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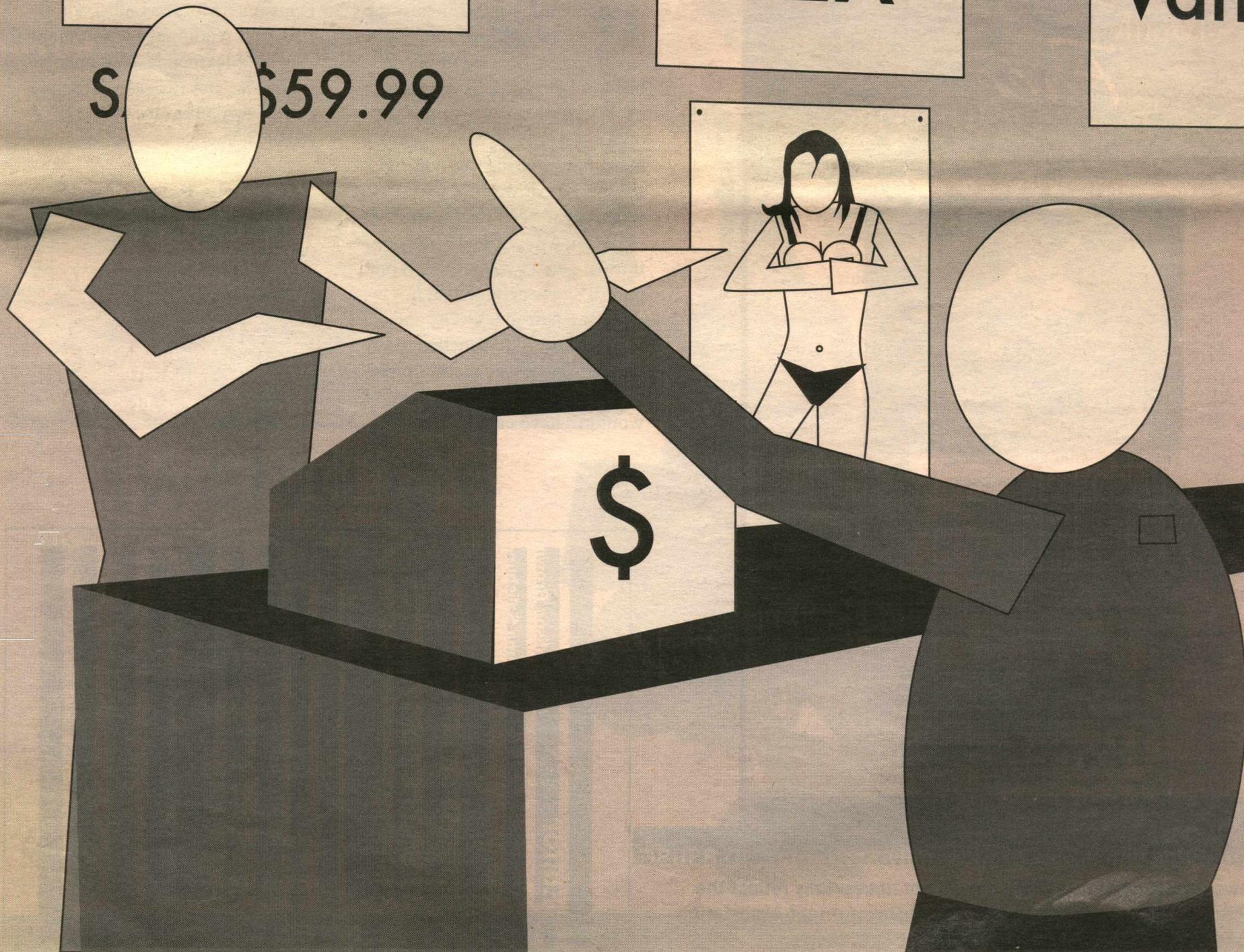
consumer morals

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"We are living in a material world, and I am a material girl."
-Madonna

I once tried to deal with my materialist tendencies. Jennifer Hopping and I were heading to Europe, and planning to take ample luggage for we would be there for the duration of the summer. Our good friend Josh Fishburn suggested that we only take our backpacks and of course we dismissed his nonsensical idea. But then for some unknown reason we decided to do it.

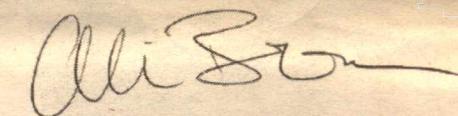
As we passed through airport security and the officials would ask "how many bags do you have?" I would proudly utter that oh so liberating phrase: "just the one." And they were comparably small at that. Several of our fellow backpackers commented on our packing abilities. This limited packing would determine our appearance during our trip and let me tell you, it was not pretty. But it was a great freedom.

When we returned I had thrown away two shirts, left one pair of shoes behind, had not dried my hair in 6 weeks and I was incredibly unattached to my belongings. It was great - someone could have stolen my pack and I wouldn't have cared.....much.

We had completely given up on our appearance, we smelled awful, we were homeless and none of it mattered, essentially we lived like boys. I was free of the material world. Looking back, I can not believe we did it.

For a while after we returned, I was disgusted with the amount of belongs I had at home, and so annoyed when it came time to move into our apartment; having so much stuff, but knowing what little I truly needed to survive. All the excess seemed like a hassle.

In this issue, Tiana looks into Consumer Morals. I must admit that after reading it I was reminded of what I learned last summer and regretful that my lesson had not completely reformed me.



Alison Brown
Managing Editor

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EDITOR	Alison Brown
ASSISTANT EDITOR	Anna Salisbury
ART DIRECTOR	Andrew Keri
ASSOCIATE ART DIRECTOR	Amy Carnes
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the truth about textbooks

By Anna Salisbury Checking my receipt, I shake my head at the nearly four hundred dollar total. How can books for one semester cost so much? How am I supposed to afford this bill on top of my tuition? Why does the bookstore charge so much?

Many students face a similar scenario at the start of every semester. It is difficult to remain calm and pay the hundreds of dollars but it sometimes must be done. As students, we often think the whole institution, including the bookstore, is against us, trying to drain us of every last cent.

Surprisingly, the college bookstore is not the students' worst enemy but our best advocate. I recently discussed the issue of textbook prices with

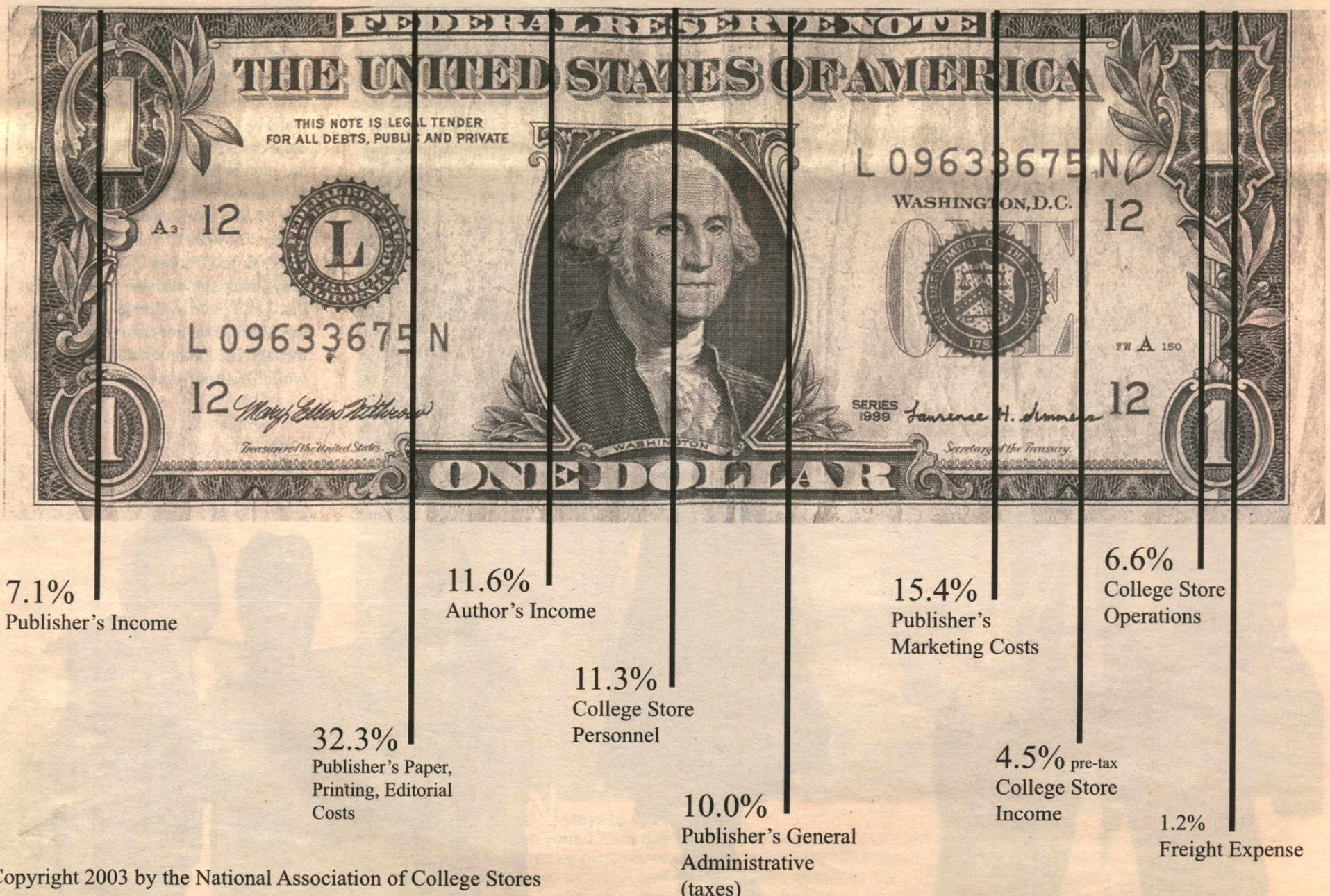
Ruthanne Garber, Bookstore Manager. She informed me of some facts. College and university bookstore only make an average 22.4% profit on book sales. Compared to regular retail markups of up to 50%, the bookstore's profits are not so bad. In addition, college bookstores do not pick the majority of their inventory, and therefore have little control over prices. The National Association of College Stores works hard to find ways of keeping costs down. Where else have you purchased anything that actually had a board designed just to save you money. The intent of the college bookstore is not to make a huge profit but to provide a service.

NNU's bookstore has attempted to

decrease textbook prices in a number of ways. For example, the bookstore has encouraged professors to choose cheaper books when possible and not to give into publisher reps who try to promote textbook bundles which tend to be more expensive. If a higher cost textbook gives students the best education, faculty are encouraged to explain why a particular book was selected and then teach from, test from, and fully use the required textbook. The bookstore has also made an effort to get orders out early when the largest numbers of used books are still available. When students choose to support the school bookstore rather than regular retail stores or internet sources, they not only assist the school,

they benefit themselves because profits from the bookstore help keep university costs down as a whole.

As you prepare for next semester and the daunting task of purchasing books, skip the waiting for internet mailings or trying to shop around. The NNU bookstore is seriously trying to get you the best value. While that knowledge does not make the financial blow any less, it does make it more understandable. Check out the chart on this page for a break down of textbook costs. Visit the bookstore to see the improvements they have been working hard to make not only with textbooks but also with the expanded selection of clothing styles and gift items.



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thanks for the memories: homecoming

By Todd Fulcher As I stood there, taking it all in, I could not help but flash back across the events that had taken place over the last four years and the memories I had made. I remember pulling up to Culver dormitory on that first fateful day here at school with the back of my pickup chock full of mannequins, bottle rockets, underwear, and all the other items essential for an 18 year-old embarking on his freshman year of college. Yes this was it... the year that I had been waiting for. I was in college, and now I could engage in all those things I had been so anxious to be a part of for such a long time. I determined before I got on campus that I was going to date the girls, pull the pranks, and have more fun than anybody else there, while at the same time maintaining a perfect 4.0 G.P.A. (a plan that I obviously had not worked out the logistics of yet, but when you are a freshman you think you can do anything, right?). Well I made it to my wing and upon getting there met some of the guys that I would be living in neighboring and adjacent cubicles with throughout the year. We began talking, several of us hit it off, and it seemed like maybe I had made a couple of friends that I would be able to hang out with while here at school (little did I know at

that time that these friendships would be the ones I would maintain for the next *four years!*). The year began, classes commenced, and college was officially underway. Yes, this is how my college career began, and it seemed like all the memories I had made between then and now culminated in this moment.

I escorted Candice Gunstream down the aisle as our pictures were shown and letters from our parents read before the NNU campus community. Highlights from each school year began to replay in my mind: freshman year, when my R.A., wing mates, and I went to chapel with orange beanies in our bags and, when Gene and the rest of the auditorium bowed their heads for prayer, we quickly put on our beanies in unison. When Gene looked up to begin his message, he was blindsided by a wall of orange catching his attention right there in the middle of Swayne Auditorium. And then there was the time I woke up in Culver dorm early one morning to the sight of Dooley in flames. My roommate, Daniel DeCloss, woke me up and announced to me the

news, and I was so tired from the night before that I merely raised my head, glanced out the window said, "oh," and promptly went back to sleep (thankfully no one was hurt in the incident).

We got to the bottom of the aisle and made our way on stage. As I looked out at the crowd, the memories continued to flash back: sophomore year, when my wing mates helped me in placing a pile of horse manure on one of the plates that displays the food choices in Marriott. Junior year, when my classmate and friend, Jarod Krohn passed away, our class really came together to support each other during the grieving process that we all endured. The long late-night talks in the dorm that became even longer, and the friends in class that began to express more and more the increased pressure that they were feeling caused by uncertain futures and an apprehension of what might happen in life once college drew to an end. Internships, community prayer, naked parades, and deepest darkest fears being voiced over coffee with friends: so many great memories over the span of time that exist in this time we call college. It is slowly drawing to an end, I thought, as the last of the

Homecoming Court made its way on stage and was seated.

I have had such a great time here, I told myself, as I waited for the names to be read. Renting a house, this year, off campus with some of my closest friends, playing *Balderdash* for hours with groups of friends from school, and finally coming to understand how much God loves me. I am going to miss you NNU. The names of the Homecoming King and Queen were read, and it took a couple of moments for the fact to register that my name had been one of the ones voiced: "Todd Fulcher and Candice Gunstream, your Homecoming King and Queen for 2003." I stood with much pride, but also a little sadness. The memories thus far had been good ones, but I did not know that I was ready to move on.

I have thought about it since that time, and I have decided that I am, and that I will do just fine. This place has done exactly what it was supposed to do: prepare me for the rest of my life from here on out. God will go with me, and I know that I can trust Him. I still do not know that I want college to be finished, but I guess I will just have to take advantage of those opportunities that I still have available. Come to think of it, I do not think that I have run through the freshmen dorm naked in a while! Do you wanna join me?



what world are we of?

Jesus prays for us before He is arrested and later crucified. He prays, Father *I am coming to you now, but I say these things while I am still in the world, so that they may have the full measure of my joy within them. I have given them your word and the world has hated them, for they are not of the world any more than I am of the world. My prayer is not that you take them out of the world but that you protect them from the evil one. They are not of the world, even as I am not of it. Sanctify them by the truth; your word is truth. As you sent me into the world, I have sent them into*

the world. For them I sanctify myself, that they too may be sanctified.

My prayer is not for them alone. I pray also for those who will believe in me through their message, that all of them may be one, Father, just as you are in me and I am in you. May they also be in us so that the world may believe that you have sent me. I have given them the glory that you gave me, that they may be one as we are one: I in them and you in me. May they be brought to complete unity to let the world know that you sent me and have loved them even as you have loved me.

Father, I want those you have given me to be with me where I am, and to see my glory, the glory you have given me because you loved me because you loved me before the creation of the world.

Righteous Father, though the world does not know you, I know you, and they know that you have sent me. I have made you known to them, and will continue to make you known in order that the love you have for me may be in them and that I myself may be in them. (John 17:1-26)

By Andrew Kerr Those who have decided to give their lives to Christ are not of this world anymore than Jesus himself is of this world. We are IN the world but not OF it.

The Bible is riddled with stories of Satan, demons and rulers of darkness, but do they still exist? What is Jesus saying when He speaks regarding believers? "May they also be in us so that the world may believe that you have sent me." And later, Jesus even says, "...that I myself may be in them." Are all these sayings merely metaphorical?

The world we see, hear, and touch is less real, less permanent, than another world that exists right where we are. It is often referred to as the spiritual world, but it is more than that. It is a real facet of life where the important and eternal things are held. Do not think of it as a separate part of life (or a separate world) but as life itself. If you took away your clothes; your school; your town; all the water and all the land; the sun and stars, what you have left is the "spiritual world." Theoretically, you could still think; you could still pray; you could still love; and you could still experience God. It is through our own spirit that we can communicate with God and have the power to help others. Through the spiritual world we gain actual experience of God Himself. This facet of life is more important than the temporary physical world because our physical life is limited (not to mention spiritual life is far more exciting). The spiritual world has no end and the more familiar we are with it, the easier the transition will be from this life to the next. I do not think that it will be a huge shock to those who are accustomed to God's presence to lose their body (physical death). Our time on earth is limited but if Jesus is in us, and we are in Jesus, then time is nothing. God is not held within the limits of time and so His life (and, in turn, our lives) can surpass the physical world (That is eternal life, being in Christ and letting Christ be in us so that we may know and experience God).

There is also another aspect to the "spiritual world." The spirit world is a place where evil spirits reside who continually try to distract us

from God or make us disobey Him. This aspect is often shunned and not talked about because it is not seen or experienced by many. If we believe in a God we cannot see and His word speaks of Satan and demons that we cannot see, then why is it so hard to believe that they exist? I think it is because we do not want them to exist and are terrified at the thought of them being real. God has actually let me see demons before, not with my physical eyes, but with my spirit. One time when I saw one I also heard someone praying for me, not with my physical ears, but with my spirit as well. I do not tell you this to brag but to let you know that demons are real and at work in this world. It was a very interesting experience because my body was very scared (it shook, my heart pounded, and my breathing became very heavy) but my mind and spirit were quite calm because I knew that God was in me and that God is more powerful than them. Whenever I see a demon it is always for some good or when I am praying for someone about spiritual matters (for their salvation, or praying against demons tempting them).

God loves us so much that the best way to hurt God is to hurt those that He loves. The Devil and his demons cannot hurt God Himself but they do have the power to destroy those whom God loves. The way to destroy a person (mind, body, spirit, and soul) is to separate him or her from God. Satan and his followers try to distract us from the important things in life in order to hurt God. Conversations are held to a dull, superficial level, we do not talk about spiritual matters much at all. We talk about physical, temporary, matters like what is on TV or who is

dating whom. We make meaningless jokes or tear other people down. We have become accustomed to superficiality, and not just in conversation. Preaching is often only to satisfy the crowd, rather than to challenge. We would rather go to a movie than go to a Bible study or pray. Church becomes more about the program rather than being the working body of Christ. God desires that we put Him above everything, and Satan wants us to put everything above God so that God gets buried, and the separation hurts Him.

God never intended that we separate some part of our life from another. If a person is a Christian then there is no spiritual world, and physical world, it is all one world called life. Too many so-called Christians (and almost all non-Christians) live to please their physical body, but the extreme works both ways. Many Christians think that all their time should be devoted to reading the Bible, prayer, and singing praises and feel guilty when they do something for their physical body. Even Jesus had a physical body and made no attempt to steer around that fact. God made our bodies and He is not ashamed of the work of His own hands. But when we use our bodies for something other than what they were created for, it hurts God very deeply. Christians should not seek a balance between the two (physical & spiritual); they must realize that the separation does not exist. "Living in the Spirit" is merely worshipping God with every aspect of our life (body, mind, and spirit) and letting the Holy Spirit do His work in us.

Lord, Creator, God, let me realize, not only in my mind, but in my heart, that I can worship you with my whole life whether at home, school, work, or church. Let me know that there is no separation between the physical and the spiritual. Separating the physical from the spiritual is only separating part of me from you and I want you to have all of me. Thank you for creating humankind the way you have. Please show me more of you and give me the strength to live a life pleasing to you.

Some Thoughts on Consumerism

I freely admit that I am a stranger to the world of shopping malls and name brand predilections. My personal wardrobe consists of articles inherited from family members (hence all the polyester and bright colors), standard thrift shop fare, odds and ends from ethnic shops, special event memorabilia, and homemade garb—including my wedding dress, which my mother-in-law and I put together the Thanksgiving before my bridal debut in June '02. I have always had a peculiar distaste for all the passing fads and brand names, but do not go out and attack folks for their choosing to buy into all that themselves. I honestly would not care about others' choices regarding attire and purchasing habits if it did not have broader implications than just personal "style." I have to ask, "What are we *really* buying when we walk into any store? What are we *actually* taking away with us when we leave?"

Shopping as the Real Opiate for the American Masses

Judith Williamson states in *Decoding Advertisements: Ideology and Meaning in Advertising*, "Shopping gives you a sense of choice and power which is often absent from the rest of your life." In our disordered world, the power to purchase gives us a sense of control. We are told by every marketing campaign out there that we need to control our personal environment; we need to control our image, our "style," our belonging. We have learned to believe that consuming is what leads to personal satisfaction. We are told that buying leads to *being*, that we *are* not what we want unless we *have*

what we want. I do not know about you, but I find this to be a terrifying ideology.

I think the scariest part of this mindset is that so many of us know we are being lied to by the media and by the marketing strategists, but we accept it just the same. We see the commercials on TV and we *know* that the girl in the bikini does not give a guy that "come hither" look just because he's holding that can of beer—not in real life. We know that "obeying your thirst" does not really enable you to climb mountains, or that choking down a bottle of Gatorade does not

really make you sweat neon orange liquid while you participate in extreme athletic pursuits. Just like we know that wearing certain clothes does not actually make you better than a person who does not wear those same clothes. And yet...the advertising works. We go shopping and we buy what we are told to buy because we are told it will fulfill our social needs. And even more alarming is that we do this as entertainment—"for fun." We consume, purchase, and acquire because we have "nothing better to do" with a Saturday afternoon.



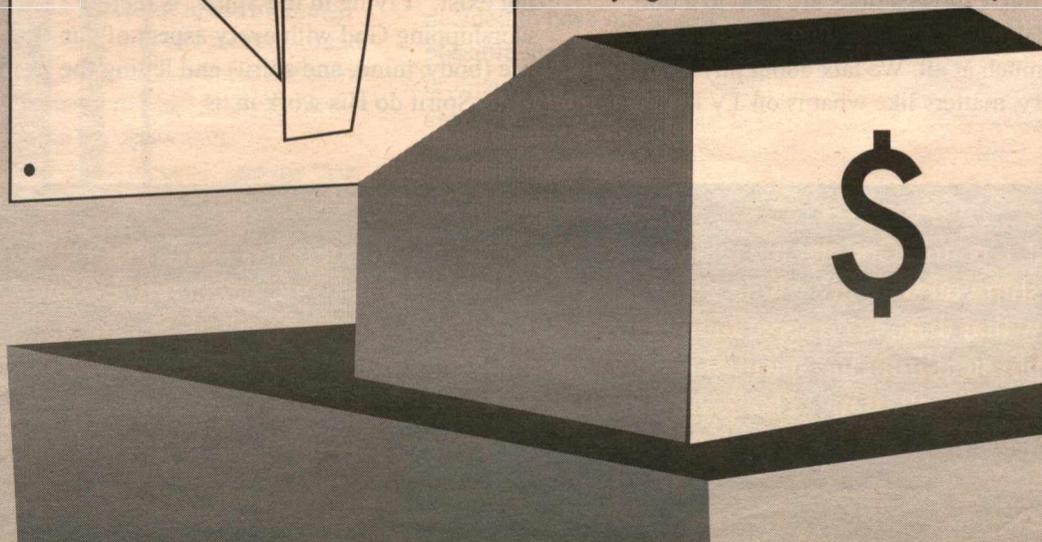
Picking on Abercrombie & Fitch

Now, I am picking on Abercrombie because they are disgustingly easy to pick on. Let me share a few observations I made while perusing abercrombie.com. Out of a slideshow of 10 model photos, 6 pictures are of models who are not actually wearing Abercrombie's clothes—or any visible clothes at all for that matter. In 2 of those 6 photos, blankets are implied and intimate model interaction is portrayed.

There is also a definite theme in all the model photos of seeing a model wearing a jacket or sweater "carelessly" pulled down over one shoulder. In this situation, male models tend to be shirtless under the jacket and female models are either wearing a bikini top or a low-cut "spaghetti" strap blouse.

The highlight of my website exploration was the "Models in Motion" video clip. After downloading the clip and clicking "play," you can see a young man and a young woman gazing at each other in the wilderness. The model scenes are blended with shots of the sky, a lake, and the lustful couple riding a sailboat out on that lake. At first, you get headshots and seductive facial expressions. As the video progresses, the viewer sees more embraces, less and less clothing, and more and more skin until you at last reach the final shot of the dynamic duo before the picture fades out to a view of the lake. In the final model pose, there is not a stitch of cloth in sight, and the woman is pressing against the man to kiss him slowly while he stands stoically with his eyes closed...waiting. I think what I really want to know is how, as is shown in the first third of the clip, a man would actually be standing in a backwoods snowfall with no shirt on and his coat open to reveal the full front of his torso. This is pure fantasy. This is an advertisement and it is advertising sex. The implication that Abercrombie's clothes make one sexy and/or gets one sex is *all* over their marketing. That is why I am picking on this company.

"Buy our stuff!" say the Abercrombie ads. "You'll get *this* image. And this image will get you *THIS* result." We can't escape it: when we buy their overpriced products, we are buying the image that goes with them. We are buying into a culture of sex and vanity. We are supporting the antithesis of what we strive for as Christians.



r morals

Cutright

Contributing to Oppression and Idolatry.

Yes, that is what I said: "oppression and idolatry." It could be successfully argued that America's god is Money. Our consumer culture is fixated on getting more money to spend money to get more money. The most hilarious example of this is found on a playful website at neopets.com. Neopets, which runs a line of toys and merchandise through the Limited Too shops, operates an online fantasy world where you can get a cute cartoon "neopet" of your very own. This voracious little critter will demand accessories, clothes, housewares, toys, food, and more—and more!—because "all the other neopets have more toys" than it does (here I'm quoting from memory a statement my former virtual friend SweetCitrusIxi made on a regular basis before I finally deleted my account). The neopet owner plays a variety of simple games to earn "neopoints," Neopia's world currency, in order to purchase stuff. And purchasing "stuff" is the whole purpose of being in that world. It absolutely epitomizes the consumer mentality. This happy little cyber-consumer-land services over 60 million players. My point here is that we support the worship of money when we play these games and unquestioningly consume the goods the big companies insist that we buy. This is a Christian campus; I do not need to point out that such support of such worship is a *BAD* thing.

Oppression comes into play at this point because the top companies we look to for possessions and entertainment are the very organizations that utilize—in order to cut costs and maximize profit—slavery and exploitation to produce their merchandise. For example:

Nike	Tommy Hilfiger
Phillips-Van Heusen	Reebok
Disney	Levi Straus
Guess?	Liz Caliborne
The Gap	Ralph Lauren
Banana Republic	Mattel
Old Navy	and Wal-Mart

are all companies that use "sweatshop" labor to bring us our goodies. Sweatshop labor encompasses child labor, physical and sexual abuse of workers, unfair compensation for workers, unsafe working conditions, and unregulated schedules. When we buy the stuff these companies produce, we are buying into a consumer economy which abuses human beings for the sake of our personal luxury and pleasure.

"Our Daily Bread," or "Our Daily Stuff?"

In her article, "Education in the Image of God," Susanne Johnson says, "When everything is life is subordinate to profit, to the 'bread' it can earn us...then death—by bread alone—lays hold of us in the very midst of life. This is what the Bible fears when it speaks of death: There are worse things than our final departure to the grave. One is the slow, strangling death that surely comes to all who try to live by bread alone. For when we live by bread alone, we die by bread alone. Ordinary mornings, *of course*, become sad. Certainly, we still buy, we sell, we produce, we consume, we work hard, we come and we go, but we do not really *live*. Deep down we are still very hungry and very needy. Not that we immediately notice it, however. Modern culture is engineered to cover up such death."

I am not bringing up the issue of "consumer morals" during the shopping season before

Christmas to lay a "guilt trip" on anyone. I have written out my concerns about our thoughtless scramble to get more, have more, and take more, simply to get people to ask themselves some important questions: what am I doing and why am I doing it?

"Therefore I tell you," said Jesus to His disciples, "do not worry about your life, what you will eat; or about your body, what you will wear. Life is more than food, and the body more than clothes. Consider the ravens: They do not sow or reap, they have no storeroom or barn; yet God feeds them. And how much more valuable you are than birds! Who of you by worrying can add a single hour to his life? Since you cannot do this very little thing, why do you worry about the rest?"

"Consider how the lilies grow. They do not labor or spin. Yet I tell you, not even Solomon in all his splendor was dressed like one of these. If that is how God clothes the grass of the field, which is here today, and tomorrow

is thrown into the fire, how much more will he clothe you, O you of little faith! And do not set your heart on what you will eat or drink; do not worry about it. For the pagan world runs after all such things, and your Father knows that you need them. But seek his kingdom, and these things will be given to you as well. "Do not be afraid, little flock, for your Father has been pleased to give you the kingdom. Sell your possessions and give to the poor. Provide purses for yourselves that will not wear out, a treasure in heaven that will not be exhausted, where no thief comes near and no moth destroys. For where your treasure is, there your heart will be also" (Luke 12:22-34 NIV).

So I ask again, "What are we *really* buying when we walk into any store? What are we *actually* taking away with us when we leave?" And, "Do we *truly* want those burdens in our lives?" I'm just here today to ask these questions. It's up to you, dear reader, to answer them for yourself.



book to movie review: timeline

By Erik Eilers Over the years the movie going public has been fed movie after movie based on the books of Michael Crichton (rhymes with frighten). *The Andromeda Strain* (Crichton's first book), *Sphere*, *Congo*, *Jurassic Park*, and *The Lost World* (*Jurassic Park 3* was not based on a book) are all movies based on Michael Crichton's works. In nearly every case the movie ended up butchering the book. While the movie may end up being good anyway, the movie always deviates from the book in so many ways that it barely resembles the book when it is done. The *Jurassic Park* movies are prime examples. While they are great movies in my opinion, the first one especially, they barely follow the original text. For example, the opening scene in *The Lost World* is the prologue to the first *Jurassic Park*, sort of. Characters are changed, added, and deleted whenever the screenwriters want.

When I first heard that *Timeline*, one of my favorite Crichton books, was being made into a movie I had mixed feelings. I was excited because I loved the book and knew its potential, but I also know what has been done to other of Crichton's books and was worried they would tear the story apart.

The basic story is that an organization (ITC) was trying to develop the first

quantum computer with which they would be able to fax 3D objects wherever they wanted to. However, in the process they discovered a way to transport objects through time (the movie simply says they found a wormhole to the past, but the book gives a much longer explanation). Meanwhile a group of graduate students, under the direction of Professor Edward Johnston, are excavating the medieval town of Castelgard, the fortress of La Roque, the monastery of *Sainte Mere*, as well as other areas in France. The site was the location of a significant battle between the English and the French during the hundred year war. The archeologists are funded by ITC, who also provides the professor with information about the site. He realizes that ITC knows more than they should about the area and travels to New Mexico, the headquarters of ITC, to get the answers as to how they know what they do. A few days after he leaves several of his students find a chamber that has been buried for over six hundred years and inside find a message from the professor asking for help and dated 1357. Several students, Chris Hughes, Kate Erickson, Andre Marek, and David Stern are flown to New Mexico and told that Johnston

traveled back in time and was lost. Then Chris, Kate, Marek, and two marines travel back to find and rescue the professor on the very day the French attack the castle.

The movie opens very similar to the book; a man appears in the desert dressed strangely and mumbling incomprehensibly about France and a monastery. However, it quickly becomes apparent that staying true to the book was not the driving force behind the movie's script. After only a few moments several stark differences are revealed. The biggest of these being that the character of Chris (played by *2 Fast 2 Furious*' Paul Walker) is completely different. In the book Chris is just another graduate student working under Professor Johnston. He is a bit of a player when it comes to woman, but is one of the brightest students at the dig. In the movie he is transformed into the love-struck son of the Professor who only cares about archeology because it allows him to spend time with his love interest Kate. Another major difference is that several characters go back in time that did not go back in the book. At first I was confused by

these additions because they did not seem to make sense and they did little to advance the plot. But it quickly became apparent why they are in the movie: they wanted a higher body count. One other big difference is that in the movie the characters are given only six hours to find the professor but in the book they have thirty-seven.

This movie did exactly what I was afraid of. It took the basic idea of Crichton's book and warped and mangled it until it barely reminds the viewer of the book. At several points I had to wince at the corny dialogue and cheesy acting. But as the movie progressed it did seem to get better. The action sequences, especially the siege of La Roque, were done very well and I enjoyed the movie more and more as it went along. When I left the theatre I actually found myself saying that I liked the movie, even if it did destroy the original text. So my advice is watch the movie and have fun but then read the book and get the real story.



Timeline is rated PG-13 for intense battle sequences and brief language.

Dormestic: How to have an exquisite breakfast party

By Angie Finton Over the weekend my life became an overhaul of family and friends showing up in town. I felt like I needed to greet people I see all the time with a special glee that only is expressed during the holidays.

I was having a lovely visit with my family and friends, and we were saying goodbye after the Thanksgiving meal, when I had an out-of-body experience and I thought I heard myself say, "Why don't you all come to my house for breakfast in the morning?" My cheeks flushed, and as I looked around the room, I figured out that it was not some strange hallucination: I had really invited them all over to my apartment.

I began the drive home, and the task at hand really began to settle on me. I had a lot to do. It was 11 p.m. There was no way I was going to get up early in the morning and get it done.

I turned into Wal-Mart and marched inside, gathering all the items I would need to get this thing off the ground. Oranges, bananas, strawberries, canned pineapple, eggs, rolls, cheese, ham, a package of muffin mix (cinnamon

strudel), and Cool Whip were in my basket by the time I checked out.

I went home and got to work cleaning. Dusting in the bathroom, dish duty, clearing stray shoes, and gathering trash. It's key to have the place look like it was clean to begin with: leave no trace of cleaning product out or in the trash cans.

Being a college kid and loving my sleep, particularly in the mornings, I decided to hash out as much work as possible the night before: the bananas, oranges, pineapple, some milk, and orange juice I blended to make smoothies. I love garnishes; anything to make your guests say, "Oooh, isn't that creative?" Hollow cabbage bowls, gourd lanterns, little umbrellas, and colorful arrangements are among my favorites. I poured the smoothies, and cut a strawberry down the middle for each one, placing it on the edge of the glass, dropped a straw in each one, and then put them in the refrigerator.

I pulled out the box of muffin mix, added an egg, oil, and some milk, and

yummy sweets were underway in no time, allowing me to leave the kitchen and sweep the floor, rearrange some furniture to allow for better seating, and set the table with a colorful cloth (a sarong I wear as a skirt), with roses leftover from homecoming as a centerpiece.

The muffins were becoming fragrant when I pulled out more strawberries and placed them on a plate surrounding a bowl of Cool Whip: delightful nibbles for hungry guests. I pulled out the muffs, and prepared the coffee so that all I would have to do was turn it on in the morning.

When my alarm went off the next day, I felt ready to relax and enjoy the company of friends and family. I put on soft music, lit some candles, and focused on getting myself ready, rather than rushing around, cleaning the house. The simple task of frying eggs and ham, and placing them on bread and cheese for breakfast sandwiches, and of course, switching on the coffee, were the most of my worries that morning.

The result was happy guests with happy tummies, sipping coffee and chattering about plans for the day. And I was a very satisfied hostess, enjoyed the morning, and even more so, the thought of a nap later in the day.



just another sub shop?

By Anna Salisbury Hiding in Nampa is a new and tasty sandwich shop. I know, I know, we already have Subway, Blimpies, and Hogi Yogi—do we really need another sub shop? But the Harvest Classic Bakery Farmhouse Deli is different. Located in a warehouse behind the *Press Tribune* off of Nampa Caldwell Boulevard, the deli is in an unlikely place. Nonetheless it is worth the trip. Built in a barn motif on the front of the Harvest Classic factory, the deli is brand-new and pleasant. While getting a bite to eat in the deli, customers can also take a tour of the bakery. Harvest Classic Bakery supplies bread to many local grocery stores.

Farmhouse Deli boasts a large variety of interesting sandwiches on freshly baked bread, as well as soups, pies, and salads. All sandwiches come with a choice of chips or fresh fruit skewer. I tried the Jalapeño and Beef sandwich with jalapeño-cheese bread, roast beef, cheddar, jalapeño cream cheese, guacamole, lettuce, tomato, and red onions. They offer several creative sandwich choices like the turkey bacon havarti, Idaho club, and the turkey pesto melt, or the customer can build his/her own sandwich from a large list of interesting toppings. To drink, the deli offers the usual soft drinks and juices, but also has a wide selection of teas.

Many of the same sandwiches and salads are also available in box lunches from Farmhouse Express. They cost slightly more but include bottled water, chips, fruit, and a cookie. Delivery is free to Nampa and Caldwell destinations.

The Harvest Classic Farmhouse Deli is an exciting alternative to the usual sandwich shops. The toppings are fresh and the bread is baked on site. The prices range from four to seven dollars, and the prices for Farmhouse Express box lunches are between six and eight dollars.

Harvest Classic Bakery
Farmhouse Deli
914 Park Centre Way
Nampa, Idaho
468-2291

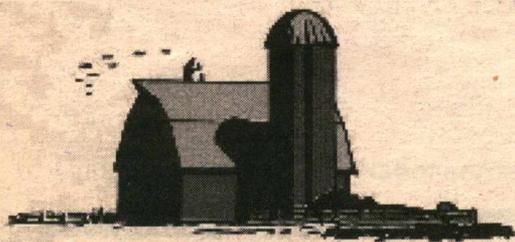


photos by angie finton

TOP TEN

ways to say I Love You

10/sending flower on your 123rd day together 9/Scanning your card twice at dinner for them in the Dex 8/Use Photoshop to make pictures of your future children 7/Put out your cigarette while you're in the car together 6/Pay for them to make pail 5/Candlelight dinner at the sugar 4/Sing her Enrique 3/Wear her favorite shirt of yours for a whole week 2/Save her fingernail clippings under your pillow 1/Make her face out of bubbles on a scantron test



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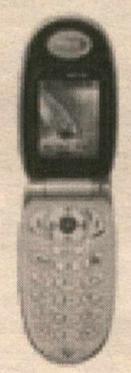
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need a break, take a break

By Shelli Bunn-Petterson
Holla students, this is the time of year we love and hate. Finals are almost upon us, and all we can do is accept it and resign ourselves to the torment of cruel evaluation in strenuous circumstances. I am here to help. This article is a highly important plug for the study brake, a.k.a. procrastination. This year's crazy weather has presented us with some unique opportunities during the study break.

First and foremost is the world famous activity called the puddle jump. All you need are shoes and clothes that can get dirty (which works out perfectly for those of us that look like complete scrubs during finals) a positive attitude and a couple of puddles. Another wonderful way to relieve the mind and refresh the spirit is to participate in a game of Fugitive. Although this is mostly an exclusively male activity, involving trespassing and mischief, due to title nine, it is opening up to the Nampa female population. It involves evasion and escape on a perilous trek between Sky View and Nampa High. For more detailed description, see Dirk. The grand champion winner for finals week however is the marathon. Yes, nearly every student on campus has probably prepared for this event without even knowing it. This marathon,

known as the Walli-World-Walkabout, is done in the midnight hours when students searching for caffeine and the meaning of life walk the vast floor of the Wal-Mart Superstore located on Twelfth Avenue. Open 24 hours and carrying anything and everything this activity presents a physical excursion

as well as the possibility of gratifying our ultra-American narcissism. I have not listed all the possibilities, but have merely attempted to give you a brief glance at the amazing and meaningful events that can take place on a study break during the Inquisition, oops I mean finals week.



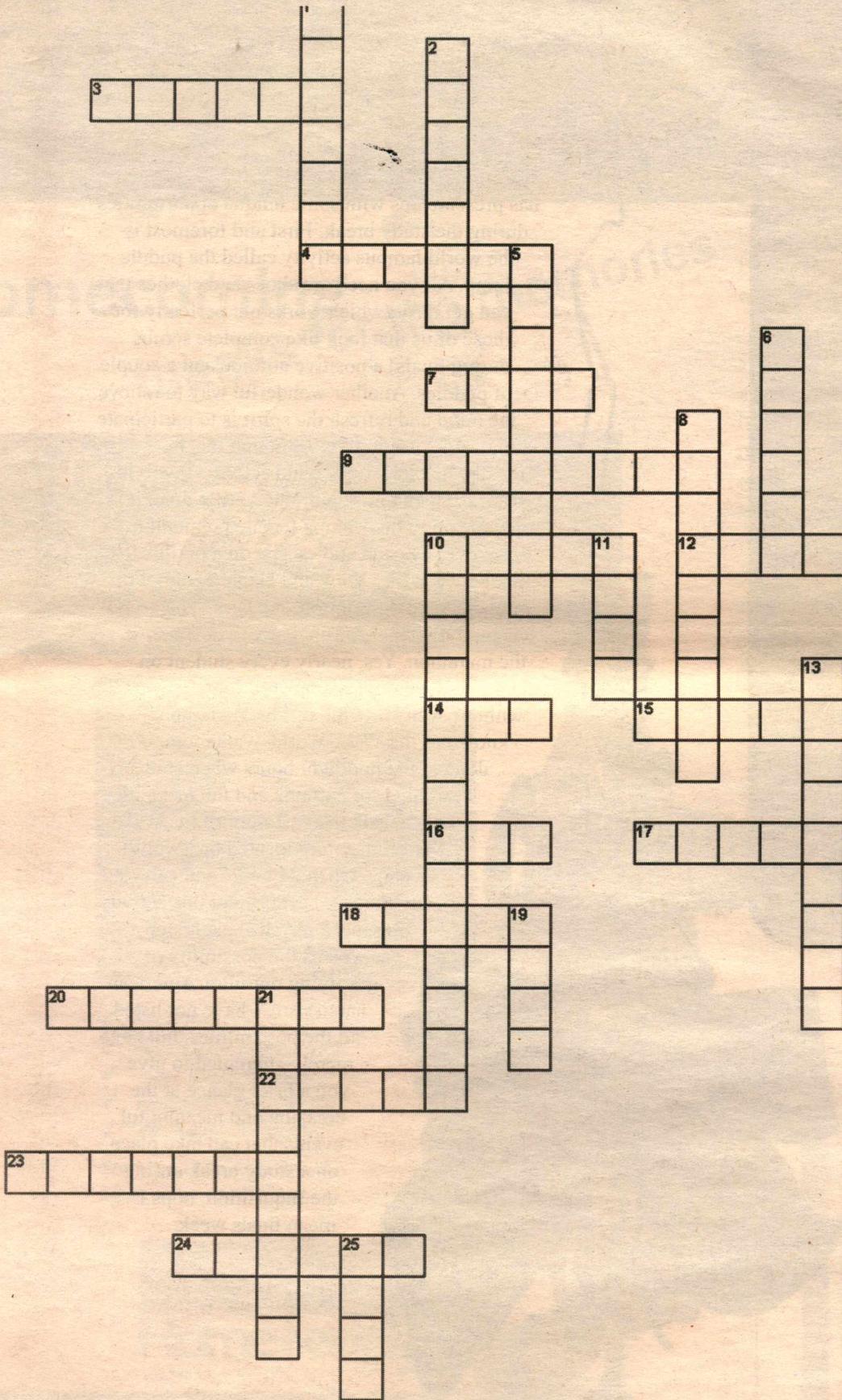
twelve g's for a healthier christmas

By: Shelli Bunn-Petterson

- Go snowboarding or skiing.
- Go ice-skating.
- Go Christmas caroling. (walk don't drive)
- Go sledding.
- Go snowshoeing.
- Go for a walk outside.
- Go to the Gym.
- Go dancing.
- Go without some of the goodies.
- Give away your candy.
- Get low fat ingredients.
- Give more gifts, buy and eat less food.

christmas time's a comin'

(play a game and celebrate)



across

- 3. bright & colorful
- 4. Sues's' mean & green
- 7. decorate with ornaments
- 9. kissing tree
- 10. "Every time a bell rings an angel gets his__"
- 12. what the herald angel sings
- 14. movie out right now
- 15. jolly phat guy
- 16. color of Santa's suit
- 17. goes with ivy
- 18. birthday boy
- 20. wrapped tight under the tree
- 22. five golden what
- 23. the most famous reindeer of all
- 24. famous snowman

down

- 1. first word of "Jingle-Bells"
- 2. author of "A Christmas Carol"
- 5. movie with Macaulay Culkin
- 6. wonderland
- 8. birthplace
- 10. what I'm dreaming of
- 11. falls from sky
- 13. red & white
- 19. shines in the sky
- 21. Santa's home
- 25. where is Santa coming?