

The ALBRIGHTIAN

Student Life Issue

The Student Life Issue of *The Albrightian* is an issue that has the purposes of displaying daily life of Albright students, and to give art students an opportunity to have their work published.



General Photo Winner
Jason Soskin



Drawings Winner
Stacy Faust



Sports Photo Winner
Julie Manwiller

General Photos

Students dressed for Halloween



Steve, Brad, & Christina



At the Alpha Phi Omega FairyTale Ball.



All Photos in the "General Photos" section were selected by the General Photography Editor. All photos in the "Sports Photos" section were selected by the Sports Photo Editor. The "Guessing Game" photos were selected from *The Albrightian Archives* by the Photography Editor-in-Chief. The Winning Photos were voted upon by the four adjudicators. *Student Life* Staff were not eligible for the contest. Winners received a free WXAC t-shirt.

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WXAC 91.3 FM

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C'mon, give us a call...
you know you want to...

THE STUDENT LIFE ISSUE

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The *Student Life Issue* is a new publication of *The Albrightian* for the purpose of promoting art and depicting student life at Albright College. The *Student Life Issue* is open to submissions from any student, alumni, faculty, or staff member of Albright College. Submissions may be placed in the door mailbox of *The Albrightian* office, marked to the attention of *Student Life Issue*.

The Editorial staff of *Student Life* operates separately from the Editorial staff of *The Albrightian*.

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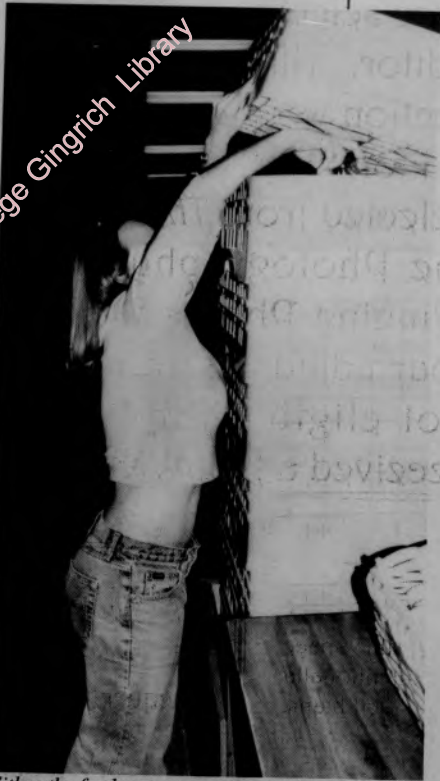
Caught Unaware



Mike Rapino

Geoffrey Smith

Jason Soskin



Either the freshmen are getting smaller or utility is stacking the glasses too high.

The Ponding of a Math Professor



All photos on this page were taken by Geoffrey Smith.

Albright College Gingrich Library



Around Campus



Albrightian Archives



Mike Rapino

Stacy Faust

Geoffrey Smith



Albright College Gingrich Library



Artistic



Jason Soskin

Geoffrey Smith



Geoffrey Smith

Wintertime



Albright College Gingrich Library

Student Activities



The Albright Angels



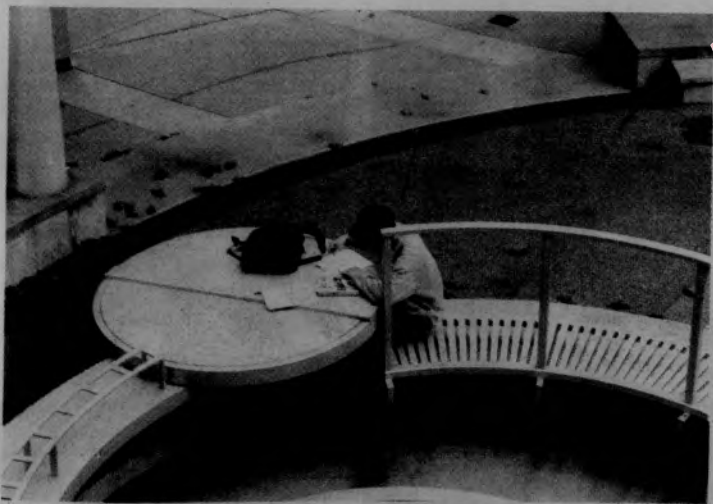
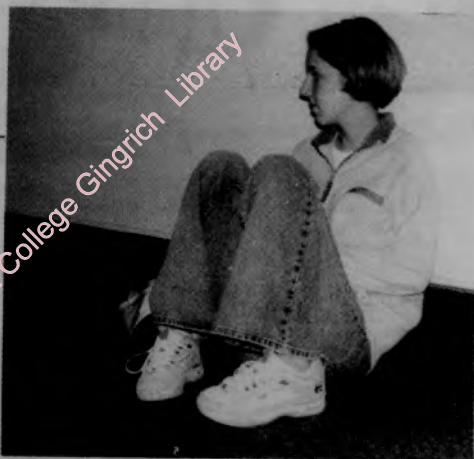
They call them "Salt & Pepper."



Alpha Phi Omega Pie-A-Prof

Class

Alyssa waiting for class



Liz shows her real feelings concerning calculus.



Fooling around



An R.A. and her resident work out their differences.



Surprise...



Cassie, Keith, and Andrea



Yes, this picture is right-side up!



Boy flirts with girl.



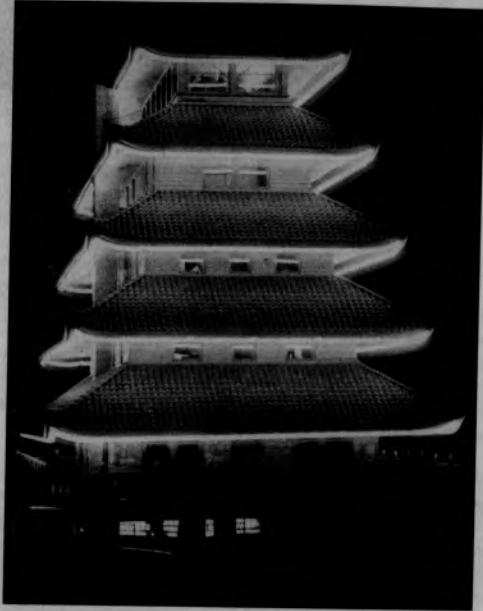
Girl rejects boy.



Craig meister moves in for the kill.

Albright College Gingrich Library

The Pagoda



portraiture



General Photos
continued on page 11

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Story Time

Editor's note: This story was supposed to appear as a serial in multiple editions of The Albrightian, but due to copy problems, it was never done correctly. Therefore, it was decided to run the story in its entirety in this issue

Was it Worth it?

by Erin Katherine Stell

The man in the passenger seat turned around and faced Eric. "You know what you have to do then?" he asked gruffly, his hard gray eyes seeming to pierce Eric's soul, searching for a hint of doubt. Eric was barely listening. The familiar weight of his Colt Peacemaker revolver rested lightly in the basin of his left hand. "Peacemaker . . . how appropriate," he thought, admiring the way the last few rays of sunlight glinted off the brightly polished barrel. In the distance, Eric could hear a myriad of voices cheering and laughed in spite of himself. "Foolish little lambs, following the shepherd wherever she leads . . . but not for much longer," he snorted under his breath.

"I asked you a question Agent Stark! Are you clear on the details of this mission?" the man repeated, pulling on his bushy beard in agitation.

"Yes, I am, and I am also clear on the consequences if I fail so you don't need to ask if I realize how important this is," Eric answered, his brown eyes troubled. He slid over the musty leather backseat of the van and grasped the door handle. "Joe?" Eric said quietly after a moment, letting go of the door handle. The other man looked at him as if reproaching him for not calling him by his rank.

"Yeah Eric?"

"Why'd they pick me? It is because I am so new to the Company and am expendable, or is it just because she murdered my father and I might enjoy this mission?"

Joe looked at Eric while he tugged roughly at his beard, obviously not in a hurry to answer the tricky question put before him. "Well..." he started, but was cut off by the man sitting in the driver's seat who had been quiet up to this point.

"Let's just say that if you don't successfully complete this mission, I will personally see to it that your wife and daughter suffer the consequences. Now get started Stark and do not fail. If you do so, the entire country will be plunged into a civil war a thousands times more bloody than the one two hundred years ago. Is that clear, Agent Stark?"

"Yes, Colonel Roberts, it is perfectly clear," he answered softly. Stirred by the threat of harm to his family more than anything else, Eric renewed his grip on the handle and stepped from the van. Closing the door behind him, Eric walked barely noticed across the crowded street to the adjacent building.

Reaching it, Eric leaned against the cold brick wall and listened to the voice of Martha Day, leader of the rebellion, as she praised self-government and urged the people to revolt against the fading democracy upheld by President William Smith. Eric's mind wandered momentarily as memories flew in front of his eyes. Three men bursting into the Stark home in the wee hours of the morning, dragging Eric's father across the floor; his mother's incessant screaming; the strange men telling Eric's father that if he'd wanted to keep his family safe, he shouldn't have testified against some woman named Martha Day; Eric himself cowering in the corner, holding his twin brother and both of them crying in fear and confusion; his father begging for the men to kill him and spare his family; the deafening gunshots that ended his father's life. Tears trickled down Eric's face as he recalled the last nineteen years of his life spent searching for a way to exact his revenge on the woman who ordered his father's execution. Then he thought of what his beautiful wife, Elizabeth would think when he didn't come home that night and he thought of his little daughter, Wendi, growing up without a father. "I have no choice... If I don't go, the Company will . . . No, I don't want to think of what those bastards will do to my family if I fail. I'll just concentrate on how much I am going to enjoy this assignment," he muttered to himself. "Besides, I might get lucky and actually survive," he said with no real conviction. As the sun dipped below the horizon, Eric made his way around the building, stopping every now and then to be sure he wasn't being followed.

When he reached the side entrance, he cautiously pushed the door open and stepped through into the shadows within. Once inside, he shoved the door shut with his foot and used his free hand to grope for the switch plate. Suddenly from the darkness, came the sound of a gun being cocked. Eric froze in his tracks.

An ungodly laugh echoed off tenebrous walls. "We knew you'd come Eric. I suppose some would call it intuition, but I just say we had the right bait." Two pairs of unseen hands grabbed his arms and tightly held them behind his back. Eric fought them as best as he could, but stopped when in front of him he heard the whisk of a lighter being thrown open and he saw the flare of light being cast off. Eric raised his eyes from the hand of the speaker to the face looming ominously above the flame.

Recognition flew across his visage as he stared in anger and surprise at the man before him. "George," he whispered, an edge of loathing creeping into his voice. The tall blonde man before him merely threw back his head and laughed again, exposing rows of rotted and decaying teeth. Eric started fighting wildly against his guards and George stopped laughing instantly. His gray-blue eyes twinkled in the light cast off by the lighter as he carefully set it down on a nearby stool.

"What's the matter Eric? You thought I was dead, didn't you? It's okay, I've been getting that a lot lately. Especially since you shot me in the chest and then ran off like the coward you really are. No normal man would have done such a thing to his loving and caring brother," George had moved in close enough to bump noses with Eric but backed off quickly as Eric suddenly jumped into life, fighting and struggling against his captors.

"You turned on the family!" Eric exclaimed, spittle flying from his lips like rain. "You bought your way into 'high society' by ratting on us! Has it been worth it, George? Has it been worth the life of your mother, your wife, and the lives of your two sons to be able to come and work for the same woman who had our father slaughtered and who slaughters thousands every day? Was it hard for you to turn your family in as traitors to that crazy Day woman? Was it fun to be the one who got to shoot them? It was in the back of the head, wasn't it? It was, because you weren't man enough to face all the hatred you would have seen in their eyes as they died, were you? Come on Georgie, spill the beans! Was it worth all that?!"

"Shut up!" roared George, the sunshine on his face melting into thunderclouds. He pulled his fist back and punched Eric hard across the mouth. Surprised by the sudden blow, the men holding Eric dropped him and fell backward with force of George's anger. Eric seized the opportunity, leapt to his feet, and retrieved his revolver from the guard who'd taken it. Quickly he pumped the trigger twice, once into the forehead of each the men who'd held him, and spun around to face his twin brother. "Always were the fast one, weren't you Eric?" said George quietly as he recovered himself. "But, my poor brother, I have the upper hand in this case."

"What are you talking about!" asked Eric softly, his cool confidence breaking for the slightest instant.

"Don't you know about the 'bait' I mentioned? Beth and Wendi are here." George snickered to himself. "If you kill me, you'll never find them."

Eric's mind raced. "How? How could he have gotten to them? George and I aren't identical, so he could never have pretended to be me. How?" Pictures flowed as freely as water through the streams of his mind. Elizabeth, hair the color of corn silk, eyes meadows of heather, skin as soft as satin, her sweet and gentle voice telling him she loved him; Wendi, her mop of delicate dark curls, ruddy cheeks, adorable smile, her musical laughter as she blew out the two candles atop her birthday cake all by herself less than two weeks ago. Then pictures of them here, tied up and gagged, hearing the high pitched voice of Martha Day invoking the throbbing masses to revolt, to slay any and all who might support the old government. "It can't be true. Oh God please, it can't be true," he prayed in his head.

"Where are they George?" Eric spoke quietly, his voice giving away his shock and denial. He slowly lowered his gun to his side.

George snickered aloud. "Well gee, I'm not quite sure ol' boy, but . . ." Sharp pain piercing his shoulder stopped George in the middle of his taunting. He looked up at Eric's face and saw a madman swimming in the eyes of his brother. The tip of Eric's gun smoked eerily in the dim light.

"I will only ask you one more time George, and then if I don't get the answer I want, you die, and I'll make sure the job is finished this time." George stared at his brother a long moment, his eyes glazed with pain and fear, and then turned to show Eric the way. Brushing his sweaty brown hair from his eyes, Eric followed.

He followed George down several corridors that all seemed the same. They neither ascended nor descended any and judging by the cheering coming from outside, they seemed to be going in circles. Realizing this, Eric bent quickly and set his key ring on the floor as a marker. If he passed by it again, he would know George was not taking him to his wife. Time passed by endlessly as they walked through hall after hall. Eventually they rounded a corner and George stopped to kneel. "What are you doing?" Eric asked, already sure of the answer.

"Someone dropped their key ring," George remarked, trying to sound casual, but Eric picked up a faint air of nervousness about him that had not been there before.

"They're dead, aren't they George? Don't lie. I already know," he said with an edge of sadness to his voice. Before his brother could get to his feet, Eric lifted the Colt and pulled the trigger twice, sending the bullets flying into George's head and splattering blood mixed with pink chunks of his brain onto the wall in front of him. Even before George's limp body hit the floor, Eric was halfway up the hall without a second glance.

After trying a few doors, Eric finally found one that led to a flight of stairs. He climbed for what seemed like hours and, as he neared the top, the cheering crowds grew louder. He tried to use that sound to drown out the pain and agony of loss that was screaming in his head for him to stop, go home, and see if it was really true. As he turned to climb the third to last set of steps, Eric stopped dead in his tracks. Lying at the bottom of the stairs, her head twisted at an unnatural angle and her lavender eyes glazed and fixed on the ceiling, was Elizabeth, his beloved wife. He fell to his knees and embraced her head, wanting to cry, but the tears would not come. His gaze drifted to follow hers and halted on the body of his little Wendi hanging from the upper landing rail, a rope tied around her tiny throat.

Continued on page 11

Enraged, Eric leapt to his feet. He dashed up the remaining stairs and untied the baby. "How did this happen?" he wondered briefly. Then slowly in his mind, Eric could see the whole thing unfold like a movie. He could see Day's thugs surrounding Beth and Wendi, when suddenly, George appears from within the crowd of men, grabs Wendi from the warm and loving arms of her mother, and runs up a flight of stairs with her. Beth tries to go after him, but the other men block her way. George takes out a tiny noose, slips it around Wendi's neck, and pulls it tight. Slowly he slides the baby over the rail, firmly holding his end of the rope.

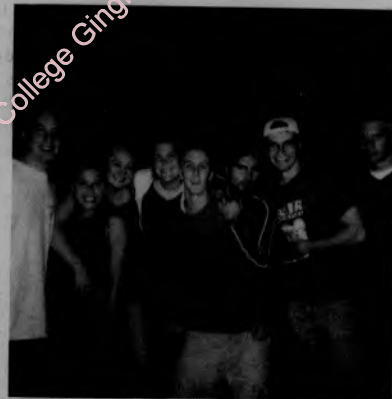
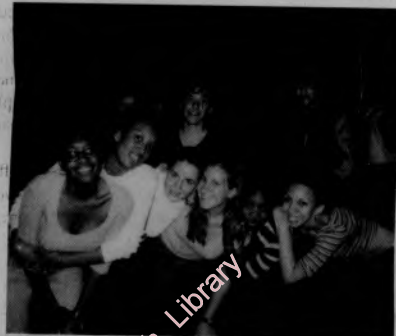
Liz cries out and attempts to reach for Wendi, but is too far away. The sound of the baby's soft choking drives Beth into frenzy. She tries to jump high enough to grab the baby, but she misses. As she awkwardly lands on the edge of the first step, one of the men reaches out from behind and gives her a rough shove down the stairs. As she hits the bottom, a faint crack, much like the snap of a new pencil being broken, echoes up to the silent group. The man turns to his comrades, snickers disrespectfully, and shrugs as if to say, "Oops!" George laughs heartily with the rest and ties off the rope. "Too bad my brother will miss this pretty picture," he says as he descends the stairs, stopping by Beth. "And too bad Day said we had to kill them. It's almost a shame that Eric had to bring innocent bystanders into this. Oh well, he'll be here soon, so you two come with me. As for the rest of you, get back to your posts. We'll clean this mess later." Then in his mind's eye, Eric saw all the men disperse, leaving his family there to rot for the time being.

Eric lifted Wendi's little body to his chest and screamed in rage and infinite sadness. The sound seemed minute and unimportant compared to the multitude of voices pouring in from the balcony. Eric gently and lovingly set Wendi down and closed her tiny eyelids. Then he straightened himself, reloaded his Peacemaker, and walked calmly up the last flight of stairs. Walking right past the few bodyguards on either side of the entranceway, Eric stepped out onto the balcony, and fired two shots into the back of the woman speaking energetically into the microphone. Then he spun around to the four bodyguards who had just realized what had happened and were drawing their weapons. Eric pumped the trigger four times, unloading the remaining bullets into the skulls of the bodyguards. As their carcasses sagged to the floor, Eric threw his empty gun over the side of the balcony, and waited for the rest of Day's bodyguards to climb the stairs towards him.

Standing over the limp body of Martha Day, all the hate and anger stored in Eric's body left him and for the first time he wondered why he'd spent so much of his life chasing after revenge. Now that the objects of his love and affection were dead, and the sole object of his hate lay bleeding to death in front of him, he wondered if it was really worth all that he had lost to get here. He searched his soul and came up with nothing, not one single thing that gave his wasted life some small aspect of meaning.

Far below the balcony, the crowd had gone silent and all Eric could hear was Martha Day's harsh raspy breathing. He knew she was in a great deal of pain and that she couldn't live long in that state. He almost felt pity for her and decided to end her suffering. Eric turned and walked back to one of the dead guards to remove his gun. Coming back to Day, Eric pointed the gun to her head, closed his eyes, and pulled the trigger. After a short convulsion of her body, Martha Day lay still and Eric could finally hear the heavy footsteps of the too late bodyguards behind him. "Heaven forgive me," he whispered as the rain of bullets seared his flesh and light faded into darkness.

Orientation



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Win a free t-shirt from WXAC!

Just fill out this interest survey and turn it in to *The Albrightian*. All returned surveys will be entered into a raffle and five will be chosen.

Name: _____ Box: _____

Shirt Size (circle one): Med. Large X-L XX-L

What did you like most about this issue? _____

What did you like least? _____

Would you like to see more issues like this one? _____

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Guessing Game

Can you guess who these Faculty or Administrators are?

(a)



(b)



(c)



(d)



(e)



(f)



(g)



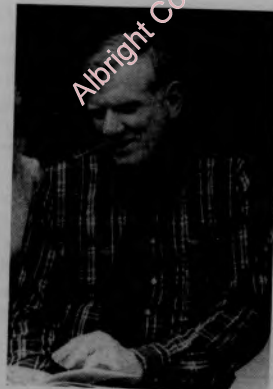
(h)



(i)



(j)



(k)



Answers on Page 16

Sports Photos

Football/Cheerleading



From the archives

Greg James

Julie Manwiller



Mark Blank



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From the Archives



The Fall 2000 PowderPuff Champions.
Their advice for winning: "Just show up!"



Soccer



Maureen Johnston



Julie Manwiller



From the Archives

Badminton/Tennis



Photo by Mark Blank

Band

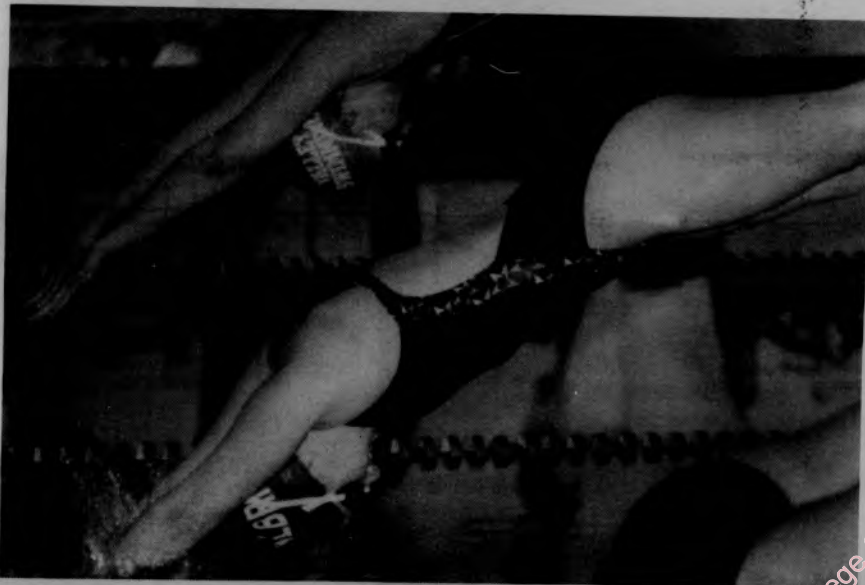


Photo by
Mark Blank

Field Hockey



Swimming



From the Archives

If you have any pictures of student life (artistic, sports, formals, etc...). Please submit them to *The Albrightian* Office.

Thanks!

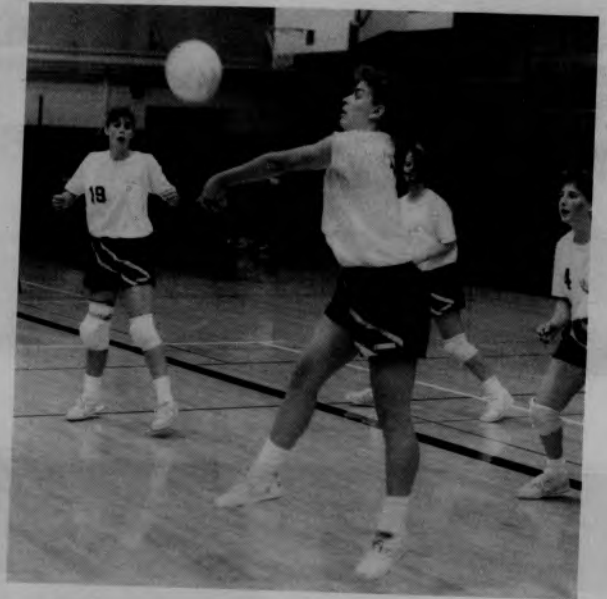
-The Albrightian Student Life Staff

Cross Country



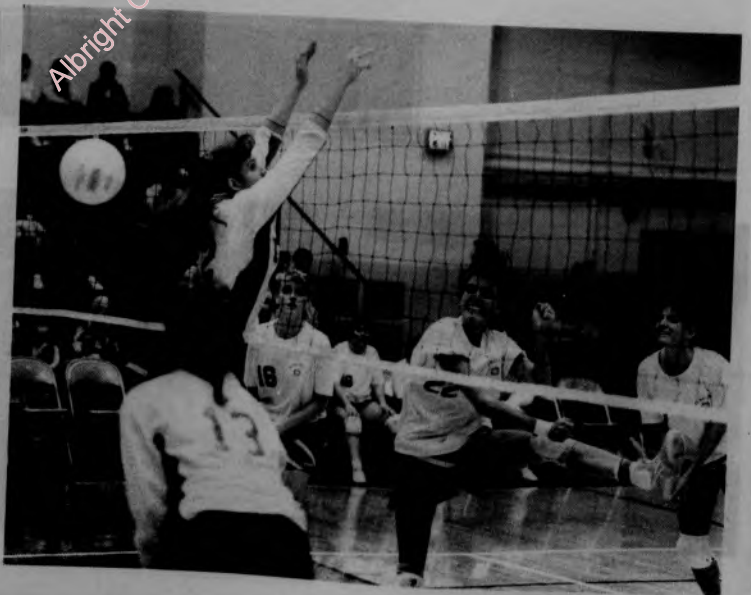
(P) DE...
(D) DE...
...DE...

Volleyball



This Space unintentionally left blank.

- Answers to the Guessing Game.**
- (a) Dr. Barker
 - (b) Dr. King
 - (c) Marilyn Messner
 - (d) Cynthia Marsh
 - (e) we have no idea, we were hoping one of you would.
 - (f) Dr. Eguae-Obazee
 - (g) Emerita Assoc. Dean Virginia Scullion
 - (h) Strat
 - (i) Dr. Martin
 - (j) Dr. Voight
 - (k) Dr. Yoder



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