



The UHCLIDIAN is a homonym for Euclidian – a word play using the name of the famous Greek mathematician Euclid and the university's acronym, UHCL.

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The UHCLIDIAN is a public forum and will print letters to the editor subject to the following: letters must be no longer than 500 words. Where necessary, letters will be edited for grammar, spelling and style requirements. Letters must be signed and include the writer's full name, address and phone number. The editors reserve the right to refuse letters, announcements and contributed articles deemed libelous.

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Wider distribution of writing center fees expected

Students be forewarned, there are expected additional fees coming to your tuition payments starting fall semester.

Recently a move was made to apply a \$9 fee for the use of the Writing Center to all UH-Clear Lake students instead of the \$25 fee previously paid by any student enrolled in writing courses.

The change comes as the Writing Center prepares to move from being a component of the School for Human Sciences and Humanities to being housed under Student Services.

With a shocking 49 percent of students using the Writing Center from outside HSH, the reason behind the move to Student Services and application of a universal student fee is merited.

For those of us who have been paying the fee all along, this is not much of a concern. Most of the writing students knew they were paying the fee already.

But, for those students in other fields, this could be an unwanted inflation to an already

skyrocketing tuition.

The Writing Center is one of the most helpful places on campus to get help with writing assignments. Whether you want help developing a topic or just cannot remember that "I" before "E" connotation, the Writing Center is without a doubt the place to visit.

Other tasks the Writing Center can help you with include: how to get started on a paper, brainstorming techniques and constructive feedback. The one thing they do not do is rewrite, so forget about dropping off a term paper with Writing Center personnel and expect it to return as a literary masterpiece.

In addition, some new services will also be provided such as increased tutor hours, expanded open hours, and the addition of English as a Second Language tutors.

So, what about the accounting students tackling extensive formulas and equations who never have to worry about writing term papers or answering essay questions? Or the art student who is graded on visual, not liter-

ary, works of art? Why should they have to pay for a service they are, most likely, never going to use?

Talking with art and math majors about the new fees they will be paying generated new perspective on this issue. At first, most of the students did not like the idea of paying a fee to support the Writing Center, but upon further insight into the services offered, it became apparent that they may, in fact, use the Writing Center.

Putting together professional resumes and learning fact-checking techniques are just a few of the non-traditional student services that can be of immense help when the long road to graduation comes to an end.

Enacting an across-the-board fee helps the Writing Center continue to grow and remain a great resource for the university is a small price to pay per student. The real rip-off is that students will pay for this service yet, when the time comes, most will not bother to take advantage of the Writing Center staff's expertise.

COMMENTARY : The day I failed to save the world

As a small boy, I prayed nightly for the world to awaken before it drove itself to the apocalypse described in legends.

Each night, as I lay in my Star Wars themed sheets, my mind conjured visions that terrified me in ways only children understand. Over time, my fear of God's wrath became so intense I convinced myself I must do something, anything, to forestall the inevitable ending my Christian faith had in store for us all.

So, at the age of 8, I wrote the letter I knew would save the world.

I wasn't sure of the most reliable way to contact God, since I had never received a direct response to any of my prayers. So I sent my letter to the next best thing – Ronald Reagan.

I wrote the president asking him to not use the vast nuclear arsenal that I knew was at his disposal. Although I was young, I had read my Student Bible diligently, especially the Book of Revelations. In reading the good book, I knew God had promised to never end the world again by water; I had seen the rainbows to prove it.

Next time, it would be fire.

Therefore, I did the only thing that made sense to my 8-year-old brain; I begged Reagan not to destroy the world in a touching five-page letter. I knew the president was the person to whom I should plead my case because the movies always showed him carrying that special briefcase – the one that stayed handcuffed to his wrist 24 hours a day, seven days a week.

While many of the letter's details remain clouded in memory, I still recall writing the lines, "Please don't end the world. The people of the world will get better; I know they will. All they need is time."

Time was the key.

As a true believer, I knew that the world had to end so Jesus could return to bring peace on Earth; I accepted that. The problem was I just didn't want it to happen while I was still on the planet.

After sending my letter, I diligently checked my family's mailbox each day for the president's response. As days turned to weeks, I wondered why it was taking so long to receive an answer.

I thought to myself, "Maybe it's lost in the mail. Maybe I wrote the address wrong. Maybe some postman accidentally dropped it in the rain." A million maybes filled my head, each pathetic in its own turn.

And then, a miracle happened. On a day that I will never forget, I received a response from the most powerful man in the world.

The package came complete with an official presidential seal; it was a beautiful mixture of blue and silver metallic ink. Seeing it shine in the sunlight as my mother handed it to me was a religious experience.

As I carefully opened the packet, making sure not to tear the seal, I knew I had played a pivotal role in solving the world's problems.

Like Charlie, I had discovered my golden ticket; the chocolate factory beckoned.

A variety of important looking documents filled the envelope. First, there was the personally signed letter from Reagan thanking me

for my interest in the White House. I knew it had to be real since I had no idea that auto-pen machines existed. A White House tour book accompanied the letter, which provided extensive details about the history and layout of the most famous house in America.

It was all extremely impressive, especially to an 8 year old.

But where was my answer? What was his response? In desperation, I cut the envelope apart to see if something might have been

secretly written on the inside cover, James Bond style. And still, I found nothing. Looking at the shiny blue seal, I slowly realized my mission had failed.

It seemed there was no address to send prayers to after all.

Over the course of the many years since that day, I lost many childish beliefs to rationality required by experience. I learned presidents are too busy to personally answer the questions of frightened little boys. I learned both the Easter Bunny and Santa Claus were fairy tales. And finally, I learned to accept the fact that humanity would most likely destroy itself without any help from divine sources.

While apocalyptic visions haunt me to this day, I know there's little I can do to avert their possible outcome. Initially, it was a harsh reality to accept. Over time, I used this life-lesson to construct a new personal philosophy on life.

While I may not be able to change many things in this cruel world, there are many things I still can.

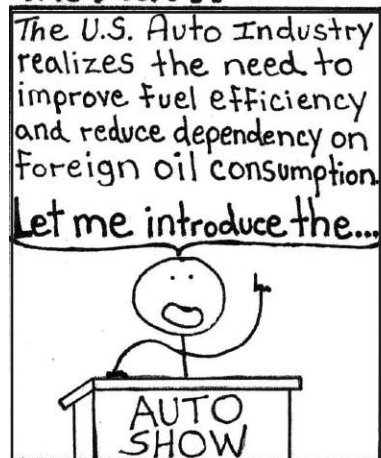
Each day I touch the lives of numerous individuals. From the casual acquaintances who drift in and out of my life to my wonderful wife, whom I love with all my heart, each person gives me the opportunity to make a difference. Though I may stumble along the way, I may yet bring understanding and joy to the people who surround me when my humanity allows.

In the end, maybe that's all any of us can hope for.



ROGER ROBERTS
UNANSWERED PRAYERS

The Stix



environmentally unconscious



Disclaimer: This comic should not be confused with actual artistic work.

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