



ECHOES

UPPER COLUMBIA ACADEMY

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If you give babies too much food, soon enough they will throw it up. The food you are giving may be healthy, your intentions may be to nourish and strengthen, but, regardless of these things, the babies will throw up. As a result, the babies have no desire to ever eat that food again, especially from your hand.

At this point, most of us are just full. We get sick to our stomachs at the sound of homework. We groan when we see the same people every day. The aches grow even stronger during required worships, premature shut-down of power, and leftover cafeteria food. We feel as though we have been stuffed like a Thanksgiving turkey and are so beyond this whole idea of school. So who is to blame? "Clearly it is the fault of the hand who said "choo choo" before every bite," we think to ourselves.

But as one who is guilty of having these negative feelings all too often, I have a proposal. Before we let everything spew out, let us first breathe. Let us not spit up all the good memories, friends, and lessons we have experienced. Let us remember, at this time of frustrations and impatience, that these things that seem like too much began—and continue to be—relatively good. We have just reached our limit. Let us not forget the hand feeding us just does not want us to go hungry. Let us pace ourselves and continue to breathe between each bite. Let us cherish the best years of our lives. Let us hold tight to the people we value so deeply. Let us not throw up and pout at the outstretched hand. Let us instead thank those who tried to help us, even if they gave us one too many bites.

Let us not leave the UCA high chair with a bad taste in our mouths. Let us gain perspective. Let us learn so that we may be more effective when we are the ones holding the spoon. Last but not least, although we may feel force-fed at times, let us thank the One who truly wants us to grow healthy, strong, and successful and know that He will always be there to clean up our messes.

*Aleece Cazan,
President, Class of 2015*

ASB officers elected



Next year's first-semester ASB officers: back row: Thalia Tomarere, President; Grady Dietrich, Vice President; Amber Lee, Secretary; Cassive Gonsalves, Treasurer; Jordan Barnett, Musician; front row: Jenny Bovey, Chaplain; Cecilia Romero, Sergeant-at-Arms; Eva Wiggins, Historian

2015

MOTTO

Make your choices reflect your hopes, not your fears.

Nelson Mandela

CLASS TEXT

Each time He said, "My grace is all you need. My power works best in weakness."

So now I am glad to boast about my weaknesses, so that the power of Christ can work through me.

2 Corinthians 12:9

COLORS

Black, Gold, Bordeaux

2015



A special day

by *Kristi Rose*

There were lights strung across the ceiling with an occasional pink lantern adding a special glow to the room. The tables were covered with pink table cloths and a black paper plate set at each spot. In one corner of the room was a table with water and iced tea. In the opposite corner was a table with a basket of cards. At the front of the room were two chairs with a big picture frame close by. The serving table started with bagels and ended with muffins and chocolate covered strawberries. Everything looked so perfect. This was what awaited my mom and I as we walked into the girls' dorm chapel.

It was Mother's Day. As I looked around the room, I noticed several other mothers who had joined their daughters for this special day. We found a spot and sat down. After eating and playing a game of bingo, created specifically for Mother's Day, we wandered over to the two chairs with the frame—time for pictures with my special mother. She has been a huge influence in my life, and she definitely deserves the honor of having a whole day set aside just for her.

Too often moms are taken for granted, so let's remember to appreciate them and let them know how special they are to us each day. After all, they are moms every day and not just on Mother's Day.

A gift from us to you

by *Alyssa Olson*

Every year, the senior class attempts to leave one last impression of who they are. An annual class gift is given to show the class's appreciation for the school that mentored and taught them so much. Some senior may have attended for only a quarter; whereas, others started at UCAES and are 12 year seniors.

Senior class gifts are given to give back to the campus that gave so much to students who attend UCA. Some class gifts from past senior classes include the lions at the entrance of front campus, the clock on center campus, tables and benches, and the swings by the tennis courts. Each gift is given to show school pride, help students in their everyday lives, and make UCA an oasis in the wheat fields.

As this school year comes to a close, it is time for another class gift to be presented. Many hours of senior and volunteers' time have gone into the gift. It is a gift that will be used on a weekly basis, being used by every student and faculty. The class of 2015's senior gift is renovating the bridge to the church. This class gift may not bring people to Jesus, but it could be the gateway to a place that can.

Building a better bridge

by *Matthew Palsgrove*

A big construction project has been going on here at UCA. We have a new bridge! This wonderful development will take students to and from church like never before. It will allow students to safely traverse above the raging waters of Spangle Creek.

I know a few students that have actually put some blood, sweat and tears into the bridge. Ronni Sue Parks, a local construction worker, took some time to take off her hard hat, sit down, and give me some info about the bridge.

"Well Matt, some of the guys and me wanted to do something to give back to the school. We looked around and saw beautiful grass, trees, benches, and a fountain. But you know what we also saw? A rotting bridge. So we took action and the senior class is funding the construction of a new bridge."

So now when you walk across that bridge after attending a splendid worship service you can think to yourselves, "Wow the 2015 seniors sure are super cool for helping us get this new bridge!"

Success where it matters

by *Nathaniel Srikureja*

"I am a successful individual," I tell myself every morning. "I can do anything I want to do; nothing can stop me. I can learn, I can understand, I can create." Every morning turned into every week; every week turned into every month; every month, to each of my four years at Upper Columbia Academy. I look back and recall wonderful memories and experiences – teachers who pushed me to do better, friends who became family, and parents who counseled with wisdom. I can say confidently that I entered the blazing fires of high school and came out refined. I have left my mark on this campus and can retire knowing I have succeeded academically.

However, academic success isn't everything. Late last night I conversed with my father: subjects flowed from politics to scholastic endeavors. Finally, my father asked, "Are you where you would like to be in your walk with God? Were you successful where it matters most?" I paused. I remembered the many times I put God aside to focus on what was important to me – school, music, entertainment, and the occasional social drama. I remembered the times I used the Sabbath to catch up on current news or do some extracurricular studies; I thought of the times I never listened in church but pointed out the erroneous ways of others. I knew in that moment it was only in this senior year I had made a daily decision to pursue a relationship with God. "I was not successful," I had to answer: It took me three years to realize God is my best friend.

Of all the parting advice I could give, hear this: whether you are leaving UCA or plan to come back next year, do not wait. Don't let the distractions of this world cause you to forget the goodness of God. Pursue a relationship with Him right now; make God an investment of your time. Do not make my mistake. Be successful where it matters.

Four long years rewarded

by *Sabrina Beckner*

Finally we were leaving. The benefit of holding out for all four years was finally here. We were leaving for the land of mediocre North West rollercoasters (Silverwood). Soon the bus was filled with laughter, sharing of memories, and yelling. The weather was perfect, sunny with a slight breeze—perfect for a nice, subtle burning of the shoulders and cheeks. After Silverwood we overwhelmed Olive Garden with the presence of a large, loud group of Seniors. If stuffing ourselves with pasta and breadsticks wasn't thrilling enough to our bodies, we also splurged on "gooney's" (massive bowls of ice cream, whipped cream, and other fattening delights) at dockside in Coeur d'Alene. The sugar high was legen . . . wait for it . . . dary.

The next morning the Four Year Seniors rampaged through the facility at Triple Play, tearing up the go-kart track, trampling small humans on our way to the slides, and aspiring to top Bob Lenz's score in laser tag. A delectable meal was had at P.F. Chang's, and then we headed back to face the nine days of school that we had left.

Friends hanging out and reconnecting, telling about the "old days" and enjoying the little breath of freedom was the break that we all needed to push us through to the end. The walk down memory lane and the new memories were wonderful experiences that I am sure we will never forget.

Worst test of our lives

by *Giovanna Girotto*

We arrived at the Ad Building at 7:50, not quite sure what to expect. As we waited for Mrs. Lacey in the hallway, we expressed our feelings of concern for the test and our regret for not studying as much as we could have. At 8:00, Mrs. Lacey arrived and let us into the classroom, where we each sat at a table and nervously awaited our fate.

The first hour of the AP Calculus test was spent filling out forms and listening to instructions. After this hour of torture, we were finally ready to start the exam. This test was split into four sections: two multiple-choice sections and two free-response. There was one multiple-choice and one free-response section where we could use our calculators, but we couldn't use them on the other two sections. On the multiple-choice sections, we were given a problem and could use the question booklet as scratch paper, and our work would not be graded. However, in the free-response sections, we were given long story problems, and we had to show all of our work. Sometimes we would even have to explain how we got our answer. These sections were the worst because if you didn't word something right or forgot to put what units were used, you would miss it.

Surprisingly, we survived this treacherous exam. It was a good test of our knowledge of calculus. All eleven of us studied hard and did our best on the test. Unfortunately, we won't know our score for a few more weeks. But the important thing is that we survived.

Registration is August 23!



Girls' dorm front desk workers at the Spaghetti Factory

Nostalgia

by Megan Rasmussen

There have been quite a few bugs going around at UCA recently. Students and teachers alike have been getting colds, fevers, and headaches. But there is another bug that is spreading. It is working its way into the minds of students. It has been especially prominent in seniors. This bug is not senioritis. It is nostalgia. Students everywhere are swelling with warm and fuzzy feelings of the past. They are longing to relive the good times of the past years spent in high school. Nostalgia is very contagious. It spreads from one person to the next. You could have it and not even know it. But nostalgia is not something to shun. Embrace it. Embrace the memories so you will never forget them. And get used to being nostalgic, because no cure has yet been discovered.

Momentum

by Jordan Barnett

This is it, the final stretch. The hardships of the end of the year seem to stack up and arrive all at once. I think the best way to describe the feeling would be to say it is like seeing a light at the end of the tunnel while the tunnel itself is collapsing on top of you. There are two routes you could take to escape this predicament. You could just give up and submit to being inundated by the falling debris, hoping the liberating hands of summer eventually dig you out of your suffocating sorrows which are your homework. The other, and far more advantageous option, would be for you to break out into an all-out sprint to finish the race strong; to choose to stay ahead of any plummeting obstacles. Although there still may be some hindrances appearing in front of you, your momentum will aid you in hurdling over them with ease. The closer you get to the end of the tunnel, the harder it may become to arrive at the terminus, so you must keep your momentum and persevere until you cross the finish line. Then, you can finally win the precious prize, a lengthy, restful nap.



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This issue's contributors included:

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Polly Nicole Officer, Michael Cole, Nikolas Pintos,
Elliott Wickward, Nathan Mathison, Drew Kazanis,
and Stephen Lacey, sponsor

Blessed

by Ashley Graybill

I always knew that I was blessed and had more than most people do, but on one recent Friday that fact really hit home for me.

Around 3:00 in the afternoon, a group of students and our fearless leader, Amanda Goad, piled into a van to go feed the homeless. I wasn't quite sure where this adventure would take me, but I didn't have to endure the suspense for long. We arrived at the Union Gospel Mission in Spokane about 30 minutes later, and the manager of the shelter showed us around the facility. He told us the history of the Mission and told us many things that go into keeping it running smoothly. Then a homeless man told us the story of how the shelter changed his life and how they were training him to get a job so that he could start making progress in life. He looked like he was on the brink of tears as he also spoke about finding Jesus since he came there and what an amazing difference that has made in both his and his wife's lives.

After our tour, they put us to work serving the homeless people who came in for supper. It was a truly rewarding experience to be able to talk to some of them and to see the gratitude on their faces as they ate the chicken pot pie, beans, salad, and fruit. One man expressed his feelings very openly with a boisterous "I love you guys!"

That day really opened my eyes to how very blessed I am, not only to have food on my table for every meal, but also to be able to have gone to an amazing Christian boarding school this year. This is a blessing that not everyone has, and sometimes we take it for granted. As this school year comes to a close, let's remember to be grateful for everything we have, because we truly have so much more than we realize.

A missed opportunity

by Tyler Warren

Bright and early on the morning of Saturday, May 16, members of choir and Choraliars alike shuffled onto buses after a large, hearty breakfast in the UCA Cafeteria. They were beginning the annual Choir Tour, where all of Upper Columbia's singers travel to a nearby church on Sabbath morning for a rousing concert composed of their entire docket of music. It's a fantastic way to practice the pieces for the final spring concert of the year without the hassle of staying the night on the adamantine floor of a gymnasium. Once these music groups arrived at [Insert Name of Local Church Here], they unloaded the choir risers and their music and headed inside to practice. Finally, it was time for church to begin. The choir started the whole concert off with "Stay With Us," which was followed by Choraliars performing their most difficult song, "Zinget dem Herrn." After an hour of beautiful choral music—a quarter of which was taken up by the beautiful but protracted "When David Heard"—the concert was over and a massive success, with many of the members of [Insert Name of Previously Mentioned Church Here] in tears. After the choirs had eaten their potluck lunch, they loaded onto the buses once again to head back to UCA. It was a perfect end to a perfect day, except for one glaring problem: it never happened.

This year's day-only choir tour was cancelled. Unfortunately, Mr. Anderson could not find a local church that was available for us to perform on the weekend of May 16 and 17. While many were disappointed to miss the annual choir tour, many took advantage of the situation. It was the same weekend as ASB church, which is always an enjoyable event due to its relaxed and outdoor nature. After lunch, several seniors went to the Liberty Lake beach for the afternoon. Overall, it was a relaxing day that most students spent outdoors enjoying themselves and spending time with friends and God. Despite missing one enjoyable event, many (especially seniors) were grateful to enjoy one last free weekend at UCA (similar to how many seniors are reading through this last *Echoes* with tears in their eyes*! Just weeping! The last this, the last that. It's too much! TOO MUCH! Please excuse me while I go cry in a corner somewhere while in the fetal position.)

*Tears of... joy? Sadness? Bittersweet-ness? Bittersweet-ness?

Boxes

by Micaela Featherston

You know the school year is coming to an end when boxes of all shapes and sizes appear in the entryway of the cafeteria. Some new students may wonder what the boxes are for that pile up and disappear every day. Well, it's time to pack! These boxes from the cafeteria kitchen start to be set out around a month before school ends.

These boxes can be a help to every student at the end of the school year; however, there are always a few individuals who don't take advantage of them and think it's amusing to destroy the mounds of boxes instead. This doesn't help anyone. Even though these boxes are a large help, all the rejected, too-small or destroyed ones can get in the way as the pile up day after day.

Eventually, the piles are so massive that people have a challenging time getting to the restrooms in the cafeteria. A partial solution to this problem would be to grab some smaller boxes instead of just the larger or medium sized ones. Think of all the knick-knacks in your room you could fit snugly into a small box!

Eventually, the piles will be gone, so I advise you all to take advantage of this packing aid the school so kindly supplies.

Yearbook

by Ronnie Anderson

There are some things one may be involved in at UCA that have secretive duties. One of these is the yearbook class. You may see the members of this class sneaking around with large black digital cameras and even larger tripods and camera bags, photographing anything that moves during days or events the school may want to remember. These strange and sometimes questionable people are not stalking you (contrary to what some might think); they are merely recording events, in photos, for the school. They are part of an elite group of photographers and designers called the UCA Yearbook Staff. Many of them are specialists in their field, collecting facts, information, and pictures so that UCA may remember this special year for years to come.

There are many complications that this elite staff face in order for this special book to come out on time. Such complications may include seniors not getting their photos to the staff on time. This causes quite a hassle for Mrs. Terry, the leader of the Yearbook staff. She is a master at getting the perfect photos and information and doesn't get half the praise she deserves. She gives photo assignments to her student colleagues, directing them to the classes and other groups that must be photographed.

When all the necessary photos and information are compiled, the staff combines them into the masterpiece we call The Yearbook.

Please take extra care with this special book as it exits the printers this year for we in the Yearbook Staff are proud of our creation, have done our best to see that it pleases you, and hope it accurately represents what we have accomplished this year as a school.

The name of the game

by Polly Nicole Officer

The fresh ocean air dances through your nostrils. The rhythmic ebb and flow of the waves beat up against the ever-present shore. It's all so relaxing and pleasant. You feel like you could just stay frozen in this moment forever. Then you look down and see what can only be described as a lump of white and red stuff covered in worms hidden in the shadows of the shallow pool left behind by the ocean tide, and you remember what your mission is. This is the Marine Biology trip! Name the unknown mass of slimy tentacles.

Quickly, you reach out to your partner for one of the laminated fully-colored identification guides you were given at the beginning of the day. Pointing to the colorful mass, you motion for your partner to look through theirs as well, both fighting against time to see who can find its name first. However, in your haste, you start to lose your balance on the edgy rocks. In a desperate attempt to save yourself, you flail your arms dramatically, frantically grabbing at the invisible hand in front of you.

THUD! You open your eyes and see your partner's worried gaze and realize that you never did find what you had lost. A quick assessment of your body assures you that no bones are broken. You roll over in the sand and see your laminated guide dutifully sitting right beside you like a loyal German shepherd. You look closer and see a familiar sight. Then you realize that funny picture in the small box looks a lot like . . . like the thing in the tide pool! You quickly jump up and go back to the spot where it was, eyes looking closer than before, checking out the details. Sure enough, you smile to yourself as you see the resemblance. You found what you were looking for: the Christmas Sea Anemone. You jot down the name in your handy journal and take a sigh of relief. You gather your things and continue to search for a new exciting creature to add to your list, this time, taking better care where you place your feet.



Marine blessings

by Ronnie Anderson

The Marine Biology trip started out like any other with students excited for the adventures with friends. They were not, necessarily, excited about the bus ride.

The bus we were supposed to take was broken down (no surprise there) and we were not able to use it. This was all right because we have two busses. However, the second one started having its troubles as well. We soon learned the horrific news: we would be taking a yellow school bus on the entire trip.

Let me describe the horrors of yellow school busses. First, they have leg room for ants, not humans. Any slightly tall person will understand the struggle of having your legs go numb and learning to walk again at rest stops. Second, there are those wonderful shock absorbers that are picky about which bumps to absorb (the little ones) and which to let through unscathed (usually the mile deep potholes). Yellow busses are fit for traversing the terrain between school and home, not for tours across states. However, despite this joyous travel experience, we learned just as much about marine invertebrates as we would have had we taken a larger bus.

There were little speed bumps along the way, but God helped us through and allowed the yellow bus to run the entire time, decrepit as it was. But there were other blessings. Rain confined itself to the times we were on the bus. When we arrived places, the weather turned sunny. We also had great food and a super sunset the last night we were away. I'm sure God blessed us more than we even saw, and we arrived home with wonderful memories. Through the cramped legs and the rain, we saw God's blessings. I hope you look for them every day.

The mud flats

by Michael Cole

After a packed morning of classes, we were instructed to go back to the cabins to get ready for our "trip to the mud flats." So I grabbed my old running shoes, threw on my headphones and loaded up with the group. After a spell riding the bus, we filed out at our destination and were greeted by a lady who gave us a vague description of what we were there to do. So armed only with a shovel, a tray and our tiny amount of knowledge, we set out on our quest to find the aquatic crustaceans and worms attempting to live in this muddy wasteland.

We were told to keep the worms we found in a jar and put the crabs on the tray. This, we were told, was to keep the crabs from tearing the worms to pieces. So, in the name of peace, we separated the animals into their compartments and hoped for the best.

For the first 50 or so feet, we could easily step across the surface of the mud by walking on the grass roots, but as we got closer to the water and further down the beach, the mud became deeper and the grass seemed to just disappear. So those of us smart enough not to go too far stood by and chuckled as, one by one, those foolish enough to go out too far became stuck fast in the mire. Their cries could be heard up and down the beach. Those not stuck would often go in to help, only to become just as securely locked in the sediments. Finally, after a long, grueling time, most of those stuck were able to stumble back to the sandy shore and begin to scrape the layers of mud from themselves.

So, once we washed most of the earth off, we were told to walk to the nearby museum to learn more about our surroundings. So we started out in the direction we had been sent. But despite his obvious confidence, and the appearance that he knew where he was going, Jesse Humbert managed to get everyone to wander around in circles for a while before realizing he didn't know where he was going. Finally, we reached the museum and after some time observing the different exhibits, we re-loaded the bus and were on our way back to the base.

Mother Nature

by Nikolas Pintos

This year at UCA I have learned why Mother Nature isn't called Father Nature. Nature can't make up her mind about anything, confuses everyone who tries to figure her out, and interferes with our plans. The best way not to get involved with her is by staying inside on your computer all day (which just so happens is the best way not to meet any girls). Whoever decided to give nature a female name instead of a male name must have been a very smart person. Props to them.

But not everything about this year's bipolar and freakishly indecisive nature queen is bad. She keeps us on the edge of our seats, surprises us with freezing mornings when we're dressed in shorts, scorches us with blazing sunny days when we're bundled up and ready for the cold, and storms when we're trying to have peace. Without her unpredictability we would have no randomness in our lives. We would have just the normal wheat fields and same boring weather every day.

So for all the men out there, instead of complaining about Mother Nature why don't we try tolerating her just how we would tolerate a normal girl . . . not that girls need tolerating . . . they're all great and absolutely nothing like the scary, bipolar, confusing, and destructive Mother Nature I just described. And for all the women out there, just keep doing whatever it is you do.

God and the sea

by Elliott Wickward

Some might say that the best part of the Marine Biology trip is getting to hang out or work with the female biologists. But for me some of the memories that will stick around the longest are likely Pastor Fred's Bible study. Between this Bible study, leading games of Mafia, and leading the general worship ceremonies, Pastor Fred was a critical element for enjoying the Marine Biology trip.

In the Bible study on the beach, Pastor Fred gave us the opportunity to think about some verses that he had gathered or to just go and listen. This was one of the most silent Bible studies that I have ever experienced, but still one of the most powerful. Perched on the cliffs, I viewed the near endless expanse of ocean, listening to the waves crash on the shore, and watching everyone else wandering to find their perfect spots for contemplation.

The constant beating of the waves reminded me that not only is God consistent, but He has also thought far enough ahead to give me a place to rest and listen to Him. Thankfully, He always has your back. Even when life seems overwhelming and is constantly beating you down like the waves on the shore, God is there to hold you above the pounding sea. Once in God's arms, you eventually can stand and live a life with Him at your core, powering your every movement. With God on your side you can look across the sea of life with confidence.

Thank-you and farewell

by Aleece Cazan

As this year comes to a close, new glimpses for next year are seeping in. Next year is going to look very different for the students and teachers of Upper Columbia Academy. A handful of the staff will not be returning in the fall of 2015. Coach Meager, Mrs. Haeger, Dean Chelle, Mrs. Nelson, Mrs. Wickward, Mrs. Torkelsen, and Mr. and Mrs. Mann will no longer be working at UCA. I wish we could give sufficient thanks to these people who have gone above and beyond the call of duty on this campus.

Coach Meager needs to be thanked for the consistent work and time he has dedicated to improving every aspect of the athletic department here. Mrs. Haeger has put years of undying effort and ever-present positivity. Dean Chelle needs to be appreciated for being the loving and nurturing “Dorm Mom” that she has been to so many. Since Mrs. Nelson has started working, she has made it financially possible for hundreds of students to come to this school. Mrs. Wickward will be remembered as the teacher who had a genuine passion for students and for the improvement of the school. Mr. and Mrs. Mann will be known for always staying behind until a job is completed (whether it be repairing a bridge or mending a dress). Last but not least, Mrs. Torkelsen has been responsible for organizing every last alumni event and raising thousands of dollars to keep the school running.

These seven staff members have left big shoes to fill for those that will come in their place. Though this is the end of an old chapter, let us be open to the idea of a new one beginning here as well. To those who have been affected by these staff members, take the time to tell them how much they have meant to you during your UCA experience. To those who are moving on, thank you and farewell.

That time of year

by Drew Kazanis

Ah, it's that time of year again where fellow students, once friendly and peaceable to one another, now turn violent. The importance of organizing your classes to your specific desires is obviously one of the most important things in your academic life. It is absolutely crucial that you get a class schedule priority number higher than those of your school mates. With loitering forbidden, students get creative in their strategies. They wait around the corner, hiding, and claim an alibi. “Yes, I've been checking my watch for ten minutes!” Some even resort to sacrificing their classes, becoming late and even skipping classes to get the upper hand on their peers. Some are not so sly. Bold and impudent, these students flout the rules and stand around the entrance of the Ad Building, causing others to do the same.

When push comes to shove, students are not afraid to bite, scratch, claw and inflict physical pain upon one another. War cries and weeping can be heard throughout the building. The least likely to do so suddenly become MMA fighters, bent on obtaining the ultimate goal: a higher priority number. Wonderful. Really, it's almost a spectator event that turns into a game of cat and mouse. It's just another one of the wonderful times of the UCA year.

The vacuous games

by Nathan Mathison

Disk golf. What an amazing sport it is. I stand in a designated area, wind my arm back, and exert enough force in the form of an arm swing to knock a man clear out. I release the disk when it is in front of me in hopes of getting it to the metal basket 300 feet away. It sails only 20 feet. Twenty feet in the wrong direction. Oops. Well, it's a good thing par is 3!

I go to where the disk landed, pick it up, and do it all again: wind my arm and throw the disk. This time it goes closer to the basket. Now I get to do that again. Doesn't this sound fascinating?

Hey! I made it!

Now to do this 8 more times and work my way through the lovely baskets spread out around campus—the whole time avoiding hitting that nice car or all those windows in the ad building. Oh the joys of not destroying human industrialization!

Hey! Fore!

I think it's time for me to stop playing. I just about hit Hess!

See you next year!



The class of 2016 lines up for class schedule priority numbers