

Tips on S.A.D

◆Do you suffer from seasonal affective disorder? Read on and find how you can get help

BY ALAINNA BROOKS
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The leaves are turning colors, the temperature is decreasing, and the days are getting shorter. The memories of long, warm, summer days are long gone. Some people love the winter season. For others it is a time of depression.

Seasonal affective disorder (SAD) is the term used to describe winter depression. People who suffer from SAD feel normal in the spring and summer when there is more light and the weather is warmer. However, during the winter they feel sluggish, have no motivation, and often seclude themselves from others. Sometimes it becomes so severe that people are hospitalized to overcome the disorder.

Although SAD has been recognized since 1984, all the conditions and causes have not yet been clarified. A popular theory is that SAD is caused by lack of exposure to sunlight. Researchers know that our internal clocks are affected by time change and the amount of light our eyes receive. When



Don and Britta want Guilford students to be happy all year long.

a person does not receive enough light, SAD can take over.

SAD is a special concern for college students at this time of year. Final exams are coming up along with the holidays, which can add to a person's depression. Therefore it is important to stay alert to the signals your body is sending you. If you think you may be suffering from SAD or any other type

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Clash of the titans

◆The two true masters of the game battle for Scrabble supremacy while Guilfordian reporter Williams basks in the unbridled splendor of the participants

BY FRED WILLIAMS
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Two fierce competitors stared at each other, each determined to destroy his opponent. Two masters, whose lives had been devoted to honing their art to such a degree that no one would ever best them.

However, one of them would be bested tonight.

This was the battle of the century. It had been anticipated for weeks, the showdown that no one thought would ever take place: the Scrabble match between Scrabble club president Zack Hample and vice-president Jon Yeager.

Zack was the heavy favorite, he of the seven-letter word and in-depth knowledge of the Scrabble dictionary. However, Jon was no amateur. He was the master of the parallel play and the witty banter. Jon was like a mockingbird, constantly chattering, keeping his opponent off guard, making him lose his concentration, until he struck.

Zack saw the determination in his opponent's eyes that cold Thursday night. A fitting night, named after the Norse God of Thunder, for these two mighty heroes to test their skill, bravery, and determination against each other.

Club treasurer Mike Filoramo walked into the tense, expectant Scrabble club meeting saying only, "Let the games begin."

Immediately these two warriors were at each others throats vying for a prize more important than money or fame, the prize all men know in their hearts that they will never rest until they attain, the title of, "Scrabblemaster."

The Scrabble board was all that either of these greats saw for the next hour, with mere mortals like myself and the throngs of others there to see what may have been the ultimate battle since the "Thrilla in Manila" reduced to mere

background noise in a contest that could only come along once in a lifetime.

Zack, an old pro, content with his place as the preeminent scrabble player the young club has ever known. And Jon, hungry for the recognition he knew he deserved.

Was it to be skill over determination, or the young overthrowing the old? This reporter is not ashamed to admit that he was reduced to tears several times in the tense battle that would

Proving this point, Zack's third move was to spell 'Loxes' on a triple word score for 41 points. All thoughts that he might have lost his touch were quickly dispelled. Zack continued to lead for most of the game. Onlookers must have been thinking much along the lines of that old adage, "God's in His heaven and all is right with the world."

Suddenly the tables dramatically turned. Jon spelled 'Saviour' for 76 points on a double word score using all seven of his letters, which gives a player 50 extra points according to Scrabble rules, and a standing ovation, according to club tradition. When I sat down I knew that this match was destined to go down in the history of sport as legend.

Club secretary Ellen Yutzy leaned to me and whispered knowingly, "Now you're going to see Zack get serious." If the sheer ferociousness I had witnessed up to that point wasn't serious then I truly doubted whether I could handle a full-fledged assault.

I found, and I'm sure the other lucky viewers of that epic battle that raged long into that silent November eve would agree, that although I tried to look away, I could not tear my eyes from the faces of the combatants, despite the rage that emanated from them both.

The fight raged fast and furious. Words like "geode," "boner," "atop," "zinc," and "rig," were registered into Scrabble history by gracing the board that saw the face-off of two of the greatest competitors to ever play the game. Ellen asked Zack, "When was the last time you were beaten?"

Zack took his icy glare off the board for one split second only to utter the question, "By a human?" There was a chill in the room.

Scrabble is a funny sport. There are no home runs or touchdowns. One does not so much see the score as he or she feels it. The push and pull of the two players grasping for the upper hand is hard to pin down by mere numbers. There is no climactic word that "wins the game."

Therefore it is hard to say when the decisive blow fell that ended this contest of champions, but slowly the whole room began to feel it. A sigh here, a slow shaking of the head there, perhaps the odd smile. If you've never

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Alicia Grogan-Brown

The battleground. The letters. The humans (gods?) who play the game. Who love the game. Who are the game.

ultimately answer that query.

Zack opened with the word 'Gel' for eight points, a disappointing start for the elder statesman of Scrabble. Has he been too satisfied with his infallibility for too long? Will his overconfidence be his weakness? These were all questions that must have run through Jon's mind as that first crucial word was played.

Jon countered with "Mace," "Me," and "Al," a parallel play (his specialty), for 16 points, showing that he was here to play. When Jon drew his next four letters, the letters on his rack spelled out "Be No One." Jon acted like he found it funny, but this reporter couldn't have helped thinking it might be a harbinger of his doom, knowing what past opponents of Zack's had been reduced to after a match.

Zack was a legend among the club members. His name was uttered with an air of respect. He was a man who had paid his dues to rise to the top of his craft, and he was respected for that, as well as feared.