

Technology does not just mean anything that is related to the Internet or computers. A piece of paper, your clothes, your table, etc. are all technologies. Do not ever resist technologies; try embrace them as evolving revolutions that can pass on your message. -



REPLACE SOMETHING

Dance Dance Subway Revolution

By comet42427

Buried beneath the sidewalks of New York City are defunct subway stations. At Worth Street and 18th Street along the 6 line, and 91st Street along the 1 line (and 9 line, speaking of defunct, obsolete things), the ghost platforms of an earlier era still stand. Closed off as the length of trains expanded and such short interim stations were no longer needed, these stops became corroded with graffiti and the other unspeakable debris that notoriously ferments underground. Recent efforts to reclaim lost subway stations have made slight headway, with MTA tunnel tours sprouting in Brooklyn and at the original City Hall station. But what of these wasted, open spaces in Manhattan? What could possibly be done with them, and what could possibly compete with the roar of subways rushing by?

In brief: dance clubs.

Let's turn these defunct stations into Club Subway - a three-part thematic series of underground dance clubs, parties, and art shows that celebrate the noise and spontaneity of the city's underworld. Each station - Worth, 18th, and 91st will each reflect the feel of the neighborhood above it. Music has always been a part of the subway, and turning these stations into dance clubs will bring back a performance space for street musicians and local DJs and experimental artists. New Yorkers love their subways - the impromptu send-off party for the end of the V train in the 2nd Avenue station proved that well enough. Club Subway will be the ultimate underground club experience and the ultimate New York club experience, rolled into one.

Cover fee will be the swipe of a Metrocard, and all profits (entry fee, food and drink sales) will go to the MTA (since we all know they need it - unlimited cards won't work, sadly). Who needs bouncers when you have floor to ceiling turnstiles? With a little investment from the city and the MTA, let's put up plexiglass barriers against the edge of these old stations, creating a noise and grit buffer from the trains, but allowing club-goers and subway riders to watch each other as they pass by. They don't call it an urban jungle for nothing. With a little effort, let's install some new grates in the sidewalk or other types of vents to allow air to flow into the tunnels, and carve out some space for a bathroom or two. With a little work, let's clean up the floors and reinforce the walls so that it's safe to go inside again. Let's preserve the graffiti as a testament to New York's history, and put up temporary walls that can be covered with new art and can be removed and shared as a traveling exhibit as an investment in the city's future. And then, let's party.

Reservoir Foundations

By tcheung

As we move into the future and technology begins to play a big role on our daily interactions with people

Gone Postal

By lorene

As the world goes digital, post offices are falling by the wayside. Current plans for the NYC Main Post office are to convert it into a new transportation hub, but this seems a wast. New Yorkers need more open spaces for interacting. Replacing the monolithic postoffice building with a tiered park and artspace will give us a place for recreation and an escape from the tourists.

Post Office Today: Community Center Tomorrow

By cmulli

Across the United States are buildings dedicated entirely to the delivery of mail.

Mail, in the traditional understanding of the word, has become obsolete. It is so obsolete, in fact, that we've added a new word ("snail") to reflect its value in society. Electronic mail has superseded snail mail. We use it for everything from friendly notes with friends to paying bills and receiving advertisements and coupons.

Post office buildings, therefore, are no longer necessary to service our society. These buildings should be converted to provide a far more valuable service. We should replace these outdated and unnecessary buildings with environmentally friendly structures that will have relevance in the future -- namely community centers where people can access technology, take classes, bring their kids, and spend time connecting with one another. This would keep with the theme of post offices as being a place of community and connection, while at the same time being far more useful!

Mountains into anthills

By edryan

Mountains are buildings formed without human hands. Great inert chunks of three-dimensional real-estate, a mountain may be hollowed out and formed into an arcology. This has already happened on a small scale, with salt mines being used for office space.

The Great Video Game Salon

By galenblade

On my block, there is a row house that has been boarded up after being cooked by a fire. The siding is melted beyond recognition, the yard is unkempt, and I'm sure it's filled with rats, raccoons, and other critters.

I would tear this down and replace it with a designer bar slash video game salon. People will come and drink the finest beer and cocktails, and try out the latest games in a relaxed setting with the highest top-end hardware possible. Theme nights, competitions, and trivia nights will abound.

It's a good fit for the neighborhood - lots of young people, lots of nerds. It's a niche no one really fills, and it also gives me an excuse to get the best gaming equipment possible for my own use and then have it be a business expense.

An Outmoded Edifice

By MEnglish211

At some point in the coming centuries, humanity is going to have to make an important choice - to either find a way to live peaceably with one another, or to risk total annihilation. For obvious reasons, I would tend to prefer the former, and if and when we reach a point when people no longer need the instruments of war, we will likewise no longer need the structures associated with warlike behavior - and none seems a better candidate for demolition than the Pentagon.

When this monument to warmongering was constructed, it usurped the New Jersey Asylum for the Insane for the honor of having the largest continuous foundation of any American building. Since this time, it has served a number of roles during a number of conflicts, but the symbol it stands for - of the supremacy of the American military - has remained the same.

Nationalism has always been a problematic proposition. In a global community in which nuclear weapons are a going concern, in which we have a concept of "total war", in which increasing numbers of humans are competing for decreasing resources, we needn't place any more positive emphasis on nationalism than is absolutely necessary. When we have achieved peace - and we **MUST** achieve peace if our species is going to continue - the removal of the Pentagon will be an important symbolic action.

Some part of the original building should be retained, of course - a monument to the past, so that we do not forget. But the ground should be renewed and planted; the footprint should be made into something natural, organic, and almost wholly un-warlike. A park, a garden, or an arboretum would be welcome replacements. If that parcel of land can come to symbolize not war, but reverence for peace, then perhaps America - and by extension, all of humanity - might stand a chance.

Building a Companion for Lady Liberty on Governors Island

By Sean DiBartolo

During the 19th Century the forts at Governors Island served the important task of protecting the Inner Harbor of New York City. Fort Jay and Castle Williams are now relics of the past and appropriately have been designated as part of the Governors Island National Monument; these structures are located on the northern part of the island. There is an industrial area about 7.5 acres in size at the southern tip of the island that was last occupied by the US Coast Guard until 1996. This area would be an ideal location for redevelopment project or perhaps a project that is destined for something bigger.

We propose to erect a statue of similar stature on Governors Island to that of the Statue of Liberty. We believe that Lady Justice can be a similar pillar and symbol of our American society that can complement Lady Liberty across the harbor. Invoking the ancient images of Colossus of Rhodes greeting sailors entering the harbor, the addition of Lady Justice would project more of the core values that our system of government is based. Imagine, if you will, traveling up the Inner Harbor towards the Hudson River seeing twin ladies welcoming you to New York City and America.

Lady Justice would be founded on a rectangular foundation to an elevation that matches the pedestal that Lady Liberty is founded and would be erected to the same height as Lady Liberty. The statue would face the center of the Inner Harbor in a similar fashion that Lady Liberty is facing.

"The way to secure liberty is to place it in the people's hands, that is, to give them the power at all times to defend it in the legislature and in the courts of justice" - John Adams

A greener turn for wasted urban space.

By cesarkuriyama 3

First I'd like to advocate an idea that's not mine. I recently read and heard a TED lecture on changing the space we currently use in front of a fire hydrant. No one is allowed to park there unless it's an emergency and so it basically wasted space. The idea is to turn those spaces into green spaces. We can plant all sorts of vegetation, flowers, or even just grass would be much more appealing and healthier to all. And it would also deter would be violators to park in that space illegally. In the event of an emergency, a vehicle could still park there and the damage to the green would be minimal. It would heal and grow back in time. Basically every block in every city has a no parking space due to a fire hydrant. So every single block in the city could look dramatically friendlier with the addition of these green spaces.

Now one of the spaces I'm particularly passionate about. ROOFTOPS! Urban city rooftops are mostly wasted space. And they shouldn't be. There's currently a fantastic growing movement to turn rooftops into micro farms. We could all grow our own vegetation on our very rooftops! I dream of a future where a top view of the city would look more green than urban.

Bear Market Bonanza Land

By pnklady16

Skyscrapers of all insolvent banks around the world, be replaced with amusement parks to revive family bonds and wholesome fun. Bungee jumping would be the main attraction, and super water slides.

Reservoir Foundations

By snufkin

"The past is a foreign country: they do things differently there."

We built on stone

that carried water.

There was water here, once.

Water washed us. Cooked our food. Quenched our thirst.

Slaked our horses. Boiled over fires,

and put out fires.

Water for beer, water for blessing,

water for the garden where the tomato vines smell like green,

my wife moving patiently between the rows.

What shall we do, when the water runs dry?

When the water is dry, what will make it wet again?

Are you on the list?

By mackenzie

Remember clubbing? The bouncers, the bottle service, the models and hedge fund managers and rappers? The mid-two thousand aughts were a heady time, full of bad choices and worse fashion (remember when we tried to make fanny packs happen?). But now, happily, we're all much wiser and poorer, which means that the Meatpacking District's glory days are behind us. The immersive theater piece Sleep No More recently took over the gutted remnants of Home and B.E.D.--you know, that theme club where you could listen to house music and drink Grey Goose in bed, just like at home, but more expensive. Why not continue the trend and repurpose those temples of louche consumption by turning them into art spaces, urban farms, community centers, and creative incubators? No dress code required.

Library Time

by: Alexa Yupangco

There's a fenced off area in my neighborhood where wild grass grows untamed, and where I'm certain that many little creatures and creepy crawlies are attempting to turn into their own space. But I see so much potential in that space - I feel like it would serve better as a neighborhood library.

In the Philippines, despite there being a certain amount of literacy, I feel like more children need more access to books, especially books they read for leisure. It's definitely something that I think would be a great replacement for that empty overgrown space.

Let's replace prisons

By Sarahmima17

The United States has the highest rate of incarceration in the world. We're filling our prisons and spending our resources to build more, rather than looking into the problems that lead to mass incarceration. The United States doesn't need prisons. It needs schools and jobs and infrastructure. As a nation we don't make ourselves greater by putting those who err behind bars.

Incarceration is not a solution to crime. Jails act as a way for us to hide away problems without addressing their root cause. In the end, it's tremendously expensive. In addition to the fiscal cost of incarceration, we lose human value when we chose to punish people rather than try and rehabilitate them. People who are incarcerated lose many of their civil rights.

We should spend money on social services that guide individual to become productive members of society. We need universally accessible early education programs and after school programs that keep children occupied. We should create jobs that are more lucrative than participation in a violent underground economy.

Still, even if we have these programs we will need some system to handle those who commit crimes. We should dedicate our resources to rehabilitation programs. These programs would allow us to enter a dialogue that teaches us about how to lower levels of criminal activity and create a more fair justice system.

Payphones. Not to be mistaken with urinals anymore.

By kleopoldful

Payphones are becoming more and more obsolete. I think it is time we get rid of them - most of them are eyesores anyway. There are many things that could replace them. Trees, for instance, or a large potted plant. Another thing that could take the place of disgusting, dirty, and most of the time not even in service payphones would be a multi-device super fast charging station. Charge an iphone or blackberry in under 5 minutes! One other idea that could replace payphones could be extra metro card booths. In larger cities, like NYC, we could replace the payphones with information kiosks in touristy areas. The payphones I see these days are grimy to say the very least and often just walking by them elicits nausea. Let's get rid of them and go hi-tech!

To Infinity and Beyond

By Pablo

The moon has become obsolete. Our friendly neighbor in the sky has touched the hearts and imaginations of humanity for generations. From deity to destination, the moon was never out of style.

Nothing lasts forever. We came, we saw, we conquered, and slowly over the years the moon lost its luster. One could almost imagine the man on the moon shedding a tear, feeling the true loneliness of space for the first time.

Humanity needs a new moon. An impossible feat to push us to become what we cannot even fathom we are capable of. I believe that the answer can be found in a small, animated toy named Buzz Lightyear. Push his buttons and you might hear him say, "To infinity and beyond!".

Our universe has been expanding infinitely since it's inception. Let's hitch a ride. Let's catch the train and make our way to the conductor's seat. Let's stand on the mast of the Universe, reach our hands forward, and touch the beyond.

FDR Drive to FDR Path

By emcfins

In the future, cars in New York City will be obsolete. Cars are heavy polluters, producing heat and smog. The FDR Drive cuts off the beautiful coast of the city. The FDR Drive is, more often than not, effectively a parking lot. It is so full of cars, traveling both north and south, that it takes a longer time to take it than to take the train within city limits. The elevated highway separates much of the city from the cooler air coming into land off the water, leading to warmer temperatures in the city itself.

A better use of the elevated highway would be to convert it to a walk/bike path with a train running in the middle. The elevated highway would be kept an elevated highway, but the asphalt would be changed to grass and a path on the outside and have electric train tracks built in the median. People would be able to commute while enjoying the view and fresh air rather than sitting in their cars going from one end of the city to the other. The train would keep the FDR elevated highway as a fast way to get from one end of the island to another, while also decreasing the heat and pollution as well as encourage airflow into and out of the island.



Current Bayway Oil Refinery
-- Bayway, NJ



Proposed Future Re-Appropriation Model

The Future of the Oil Refinery, Buckminster Fuller Style

By timothy.morrissey

The aesthetic beauty of the New York Public Library lies in the seamless melding of the old with the new, while at the same time operating in a timeless vacuum. The architecture of this magnificent palace is nothing short of a masterpiece. It is only in digging deeper into the historical footprint of this building that an even deeper awesomeness of this structure is revealed. The 'People's Palace' sits on the former Croton Reservoir, the 20-million gallon water supply for the City of New York. This is an entirely fitting and proper re-appropriation of this location. Just as the Croton supplied the essential essence of human life to the citizens, the current NYPL nourishes the intellectual curiosities through the items stored within its volume. While the body will perish with lack of water, the mind will become starved and dormant without the current reservoir of knowledge housed in this institution. A proposal to re-appropriate an obsolete space in the ilk of 42nd & 5th Ave is no small feat. The converted space must be either so transformative from a negative to a positive, or continue to foster cultural tradition through a change of use that the bounds of feasibility are tested. In fact, juxtapose the transformation of a reservoir into a public library into more contemporary times, and you see how impractical or unreasonable the idea might be. Ah,

but wait, the future and the quest to define and find it, is not bounded by reason or practicality. It is exactly these bounds that should be broken, never shattered, when attempting to find the future. As such, I think of the audacious ideas of someone like Buckminster Fuller. His notion of synergetics in which you do more with less is exactly the pathway of thought to be followed when engaging in futurist pursuits. My proposed future re-appropriation of site would be the vast acreages of oil processing plants along the New Jersey Turnpike, just south of the Newark International Airport, known as the Bayway Refinery. Now my idea is both transformative and bold, something needed for future thinking. In the spirit of Buckminster Fuller's Geodesic Dome design, I propose to convert these swaths of filth and pollution into a true cultural work of art. The system of geodesic domes will house cultural institutions such as theaters and museums, natural wonders such as aquariums and zoos, along with open spaces and affordable living arrangements. On a deeper level, this transformation will serve as a model for future oil refinery re-appropriation in a future where our need on petroleum as an energy source is diminished. While this is an audacious proposal it is befitting the transformation of turning a reservoir into a library.

A New Type Of Schools For A New Type Of Student

By ScottKostolni (Team Zero)

It's time to do away with schools. The current education system had become obsolete years ago. It teaches students to memorize answers and facts instead of actually learning how to think and understand. This whole system needs to be revamped starting with the schools.

Schools should light open spaces, with lots of light and open windows. The rooms should be fit with comfortable chairs and couches. There should be wifi and media access in all of the rooms each student should be equipped with laptops or better yet internet tablets. Classes should be lead by the students and teacher's jobs should be to help them find out what they need to help them learn and supply it for them.

Schools like this already run in other countries but currently in America our school systems are failing the students.

The New Commons

By maccombie

The irony of our age is that town greens, Main Street, and all the other gathering spaces were slowly supplanted by the drive-throughs, and the bypasses, and most importantly, the malls. Dialogue was replaced by repetitive commerce and interruption. But, in the age of e-commerce, soon enough, malls will become obsolete. I say good riddance; if it can be done better on a computer while saving all those resources, so be it.

The first thing we do, let's tear down those malls. Let's replace them with the commons, and bring back a chance for some real engagement. Let's make a space where all people can gather, discuss, debate, and connect. I know that might seem naive in the context of today's vitriol, rallies, tea parties, etc, but there's no chance for it to exist if we don't create a space for it.

Let's build a Main Green, where people can share food, and drink. A field where they roam. A grassy amphitheatre where there is a soapbox for anyone who wants it. Toss in some sculptures to climb on, trees to climb in, and a few gards to sow. Let's open source the open space - experiments welcome! - and see where it takes it. Without somewhere to gather, we'll only drift apart. So let's get together, mix it up, and see what settles out.

First Vertical Park

By FLWmoveOver

Trump Tower had served a valuable existence to the rich and famous however the time has come for it to go as it's been seen as way too gaudy and souless to stay in it's current existence. After the residents of NYC create a one day pool to purchase the building and sell the gold and expensive fixtures and the entire structure is turned into the first vertical public parkland. Opening up all the walls to the structure and replacing them with mechanical glass doors that open weather permitting and close when it's not. NYC would have the largest indoor public space so that it's inhabitants can have a place to socialize even when the weather is poor. The floors are turned into grass and different floors have different amenities for the public. Public Pools with views, whole floors for children, and floors for just adults. Different themes for different age groups serving different needs. Meditation floors, and small sustainable gardens and ponds scattered throughout. It would be a model for vertical public space showing that NYC is still a pioneer of new innovations in public space. The high line was the first park to have an elevated view, but this would really give New Yorkers a view once only enjoyed by the rich and famous.

Replacing Wall St with an International University

By christopheryhuang

The recent financial crisis has shown to flaws and weaknesses of our economies reliance on financial capitalism. When you really think about it, it makes absolutely no sense that the best and brightest of our people are spending there time making money from financial instruments. How much do we lose as a society when we have a scientist forgo his research in chemistry, nanotechnology, medicine or any science and instead put his mind and thoughts on making money from financial instruments? What if Einstein, Oppenheimer, Michio Kaku, Neil Degrasse Tyson were bankers or financial analysts?

My proposal is to completely tear down Wall St and replace it with an international university. Very similar to the New York Public Library in which anyone has access and can learn. The mission of this university is to aid people in the pursuit of knowledge and understanding, not in obtaining a degree, a piece of paper. People would be free to teach their own class and attend the class of their choice. I think that it is very important to have people choose their profession not because of financial reasons but because they love what they do. The University would occupy the entire downtown area and it would also have a huge presence in the digital world. In the future, instantaneous translation and telepresence would allow people from different cultures and languages to communicate easily. People would be able to access classes from anywhere in the world and interact with anyone in the world. Education would be available to anyone for free and when our society as a whole is educated, we will be better able to tackle issues which threaten our existence, such as global warming, aliens from outer space, nuclear holocaust, World War III.

Not a "Dam" Thing

By weaverash01

All over the country, there are sleepy towns full of hard-working Americans. Yankton, South Dakota, is one of these towns. It's nestled between Lewis & Clark Lake, and the rare rolling hill of Eastern South Dakota. Only an hour from the borders of both Nebraska and Iowa, it's easy to miss entirely. Yankton is known for having a dam and providing barely-informational dam tours. It's somewhat famous for offering some of the finest no-amenity camping within 40 miles. It's certainly a town only a local could love. Fortunately, I spent 4 years going to college there, and love it dearly. On a quiet little street called Douglas, only a hop, skip, and a jump from Main Street, is an empty lot. It's next door to a children's dance studio and across from one of the many antique stores that Yankton has to offer. This empty lot is really more a slab of cracked concrete.

I remember the daunting task of apartment-hunting in Yankton as a total nightmare. Every building was older than my great-aunt and I settled on a small two-bedroom apartment with a roof deck, uneven floors, and a somewhat severe rodent problem.

I would often sit on my roof, watching all of the hunters pull their trucks up in front of the bars, often with the day's beastly kill still adorning the bed of their pickup. I would sit there, and my mind would wander as I stared at the empty lot. I would picture the most gorgeous loft-style apartments I could even imagine. Proud little towns like Yankton often lack the awareness of their own potential. It's an obsolete space, in an insignificant town. I would love to see a beautiful, four-story building in place of that concrete slab. It would have high ceilings, beautiful hardwood floors, and provide just the face-lift that town needs. It would be a reminder to the people who live there, that they matter...and would serve as a message to visitors, that this "middle-of-nowhere" is somewhere special.

New Foundations for Children

By christine.m.longo

New York City has undergone numerous transformations over the last 100 years. From the most elite social circles to the so-called dregs of society, the places where it has been popular, and un-popular, to congregate have rotated and circulated. At it currently stands the less than popular spaces, like abandoned or condemned buildings, take up space that can serve so many important purposes for the children of New York. Imagine a huge warehouse converted into an indoor park run by the Parks Department. Rain or shine, children who need a place to go will have a safe, engaging and appropriate space to be allowed to be children.

Restoring A Community

By Mayorbest

School # 6 in Yonkers, New York once served the purpose of a local, public school. It has not been occupied for a number of years and I believe that the now deteriorating school building could be demolished to build a community center, which would offer the community a local gathering place to discuss critical issues. It would also be of great economic advantage - as the city could lease the space when necessary to organizations or corporations seeking a conference center.

The new structure would be built with modern technology, use solar and wind energy, as well as offer space for a community garden to support local farmers and citizens seeking an efficient, healthy activity.

Underground Cities

By WaxwingSlain

Let's replace underground facilities that store nuclear weapons with sustainable underground cities. Complete with artificial sunlight, fresh air, streets, playgrounds and buildings, the cities would be completely self-sufficient, deriving their energy from the very nuclear weapons that were once housed in the same space.

Make 1 Times Square Number 1 Again

By JoseSPiano

I would like to make 1 Times Square an actual "living" building again. Right now, it's basically an extension of the pole where the ball drops on New Year's Eve, as well as a backdrop for a myriad of billboards. I would not change anything about the facade of the building - except maybe to remove some of the neon and electronic signs. What I would change is the inside.

Set up a museum of The New York Times. 1 Times Square was the original headquarters of The New York Times.

Convert some of the higher floors into observation decks. Those floors could also be used as event and reception spaces - in other words, a source of revenue.

Construct mini-concert halls to allow performers of all types a proper venue in which to perform, rather than just a subway platform or a passageway in Grand Central Terminal.

Convert some of the existing space on the lower floors into a true Times Square Visitors Center.

And, on a truly practical note, set up public restrooms on the ground floor for tourists and natives alike.



COLLECT INTELLIGENCE

book letters
 born texts
 song e-mail
 icture journal
 ideo .avi
 omics Script
 oral written whisper
 written shout
 wanted blog
 drawn AND
 etched SO ON
 carved

Since the beginning of language to the end of time

93
- Emily Gret

Story

a map of the collective legend

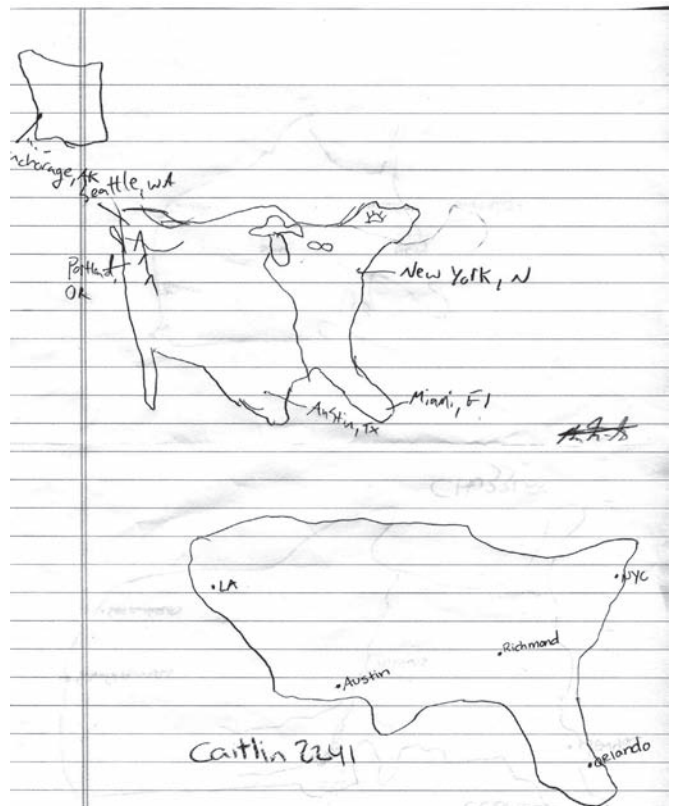
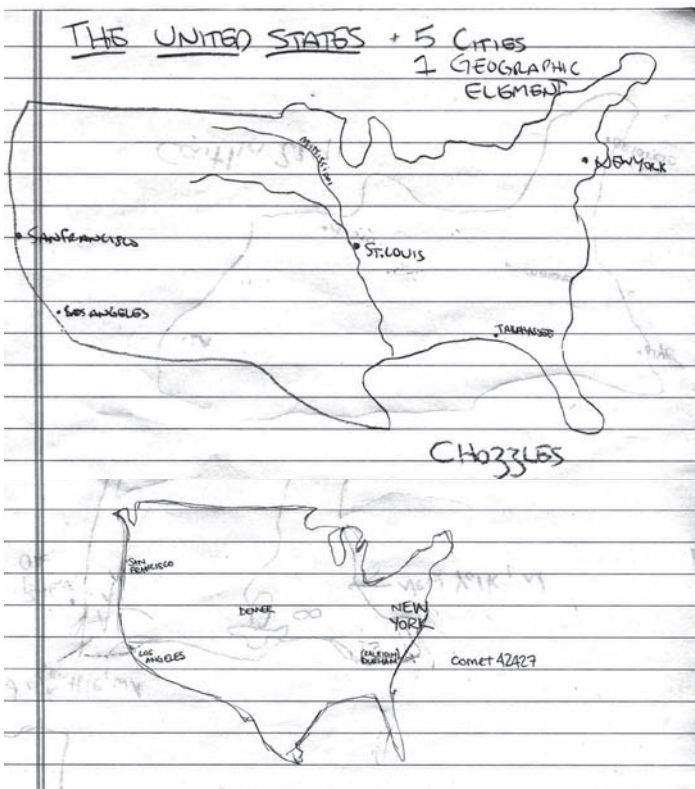


spqrxxi
 markpopham
 liminary
 LK
 upsofloating
 Barbara Eldredge
 Christina

You know what our country looks like?

By chozzles ajobster, Daemonhatred, caitlin2241 ,Richie B ,christine.m.longo, Ahazlett

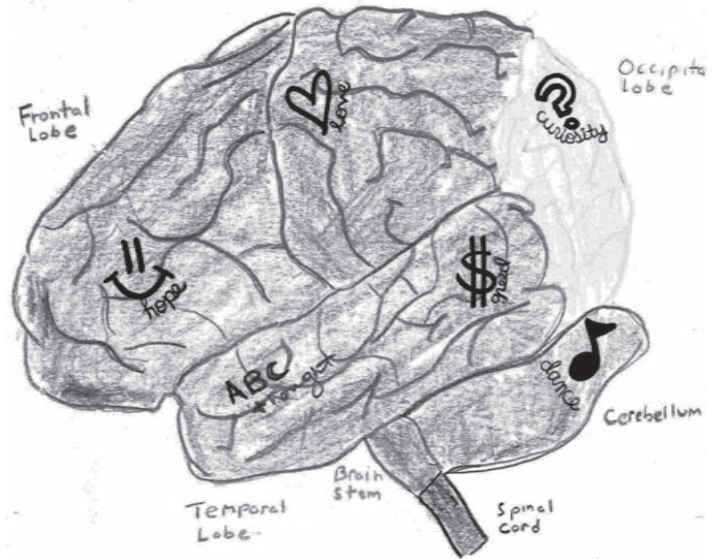
Three other people and myself drew a map of the United States and picked five cities, and some of us picked a geographic element. See the scan!



The Brain

By jmann77, Cwirka, EdgeOfSeventeen, heyitsjuliee, jmann77, Mayorbest, katiepollycat, heisebolt, sdmarcus

How do we each picture the source of all knowledge?



Psychogeography

By fabula

Our horizons were once physical. “Cassini” the collective, the crowdsourced allseeing cartographer marked a precarious threshold, that between the seen and the unseen. One: topography. A topless earth, her shirt off and the earth-flesh of France laid bare to the sun and the gentle curved etch of pen on paper, her every undulation recorded. The capturing of the felt, from the easy swell that makes your thighs ache as you hurry along, to the sudden drop-off of the eaten away riverbeds, where the Seine dreams of her sweet coz the Milky Way. Two, magnetism, and the winds. That which is wholly unseen but ineluctably felt, seeping between the cracks of the earth to thrust our vessels toward the New World, wherever that might be. Unstraightening our corners and widening our perspective, regulating the beat of the oars, pressuring us toward True North. And Three: the eye of Jupiter, his pulsing storm. The red-stripe-belt that cinched in her fury recently unbuckled, leaving not a rack behind.

Cassini was our threshold guardian. He bounded our world in all directions, and in his incalculable identity recalibrated our dimensions.

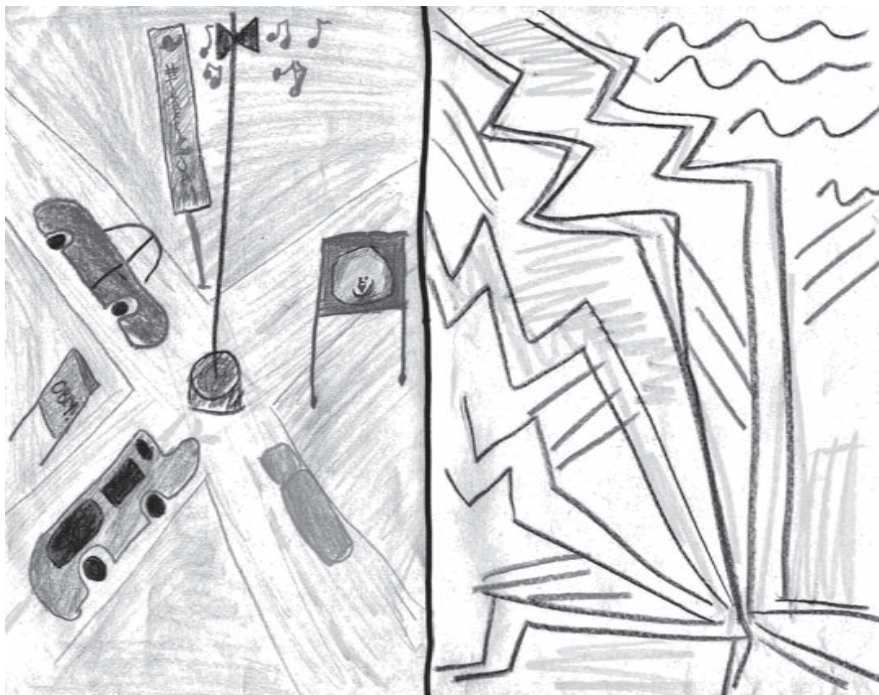
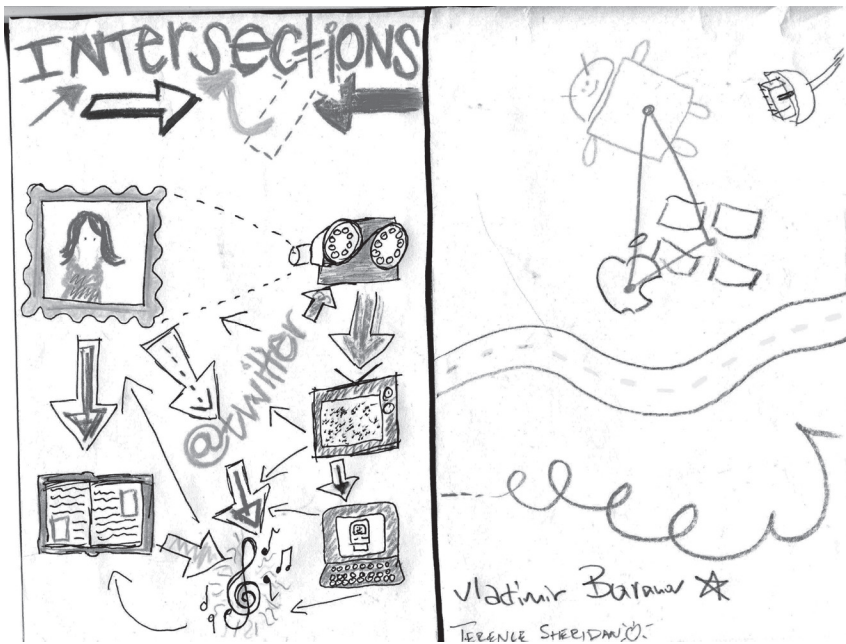
Night descends. As the quiet permeates the city, we have new maps that we have drawn, new guides and new starts: The tick-tock of the signal-changer at a late-night red light, the stop and go of a subway car jerking its way through old City Hall station transforming itself anew, afresh, making the ending the beginning. We burrow deeper into the grooves of the record that plays New York, and find an invisible man illuminating his space with borrowed (seized) power.

Reflecting Cassini, our identities today, even when singular in physical space, are liminal and interpenetrated. More than ever before, the center and the periphery are confounded, but the answers we seek are still pressurized, still steered by first principles. And so we still ask: “Who knows but that, on the lower frequencies, I speak for you?”

Mapping Cyclical Cultural Change Over Time

By kylecameron

For a long time I've thought on how to best express visually the notion that culture is reactive. With the right framework - though fuzzy - new minds were able to put a fresh shape to the details around how art and culture change over time. An iterative task took shape, requiring only surprisingly simple additions to substantially refine the thoughts that followed.



km, arielfederow, rockpuzzle, montano90, embale, loveandsqualor9



CONSULT THE WORDS OF WISDOM: CREATIVITY

oFORaMUSEofFire

By Proprietor317

Why when I think of the word "idea" does my brain automatically insert the word "new" in front of it? It's kind of like auto-correct on my phone which also drives me crazy.

"I have another idea- not a new one." BLAM!!! It's like Superman just smacked me in the face...

The 18 year-old me would love the 34 year-old me I think. After all, owning the coolest bar in New York City is an automatic entry into the "Coolest Bar on Earth Contest." I've got all the unions on my resume, great representation, the most amazing woman I hand picked out of 8 million others. I guess what I'm saying is that I know I'm lucky.

I've done exactly what I said I was going to do. As a matter of fact I only said so because I knew I was going to do it. It's not like I made some bold decision to take on the world. I didn't have a choice and here I am.

Those words, they do nothing but remind me that there's a reason I feel blue sometimes. It's not just the weather or being over worked. It's the same old thing that bothered me when I was 18. 16. 12. I knew then what I needed to do. Nothings changed. Having a great life doesn't excuse me from doing what I was put on this planet to do.

I'm going to keep my question to myself because I don't think it's important. You'd think it was a cliché anyway.

BLAM!!!

Will I Find My Passion?

By Sean DiBartolo, Mary Pasho McGregor and Amanda Moore

"I have another idea - not a new one; an idea that came to me long ago." - The House of Cobwebs

An old idea can look different to you after other experiences in life. Think back to the things you loved to do and learn about when you were young. These things may seem unimportant, but in reflection you can interpret them differently and realize they are at the core of your passion.

Think of riding a carousel. The first revolution is like the first time you experienced something as a child. In subsequent revolutions, the new things you notice and the nuances that become clear are more apparent with time, experience and repetition.

What do you want to do, when you grow up?

By Kalus

I'd like to make that question irrelevant for all generations to come; Prove that growing up is not a necessity, that one may 'do' without it. I fear that question in the same way that one fears the circus of convention.

It is a question which bars the reveling of the mind. Youth is energy, excitement, and imagination. This question would cripple us from rising to our full potential, would cover our skies with roofs.

When I grow up, I want to prove that I didn't have to. I want to live as I always have, as I always will, and when I die I want this to be stated: It was not that I lived to be old and young at heart, but that it was my heart that grew old, and I lived to be young.

Counfoundingly Impertinent

By a|lobster

These words spoke to me because a) that is a hilarious gerund-to-adverb and b) impertinence is a trait most often seen in Austen heroines and rom-com leading ladies. I would like to try to be more like both of these archetypes (except without the clumsiness often seen in rom-com leading ladies).

What I wonder is: will I succeed in getting this musical I'm writing off the ground? And the answer is: of course, but only if I succeed in being counfoundingly impertinent to my detractors. They will be confounded at how I can continue, though I may meet obstacles. I will be impertinent in asking for funding and in finishing the script. And yes: I will succeed.

Voyage of Discovery

By AudreyGelman

"I have another idea - not a new one; an idea that came to me long ago." (House of Cobwebs by G. Gissing, page 211)

This quote reminded me of the classic saying by Marcel Proust: "The real voyage of discovery consists not in seeking new landscapes but in having new eyes."

Innovation is the engine that drives our culture; without it, we would not be in this room, using smartphones to compete and communicate with 499 strangers. Technological achievements have allowed us to start revolutions, organize and take down authoritarian regimes, find out at which block the cupcake food truck stops on Tuesdays at 4pm. But so often our best ideas are still grounded in the past, in the achievements pioneered by the men and women whose poetry, prose, art and music fill the shelves of this library. The advent of the Kindle cannot be the death of the book. As we chart our future, we must remain connected to the tangible and the material.

I recently traveled to Paris for the first time, and instead of relying on e-mail and Skype to communicate, I chose to do something a little more traditional. I traveled to the flea markets on the northern outskirts of Paris, and foraged through boxes and boxes of old postcards. I addressed each card, adhered to it a french stamp and sent it off to an American friend. I've never seen anyone that happy to receive an e-mail.

There are very few truly new ideas - to find the future, we must understand the past.

Where does our soul come from? Our hearts, our heads, what we've been through? What does it mean to have a good soul? Does it mean you smile at strangers, help a friend carry their moving boxes? Does a helpful soul allow someone close to you a shoulder to lean on? I have these ideals and hopes of what I believe a good soul can be. I am sure they have come from my past stories and mostly what I hope to grow to be. I want a soul to be prideful yet humble. Full of joy and happiness but possesses the empathic emotions to cry. Where do these ideals come from? Do I want them to be able to help the future or are they selfish needs? Doesn't a good soul come from within?

"I have another idea - not a new one; an idea that came to me long ago."

Yes, a long long time ago. I think it was even born in me. It isn't new. It's been an idea brewing in me. Like a pot of water always simmering to keep the contents contained active. It was a striving effort to always think of the future, to put my best foot forward. Not only for the people I can help but for the slight possibility that any good deed that I do can influence someone around me. This is where I can say that what makes a soul is the culmination of beliefs. We are all created from different places but there is not one and only one definition of good. What came to me before is the ability to see that strength comes from differences. This is also where goodness is conceived. The belief that there is always a higher power (goodness) to constantly reach for. This idea that came from my past will bubble with me into my future too. What is old will also be new. With every chance it seems get ~~passed~~ ^{spread} open. The good is always being reinvented and ~~spread~~ ^{spread} into what it needs to. It inspires every action to be new, helpful, good, aware, peaceful. Where does our soul come from? It comes from our past beliefs crossing with our future and creating the goodness. We pull it from our hearts, we think on what it all comes down to. Having a good soul means love, feelings, empathy, thought, & sincerity precede any actions. It is not a new idea. It is some that has in me all along, and will stay forever.

Lela J. Varganous

My Ideas are not mine

by Julieta Talavera

Las ideas se aparecen y desaparecen.

Nos persiguen y nos encuentran.

Caminan al lado nuestro en los momentos de claridad mental y si no las apropiamos a tiempo, se esconden en las profundidades de la memoria.

Las personas obsesionadas con una idea son importantes. Si logran transformar la obsesión en acción, entonces harán un cambio en el mundo.

Las ideas y los valientes que las llevan a cabo, ellos cambian el mundo!



km
arielfederow
rockpuzzle
montano90
embale
loveandsqualor9



INVENT A TECHNOLOGY

I WONDER IF THEY ARE TALKING ABOUT ME? IF I ONLY HAD A BABELFISH™...

The worst part about your new BabelFish™ is finding a new nail salon.

With 6,701 languages in your pocket, you'll never be at a loss for words. With patented aural transmogrification technology, the BabelFish™ Translation Device means you'll never worry about a malicious manicurist or a slanderous stylist ever again.

With a quick, painless implant in your cerebral cortex, BabelFish™ lets you understand anything anyone says, especially about you! Call your local neural augmentation specialist today and make sure you never suffer the indignation of another pejorative pedicure.

Copyright Sirius Cybernetics Corp. © 2076

BabelFish™

By gmspock

BOXING ROBOT!!!!!!!

By cosmicautumn

I would like to create a boxing robot for my office for stress reduction. It would be set up in the corner for necessary sparring during the work week when stress becomes too much. It could give playful punches or more serious hits depending on how awful your day has become. Or maybe it could give you a hug sometime.

The First Memory Machine

By Hajime6

Do you hate that you can't remember your first memory?

Of course you don't! Because with the Invention of The First Memory Machine you know everything that happened to you from the time when you were smacked on the bottom when the doctor delivered you to the time when your little brother first pulled your hair.

All it costs... Is a year of your life. You will live one year less as a result of this. But trust me it's worth it.

Future-Tech

By christine.m.longo

My great-great-great-great grandchildren will find it absurd that we lived in a time that did not have the technology to teleport to any location in the world within seconds of pushing a button. In developing this technology, the people of the future have a much more developed sense of the importance of accepting the cultures and beliefs of others as they are regular visitors in and out of their worlds.

Introducing Floss

By merrymay 3 days ago

Too lazy to make it to the bathroom at night?
Never learned how to floss?

chewable gum

The First Xerox

By glarrett

Relive your memories like never
before with MemReFresh!

TECH OF THE FUTURE - SUPER EXCITING!

By Mephistoblast

EVERYDAY TECHNOLOGY OF THE FUTURE:

A little plastic packet can be obtained at your nearest item vendors! Instant make-up application and removal, customizable for all genders! Simply tear at dotted line and squeeze packet contents onto face--Nanobots do the rest! These microscopic aesthetically-inclined little critters crawl all over your face, designing and decorating your skin with the ideal combination of the latest make-up products perfectly tailored to your complexion!

Want even more customizability? No problem! Upgrade to premium plastic make-up packets and enjoy the latest in facial feature re-arrangement technology! Your perfect facial arrangement is only a tear and a squeeze away. Contact your local item vendor for details.

Side effects may include: droopy skin syndrome, nasal plasticity, and rear-ear crystalitis. Parents strongly cautioned. Not for individuals under 25.

The Code for Tacos is 39288

By a|lobster

Ladies and Gentlemen!

Announcing the NEW Food Replicator

from Guinan Corp.

Programmed with over 1,000,000 recipes from every culture and cuisine!

Feeling like Mexican tonight? Just punch in the code for tacos!

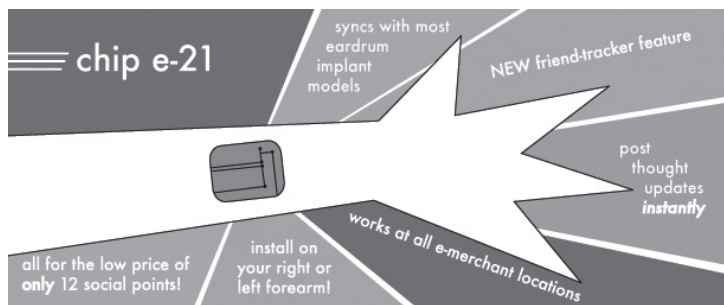
Want to take a culinary tour of Italy? We have over 5,000 types of pasta!

Don't waste time going to the grocery store and picking out ingredients. Just install this replicator and you'll only need your kitchen for wine storage.

Buy now!

chip e-21

By embale



Caring IS Creepy

By loveandsqualor9

Cryogenics At Home

Keep Grandma Around Forever!

Another Version of You

By mgifis

Sometimes we all wish we could have a 25th hour in the day. With so much to do, and so little time, holding ourselves accountable seems out of the question!

What if you could have not only an extra hour, but another 24?

Clone yourself today and join the millions of people, just like you, who are now finding ways to get more accomplished than they ever imagined.

The Gifis Clone Machine is the fastest way to boost productivity in a super advanced world.

Bee Detector - Be The First on Your Block to Own One!

By anilineblack

Haven't you just said to yourself countless times "I would be enjoying myself if not for all of these bees!" I thought so! Introducing the new, fabulous, Bee Detector! That's right, all of your worries are over because in only 3 easy steps you, your entire family, and even your pets can be rid of bees - FOREVER.

How you ask? How are you going to rid my life of bees? That's just impossible. Well, I'll tell you! FIRST, you come to one of our many fine Bee Detector Stations, situated in most major shopping centers in the Midwestern United States. (Coastal Bee Detector Stations are coming soon!) Then, get one of our space-age, polymer plastic, RFID RTFM IBM Bee Detector (BD! patent pending) chips implanted in your arm. Last and not least, connect your unique BD! tag to your phone number. A message will be sent to you if a Bee Detector Expert finds that you are wandering too close to a Bee Zone. Never again will you wander into the unknown where threat of bees exist. Live your life without fear of bee stings or an unsightly fat round bumblebee messing up for your picturesque view of nature.

[FINE PRINT]

Now hiring Bee lovers! That's right, we need you, YOU, lovers of cuddly fuzzy bumblebees! We need you to be punctual, attentive to detail, and most of all, able to spot one or more bees in a large area of nature and be able to register them in our system. Apply today!



Cwirka
EdgeOfSeventeen
heyitsjuliee
jmann77
Mayorbest
katiepollycat
heisebolt
sdmarcus

Talk to Text 7.0

By jsinderbrand

Writing used to be such a pain, the broken pencil points, the leaking pens, that delicate paper ☒ ven a few drops of water and your work was ruined.

But, today, that's all behind us. Forget the word processors and printers of the past with their pesky ink cartridges and hourglasses of doom. Throw out your drawers full of half used pads and writing instruments with dried ink and dirty erasers. Save years of learning legible penmanship.

The future is here.

Talk to text 7.0 will accurately translate your spoken word to your preferred style of writing and transmit it directly to any device. You can choose between "grammatically correct", "txt 4 u" and "make me sound smart".

Grammatically correct ☒ ay it however you'd like, this format will correct your grammar, add punctuation and even choose the right homonym, so you're never embarrassed by a typo again.

Txt 4 u ☒ Want to use the shorthand all the kids are doing these days, but have no idea how. Rest assured that no one under the age of 25 will realize you were born before Reagan was President.

Make me sound smart ☒ eplaces your 4th grade vocabulary with a graduate lexicon. Changes the word you used incorrectly with one that actually captures your desired meaning. Set for whatever level of intelligence you want.

The All-New, Super-Cool, Word Machine

By Alex Edelman, edited by Katie Chapin

New, New, New, New, New, New! Crashproof mechanical finger-powered word processors! Featuring a standard keyboard, these jet-black, ink-driven beauties let you know you're working by emitting a clacking noise every time you hit a key. Blast away your writer's block with a furious machine-gun hailstorm of letters! No more automation frustration! No more lack of ink-impression depression! No internet to bother you, no musical attatchments. The only thing you'll hear as you write your magnum opus is the clatter of keys and the slide of the bolt as you finish a row of type! ("No distraction, just slide action!")

Great American authors like Homer, Ernest Hemingway, and Jesus used these gorgeous machines, formerly known as type-writes, to get famous and rich, and so can you!

Buy one today!

All Aboard the Starship Numina!

By galenblade

Sail the earth on the beautiful Starship Numina!

Experience the splendor of the Milky Way as never before with our trademark transparent plasteel dome. You won't even see it, but it protects you from the deadly radiation and vacuum that await you just outside! We have been sailing the starry skies for 50 years without mishap.

Act now and receive a complimentary spacewalk excursion with each purchase of a deluxe cabin on the luxury starliner Numina.

TWICE THE CONSCIOUSNESS, AT HALF THE PRICE!

By markpopham

Say goodbye to costly and dangerous cranial plugs! The all-new SkullSurface XL3 Neural Sharing Harness sits ON TOP of the skull YOU ALREADY OWN!

Merging consciousnesses with friends and business associates is the best new way to work OR play. By transmitting the electrical activity of one brain to another, we can grow closer than mere conversation could ever take us, by transmitting thoughts, feelings and emotions directly into the brains of our partners. But WHO wants to deal with all of the mess and hassle of cerebral implants?

When you and a buddy want to merge your consciousnesses - for work OR pleasure - the last thing you want is to fuss around with a bunch of tangled cords and wires! And who wants to deal with the extra cost of having electrodes inserted into your cerebellum? OR the upkeep, OR the electrical pulses and seizures? Throw away your old neural sharing rig, and step into the 22nd century with the SkullSurface XL3 Neural Sharing Harness!

Using powerful magnets, the SkullSurface XL3 Neural Sharing Harness is as effective at synapse transmission as older intercranial neural sharing harnesses- but without the initial investment, surgery or infected skull plugs! Get rid of unsightly metal brain ports, and grow out that haircut you've always wanted! With the SkullSurface XL3 Neural Sharing Harness!

The Break-Up Robot

By Redjeulle



Xerox lilyszajn

by Stefanie W. Simons

ACCEPT AN AWARD

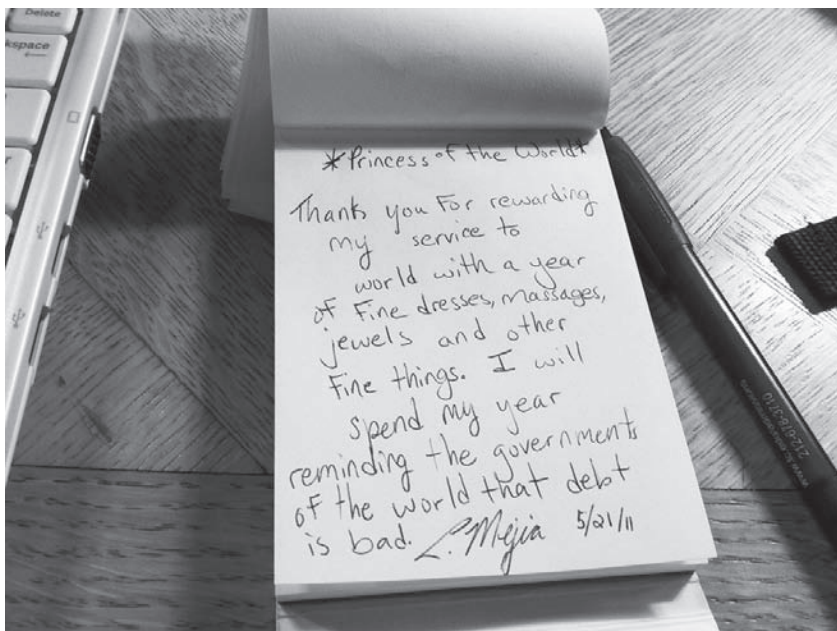
Yet.

By stockyturtle

Thank you. I'm sure you all have a lot to do so I'll be quick. This Lifetime Achievement Award appears to be for nothing in particular--simply the sum total of things I've managed to squeeze out of living. Not all of these "achievements" were good, or honorable even, I want you all to know that. The fact is my life has been an absolute mess of a ride, but you've been privy to much of it and I suppose you took a liking to it. Which is fine I suppose, you're all entitled to your opinions. I think the important thing to understand, what every person on this planet should understand, is that the only thing that matters is that you try. Effort, right up to the bitter, flabby, saggy-fleshed end. We must never stop trying, not ever. Many will center their lives around the prospect of no longer needing to try any longer, call it pension or retirement or another other euphemism. But effort must continue. It's the only thing that infuses your moments with that tangy charge of excitement and purpose, and leaves you with the sense that forward motion is in play. Human beings enjoy watching things grow, and this includes ourselves. The second you stop growing, friends, should be the saddest day of your life.

A friend recently asked me what my favorite word is. I'm sure he was expecting a flowery response, but my favorite word is, in fact, the word "yet." I love that word. And that word is the reason I don't altogether agree with this award in the first place. For all I need to do is put "yet" at the end of a declaration of something I have not yet achieved, and this award becomes incomplete.

I do thank you, and please, for the love of whatever god you hold dear, and for your own sake: keep trying.



Princess of the World...

By BelleRead

The Award That Keeps On Awarding

By roserin

No accidental contributor to science by way of terrible singing voice, who knows many a talented singer, can accept this award without humility. So here I am, receiving the first award made of programmable shape-shifting matter, blushing.

I had no idea when I was belting out the lyrics to that song by Toad the Wet Sprocket that my horrendous tone was helping a mad scientist round the last corner in his race to create this ground-breaking, shape-shifting matter, and now my recorded voice is everywhere, encouraging matter to bend this way and that, attempting to escape its shrillness. Needless to say, this trophy, programmed to look like an opera singer in pain, will be passed on. I will give it to a worthy next winner and it will be programmed to suit him or her. He or she will then pass it on to another winner and so on and so forth.

Lucky am I to be awarded not simply the first prize made of programmable matter, but the first award that will keep on awarding.

Cheers and goodnight!

The New Traditional

By zacharyostrow

I would like to thank you all for this great achievement. When I first came into the advertising world, I never knew that I would come up with such an engaging site that would outlast Facebook. Thank you all!

Thank you Father

By ACoakley

I would like to thank all those who made it possible for me to become the youngest woman to run a television cable network. Thank you to my father who without him I would not be where I am today. He came from nothing and made it big. My father taught me hard work and dedication would get me where I want to be.

On Winning Game Developer of the Year

By galenblade

It is with great humility and great appreciation that I accept this Game Developer of the Year award.

Games have always been my life. I don't remember a time when I wasn't playing, creating, or appreciating games. I always knew that I would make this my life. It took a long time to do so, but I'm happy to be doing something I love, and making things that people can enjoy.

I've always known that games were art, that they could transport you to entirely new worlds. I've known that they can uplift, terrify, inspire and move you. They can show you parts of yourself and the world that you had never known. And that they can educate, incite, and push out the best qualities in others.

Artists use the materials of this world to show us who we really are. The light of our consciousness can be illuminated in many ways. And I'm glad that I've been given the opportunity to help in my own small way.

Thank you very much. But I'm just getting started.

The Nobel Prize for Romance Fiction

By nsharma

typed on pink paper

Ladies and Gentlemen, esteemed members of the ommittee. Thank you so much for this incredible honor.

After all the parties, galas and drinks that I've experienced in the last week, this award still doesn't feel too real.

I'm ashamed to admit that most people still consider romance novels a poor substitute for fiction. We've all heard the stereotypes: smut novels, trash, and chick books. More importantly, the masses have also whispered phrases such as "why would you waste your time reading that stuff?" or most impotantaly, "what kind of trash are you reading now?"

I'm living proof today that romance novels do not deserve the criticism they receive.

In the eighteenth century, a young woman wrote a novel that changed the face of fiction. Jane Austen brought whit, sarcasm, and romance to the forefront of educated liturature. To this day, authors stive to achieve the easy abiliity Austen acieves with ever witten book. Last year, Forbes magazine released statistics to demonstrate that sixty percent of the sales in the fiction market are supported by the romance genre. Most importantly, the women reading romance are educated...and married.

I hope to follow in Jane Austen's steps and create whitty, beautiful works for the masses to enjoy. Thank you for your suppot and for the incredible honor and pesteige of tis award.

Compassion

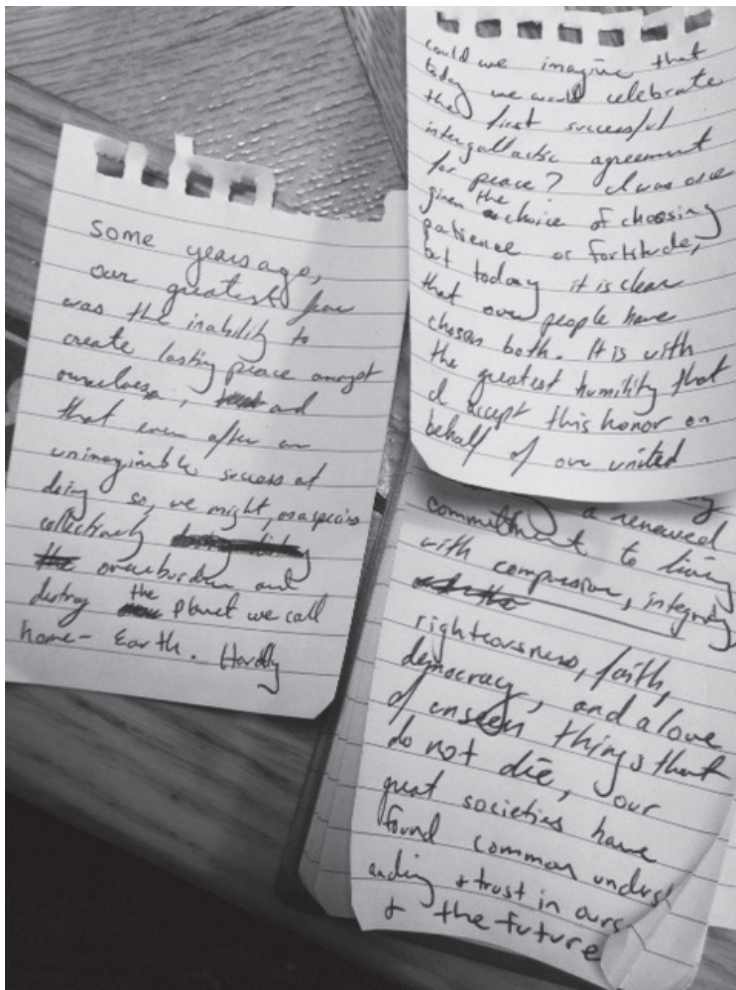
By bonnie

The real award here belongs to you. You taught me there is beauty in the quiet; listen closely, there's always a story to hear. You showed me how to stand up for my convictions; fight for what you love. You provided me with the deepest level of kinship; a shoulder to cry on, an ear to listen, a love for life. You made me want every day to be more meaningful; sweet gestures make the world brighter. You reminded me that subtle can be grand; a quick hug can be enough. Every road I walked down, I walked with you, and you made me- me.

Innovate

By rinsakura

Thank you for giving me the 'Bright Innovator' award for my creation of a brain signal controlling microchip. I have tirelessly worked towards this goal to make a difference in the lives of Autistic kids and adults. Now we can understand them better and they can understand us better and also express themselves in every ways that was previously inhibited. I couldn't have done this without the help of my family and friends. I encourage all of you to think and be an innovator yourself, and support a good cause and make a difference around you. It can be small, but what matters the most is that you have tried. Make the best of what you can everyday. Thank you.



Galactic Peace Award

By klugesan

...and by a renewed commitment to living with compassion, integrity, righteousness, faith, democracy, and a love of unseen things that do not die, our great societies have found common understanding and trust in ourselves and in the future...

The yearbook

By edryan

Ladies and gentlemen! It is with the utmost pride and the deepest humility that I accept your recognition as "Most likely to injure himself." I know you had many admirable candidates to choose from, and I do not mean to denigrate their achievements. There is Joseph, whose incredibly poor balance is a wonder even when he isn't drunk. There is Demnae, whose penchant for self-surgery has been rivaled to date only by her family's vigilance. And let us not forget dear Baloro, who would surely have been named in my stead if not for his untimely end in the walrus tank.

And, despite this strenuous competition, you have seen fit to honor me with this title. I stand here, as amazed at any of you, at the continuingly unbroken continuity of my flesh, and I am as confident as you that it will not last.

It is a sad reality for people like me that there is precious little time to be recognized for one's reckless disregard for one's own mortality. For many, the window between a general awareness and the inevitable realization of that destiny is staggeringly short, and the details of that denouement are usually equally staggering.

But in such a short career, one can accomplish so much! This title is an inspiration to me, and one that I am now determined to fulfill. I cannot say at this time what grotesque mutilation is in store for me. I could not spoil the surprise. But you may rest assured that your confidence is not misplaced.

A Man of Few Words

By kinsk411

Thank you.

Acceptance Speech by Justin Kenny

By Indigenous Pigeon

To the administrators of the the Nobel academy, I wish to offer my most sincere and humble thanks.

The Nobel prize in literature is the penultimate blessing a writer can have bestowed upon him, the first being a profound, maddeningly intense love for the written word.

There are only two audiences a writer may direct his craft towards: themselves, or anyone and everyone else. It is not enough to pull a story from the ether and hammer it into something resembling that gleaming shot that inspired them to open that notebook in the first place. No, a true writer must do it only because they have no other choice. It becomes a matter of self-preservation. The narrative has to be a white hot flame that burns in the pit of their gut, spilling out onto the page lest it consume them. This is the unattainable state that all authors must aspire to. It is a perfect blend of form and storytelling that exists only in the dreams of those that rest in a slumber of the fictional. To achieve it is impossible, but the incessant striving towards it may create the improbable.

This is how I've tried to live, reaching for a brass ring that is only in the mind and heart. Time and again I've stretched towards that prize, only to slip and have the ground rush up to meet me. I accept this prize not in recognition that I have achieved this feat, but rather as an acknowledgement that I tried. Thank you.

Silent Prayer

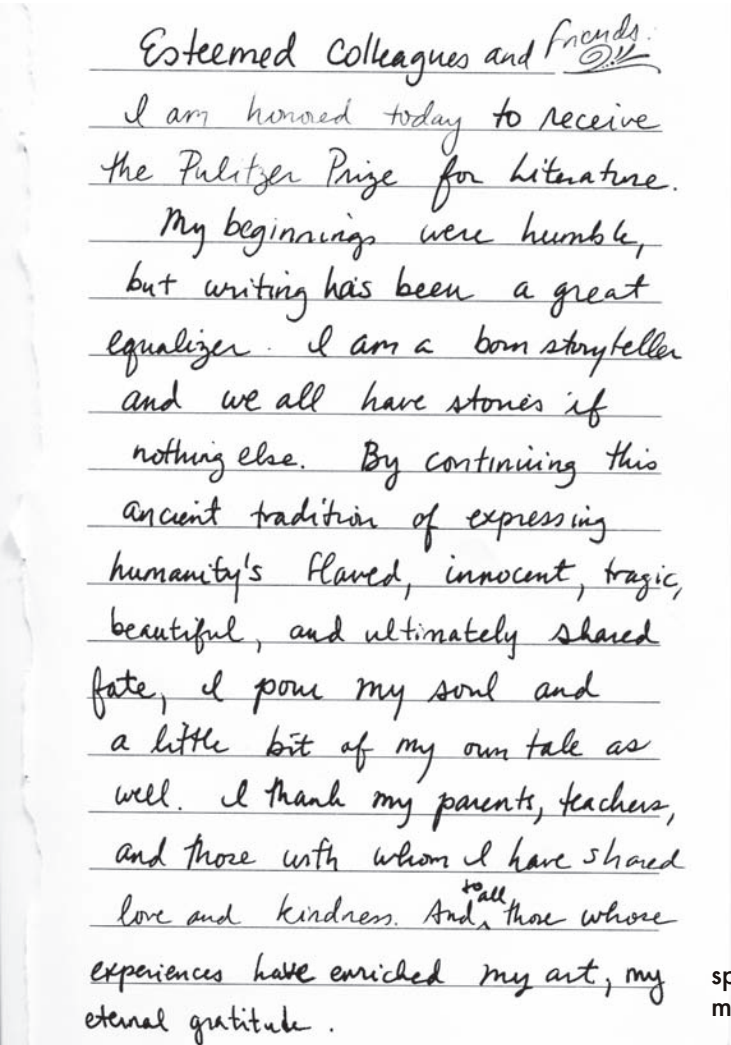
By Hajime6

Winner for withstanding disappointment when you least expect it and aiming for the best.

The Dreamer

By tcheung

I want to tank everyone for this



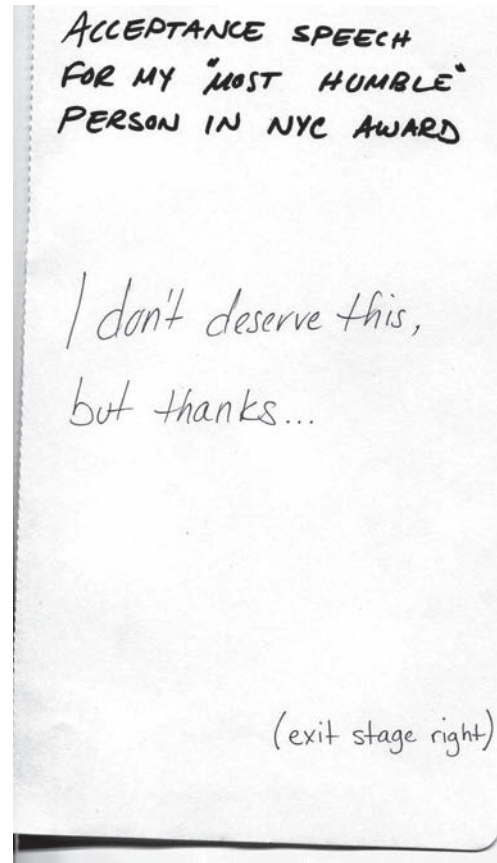
Esteemed Colleagues and Friends:
I am honored today to receive
the Pulitzer Prize for literature.
My beginnings were humble,
but writing has been a great
equalizer. I am a born storyteller
and we all have stones if
nothing else. By continuing this
ancient tradition of expressing
humanity's flawed, innocent, tragic,
beautiful, and ultimately shared
fate, I pour my soul and
a little bit of my own tale as
well. I thank my parents, teachers,
and those with whom I have shared
love and kindness. And ^{to all} those whose
experiences have enriched my art, my
eternal gratitude.

spqrxxi
markpopham

Even Nobel Prize Winners Don't Share Their Crayons

By loveandsqualor9

This award belongs not only to me, but to you, who have watched my work from the beginning, encouraged me to persevere and endure. This prize belongs to all of you who have endured along with me, working late nights and spinning vast dreams from the slim threads of research. Today we have succeeded in weaving the cloth of success from these dreams and hopes. We have eradicated together a deadly disease, and offered hope and time to countless patients and their families. We have done this work together, and this award belongs to us all. I share this award with all of you tonight, but tomorrow I plan to hang Nobel Prize in Medicine on my office wall. Right next to the photo of my Weimaraner. Thank you!



Finlayson, chape, jemillstein, brentb87, ade228, sacshu, SWAKfromNYC, EA_Sportz

The Big Dreamer Award

by: Alexa Yupangco

I would just like to take this moment to say thank you. Thank you for choosing to grace me with this amazing award. Of all the awards I have received in my lifetime, this is the one that I am going to be the most fond of. It is an incredible honor, and I delight in having become the first woman to receive an award for recognizing and encouraging the magic and power of dreams.

I'd like to thank my loved ones, those who have constantly supported me throughout all my efforts in this area of my life.

My special thanks goes out to these people who also played an important role:

Sir Jess Bermudez, a teacher who instilled in me the quality of wanting to achieve more than even I thought was possible,

my parents, Mom and Dad, for instilling me early on in my life with the ability and determination to dream

and Macky, for encouraging me to dream, to use my imagination and come up with the most amazing scenarios and idea in the world.

And of course, the Heavenly Father for the incredible abilities and potential he's instilled in me.

Once again thank you, all of you. And tonight, it is not just I who deserves this award - but all of us. Thank you for helping support dreaming and the power of dreams.



CONSULT THE WORDS OF WISDOM: SUCCESS

The Wrong Questions

By snufkin

"What is your question?"

The secret to a successful divination is not in the fall of the cards, the lay of the coins, the "correct" swirl of leaves. Divination, true divination, lies in the question, the frame within which the seemingly random pictures, images, words that you have conjured, find their shape. The fortune teller places the cards in a cross, or a circle, or a simple row, and they lay, inert. It is your question that shines through them, like sun through stained glass, and gives them movement and meaning. Or bibliomancy: we close our eyes, open the book, stab a finger down, read our future.

"What is your question?"

The whole process is fraught: ask the wrong question, and your future changes shape. Ask the wrong question and you're off on some tangent, burning bridges and erasing entire universes simply because you weren't smart enough to shape a space for your real future to enter.

"What is your question?"

And you know what you want. You want happiness, you want joy, freedom from want, a place you can call home and people who share it with you. Or you want to make something that lasts. Our questions come from the deepest parts of us, the hungry parts, the burnt parts, the parts that have not found their

longing. What question can evoke them from the shadows of possibility and call them into being?

Success lies in asking the right questions.

The book in front of me, *Holidays with Hobgoblins*, glowers a little. It smells old. The pages are cracked. Its title does not inspire confidence. But I open it, as instructed. Page 197, line 26: "It is a common thing to make mistakes; a rare one to be right."

The book is laughing at me. Gently, but still.

I wanted to ask about beauty. I wanted to ask about joy. I wanted to find an answer to the ache I sometimes feel, afraid as I am. Afraid of the questions: How can I live? What can I do? What does it mean?

And the book tells me: you have to live through the questions. Each wrong question is a gift. I have made so many mistakes, through foolishness and inattention and selfishness and confusion, and each one sands an edge off, grinds me down smooth until the world flows over me and I am part of it. Not fighting the flow and push and pull, but in it. Keep trying, keep asking. You're going to get it wrong. Don't worry, don't fret.

The wrong questions will make you what you always hoped to be.

By jackcheng

If you ask me why I'm here, why I'm sitting at seat 371 of the North Rose Reading room in the New York Public library with a book older than my grandma open in front of me, I'm not sure I can tell you. How I got here, that I can tell you. Why... not so much.

The how starts with the partners of the company calling us into the conference room at ten in the morning. We've been forced to cut back, they said. Things are tight, especially in this economy, they said. We're deeply sorry, they said. I read somewhere that you're supposed to lay people off on Fridays because the weekend cools them off. They're less likely to show up the next day and stir up trouble. We're supposed call the office manager. Schedule a time on Monday to come back and pick up all our stuff.

Some people were mad. Some even broke out into tears. But I wasn't either of those. Maybe it just hasn't hit me yet. But a part of me even felt relieved. Is that wrong? Anyway, I came out of the office and just felt like walking. I wasn't going anywhere particular. I saw the stone lions in front of the New York Public Library and I suddenly realized that I've been living in New York for eight years and have never once been inside. So I went inside.

I was overwhelmed the moment I walked in. The twin staircases that were like the arms of stone giants. Floors so shiny they'd give mirrors a run for their money. The vastness of the space and the way the sound of footsteps ricocheted off the marble. Standing inside was like hugging someone while they took a deep breath and sang alto at the same time.

I went up a staircase, then up another one and ended up in a rotunda with a high ceiling covered with a mural of a figure descending from the clouds with a bundle of fire in his hand. Mural of Prometheus, the sign said. Hey, I read about him in school. The fire represented the knowledge he was bringing down from the gods, but there was a catch ~~h~~ hat with that great power came great responsibility. The Greeks had their Spider-man too.

In the catalog room there were rows of computers, and I stepped up to one of the screens and in the search box typed in the first thing that popped into my mind: Costello. Why Costello? I heard "Alison" playing on the speakers when I went out for a coffee break the day before and had Elvis Costello stuck in my head the entire morning. One of the results that jumped out at me was a book called *Holiday With Hobgoblins*. D. Costello. I wrote down the number and handed it to a gentleman at the help desk. He

EVENTUALLY



aterribleidea

looked at me, looked at the slip, and handed me a number.

"Slow morning," he smiled. "Should only take a few minutes."

I sat down next to a girl with glasses and a backpack in her lap. By the look on my face he must've guessed I was a newbie.

"First time here?" She smiled. I said it was.

"See those brass tube things over there?" She said. "They used to be all over New York. Connected all the post offices. It was email before email. Here in the library, they used them to send the slips down to the librarians in the stacks, who'd send up the books in the dumbwaiter. I like imagining the sound they made. Now they just use computers, and computers don't go 'thwooop.'"

My number lit up and I picked up my book. It was an old book. Cracked binding, yellow pages, had probably been sitting in the stacks for years. Who knows when the last time someone picked it up was. I took the book into one side of the reading room and sat down, way in the back, seat number 371. I flipped it to a random page, closed my eyes and plopped my finger down on a line. It read:

"It's a common thing to make mistakes. It's a rare one to be right."

And that brings us to now. I'm sitting here, thinking, what am I doing here? Why am I sitting here staring at this line in a book older than my grandma? What does it all mean?

You know what I think? I think it's about expectations. If you go into something with a very specific set of expectations, if you go in looking for one right answer, then there's a virtually infinite number of wrong answers. If you approach things like that, then everything that's not right is a mistake. But if instead you let things happen, if you go in and open yourself to all the possibilities, then there are no mistakes. If you're not going anywhere specific, wherever you end up is the right place.

If I think back about the most memorable moments in my life. The best moments, they're always the ones that happen when I let go of my expectations. Like the time my friend invited me to watch him play in a racketball tournament and I said sure why not, and we ended up meeting a group of friends along the way and watched the sun come up on a rooftop in Tribeca. Moments like those, moments like this, these are the moments that just feel... right.

Success Comes Only After Failure

By [aterribleidea](#)

A hundred fish swim away

"It is a common thing to make mistakes : a rare one to be right."

Words of Wisdom: Success
Meanings of Definitions and Vice Versa

Amazingly, the longer one lives, the less clear life becomes. How much has been written about enjoying the journey and letting go of the goal? Enough. So why waste my lovely penmanship on repetition? At 4:17 a.m., amid this temple of thoughts and books, I humbly try to put ink to a new idea.

It seems that success all comes down to definitions, and more often, redefinitions. For my immigrant parents, success means one thing only: a medical degree (preferably from an Ivy League institution). Over the years, I have defined it (and subsequently redefined it) as independence, money, beauty, strength, not guilty verdicts, marathon medals, degrees, passport stamps, bravery, and the attention of the tall, dark, and unthinkably handsome. But now the particulate mental matter is settling. Once achieved, those things were reduced to Shibboleths. Here, 34 years after life began for me, I think success is having the emotional and mental flexibility to take an intellectually honest picture of where you are and how you got there and then - here's the kicker - to believe that this is exactly where you should be. All of this is easier with the love of a good dog.

P. Chandray - ZoGUS



DEFINE A CONSTELLATION

Book of Fixed Stars

By EHSchubert

The fixed stars became unfixed
and fell stupidly into the ocean.
What we knew of the rubbled earth
was magnified to the point
that we couldn't know it anymore.
Somehow, a man painted a sky
on the ceiling of the marble hall
and it was exact, down to the last
falling star, its crescent of tremors
as it took down the bare curtain
covering not just the bones behind the sky

Spoken Stars

By asalamunovich

Summer, 2561

Warm air hung heavy, trapped by the mountains that also kept the smog in. However, the sun had long ago gone down and now there was only an expanse of black stillness. Because of a regulatory power-saving blackout, the stars could be seen if you went high enough into the hills to beat the smog.

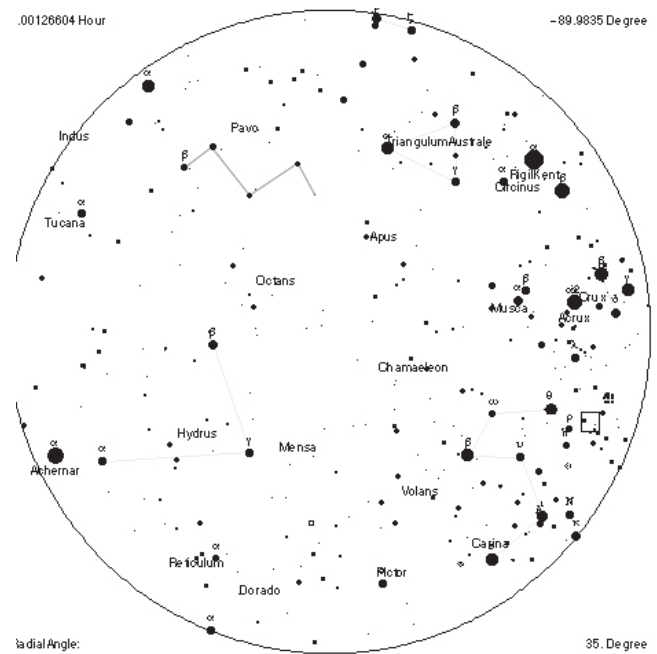
Two of the pilgrims into the hills were a father and his young son, average in possibly every way. The father turned off the main road onto a dirt lookout and put the car into park, killing the ignition with a single voice command. The pings of the hot engine under the carbon fiber hood were the only noise. The city was silent.

The two got out of the car, the son kicking into the dirt and watching gleefully as it stained his bright new shoes a muddy grey color.

“Come here,” the father said, beckoning for the boy, who hopped over, slamming his feet down into the dirt each time. The father took him with a gentle hand on his back and steered him towards a flat-topped rock by the edge of the lookout, sitting down and then helping the boy into his lap.

“What’s that?” The boy asked, pointing to a constellation.

“That’s Ursa Major, the great bear,” the father



explained. “Some people call it the big dipper.”

“And that?” The boy pointed to another constellation.

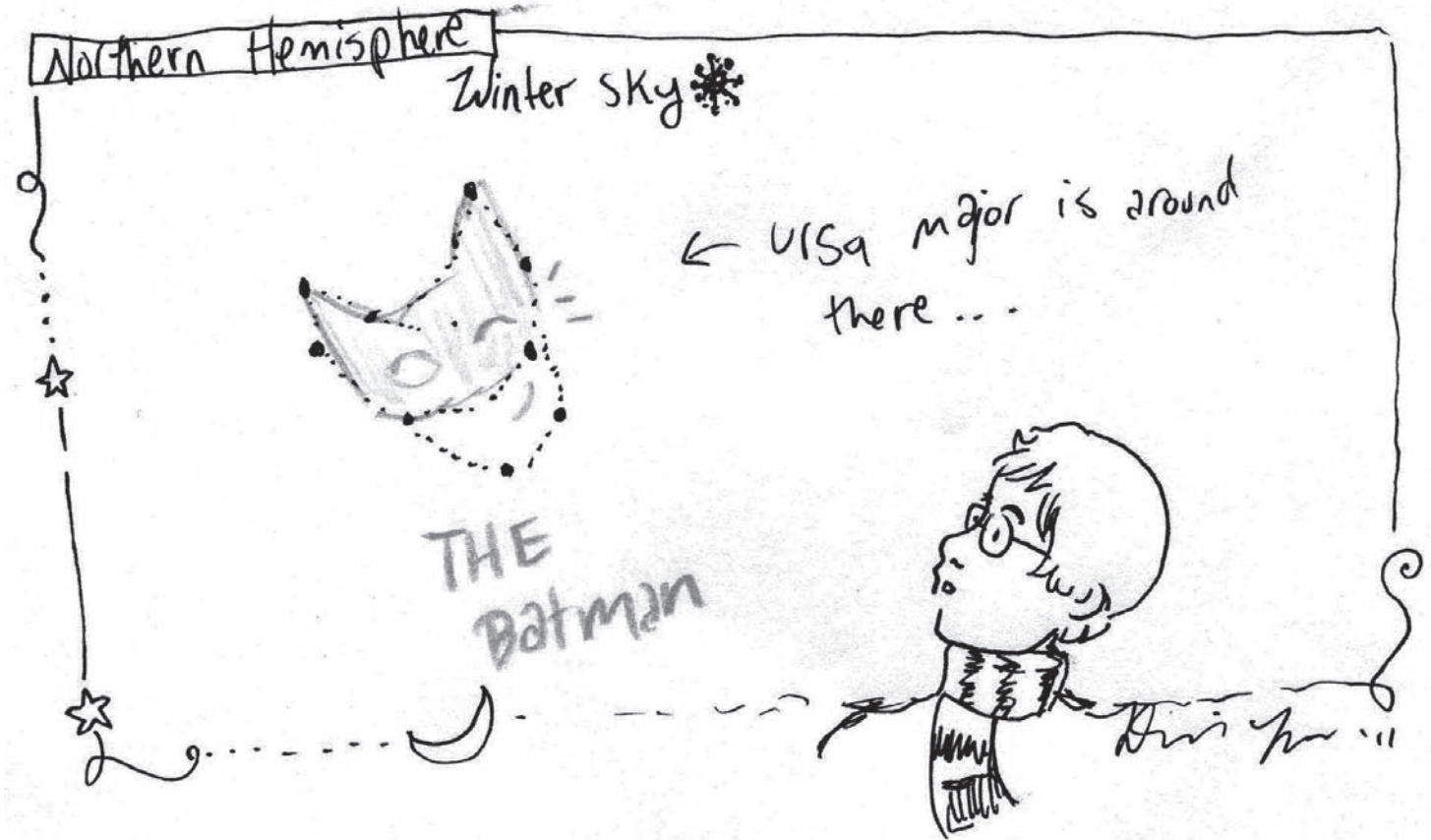
“Leo, the lion,” the father told him. And so it went on, the boy stabbing a finger at the sky and his smile widening as his father told him more and more, the sky lighting up with his wild dreams on what each one meant. Finally he reached the last one he could see.

“What about that one?” The boy asked. The constellation was an upside-down W, and although the boy did not yet know it, it represented wide shoulders and hands pressed together in greeting and prayer.

“That’s the Dalai Lama, a man named Tenzin Gyatso,” the father said. “Once, years and years ago, he came very close to bringing peace to this earth before the War.”

“Oh,” the boy said softly, because even though he was young he knew of what had happened in that after-time, strife and a warping of the world that left its mark even today. “So he was a good man?”

“Very much so,” the father said. The boy looked up at the constellation and nodded, spinning stories of his own in his head about peace before it all.



Na na na na na...

By Luna

Oral storytelling in the days of old was like an ancient game of telephone. Extraordinary tales became even more extraordinary as stories passed through chains of people with their own unique twists and exaggerations. Perhaps people don't tell stories of their heroes anymore now that the magic is gone. We're still captivated by epics of ancient Greece, the gods and god kings of Egypt and the sea-splitting characters of the bible. Though stories of overcoming adversity, fighting for the oppressed and reshaping cultures and schools of thought are amazing, they don't universally captivate people in the same way. Perhaps because it's too close to us in time? Still a man or woman, and not yet a legend. I would love to immortalize some of my personal heroes, but I think that embellishing on them would cause more laughter than awe, as people know the facts! This is why, and I ask you try to take me a bit seriously, I would like to carve out a place in the night sky for Batman. Everyone knows Batman.

From the comics our grandparents grew up with and the movies we've watched with our parents, to the videogames the kids are playing now. If I had a story about Batman, I'm pretty sure you'd be interested... or maybe a tad curious. He's our mythology, our modern hercules. A good percentage of people recognize the bat symbol. I have a grandmother who isn't fluent English or in American History, but she knows batman (and spiderman at that!). Though not real in a tangible, has a social security number and a pulse sort of way, people know him, look up to him and have embraced him into the culture. His stories are works of fiction, but they touch and inspire people in the same way stories around a fire would thousands of years ago. Perhaps as we look at Orion, the hunter, in the night sky today and think of the stories that surround him, people thousands of years into the future will look up at the sky, and down at their kids as they crack a smile and mutter "Have you ever heard the one about the Batman?"

Constellation Futurism

By shaqfu

If we are discussing the long-term future \times ales told for millennia \times hen a suitably long-term constellation should be chosen. Thus, I propose a constellation with only one requirement: it must use the Sun as one of its stars. I cannot propose any ideas or people to be represented by it; that will have to be done by the first stargazer at Alpha Centauri.



viaveres
lianguba
gothamagik
yoyi
knhieu
pikagrace
dachillchick

You're not the brightest.

By Kevin Nhieu

Dear Sweenly Liu,

I would like to dedicate the pair of ever-so-close stars next to Sirius to you. Sirius is the brightest star in the sky. My reasons for doing such a thing are quite complicated. To cut to the chase, I basically wanted to let you know how I felt about you. Sometimes you're amazing. Sometimes you're utterly mean. Sometimes you don't make sense at all. Sometimes you're the sweetest thing on the planet. The point is that you aren't perfect. But you're there. Like these two stars, which I would like to name Penguin and Polarbear, you can always be found if needed. And that sense of security is muchly appreciated. You're not the best. You're not the biggest. You're not the brightest. But you were all I had in my time of need, and for that I would like to thank you with all of my heart.

Unconsiderably Sincere,

Kevin Nhieu

The Phosphorescent Heron

By diez

The Phosphorescent Heron

Most noticeably visible in the skies off of South-Western New Zealand, the Phosphorescent Heron is not meant to represent a particular species of heron, so much as an idealized form, one that illuminates the waters over which she (though some insist he) passes. Though all accounts do agree that the heron is white with some feathers that glow green. She is always represented as standing on one leg, patiently watching the still waters, ready to strike at any movement, no matter the length of time she needs to wait to catch her prey. Some say that she represents the strength that can come from living in harmony with the water, and the beauty

that can arise from it when it is carefully guarded. The constellation was not named until after the Great Australasia Loss from the Global Heat. Many said she appeared suddenly in the night skies, crying out to the survivors to salvage what they could, and find new ways to re-build along the coast. There are those who say she is actually a male, signifying the Great Bob himself. A thing of deep meaning and truth cloaked in an ugly voice (the swamps he rises from). Others insist she is based on a mythological early twenty-first century poet, a possible founding member of the Carsonites, more concerned with the Classics and philosophy than in meter and sound, but who's truths struck deep and swiftly and always stood tall in their beauty.

The Constellation Buc-hei

By viaveres

Paul Buchheit was an engineer with Google, the creator of Gmail and adsense. Beyond his company's intention to organize the worlds information and make it universally acceptable - he was the man to coin the company's phrase and slogan "don't be evil."

In a time where company's were almost expected to be corrupt, where theft and misdirection ran rampant - Paul Buchheit's words could promote a skeptic smile. Company's by their nature may be perceived to be evil, but one can still strive to do good in the world.

The Supernova 1987A is made a constellation in his honor, and shall be hereafter known as "Buc-Hei"

Book of Munro

By jcurwin

My husband is inspired. He can look at the sky and imagine the celestial bodies singing. Some day his energy will fill the universe with hope and laughter.

Kuring

Written by: Alexa Yupangco

Kuring - a constellation shaped like a cat to remind the world of the amazing Jess Bermudez. He was a teacher who enjoyed inspiring his students to learn, particularly with an emphasis on English and literature. With incredible passion, joy and positivity, he inspired a lot of people, including me, to pursue our dreams and live our lives with a constantly creative aspect.

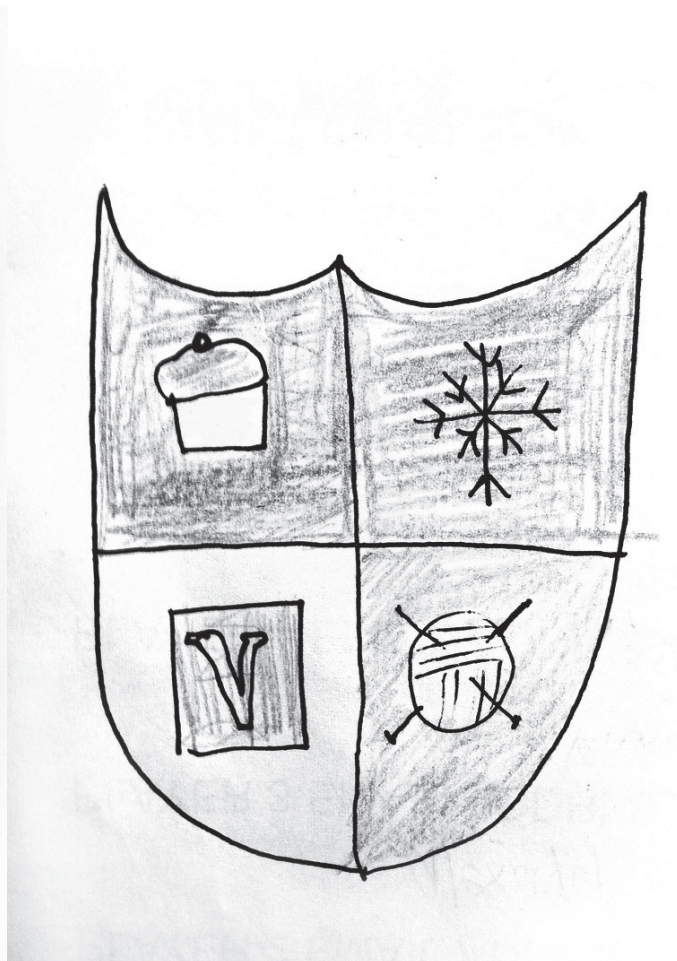
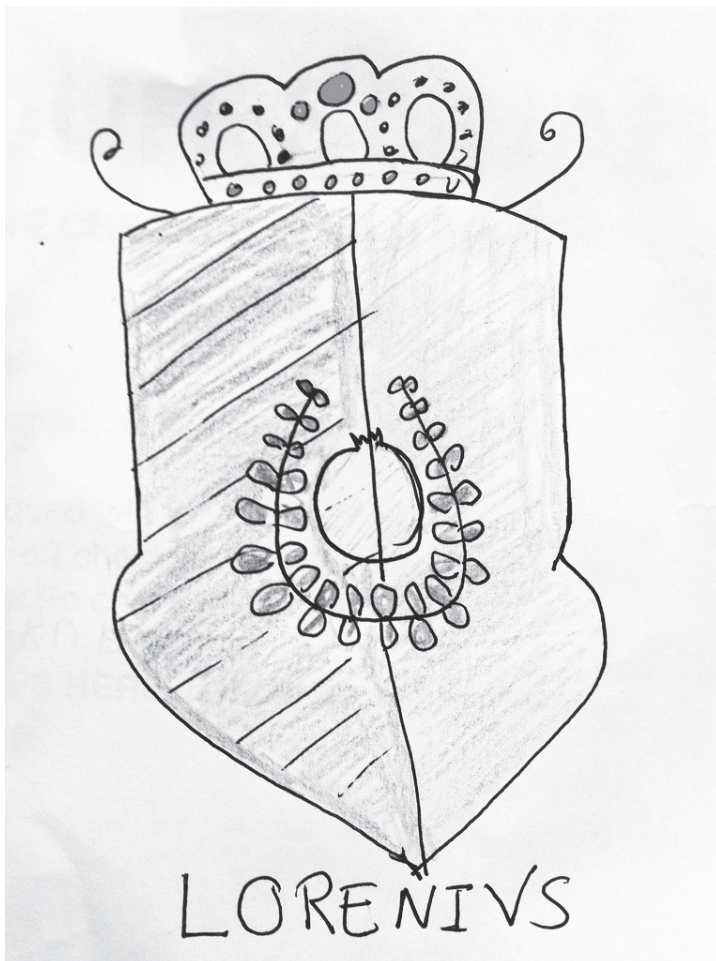
(On the sky map, you can find this constellation near the constellation Lacerta).



INVENT A MODERN COAT OF ARMS

Coat of Arms of Lorenius

By lorene



The Essential Modern Identity

By SusanEMcG

Last week I was returning from a tech conference, and opened the computer on which I'm writing this. Next to me, a man was swapping his SIM card into a new phone, and on seeing my laptop said "Uh oh, an Apple person." "Actually, this is the first Mac I've ever had," I told him. "I only used PCs until a month ago."

We fell into conversation after that, but as this exchange (and many others I've had) illustrates, being "Mac or PC" has risen for some people to the level of philosophy, even ideology. What technology you choose conveys something important about your approach to the world, your priorities. Any modern coat of arms must, then, identify its bearer as either a Mac or a PC user, so that enemies can see each other, and friends know friends, on the fields of conversational and technological battle.

The Truth

By lianguba

The Truth. Everyone has secrets, everyone has something to hide, everyone has lies to protect. So, if I were to make a modern day coats of arms - I would just cover my eyes and I would call them shades.

P.S. Dear future reader, please forgive me. It's 3:56 AM and my stomach just started growling - Sincerely, Lian)



viaveres
lianguba
gothamagik
yoyi
knhieu
pikagrace
dachillchick

The Social Herald

By shaqfu

The purpose of a coat of arms was to publically display one's identity — what family they belonged to, what their wealth was, what they were known for, etc. Today, we no longer wear physical emblems for such things, but instead post it into the digital realm; Facebook contains far more information than any work of heraldry ever did. Thus, to achieve the same result as a coat of arms, augmented reality can be applied to bridge the physical-digital gap.

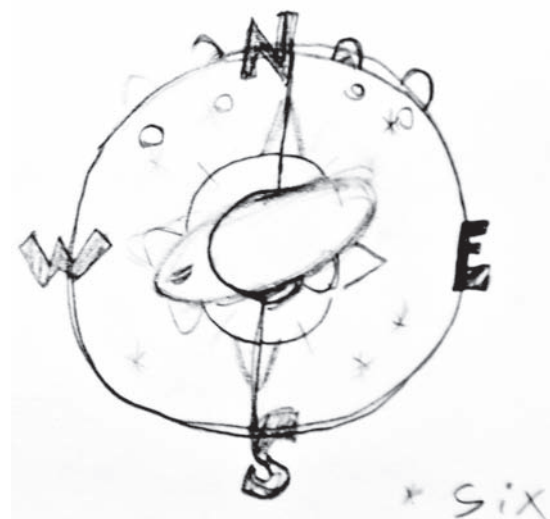
The technology very nearly exists for a computer to take an image of a person and identify them with a sufficiently high degree of accuracy for practical use. Thus, by applying this to general use, anyone with a camera and a computer could “look” at a person and immediately know whatever information they chose to make public. To do so in the past would be exceedingly unwieldy, and to do so today would be a hassle. However,

given the current trend towards miniaturization of existing technology, it is almost certain that an unobtrusive wearable computer will accomplish this soon. Applications and computational power have never failed to intersect: within the next five years, we will see the first use of such devices, and general adoption within ten.

The ability to look at a person and immediately know about them will be a powerful force in social interaction, when one's interests, lifestyle, and career are as visible as their face. Beyond simply reading information, augmented reality allows for a myriad of interpersonal interaction — two people could have a complex meeting, complete with conversation, without ever speaking a word. Given the disruptive force of modern portable communications, socially augmented reality will change how we interact far beyond it — who knows how society will change with the use of digital coats of arms?

The Anvil of Yore or the Blimp of Tomorrow

By leemaschmeyer

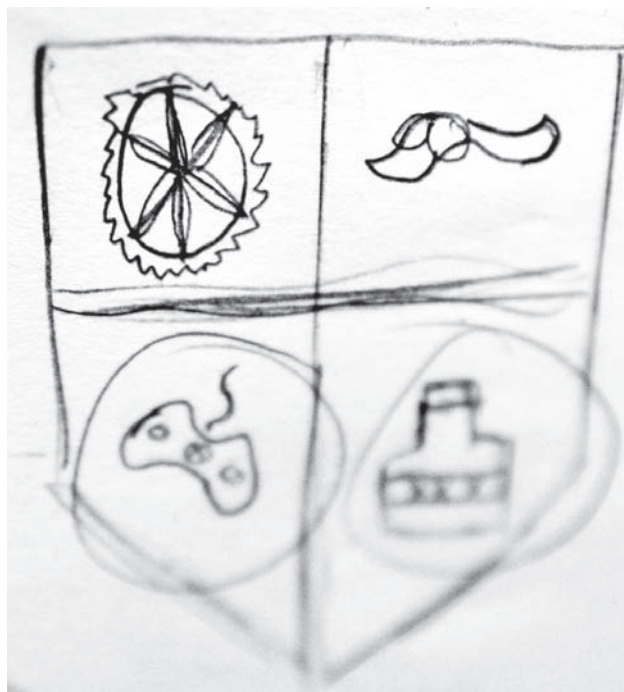


Profile of Arms

By K8eddie

The modern coat of arms is represented by social networking. It has evolved into the method of quickly depicting ones ideals and beliefs. Thank you Mark Zuckerberg for making this the easiest entry of the night. Especially for the artistically impaired authors.

Hipster Coat of Arms with Bicycle Chain Ring, Mustache, Xbox controller and bottle of Whiskey





WORDS OF WISDOM: MYSTERY

Business as Usual

By Boink Progress Inc.

R-RMRR

E856

.A72

1987

"Nixon"

Stephen E. Ambrose

Page 449, line 17, "Nixon's...about"

Will I...?

By Molly Sullivan, Laurie Mittelman, Elisabeth Kiem

Molly's Question:

Will I be able to give back and do my part?

Will my life make a positive difference?

Answer:

Just...proud.

*R-RMRR PA5610.K2 1975

C.P. Cavafy: Collected Poem

translated by Edmund Keeley and Philip

Sherrard, edited by George Savidis

page 17, row 12-13

Laurie's Question:

I don't want to know my future...

Elisabeth's Question:

Will I be consumed with regret?

Answer:

Without...concealed.

R-RMRR PR 4742

Thomas Hardy, collected stories

page 56, line 5

Red's Tale

By leemaschmeyer 3

SLE

Grand Deception

Alexander Klein

pg 239

Row 1 - Great Spy

All you need is love.

By kleopoldful

OVK 95-8734

The Water Margin

Shih Nai-an

Page 134

Row 20

"Surely a small fault does not deserve death."

R-RMRR PR4581.J6 1952

By Kalus

Charles Dickens, His Tragedy and Triumph -
Johnson, Page 1021, Line 1. "To... saddle."

Miles of Shoreless Ocean

By ade228

By Alex Edelman

Moby Dick, in Herman Melville's collected
works, page 1236, line two, "poor...brightest."
Call number: "R-RMRR PS221. A4"

Words of Wisdom: Books of old inspire us today

By wombat6

Book:

MYP

Wright: *Adventures Among Wild Beasts*

pg. 113, line 24 - "...instantly the others...fled with them..."

after several of the animals were killed by human hunters, the animals gathered up their wound and dead, rather than leaving the behind. This behavior inspires me to wanted to inspect/study animal behavior further and see what other sorts of societal behaviors are displayed by multiple species. This has been done with elephants. I would like to look into more species and more behaviors.

line 22 - "...the mother darted...mate following..."

This passage displays an innate maternal need to protect her young, another behavior people don't always assume animals will have/displace. I enjoy seeing this info in a book of this age (copyright 1909), as it already plants the seeds that these behaviors exists and can inspire others (like myself) to continue in research/study of animal behavior/organization/etc.

Words of Paulo Coelho

By lianguba

SEEMINGLY ISIGNIFICANT

By ellena

I asked myself, "Will it have been worth it?"

Not even really knowing what "it" was.

Then I opened the closest book without even knowing the title.

"...Warmhearted stories that brought seemingly insignificant people and places into sharp focus, often with life lessons thrown in."

I still don't know. But it feels right.

CT 105.W57 2001

Resting Places: The Burial Sites of Over 7,000 Famous People

Scott Wilson



Chapter 9: 

Future Bound



101



FIND HIDDEN WISDOM

Tonight, the clouds are lifting

By ahojinl

I took the Brooklyn-bound A express train from 168th St to 42nd St. Times Square. I contemplated whether to walk the distance or to take the 7 to get here. After a quick calculation, I figured the 7 would likely be faster. It was. As I walked out of the station there were puddles, but the rain clouds were lifting. Tonight the skies were going to clear.

My life.

By anilineblack

I've always been really into technology since I grew up with a dad that worked at IBM and filled my life with computers, a mom who taught me that girls can do whatever they want regardless of gender roles. Going to Carnegie Mellon University cemented that love of technology into a lifestyle.

I've been developing games since 2005, and part of being a game developer is interacting with other people in your field. I'm an artist but I like to connect with people in all different kinds of jobs in the industry and Twitter is really great for that. You don't really need a deep connection with someone to follow them, so small conversations

can eventually lead to friendships, which is nice. That's how I got to the NYPL tonight. I follow Jane on Twitter, and she posted about a game she was working on, and she posted saying that anyone who posted a picture of themselves with a poster of the game that had been pasted up around NYC would win a finalist spot. 80% of the reason I own an iPhone is so I can take pictures and post them up for the world to see immediately. I'd already taken a photo of the poster that day so I replied immediately and it counted. I'm really glad the culmination of all of those things led me to the library tonight.

Stones on the Path

By Jeff007s

My journey began, as many do, with a brief moment of clarity closely followed by a complete lack understanding on what to do next. Luckily with a goal so strong comes a sense of agency and the motivation to achieve it. Jane McGonigal's Ted Talk was one step on that path. A position at Gamification Co was the next. What follows that? I looked at the New York Public Library, and although it helped, it is still unclear.

A small journey, but...

By Kalus

I walked. And smiled.

The life I chose to lead from the lives that were made available

By edryan

I got here by taking the correct path most of the time. An easy life, supported by loving parents, with room for reading and introspection, but sufficient challenge to give reason to grow. Somehow I've found a way to be happy, but even so there's that niggling dissatisfaction which prevents full contentment with my personal status quo. While not subjecting me to the mania that seems to plague some, that dissatisfaction gave me the drive to take on more than was strictly necessary and, at times, more than was wise. So I got here the same way anyone gets anywhere:

I went.

a bonnie life

By bonnie

How did I get here.. is it where I want to be?

Each deep relationship has impacted me as a whole. You taught me that there is beauty in the quiet; if you listen closely there is always a story to be heard. You taught me to always stand up for my convictions; fight for what you believe. You taught me the value of best friend; through every smile and every trial be consistent. You taught me the value of just being; sometimes all you need is company. You taught me that the outer doesn't always portray the inner; looks fade, charm is deceiving but truth prevails.

I can't say for certain I am where I thought I would be- but I have come to realize that I am where I'm supposed to be. Every relationship has led me here.

Reilly O'Donnell - I took the 5 Train

By reillyodonnell

The 5 Train.

But before that...Florida to North Carolina back to Florida then to New York City then to Connecticut and then back to New York City Again.

My Past Future

By jcurwin

I began thinking about my future when I was one year old and I got an allergy attack. I had a cat named Impy and the doctor said I had to give him up because I was itchy and couldn't breathe. He said he would rather I had a broken heart than broken lungs. Advance to the future, I thought, away from not having. That's how I began my quest for finding whatever I wanted. I foresaw this night at the same moment the doctore spoke those words of horror.

The Story of Me in the Library

By bunnybird

I heard about the contest to be selected from my boyfriend. How I ended up with him (again) is a tale too long for this book. But all of everything that happened is what led me to be here today. Ironically, he wasn't selected to play but encouraged me to play anyway.

The 7 Train

By Alex Edelman

How did I get here? The 7 train. It was crowded and there was a full mariachi band playing "La Bamba." I tipped them, because you never know.

Thanks to ma famille

By eh1234

Mom, Dad, Bea, Popi, and Ava - it's all you.

Love, Elena Hecht

YOUR REAL LIFE

By Kendra_Elise67

I guess it depends on what you mean by "here". Here in life, currently trying to jumpstart the career I was hoping my degree would easily pave for me but instead I am here at the 42nd Street NYPL actively pursuing published authorship. Because I love the idea of pursuing my dreams in not the most conventional of ways.

Start with Why

By mgifis

Let it not be a question of how
Rather a question of why
When the fish swam from the lake
What purpose did he take?

NARRATIVE

By carlcollins 3

And you may ask yourself, how did I get here?
Narrative.

YOUR REAL LIFE

By amystettler

Patience! I learned a lot about myself tonight ... I usually consider myself an impatient and shy person, but this game did not allow for that and so it brought me out of my shell. I also never thought I'd be able to pull an all-nighter, but I have done a pretty good job of keeping myself awake and alert.

NEVER-ENDING MOVES

By Talisker

Born in Caracas, Venezuela. Moved to Madrid. Moved back to Caracas. Finished highschool, earned a full scholarship and moved to the US. Went to school in Chicago then New York. Then, I realized I had completely fallen in love with the New York and decided I was never moving again. Became a teacher, got married, had two kids and then became a proud US citizen. Started a blog and began using twitter to follow libraries, bookstores and authors. Got a tweet from NYPL about an amazing night at the library. And here I am.

Yep, That's Me

By Katie Ventura

I was born. Oh wait that is the start of someone else's story. How did I get to this exact spot in my life? I guess that would be a result of all the things that have happened to me...good, bad or indifferent. I would have to say all in all it's been a good life so far and I am waiting to see where it takes me. Only time will tell.

How did I get here?

By Shivery

I never stopped trying.

THE END

By ellena

This is it.
Another beginning.

TwoPrinces

By - Beth Ann Mastromarino

I was going to complain about how I need to up my Italian skills because I can hardly do family research when it takes me forever to translate a web site. However, you're not interested in there, just how I got here. I was lucky enough to find my family's coat of arms on the internet, along with the history. There's even a fun little legend about how the family name started:

There were two Princes, Brothers. Each had a castle on the opposite side of a river. Water grew scarce thanks to a drought. Instead of acting like brothers and working together, the twins declared war on each other. My ancestor came along and built a contraption which split the river and made it flow towards both Princedoms. He was declared Master of the Water and given his own land and title. That's the story of how I became a Mastroma-

Life is a sojourn

By rinsakura

To reach where I am right now, I lived in two countries and traveled through five, spoke five different languages by the age of fourteen, studied from eight schools and majored in three different fields in college. It has been a long, and unique journey. The people I have met are from different cultures and continents, enabling me to understand and respect each one of them. I rode the lows and soared the highs, to make myself as a better person from all the experiences. I discovered my true talents and found my future goal, and have many good memories that have strongly defined the person I have become today.

YOUR REAL LIFE

By comet42427

How did I get here: I walked out of my apartment, down the street, got on the train, and took it to 42nd.

How did I get here: I walked through the door.

How did I get here: Here? Where am I?

How did I get here: A cosmic collision countless years ago bounced billions of atoms around the air. Dinosaurs died. Gravity gave way to fruits and farms and everyone eventually emerged. Happy holidays!

How did I get here: My friends emailed me an article about an event that would start me down this path.

How did I get here: I smiled at friendly faces and met new people.

How did I get here: The old-fashioned way, I guess.

Once upon a time (but really around the 1890's), a few Jews left Russia for the sunnier streets of New York. Time passed. Business opened and closed, people lived and died, wars began and ended. And in the 1970's, two college students met on the school paper. One found a piece of furniture in the other's apartment that had belonged to his grandfather's store. They laughed, fell in love, got married. They moved to Brooklyn and then to Queens. They had two children - a boy and a girl - and made sure they read to them every night.

The girl grew up: she studied and traveled, studied and traveled, studied and traveled, until she'd spanned the world in her unusually tiny hands. She found her way back into New York, into a library, into this book, into this page you're reading right now.

How did I get here: I don't know. How do you think?

I ran (I was late)

By klugesan

it's true. I've been running most of my life, in one direction or another. For a long time, I felt I was running from something or someone. Now I know I'm running towards my destination. The horizon looks fantastic.

The life of "B"

By Dutchbur

Well that's great question! It started of with a lot of enthusiasm, curiosity and creativity. Having the opportunity to explore the New York City Library in the middle of the night was much more that I could imagine. There is so much rich history here. Al that information is either in paintings, artifacts, clothing and of course books. So after accepting the challenge and joining the quest has brought me here. Writing a response to one of the many questions I was asked tonight.

YOUR REAL LIFE

By onewingedkefka

I HAXED IT. LULZ.

my so-called life

By kleopoldful

I took the downtown 1 train to the express 2 train and got off at 42nd Street. Then I walked a few blocks to the library at Bryant Park.

Q: What do you do in your real life?

By snufkin

A: This is my real life.

MLW

By slip.inc

I never knew what was happening.

thanks Emily Bell

GoodNightNewYork.

Getting to 4AM

By tomgerrity

I can say that a genuine love of the Library and a fascination with accepting new and fantastic challenges enticed me to come to the Library this evening. But the reason I am still here now, at the end of a long night of exploration and writing, is mainly because of the fellowship I have experienced during this event. Not everyone made it--a member of our squad left at about 11pm. Still, Owen and I soldiered on as a team of two. We searched for the artifacts and wrote our stories, and now, as the end of the night approaches, we have become friends.

I got here, to 4AM on a Saturday in the New York Public Library, because I was given a unique opportunity, brought a thirst for adventuring and exploring the unknown, and committed myself to a shared journey with my team. Rewarding experiences are rarely encountered without venturing outside the bounds of comfort and or challenging the status quo. The excitement and accomplishment we have known tonight has been a reaffirmation of the concept that a life is best undertaken through exploration, communication, and celebration with the people, things, and ideas that exist around us.

We are the future

By nsharma 3

We are the first 500 people in the world to spend the entire night in the New York Public Library to write a book. We are the first 500 people who explored and marveled over 100 items that have inspired humanity and attempted to bring justice to them. We are the first 500 people who hope to change history but putting our thoughts, our ideas, our dreams down on paper and holding it up for the world to see, for the world to read.

I wouldn't change this experience for anything in the world. I admit that I almost dozed off a few times, but red bull and chocolate have pulled me through the night. I have met some amazing friends along the way: a student at Columbia, a guy who worked as a humanitarian worker in India, a

director for commercials, a transactional attorney. We sat around a scared wouldn't table under an arch of ideas and dreams and wrote answers to some of the most difficult questions we have encountered in our adult years. We brainstormed, and laughed, we dissected and talked about the future, about wanting the best for our families in the future, about being the future.

We'll eventually go our own ways, but we'll always remember each other and the time we spent at the library. Most importantly, we'll always carry the memory of our time here as a constant reminder that we are the future and we have the power to change lives.

I Got Here by the Turn of the Page

By Mayorbest

How did any of us get here? We satisfied our curiosity to explore... and here we meet our exploration. I came here after sharing my goal of bringing American youths' concerns to the forefront of American policy and to the forefront of discussions in all debates amongst the United States of America. It is my strong belief that youths are far too ignored; not only within the United States, but also internationally. I was awarded this once-in-a-lifetime experience to "spend the night at the New York Public Library" with 499 strangers as a result of my sharing my goal.

I got here because I wanted to get here. I saw my wish and I went for it! I encourage all future readers to embrace and follow their wishes as well.

I did not think that this would have been such a great opportunity. I was able to network, learn more about my self, and more importantly, make friends. I will never forget this experience. I got here so that I could share my experience of the hundred quests with you, the reader. I hope that whomever is reading this continues to use the resources of the New York Public Library and protects it's value.

Remember, we each make the future. Thank you for taking the time to read "How I Got Here." Hopefully I have helped inspire you to find the future.

Thanks

By caameron

Catherine Ruetschlin sent me an email informing me of this event at the library. I thank her for this, and for many other things.

Here from...

By EdgeOfSeventeen

I came here from the land of sticky tea and sweet tobacco
where the sea salt frosts your face and hair.

I came here from under the pink mimosa tree
where the hummingbirds gather around the heads of children.
I came here from the wide front porches
where gentlemen sip on mint juleps surrounded by magnolias.

I came here from the kitchens and their tables
where ladies linger softly after dinner.

I came here from the the yellowed fields
where wild berries grow amongst the weeds.

I came here.

Epitaph:Prophecy

By TheGKnee

Of How and When, I don't know Why.

To Where and What, I know just Now.

The Who I love, still shifts its shape.

In Time I live Outside.

To Earth and Sky, I know I'm bound.

Of Self and Not, tied up in knots.

The Body unwinds my aged clock.

In Love I am, alive.

Adventure vs insanity?

By MeggieMcD

I think my sense of adventure got me here and a slight insanity! I think you have to be a little manic to do anything meaningful in life and I'm glad I have this quality, even though it has its drawbacks too!

I like to challenge myself in some way every day, whether it be exercise or trying something different or meeting new people. I think it's important to grow a little bit each day.

This sense of adventure and drive to put myself out there is what brought me here to New York in the first place. I was living in Argentina and wanted to keep the exciting city theme going! So I moved to NYC with no job and made my way in this city- starting with temp jobs and mice in my room and gradually improving my situation! I now have a full-time job, volunteer for a nonprofit and with an elderly lady, no longer have mice!, have started a book club, restaurant club, and have made some amazing friends. I have had a list of things I want to accomplish in this city from the outset and have crossed off hundreds of restaurants, activities, etc. but new ones always crop up. I think that's what keeps me going in this city and motivates me- the fact that there is always something wonderful going on here but always more to strive for. I love what this game represents- new ideas, creativity, collaboration, and doing something innovative and exciting in one of the most incredible buildings in the world. I always want to do things that scare me and bring out my sense of adventure. To more events like this! Thank you for this wonderful experience. It is going down in my NYC hall of fame!

A LIBRARY VOYAGE FROM PAST TO FUTURE

By jmann77

I got here by taking a chance. Honestly, I had no idea what I was getting myself into, but now that I am here, I am ever so grateful that I did. The experience I've had in these past 10 hours has been like none other. The chance to have and share this adventure with 499 others, one that nobody had ever done before was truly remarkable. I learned so much about others before my time, and about ideas that have changed the world and others that continue to do so. I have also met many unique and diverse individuals and had the chance to meet friends that I may have never encountered had I not come. For these reasons, I'm thankful that I'm here and this will be an adventure that I will not forget.

Finding the Future

By galenblade

My life has been a sequence of events that have led me to this point. Some of them were accidents. Some of them were planned. Some under my own power, some as a result of happenstance. But whether this life was writ by fate or wholly a product of chance I will never know.

But I don't need to.

My life is my own. I brought myself here, and here I stay. Though I have regrets, I would not trade any part of the past that made me who I am at this moment. Because that would no longer be me, just someone else in my clothes.

I took that path because it was the only way for me to get here. the only way to get me. And every day I go through more to make the me of tomorrow. Every day I walk unwittingly through events. Every day I shape what I will become.

Every day, I find the future.

With 3 truths.

By cesarkuriyama

By being miraculously fortunate to have loving attentive parents. By making the very best of the sacrifices they made for me to have a better life than their own. By going on the internet one day and reading about it, then applying.

MY REAL LIFE...

By BelleRead

Many of the greatest stories in the world start with someone moving to a new land. My story is no different.

A few months ago, I moved to New York City and resolved to have fun as one only can in the Big Apple. This is a place that is so over the top ridiculous that just about everything warrants a

tweet, a FB update, an e-mail, an iPhone picture or video, a text message or an old fashioned phone call.

I am here because this is a phase in my life, a sort of daily fete. I am open to what the city has to offer, and for the past few hours it has offered me yet another hue of random pricelessness.

I am here to live my Belle Life.

Scott Nicholson: How I got here

By scottnicholson

All of my life, I have enjoyed games. I grew up in rural Oklahoma on a farm and had no neighbor kids to spend time with.

But, for whatever reason, I enjoyed board games. I would ask for board games for my birthday and Christmas, would get them, and then didn't have anyone to play them with. I would long for an opportunity to have a friend over for the night in order to have someone to play games with!

I did play video games as well, but for me, the social interaction that occurred over a board game was much more enjoyable.

As I went on in my life, I continued to carry that passion with me. In the mid-1990's, I learned about the world of designer games, importing games from Germany, and finding others who enjoyed these new types of games.

In my professional life, I had become an academic. I was a computer guru, then became a librarian. I did my PhD in Information Science, and ended up becoming a faculty member. I came to Syracuse

University's School of Information Studies where I started to teach online.

I wanted to get better at using video to teach online, so I started a video series called "Board Games with Scott." I used these videos as a way to share information about these modern board games. I got more involved in the board game world and became known for my video explorations.

While at the American Library Association conference, I saw a display on games in libraries. This got me interested, and I decided to take a risk and combine my research with my passion for games, and became the first US LIS researcher to look seriously at games in libraries. I wrote a book, "Everyone Plays at the Library," where I helped libraries put together gaming programs that meet their goals.

Therefore, when I saw the chance to participate in this large library game, I was thrilled and got involved. One well-timed Twitter post, and I had my golden ticket to Find My Future!

Just a Girl

By JenniferPDickey

I got here by taking a chance. There is always something in your life that you feel you are destined to do. I do believe that I am destined to write. However, I also feel I am destined to travel and explore, get lost in the city and the wilderness on purpose, write beautiful prose and honest modern fiction. I plan to spend my hopefully long life enjoying beer that I brewed, food that I cooked, and places that I go. There are too many things that I feel that I am destined to do constantly that I never feel that I will know my exact place. But maybe that is the point. Feeling at a constant flux with the universe and being okay with that is something that I think very few people can embrace. I certainly won't be the first, and I know I won't be the last.

Taking chances is all that we can do. When I jumped out of a plane, when I climbed Mt. Fuji,

when I moved to Japan on a whim, and when I took a job with a brewery I thought they were all the right things for me at the time. And they were. At that time. Nothing is necessarily forever and going to be where you need to be for the rest of your life. I just hope that I can find someone to share my life with who also feels my need to feel the flux of life and embrace the changes as they come, because that is what living is. If you have nothing else in life, you have experiences. If I end up a teacher, a brewer, a small business owner, a CEO, a traveller, a mother, or a nomad, I know that this is what I am destined to do. These are the steps I took; and judging by where we are tonight, the people that we have met, and the experiences that we have had in the NYPL for the Centennial year, I'm doing alright. Thank you for choosing me to be a part of this crazy night of excitement and adventure.

For Me

By weaverash01

I got here by dreaming big and always wanting more. I don't live my life for other people, I live my life with other people. I surround myself with people who are positive and ambitious. I make my own perimeters. I see what I want to see and rely on the world around me for inspiration. I expect more from myself and won't accept less. I got here by being Ashley Weaver, every single day.

101 things to do before you die...

By heyitsjulieeee

i was born august 14th, 1988 & since then have always jumped at the opportunity for adventure. for the past three years, i have been working on a book of 101 things to do before i die. coincidentally, number one on this list is to write a best seller. while our book my not make it to the barnes & nobles top 10 list, it is one that will change the world. seeing all the artifacts tonight, from such inspirational people (george washington, mary shelly, martin luther king, jr- just to name a few) makes me feel honored to contribute to a piece of history that will forever be a part of the new york public library.

my life in 2.34 secs...

By gmehta

Born in Mumbai, India. Moved to Louisiana age 2, relocated to California where I've grown up for 20+ years. Graduated PA school, moved to NYC, while working in the ICmet a boy. Boy told me about NYPL game, took the 4 train to NYPL, now frantically finishing last story!

My Book Life

By emcfins

One of my first words was book. I would find my friends and adventures in books. I love to read them over and over again, finding new details each time. When I was young, I was told "If anyone tells you not to read something, go out and read it." I have not yet encountered that limitation, that advice has lead me to read everything I could get my hands on and I am so happy I have.

Real World

By kinsk411

I reserve CDs at the New York Public Library website nearly every day. One particular day, I logged onto the website and discovered an advertisement for the library's 100th anniversary. Intrigued, I clicked on that advertisement, and the next thing I knew, I found myself channeling my passions for music and literature into a single future possibility



100 Ways to Make History Volume 1

Design and Layout
Adrian Camoens

Binding
Gavin Dovey
Paper Dragon Books

Producer
Kiyash Monsef

Creative Director, Find the Future: The Game
Jane McGonigal

Executive Producer, Find the Future: The Game
Caro Llewellyn

