

## ART ALIVE

**Stranger**

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only short pauses in the general conversation of the room around Mr. Camplet's outbursts.

Mr. Tithers slammed a glass down behind the bar and leaned over to growl at Mr. Camplet. "I told you to leave her alone, Camplet. If you so much as lay another finger on her, I'll tan your hide for you," was his low rumbling threat. Camplet laughed in his face.

"and just how are you going to go about that, sonny boy? You haven't so much as struck a hound in your lifetime!" Mr. Camplet jeered. Mr. Tithers simply glared and turned back to his work. It was true, he was a thin, gentle and aging man; he could never stand up to Mr. Camplet. Anna roughly placed the pie slice in front of Mr. Camplet and hurried away to tend the fire.

Anna started as she bent and reached for the poker; she hadn't seen the stranger in the corner, nor had anyone else for that matter, until she caught the glint of the fire shining off his eyes. His expression softened as he met her gaze.

"oh, pardon me," she breathed and averted her eyes. The corners of the stranger's mouth twitched in a smile. He shrugged away from the mantle and stepped out into the room. A sibilant hush spread through the room as the stranger straddled the stool next to Mr. Camplet. He sat head and shoulders above Camplet even though he sat bent with his forearms rested on the bar.

As the stranger swirled the shot he'd just received of Mr. Tithers, he inclined his head to Mr. Camplet. "your malfeasance will buy your end on or these days," he murmured, staring into a distant corner and straightening up to toss down his drink.

"W-who are you to threaten me?" spluttered Mr. Camplet. "No one dares to speak so to me! Why, I could have the magistrate on your back quicker than you could blink an eye if you so much as threaten me again!"

"Your nescience will be the tender for that end," the stranger said tersely, fixing Mr. Camplet with a hard stare.

"Who are you to call me ignorant and label me as an evil-doer? Why, I have half a mind to put you in your place, stranger!" shouted Mr. Camplet, blowing up like a scarlet toad.

The stranger slowly rose from his seat, rage growing in his eyes, his shadow growing over Mr. Camplet who began to quiver at the sight. Mr. Camplet was so taken aback by this stranger standing up to him that he shivered right off his

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**Blogging***By Alice V-Z Harrison*

Blogging is no substitution to me,  
it's missing that certain security.

If journals are lost, their evidence lingers,  
as finders flip pages held tight in their fingers.

When pages are burned,  
their ashes live on....

When blog-posts are banished,  
their data is gone.

**Feedback****February/March 2011 issue:**

In each issue, The Lance will include survey data, a poll, or some other form of feedback, as a way to offer you, the reader, some insight into how the campus feels about certain topics.

**Digital Vs. Paper Issues of The Lance****58% prefer digital****42% prefer paper**

Although, this was a small sampling of people (36 respondents), it does offer some insight into the paper versus digital conflict of this generation. An interesting note on those responding is that while 42% did prefer paper, many went on to say that environmental concerns are important to them. This of course, is a little contradictory. By the same token, some of the 58% who prefer digital also went on to say that they wouldn't be more likely to read it in a digital format. Maybe they just prefer digital to save trees? For now though, it seems that digital is the winner!

**The Lance is now accepting submissions for the  
April/May 2011 edition.**

**Share your thoughts at [thelance@sapc.edu](mailto:thelance@sapc.edu).**