

The meeting: a galactic fantasy

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through the moist street. He stopped at the doorway of a tavern named "The Tank."

Byron Scott entered the bar. The establishment was not crowded. A blinking neon sign that read "humans only" hung just inside the doorway. Byron despised bigotry. Byron cared not whether the life forms he drank with had skin, scales, slime, or feathers just as long as he got a seat and a cold drink.

Making his way through the tangle of vociferous drinkers, Byron noticed a series of aquariums containing flesh-eating fish. Men shouted and waved outstretched fists of gold as a slender bald headed man in a gray pen-striped tuxedo quietly and systematically wrote down each of their fish wagers. Then the man in the tuxedo pressed a red button on the lapel of his coat. A sharp ringing sounded as five white kittens, each wearing a numbered collar, dropped into the water and the battle raged.

Byron, nudging into an untaken section at the long green bar, motioned for the barkeeper to come to him. Not long after, the young lady stood before Byron.

"What could I give you?" she asked. Byron was unsure if it was her matted hair or the pus clotting an open sore on the woman's neck that gave him the tendency to gag.

"Resa," Byron ordered. "In a can, please."

The barkeeper reached under the counter and placed a cold can of resa on the bar and began to

Wesleyan College offers Russia tour

North Carolina Wesleyan College is offering a trip to Russia, the Ukraine, and the Baltic Republics with Dr. Allen Johnson, professor of history at the college.

The 16-day trip will begin on June 3 with an overnight flight from New York to St. Petersburg.

After visiting Petersburg, the group will travel to Pushki before journeying to Tallin, capital of the Estonian Republic. From Tallin, the group will spend a couple of days in Riga, capital of Latvia, and then go to Kiev in the Ukraine.

From Kiev, the group will flow to Moscow and tour the Kremlin.

Anyone interested in the trip should contact Dr. Johnson at 985-5121.

open the lid.

"Thanks, but I'll open it myself," Byron said as he tossed a gold coin to the lady. She shrugged and walked away.

Byron had almost finished when someone tapped on his shoulder. He slowly turned around, expecting to find himself in a fight, yet much to his delight Byron stood facing a beautiful woman. Her pitch dark hair and deep violet eyes matched the ornate robes clinging loosely to her body.

"Am I correct in assuming that you are Byron Scott?"

"Who are you?" he asked, trying not to leer.

"I am Eustacia Rosen. I was told that you would be able to assist my husband out of his current situation." Her voice was eloquent.

"Why don't we find a table to discuss this?" Byron motioned to several empty tables across the tavern.

Celebrate the dream

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voting rights between whites and blacks in America. But I suppose my most important realization was about hopes or dreams — whatever we want to call them. One of King's messages was that hoping that the future could be better was honorable.

This is how I ended my research paper: "I don't know what Rev. King will end up standing for in American history, but I do know that because of him my future will be better, will make more sense, and will keep me dreaming." I wish that sentence was better crafted, but one of my dreams was to become a better writer.

I'm ever so much more cynical

"Certainly," Eustacia said. She walked in the direction of the waiting tables with Byron not far behind. Before she reached her destination a shirtless blob of a man hooked his arm around Eustacia's throat and pulled her in close.

Byron, in one blinding motion, leveled his blaster from the leather holster to the man's face. The noise in the Tank died to nothing.

"Drop the pistol, boy, or I snap the pretty wench's neck."

"Please, sir, your nauseous touch is staining my robes." Eustacia, her eyes revealing no fear, spoke with a noble air.

The fat man jerked Eustacia downward, forcing her hair to one side. The shifted hair exposed one pointed ear. "So you're an elf," Eustacia's captor hissed as if he had found a serpent.

Eustacia placed her hand on the man's elbow. Suddenly a mystic white light appeared from her nimble fingers and engulfed

and — alas — practical now than I was then. But I am a better person for the idealism he nurtured in that young while middle-class kid who wondered where there had to be injustice in the world and what he could do about it. I also know that we have analyzed and wrung the sainthood out of the man who was Martin Luther King, Jr.

But his dreams for a more just world, the words he wrote and spoke, the people he changed, are a worthy part of who we are, and they deserve to be remembered. To live by your own convictions, to meet opposition with non-violent and righteous resistance, and to care about each other — not bad reasons for a day of commemoration.

the entire man. He let go his hold on Eustacia as she stepped fluidly away. Her enemy began to scream and convulse. His flesh began to tear and melt from his body until the fat man was nothing but a pile of bones resting in a red foamy mass.

"I think we should leave," Eustacia said to Byron.

"Really," he said. "You think so?"

"It would be wise."

"Byron agreed and they exited the Tank without further confrontation.

(Editor's note: This is the first of a series of short stories that John Pernel will be writing for *The Decree*.)

A sad proclamation

Now it came to pass that there were those who came in the night and did enter the library, and these were the things which arose:

- One brast window;

- A range and variety of damage to a jimmed desk, even that of Mrs. Taylor, she of the smiling face who cheerfully traverses the electronic highways and byways in search of articles and books for our term papers, the first new desk she has seen in lo these 21 years of good and faithful service;

- Two telephones taken, in addition to a number of canvas bags, and a private stash of snacks and foodstuffs, yea even the candy jar graciously put out by Mrs. Farmer that all might partake thereof;

- One large Toshiba 20-inch color television monitor from the Browsing Room;

- Uncounted hours by the Housekeeping staff who perforce cleaned thereup the broken glass and fingerprint powder; the Physical Plant staff who replaced the broken window and attempted to repair the damage to the desk; Campus Security, especially Ellie Rouse who spent her own time after a sleepless night and no breakfast filling out endless reports; and others;

Know ye that costs of these things are great, and are not suffered by "The College," for we are the college, and we pay for all things relating to the college. Yes we are thy roommate and thy classmate whose tuition and fees will reflect this; and we are thy most beloved faculty, even Dr. Steed, whose salaries will reflect this; and we are the staff who labor long hours for little recompense for thee.

And these costs extend to the heartache of the violated and the sadness and suspicion this engenders; and to the great empty space with wires awry which looketh like hell and offendeth the eye in the Browsing Room; and to the benefits these direct and indirect costs may otherwise have visited upon thee.

Know also that the costs to the offenders are great, for if these are caught their punishment includes being cast from the college, and lo before all colleges will be an angel with a flaming sword to prevent entrance thereto, and they shall go through life thinking that making hamburgers at McDonald's is a good job; to say nothing of the possibility of spending their time in the can with people with whom they would otherwise not choose to associate, and in activities Not Rewarding.

And know also that the costs to society are great, for these things breed suspicion and mistrust and anger, and divert tax dollars to more police and prisons, and cause more people to buy guns and shoot each other.

Now therefore be it known that to alleviate and prevent such future evils, the library will pay the sum of one hundred dollars cash in small, unmarked bills into the hand of whosoever provideth information leading to the arrest and conviction, etc.

— Al LaRose

Career and Graduate School Day

Jan. 29, 10 a.m.-3 p.m.

Student Activities Center

How can students and faculty acquire knowledge on career opportunities without leaving the Wesleyan campus? By talking with business and graduate school representatives on Career and Graduate School Day.

Special sessions on Federal Employment, employee qualifications for the 90's, and business etiquette are also scheduled.