

Fantasy football translates into real life hopelessness

By Daniel Heyman
Managing Editor

Copy Editor, David Alexander couldn't have said it better when he posted a Facebook status that read: "How well your week goes is directly related to winning in fantasy football." I have to say, the past four weeks have been awful.

Given that my fantasy team boasts the 2010 powerhouse Arian Foster and the always dependable Philip Rivers, you'd think I'd laugh away nearly all of my opponents. However, lady luck has it out for me and consequently I find myself teetering on the edge of crippling despair each Sunday.

Things started off beautifully in week one, Arian Foster rushed for three touchdowns, Matt Forte pulled in two receptions for scores, and Phillip Rivers had a solid week, scoring me 19 fantasy points. I crushed some joker named Layton Smith in my ESPN league (we needed two or three filler teams). This was shaping up to be the best semester of my life.

Week two was a let down; my team gave a lackluster performance. Rivers put up his always

pleasing numbers, but I had obviously given too little attention to the wide receiver position. I took a risk drafting Pierre Garcon, which has yet to pay off, and the Eagles defense wasn't putting up the numbers they were projected to. I had never expected a season like 1972 in Miami though, so after a few days of heavy drinking and intense purging I made some moves and prepared for week three.

The Eagles defense played an all-star game in week three, but Foster and Forte proved that they couldn't be depended on week to week. With three non-scoring players on my line-up I was easily done away with.

Week four put any of my remaining optimism to rest. Foster had a two score game, but one player can't carry the team. BC senior Zack Christy's line-up featuring the always productive Drew Brees, Rashard Mendenhall and Antonio Gates took any semblance of happiness I had left in me and stomped on it with a golf cleat.

My most formidable opponent in week five was none other than myself. Forgoing Cedric Benson for Ahmad Bradshaw, I put myself just out of reach of a win. It was bittersweet

to watch Forte run all over the Panthers, but I knew it was for my own good. The Panthers aren't winning any championships this year and my sanity was at stake. However, it was in vein; I benched the players that would have put me over my opponent's total score and his kicker, Nick Folk, went for five field goals, including one more than 50 yards long.

Currently, I'm at the point where the seven and a half waking hours I don't spend in the Clarion office each week are squandered wondering why, if fantasy football is so trivial, I can't catch a break — It should be noted that it is early in the season and I am certainly one to overreact.

Editors Note: If you, or someone you know, is exhibiting behaviors like these, please get them help. Many addiction hotlines are toll free.

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Joyce Kilmer Memorial Forest: Old-growth beauty

These Hills...

By John M. Climer
Editor in Chief

For this week's edition of *These Hills*, we'll travel a little further away from Brevard to an amazing spectacle that we have the privilege of living close to: the Joyce Kilmer Memorial Forest.

You may wonder: what distinguishes Joyce Kilmer from the other nearly countless natural wonders that surround us in Western North Carolina? The answer: it's one of the few remaining old-growth timber forests in the country. The Forest's old-growth status means that the trees in Joyce Kilmer have never been harvested, allowing them to grow to enormous sizes.



The protected wilderness area in Joyce Kilmer came to fruition by what some might call fate. In the late 1890's the logging company working in the Slickrock Creek Watershed, the area where Joyce Kilmer is located, went bankrupt. This spared the roughly 30 percent of unharvested forest from being logged. Additionally, further possible logging operations were permanently ended after the construction of the Calderwood

Dam flooded logging roads in 1922.

The Forest's name came about after World War I, when the U.S. Veterans of Foreign Wars lobbied the government to create a memorial forest for a fallen soldier, author and poet named Joyce Kilmer and the 3800 acre wilderness area then became subject to federal protection. As time passed, more land was added to the area by the government, with the final designation of 17,394 protected acres coming about in 1975.

Like most other wilderness areas in Western North Carolina, Joyce Kilmer offers outdoor recreation enthusiasts beautiful scenery, great camping and hiking. However, because Joyce Kilmer is one of few remaining old-growth forests, the amount of hiking is limited to 60 miles of trail in the entire Forest. Additionally, users must abide by strict Leave No Trace ethics when in the Forest so that it remains in pristine condition for future generations.

Although Joyce Kilmer is not at our backdoor, it is an amazing natural phenomenon and provides visitors with an incredible example of how the forests of Western North Carolina looked when the first settlers arrived to our country and it is well worth the two hour drive to take in the scenery.