To our Readers

The College newspaper is published every Thursday by the students of Mississippi Valley State University. This issue is a continuation of our efforts to provide quality journalism to our campus community. We believe that the college newspaper is an important tool for fostering open dialogue and promoting a culture of critical thinking. We welcome all feedback and suggestions for improvement.

Sincerely,
[Your Name]
Contents
One of the determining factors in choosing a bicycle is price. The bicycle should be one that is suitable for the rider's needs. The bicycle should be comfortable and easy to handle. The frame should be strong and well-built. The tires should be of good quality and ensure good traction. The brakes should be reliable and easy to use. The pedals should be comfortable and the gear system should be easy to use. The handlebars should be comfortable and the seat should be padded for long rides.

Another important aspect of choosing a bicycle is the choice of the right size. The bicycle should fit the rider properly. The frame should be the right size for the rider's height. The handlebars should be set at the right height and the seat should be at the right level. The rider should be able to pedal easily and the bike should be easy to maneuver.

The materials used in the construction of the bicycle are also important. The frame should be made of strong and durable materials. The wheels should be made of good quality materials and the tires should be of good quality. The components of the bicycle should be well-designed and well-made.

Choosing the right bicycle is important for many reasons. The bicycle should be comfortable, easy to handle, and suitable for the rider's needs. The choice of size is also important to ensure that the bicycle fits the rider properly. The materials used in the construction of the bicycle are also important to ensure that it is strong and durable. Choosing the right bicycle will help the rider enjoy a safe and enjoyable ride.
TED CHEATHAM

Thank God.
Stopped rolling his little ball of marble.

Another minute by.
I want to go home.
This is such a dirty place.
A real catch puzzler.
This cold wind. Very easy.

That red—honenough (so I say).
The special bird. Here defended on
me.
Some lovely companions new friends.

Next week (in some London soups).
One more tomorrow long enough.

Lamenting the dam.

In reality. A thunderstorm.
Like a blinding rain.
When the stroke
feeling. (Heinrich von Hessen)
Smoking the green.

Heading out to roost.

While sitting here.

ONE RE-CYCLED

NANCY NIPPER

It is like we're trying to live life.

The future.

The light.

The storm.

The letter.

It is like we're trying to live life.

But if we were better organized, we might.

But it is easy to plan.

The storm comes again.

No more.

When the night.

When the letter.

The storm.

We're better organized.

The storm.

When the night.

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When the night.

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A Feature by Linda Kilien

It's July 31st and I've never been more excited. The whole day I've been looking forward to this moment. The sun is shining, the birds are singing, and everyone seems to be in high spirits. I can't wait to share my news with the world.

My name is Linda Kilien and I'm a writer by trade. I write about everything from fashion to food to travel. I've been working on a new book for the past six months and I'm finally ready to share it with you.

The book is called "The Art of Happiness" and it's a collection of essays on the importance of finding joy in the little things. I believe that happiness is not something that can be bought, but rather it's something that we can create for ourselves.

I've been doing research on the topic for years and I've interviewed some of the world's most successful and happy people. I've learned that true happiness comes from within and that we can find it in the most unexpected places.

I'm excited to share my findings with you and I hope that my book will inspire you to find your own path to happiness. I believe that if we all work together, we can create a world where everyone is happy and content.

Thank you for taking the time to read my book. I'm sure you'll find something that resonates with you.

Linda Kilien

Feature Editor
George Kerriek

And watching suns explode.

That Darwin's Second Coming

Headed mountaineous in prime seas,

Only theegal of the universe.

No, no life here.

I could tell them:

And I believe /long lightened years dead by now/)

If we were asked and they were interested--

Worshiping immortals and wonderings,

Leaving in orbiting playboys,

Did that dead star father children?

And wonder life on other worlds--

One day to see this star in death

Someone planet-years away

Imagine, as we face:

And die with it.

Stretch, relax.--

Take my body into the yard.

I think I'll watch the sun explode--

Revelation 23
The Indulgences of

From the perspective of modern meta-analysis, the question of whether or not a given indulgence is possible ultimately boils down to a matter of whether or not the conditions necessary for its acquisition are met. In the case of traditional indulgences, these conditions are typically defined in terms of specific acts of devotion, penance, or charity. However, in the case of the modern indulgences, the conditions are more complex and often involve a combination of factors, including the quality of the individual’s spiritual life, their adherence to religious teachings, and the degree to which they engage in acts of mercy and compassion.

One important aspect of indulgences is their role in promoting spiritual growth and development. By encouraging individuals to engage in acts of devotion and charity, indulgences can help to foster a sense of spiritual connection and meaning, even in the midst of a more secular and materialistic culture. However, it is also important to recognize that indulgences can be misused, either by individuals who seek to manipulate the system for personal gain, or by organizations that use indulgences as a means of manipulating the faithful.

In the end, the question of whether or not indulgences are still relevant in modern society is one that requires careful consideration. While their historical and cultural significance cannot be denied, it is also important to consider whether their continued use is consistent with the values and beliefs of contemporary society. As with any aspect of religious practice, the key is to find a balance that allows for both the spiritual benefits of indulgences and the need for transparency and accountability in their use.
PAGE TEN

CHARLIE ELLARD

WHERE THERE IS A WIND... THERE IS SOMETHING TO FOLLOW.

AND WHERE THERE IS A WIND...

THE STORY BEGINS TO TELL ITSELF.

WHEN THE WIND BLOWERS, THE DOG IN THE BATH TURNS.

AND WHERE THE WIND BLOWERS...

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THE STORY BEGINS TO TELL ITSELF.
July 1972
Jim Graham

And love, and death, less prone to be ignored
Than would the light of more than just a name,
The strength of the sun and the gale upon the main,
And all the shining, you have gained regions
And light, light, if you sought a indulged light,
Not stranger as we have a common friend.
Nor other reverence neither can you read.

I can read from the words below your head,
With a feeling free from your bones,
You lie in darkness, an unlight from
Yourself from the scepter and a bishop's crown.

Reflections of a Bishop
Focus on the Arts by Charles de Gaulle

"Culpable professeur?" I asked, "why would you ever put forward ideas like this? It's not a question of whether the arts are profiting the country. It's a question of whether the arts are profiting society. We've seen the decline of culture and the arts in society, and it's time we reversed that trend."

"I agree, Madame," the professor replied. "But how do we do it? We need to Start by changing the way we think about art. It's not just about entertainment. It's about education and enlightenment."

"I see," I said. "But what about the critics? They're always complaining about the state of the arts.""""They're just not educated enough," the professor continued. "They don't understand what art can do for society."
of the Future

Anthony Burgess View
weeks of work preparing such a pro-
duction. Now that characters are developed in the
series of photos, she strived to show
University Theatre in October. In this
season by the Middle Tennessee State
review is for a play of Tennessee. "To
again did this photo-essay during
editors' note. M.T.S.U. alumna Melanie
A Short Story by Ivan Shevmake

The Narrow Way
PAGE EIGHTEEN

The shadow of the trees fell upon the ground, casting long, eerie shadows across the quiet streets. As the sun began its descent, the world seemed to slow down, each moment stretching out in time, as if the universe itself was taking a deep breath.

C lille, the little girl, sat on her stool in the kitchen, her fingers dancing over the letters of her newest story. She had just completed the first chapter, and her imagination was running wild with possibilities. The world was alive with adventure, and she longed to share it all with her friends.

But before she could, a knock on the door interrupted her thoughts. It was the postman, bringing the mail. With a grin, C lille ran to open the door, her heart racing with excitement.

Inside, the day was filled with the sounds of children at play, their laughter echoing through the village. It was a day like any other, but for C lille, it held a special magic.

As she walked home, she felt a sense of purpose, knowing that her stories would soon be in the hands of her friends, bringing them joy and adventure. And in that moment, she knew that nothing could ever replace the magic of childhood.

---

The words flowed from her pen, each character coming to life on the page. She was lost in her own world, unaware of the world around her. But as the evening began to close in, she knew she had to finish her story.

With a sigh, C lille settled into her favorite chair, her blank sheet of paper before her. The sun had set, and the stars were just beginning to twinkle in the darkening sky. It was the perfect moment to create something magical.

As she worked, her mind raced with possibilities, each idea building upon the last. She was living her story, as if it were real, and she loved every moment of it.

When she finally set her pen down, satisfied with the work she had done, she looked up at the world around her. The stars shone brightly, and the moon cast a gentle glow over the village. It was a moment she would never forget, a moment of pure, unadulterated joy.

And as she closed her book, she knew that she would carry this magic with her always. For in the end, it was the stories that mattered most.
The bell rang, the classroom fell silent. She stood there, looking around, her eyes扫视ing the room. "What are you waiting for, Mr. Yang? Get ready!" she said. "Time is precious."

"But..." her voice trailed off as she saw the eager faces of her students. "Alright, let's begin."

She walked to the front of the room and began her lesson, her voice clear and authoritative. "Today, we will discuss the concept of restoration and its importance in our lives."

As she spoke, she noticed a student in the back row who was struggling to keep up. "Mr. Lee, are you following along?"

"Yes, Miss Yang," he said, his voice a bit timid. "I'm trying my best.""}

She smiled. "That's all that matters, Mr. Lee. Keep trying."

The bell rang again, signaling the end of the class. "Thank you all for your attention. See you tomorrow."
The wind flew up the high, leafy maple and across the meadow like a gust of air. The sun shone bright and warm, casting long shadows on the ground. The birds sang sweetly, filling the air with their melodies. The trees rustled in the breeze, their leaves swaying gently. The grass was green and lush, providing a soft cushion for the animals to rest upon.

The river flowed peacefully, its clear waters reflecting the sky above. The fish swam gracefully, their fins cutting through the water with ease. The ducks and geese glided along, their white forms contrasting against the blue of the river. The otters played in the shallows, their tails flicking backwards as they splashed about.

The air was filled with the scent of the earth, the sweet fragrance of wildflowers, and the tangy smell of pine needles. The sky was a canvas of blue, dotted with fluffy white clouds. The sun set in a blaze of gold, casting a golden glow across the landscape.

As the day drew to a close, the sky filled with orange and pink hues, the stars beginning to twinkle in the distance. The animals returned to their burrows and dens, the birds to their nests, and the humans to their homes. The day had been a gift, a time of joy and wonder, a moment to cherish and remember.
the sad lullaby of a moody saxophone

and in the shadow singing sweetly

a world lies black beyond

light glinting on ivory bodies

Kmt
The Look of the 70's:

Collegiate Journalism:

Court decisions business change in campus media.

About the author:

The image contains text that is difficult to read due to the quality of the scan. It appears to be an excerpt from a document discussing university media and court decisions. The text is fragmented and contains the words "The Look of the 70's," "Collegiate Journalism," and "Court decisions business change in campus media." There is also reference to an "About the author."
A Feature by Mrs. Anne Bolch

"The Misanthrope"

The word "misanthrope" refers to a person who is critically, discourteously, or contemptuously inclined toward human nature in general; a person who looks down upon human society and mankind in general; a person who is considered unprincipled and unscrupulous. The word misanthrope is derived from the Greek words "misos," meaning "hatred," and "anthropos," meaning "man." The term was first used in the 17th century by French writer Jean de La Bruyère in his work "Mémoires pour servir de continuation à l'histoire de la mode."
Procreation

Noon

Noon expanded the resounding nothing of us wanted.

But the sun moves so slightly,

booths of us realizing
the appealing darkness

It was a loving love.

Stilted, Ophidian, is the world.

No room to go our way

mean, lanced
most people

I have come to dispose the word "settled".

The evening of the few gave us the copy secret we knew

that only another human being

The hour and memory of things

I would then know, the that so conscious me.

We were not there, we are not.

The measure of fear, the measure of our time (is)

She no one can seem to find.

We would pick this dream of judging

Four shades would replace us for hours on end.