

Attention!!

Reflections At Night

A city at night is shining. A few miles to the west, a car is parked along the side of the road. The radio is playing "A Day in The Life" as a couple of teenagers sit motionless in each others arms, staring up at the night sky.

The sky is still, apart from a single airplane slowly crossing the stars. Aboard is a businessman coming back to town the day after his daughter's seventh birthday. At the airport he stops to pick up a last-minute gift. On his way out he gives a beggar five dollars to ease his guilt as he climbs into his new BMW.

The beggar takes the money and purchases alcohol. Weak and wheezing, he staggers through the inner-city slum district. No one stops

to think he was ever anybody's child. Cold, tired and hungry, he finally passes out in a pile of garbage as voices of anger escape a window somewhere above.

The voices tearing at each other continue well into the night. And like every night before, the children huddle in the other room, trembling and crying. The neighbors close their windows and their minds, then turn away.

But down below the noise has awoken a baby, who begins to cry. The mother goes to comfort the child. She holds her, rocking back and forth. A child rocking a child. Alone, this seventeen-year-old can not even tell the child who her father is, either of theirs. She begins to cry and dream

about a better family, somewhere, away from the streets.

In the suburbs the son of the other family attempts to explain. He is standing in his bedroom with his girlfriend as his parents fail to believe his story about a "late night study session."

His mind is racing back to his childhood. Things were so much easier when he was his little sister's age. His sister is asleep in her room, dreaming of a princess in a far off land who lived happily ever after.

A princess far away cries as she reads the latest headlines about her failing marriage. The storybook wedding turned into a gossip column marriage. John Lennon sang, "I read the news today..." but did anybody

else? The same mistakes were made today as yesterday.

In a home in the country, a scientist stands in a doorway watching his two children as they sleep. They dream quietly, safe in the warm glow of their nightlight. He, himself, is troubled by his dreams. He wonders if somewhere in Russia another scientist is afraid, like he is.

The sun is coming up over a city. A few miles to the west a car is parked along the side of the road. In the back a couple of teenagers are asleep in each other's arms.

This Attention!! column was written by R. Sean Dunham, a freshman theater arts major.

Judgment

How could I dare to judge another person when my own limited experience allows me to see beyond that person's "front" and see what that person must have gone through to make them act like this; yet my experience is not possibly enough to show me if I would react the same way under the same circumstances.

Because this often inaccurate system is one of the best I have found, I feel it preposterous to believe that I could judge another person to the degree of forcing my will upon them. I must therefore attempt to live a passive life where I try to give everyone equal treatment and forgive the wrongs they may inflict on me, for I haven't the right to tell them they are "right" or "wrong" or to say that I would not have done the same thing had I been in their position.

Such a person would be viewed by the world's standards as corrupt, and at this point in my life I feel that such a person would be able to overpower me and destroy what faith I have. So then, as I perceive the situation, the only logical means to tell the difference is to control yourself to the point of being able to accurately see what has influenced this person and then simulate this experience in your own mind. This situation much affect you as much as reality would.

As this process is being completed, you must compare your own reactions to those of the other person. Only after this process has been completed can you begin to draw theories about this person's innermost being, keeping in mind that this has in no way been an absolute experiment.

This method has a great many problems; the first being that you must widen your understanding to the point of losing your own innocence. Such a process causes the user to mature and gain experience at an accelerated rate with little actual harm to himself, excluding the burdens he lays on his own mind.

Another problem is the large amount of time and the effort it takes "to know" each person. Invariably there will be some people whom you will simply not have the time or energy to "get to know." Another problem is that large margin for error which is present throughout all stages.

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Memories

When I was a child I dreamed of this time. I thought it so grand. I thought it so fine. I had great hopes. I had great dreams. Now everything ends, Or so it seems.

These are the memories of futures past. But they cannot stay, And they will not last. Where is the mystery, The sweet unknowing. Are times forever lost, Or still in the going? Is this why I waited, Or does something lie ahead? I try to think, But only babble instead. If these are the times That are the best in my life, Then why should I live With such agony and strife?

These Attention!! submissions were written by Rick Watson, a freshman business major.

LL-924

The pneumatic doors opened with a swoosh.

Lt. Jack Fletcher entered the engine control room at a full run, pistol drawn. He was greeted only by the clicking of instrumentation and a rainbow of blinking lights. The steady hum of the ship's engines vibrated the floor. He overturned a canister of cleaning fluid, the smell hitting him instantly.

Damn! he cringed. No wonder this place is always spotless!

He disposed of the canister in one cabinet and checked another. Everything was ready. The sound of approaching footsteps reached him. Hiding himself behind a control panel, he had a nearly unobstructed view of the entire compartment.

A Thyrobian, Commander Zemansky, entered the engine room, the doors shutting behind him. He scanned the room, pistol ready, his two grey olfaction sensors standing straight up. Detecting no odor other than cleaning fluid, he withdrew his antennas, and padded over to the engineer's control panel marked "Fuel Mixture." He inserted his identicard and began to push buttons, flip switches and turn dials. The panel lit up; buzzers and bells sounded. The ship's vibrations grew stronger as the ship's engines gathered power.

Zemansky didn't seem to notice the panel moving behind him. The Thyrobian fired his pistol as he turned, the broad red beam making a hellish crack as it made contact. A body slammed to the floor.

"So, the mighty Lieutenant Fletcher is dead!" he said, laughing the high pitched laugh characteristic of his type.

The commmander removed the body's identicard and pistol. Still

smiling, he placed both pistols on an instrument rack, turned, and removed his identicard from the computer. He placed the stolen card into the slot, and continued his work.

Fletcher stood silently. He brought up his pistol. When he clicked off the safety, Zemansky turned, a stunned look in his optical scanners. He reached for the throwing blade attached to his belt, but his superior reflexes weren't enough.

Fletcher fired, the thin, yellow-green beam emitting a piercing whine above the pulsation of the engines. The beam hit the Thyrobian full in the chest, knocking him backward. His orange lubricant and synthetic bone splattered the floor and the control panel that he had been working on. The sickening smell of singed flesh reached Fletcher's nostrils as the would-be saboteur slid to the floor. He gazed at Fletcher from the floor, the unbelieving expression still held in his eyes.

Fletcher leaned heavily on a control panel. He let out a deep breath, and wiped the sweat from his brow.

Another officer entered the room. She hardly looked at Zemansky's remains. She reached around Fletcher's waist and pulled him close. Fletcher closed his eyes...

A young man laughed. He removed an imaging projector from from his head and grinned at his adversary.

"So much for the mighty LL-924," he said, imitating the Thyrobian's voice.

His opponent sighed. "An automation double in the maintenance panel, huh? Neat trick, very imaginative. Another game?" "You're on. Gotta quarter?"

This Attention!! column was written by Andrew M. Fischbach, a junior bioengineering major.

	7:00	7:30	8:00	8:30	9:00	9:30	10:00	10:30	11:00	11:30	12:00	12:30
KTVT 11	Hee Haw	<i>The Destroyers (1985) Richard Hill</i>			Championship Sports			Five Star Mystery				
KBTX 3	Dirty Dancing	Raising Miranda	Simon & Simon (CC)		West 57th (CC)		News	M*A*S*H		<i>Ashanti (1979) Peter Ustinov</i>		
KAMU 15	Championship Skating	Lawrence Welk Show: Glenn Miller				Shake, Rattle & Roll			Lonesome Pine Special			Sign Off
KXXV 25	Murphy's Law (CC)	Battle of the Network Stars (CC)			News		Friday the 13th: The Series		War of the Worlds		Sign Off	
KCEN 6	227 (CC)	Amen (CC)	Golden Girls	Empty Nest (CC)	Hunter	News		Saturday Night Live		World Class Wrestling		
TNN 8	Gr. Ole Opry	Grand Ole Opry	Tommy Hunter		Country Kitchen	Wish You Here	Country Music	Rock Palace	Gr. Ole Opry	Grand Ole Opry	CountryClips	
CNN 9	PrimeNews	Showbiz Week	Week in Japan		Headline News		Capital Gang	Sports Tonight	Newsnight	Evans & Novak		Pinnacle
KHTV 39	10	Star Trek: The Next Generation	War of the Worlds		Friday the 13th: The Series		Twilight Zone	Houston Superstars of Wrestling		Friday the 13th: The Series		
KXAN 36	11	227 (CC)	Amen (CC)	Golden Girls	Empty Nest (CC)	No One Dies Alone		News	Saturday Night Live		<i>The Big Sleep</i>	
CBN 12	<i>Sherlock Holmes and the Secret Weapon</i>		<i>Terror by Night (1946) Basil Rathbone</i>				Rin Tin Tin	Crossbow	Zola Levitt	Great American Outdoors		
KTRK 13	13	Murphy's Law (CC)	Battle of the Network Stars (CC)			News		<i>The Adventurers (1970) Bekim Fehmiu</i>		<i>Adventurers</i>		
HBO 14	Human Rights Now Tour				<i>Night Shift (1982) Henry Winkler</i>				<i>Cross My Heart</i>			
TMC 16	<i>American Flyers</i>		<i>Fatal Attraction (1987) Michael Douglas</i>				Diversions		<i>Forbidden World (1982) Jesse Vint</i>		<i>Black Widow</i>	
CSPN 17	Public Policy Address	Journalists' Roundtable Discussion			Close-Up Foundation		Public Policy Conference					
BET 19	Video Soul				College Football			Soloflex			PGM Sale	
MAX 20	<i>Black Widow (1987) Debra Winger</i>				<i>The Killing Fields (1984) Sam Waterston</i>				<i>The Offspring (1987) Vincent Price</i>			
UNI 21	Sabado Gigante Cont'd			Tu Musica	<i>Duelo en el Bosque</i>		<i>Nido de Espias</i>					
DSNY 22	Disney Channel Christmas		<i>Willy Wonka and the Chocolate Factory (1971) Gene Wilder</i>			<i>The Ghost and Mrs. Muir (1947) Rex Harrison</i>		<i>Please Don't Eat the Daisies</i>				
FNN 23	Harness	Auto Racing	College Basketball: Purdue at Kansas State		Int. Kickboxing		Sybervision	Soloflex	Final Score	Healthy Diet		
KHOU 11	24	Dirty Dancing	Raising Miranda	Simon & Simon (CC)		West 57th (CC)		News	Beauty and the Beast (CC)		<i>David Copperfield (1935) Lionel Barrymore</i>	
KTXH 20	25	<i>Young Pioneers Christmas (1976) Roger Kern</i>			G.L.O.W. Wrestling	Star Search	It's Showtime at the Apollo		Am. Top Ten	<i>Story on Page</i>		
KUHT 6	26	Championship Skating	Great Performances: James Stewart: A Wonderful Life			<i>It's a Wonderful Life (1946) James Stewart</i>		Sign Off				
A&E NICK 28	Living Dangerously		Shortstories		Edward and Mrs. Simpson	Why We Fight: The Battle of China	Living Dangerously		Shortstories			
WTBS 29	<i>The Amazing World of Psychic Phenomena (1975)</i>			Better World Society		Nobel Prize		Night Tracks				
LIFE 30	<i>Salvage II: Hardwater</i>		Leg Work	Cagney & Lacey		Lady Blue	Dr. Ruth Show	Easy Street	Self Improvement Guide			
ESPN 32	College Basketball: Louisiana State at Florida Cont'd			College Basketball: Seton Hall at St. John's		SportsCenter	Golf: World Cup					
WGN 33	LifeQuest: Mysteries of the Mind		College Basketball: DePaul at Niagara			News (CC)	<i>The Boat (1982) Juergen Prochnow</i>					
USA 34	<i>It Lives Again (1977) Frederic Forrest</i>			Alfred Hitchcock	Ray Bradbury	<i>Reefer Madness (1939) Dave O'Brien</i>		Night Flight	Night Flight	Night Flight		